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August 1993 - April 1994

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA
SCRAPBOOK MICROFILMING PROJECT

Funded in part by

THE NATIONAL ENDOWMENT FOR THE
HUMANITIES

Grant No. PS-20709-93

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BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA MICROFILMING PROJECT

**A COOPERATIVE PROJECT BETWEEN THE BOSTON SYMPHONY
ORCHESTRA ARCHIVES AND THE BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY
(AUGUST 1993 - APRIL 1994)**

This microfilming project includes two collections of scrapbooks housed in two separate repositories. The first set of scrapbooks (80 volumes) resides within the Allen A. Brown Collection in the Music Department of the Boston Public Library (BPL). Their call number is **M.125.5. The second set of scrapbooks (132 volumes) resides within the Boston Symphony Orchestra (BSO) Archives' Press Clippings collection. They have the designation Pres 56.

The BPL scrapbooks begin with the founding of the BSO in 1881 and continue, through 79 seasons, to 1960. Articles consist mainly of reviews and feature stories from Boston and New York newspapers. Occasionally, magazine articles and press releases are also included. The scrapbooks cover most aspects of the BSO.

The BSO scrapbooks run from 1889, the Orchestra's 9th season, to 1973. In addition to local reviews and features, the volumes contain articles culled from national and international publications. The scrapbooks document, in detail, all aspects of the BSO: The Symphony Orchestra (including subscription concerts, tours, and trips), the Boston Pops, the Tanglewood Festival, the Tanglewood Music Center, and Symphony Hall.

The two sets of scrapbooks have been filmed as two separate entities. Researchers wanting to look at specific seasons or subjects must examine both sets of films to ensure full coverage.

The scrapbooks do not represent the complete holdings of either location on the subject of the BSO.

Requests for positive microfilm copies of individual rolls, or of film sets, should be directed to the respective repositories.

**Music Department
Boston Public Library
P. O. Box 286
Boston, MA 02117**

**Boston Symphony Orchestra Archives
Symphony Hall
Boston, MA 02115**

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

SCRAPBOOKS

1881-1882 TO 1959-1960

1181-18 to 1915-16 compiled by Allen A. Brown

1916-17 to 1937-38 compiled by Mary A. Brown

1938-39 to 1959-60 compiled by the Music Department

These scrapbooks contain reviews of concerts, articles concerning the Symphony, its players and conductors, interviews with soloists and composers, occasional letters and notes, an occasional autograph, ticket stubs, pictures of conductors, the Symphony, soloists and composers, and caricatures.

In the scrapbooks compiled by Mr. Brown, it is possible to find articles or reviews pasted on a program which does not have the same date. Mr. Brown used multiple copies of programs for his scrapbook "fillers;" the fillers have no relation to the articles pasted on them. The fillers may be partially to completely covered.

These scrapbooks do not contain the complete programs. For the complete program, the researcher must consult either the hard copies found in either the Boston Symphony Archives or the Boston Public Library's Music Department or the microfilm of programs published by KTO Microform (Millwood, New York) and dating from the 1881-82 season through the 1974-75 season.

Generally, one volume represents one Symphony season; the volume and season should therefore match. Depending upon the compiler and the clippings available, some reviews and articles may be found concerning the Promenade Concerts, Boston Pops, the Berkshire Music Festival and Tanglewood.

The Music Department of the Boston Public Library does maintain other materials concerning the Boston Symphony Orchestra in other scrapbooks and files. Please consult with the Music Librarian for these materials.

VOLUMES 35-37

1915-16 TO 1917-18

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VOLUME 35

1915-1916



☆☆ M 125.5 1915/16



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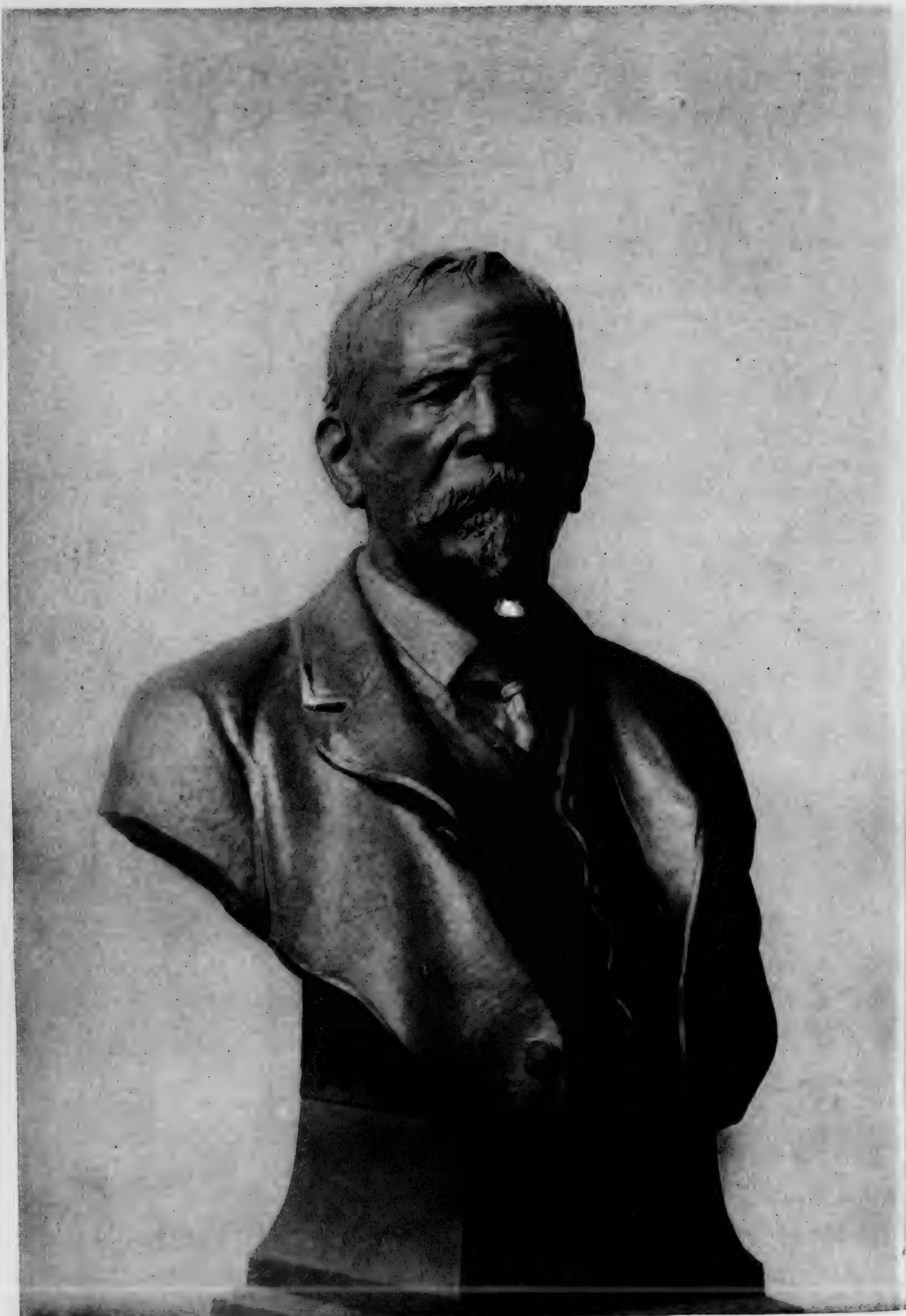
New York's present population is 4,500,000, and her daily consumption of water for all purposes from works owned by the city is, as I have said, 125 gallons per person. At this rate, a year's supply would be a lake twenty miles long, three miles wide, and having an average depth of twenty-five feet. The ordinary summer flow of the Niagara River over the American Falls is now about 8000 million gallons daily, which is only fifteen times the stream consumed in New York. It must be remembered that Yonkers, Mount Vernon, New Rochelle, and even more distant suburbs may be added to the metropolis, or at least to the metropolitan water district, in the not far distant future, making yet greater demands upon the water-works systems built by the city, and many local sources of supply will have to be abandoned because of insufficiency and pollution. With all these vast figures representing demand and expenditure, it is comforting to find by computation that the average cost of all water for domestic, public, and manufacturing uses each day to each person will be less than one cent, including maintenance, interest on capital investment, and sinking fund.

Of the great works for collecting and conveying the Catskill Mountain water, many of the most difficult and interesting parts will be totally hidden from view after completion. Indeed, of the Catskill aqueduct scarcely anything will be visible except the long, neatly graded embank-

ments over the cut-and-cover portions and the occasional buildings housing the gates and other devices for controlling and measuring the water. Most conspicuous will be the great reservoirs, with their huge dams of masonry and earth. Many of these visible structures will be comparatively inaccessible. It is fitting that these conspicuous structures should be made esthetically pleasing, not by elaborate and expensive ornamentation, but by simple and dignified treatment. Here the dominant civil engineer will be aided and guided by the architect and the landscape engineer.

Subterranean river! The mere name has always held a mysterious and romantic fascination. A reversed subterranean river is what the Board of Water Supply is creating. Instead of beginning with tiny streams in dark fissures of the rock or some surface rivulets which sink out of sight, this river will start at its large end from the Ashokan reservoir, an extensive artificial lake, and flow for scores of miles without change of volume, coming to the light only in the beautiful Kensico Lake and Hill View reservoir's huge bowl, whence it will ramify through the hundreds of miles of tunnels and pipes beneath the city streets, issuing finally through faucets and hydrants in thousands of jets to serve those who have bidden it flow thus in constraint. Several years of very active work must, however, elapse before Esopus water will reach the city.





Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

HENRY L. HIGGINSON. FROM THE BUST BY BELA L. PRATT
MADE FOR SYMPHONY HALL, BOSTON

The first performance in German in Boston was on March 7, 1905, at the Boston Theatre by the Metropolitan Opera House Company of New York. Mr. Hertz conducted. The cast was as follows: Kundry, Mme. Nordica; Parsifal, Alois Burgstaller; Amfortas, Anton Van Rooy; Gurnemanz, Robert Blass; Titurel, Marcel Journet; Klingsor, Otto Goritz.

"Parsifal" was performed in German at the Boston Opera House by the Metropolitan Opera House Company of New York, January 15, 1910. Kundry, Olive Fremstad; * Parsifal, Carl Burrian; Amfortas, Clarence Whitehill; Gurnemanz, Allen Hinckley; Titurel, Herbert Witherspoon; Klingsor, Otto Goritz. Mr. Hertz conducted.

It was performed in German at the Boston Opera House by the Metropolitan Opera Company of New York, April 21, 1916. Kundry, Melanie Kurt; Parsifal, Johannes Sembach; Amfortas, Clarence Whitehill; Gurnemanz, Carl Braun; Titurel, Basil Ruysdael; Klingsor, Otto Goritz. Artur Bodanzky conducted.

"Parsifal" was performed here in concert form under the direction of Mr. Lang, April 15, 1891, with Mrs. Mielke, Messrs. Dippel, Reichmann, Meyn, and Fischer. The orchestra was from the Metropolitan Opera House, New York. It was performed under Mr. Lang, May 4, 1892, with the substitution of Mr. Henschel for Mr. Reichmann. It was performed under Mr. Lang's direction in Symphony Hall, January 6, 1903, with Mrs. Kirkby-Lunn, Emil Gerhäuser, Anton Van Rooy, Robert Blass, and Mr. Mühlmann (who sang the music of Klingsor and Titurel).

* Mme. Fremstad took the part of Kundry at the Boston Theatre, March 9, 1905, when the music-drama was performed there by the Metropolitan Opera House Company.

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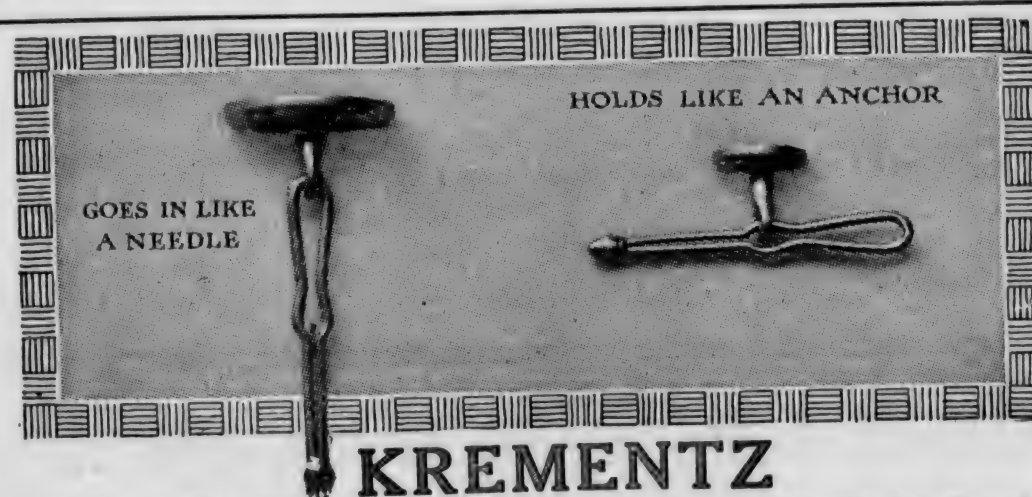
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Works marked with an asterisk were performed for the first time at these concerts.
Works marked with a dagger were performed for the first time anywhere.
Artists marked with an asterisk appeared at these concerts for the first time.
Artists marked with a double asterisk appeared for the first time in Boston.
Artists marked with a dagger are members of the Boston Symphony Orchestra.
The dates given are those on which the Friday afternoon concerts took place.

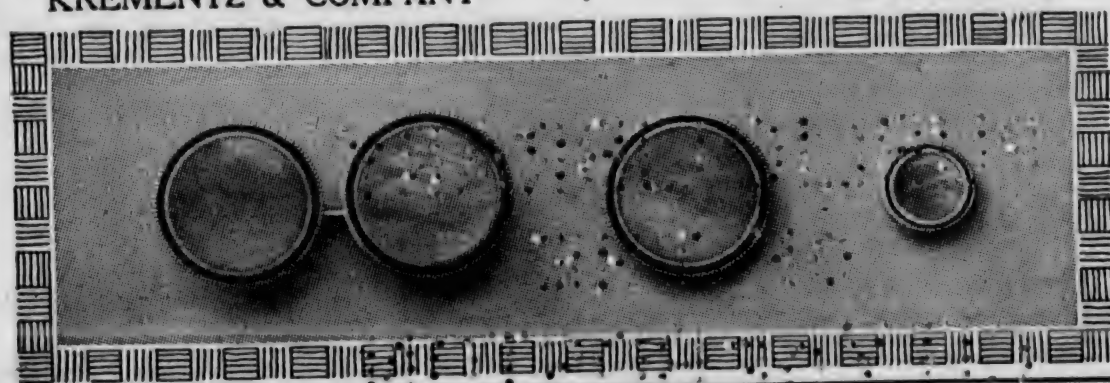
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SUMMARY.

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CHERUBINI	1	RAVEL	2
CHOPIN	1	RHEINBERGER	1
CORNELIUS	1	RIMSKY-KORSAKOFF	3
DEBUSSY	1	SAINT-SAËNS	1
DUKAS	1	SCHELLING	1
DVOŘÁK	3	SCHUMANN	2
ENESCO	2	SIBELIUS	2
GLUCK	1	SMETANA	2
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HANDEL	2	STRAUSS	3
HAYDN	2	TSCHAIKOWSKY	3
HILL	1	VOLKMANN	2
HUMPERDINCK	1	WAGNER	5

*Carpenter's "Adventures in a Perambulator" was played twice.

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Dr. CARL MUCK, Conductor.

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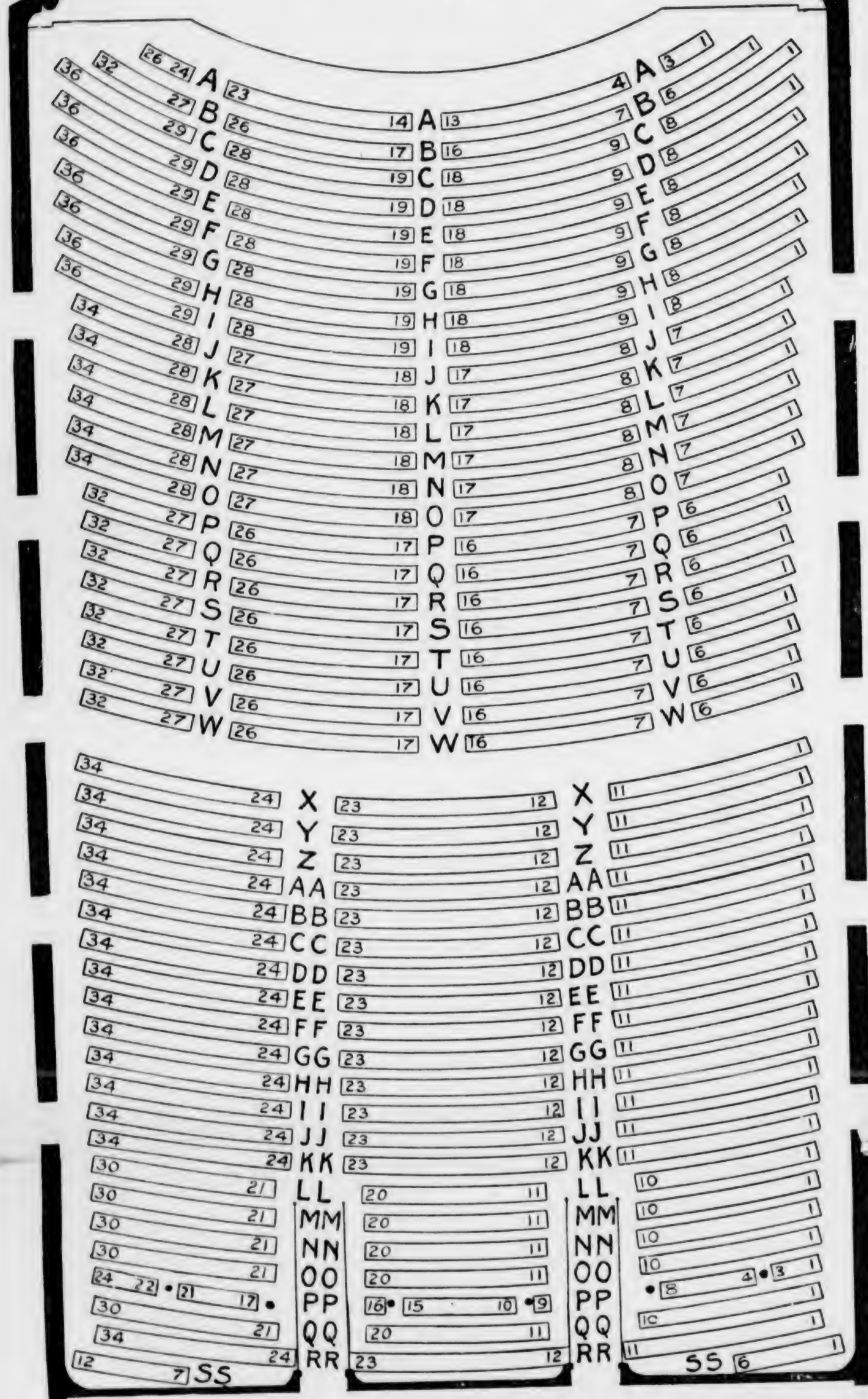
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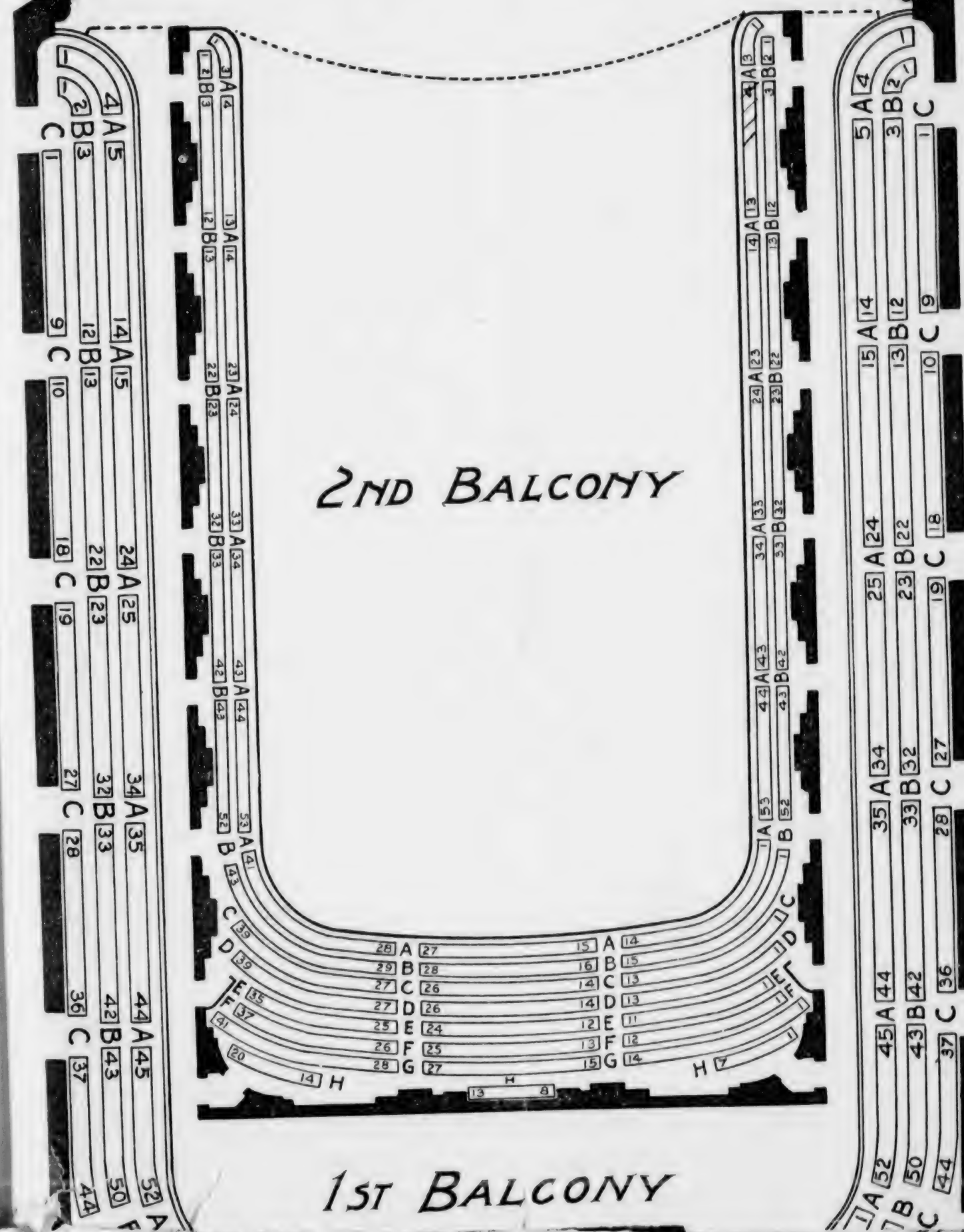
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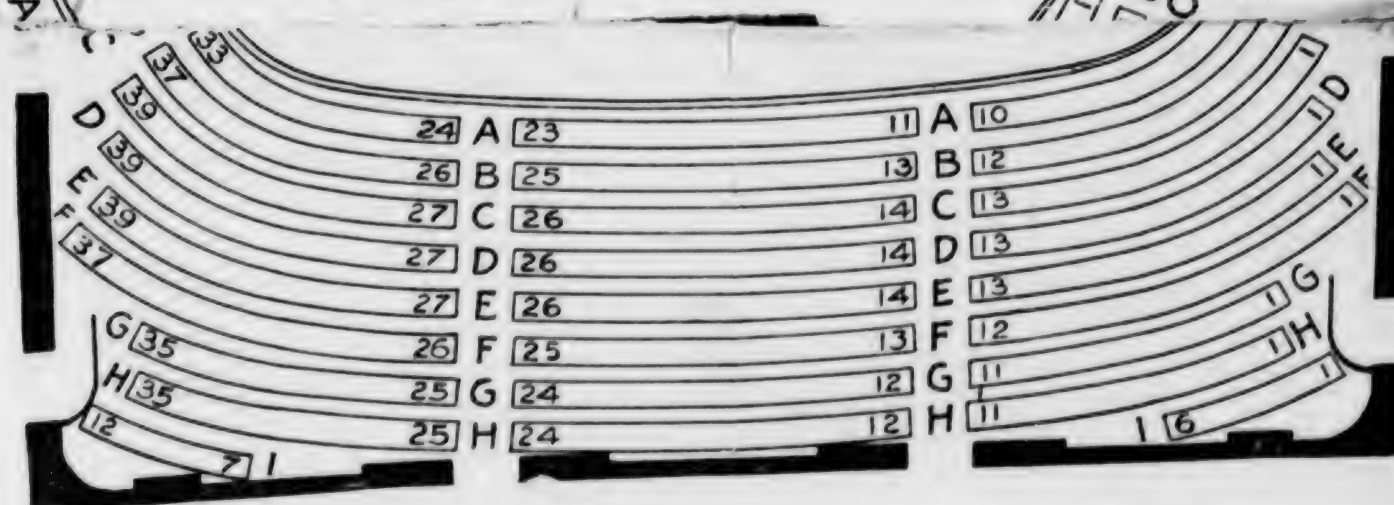
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Dr. KARL MUCK, Conductor.

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SATURDAY, OCTOBER 16, AT 8 P. M.

Programme.

SYMPHONY in A major No. 7, op. 92

I. Poco Sostenuto; Vivace.

II. Allegretto.

III. Presto: Presto meno assai.

IV. Allegro con brio.

BEETHOVEN,
BRAHMS,

"TRAGIC" OVERTURE, op. 81

STRAUSS,

TONE POEM "Tod und Verklärung" ("Death and
Transfiguration"), op. 24

LISZT,

SYMPHONIC POEM, No. 3, "Les Préludes"
(after Lamartine)

Soloists Engaged by Symphony Orchestra

Geraldine Farrar, Famous Operatic Soprano; Ignace Paderewski, Peerless Polish Pianist, and Mme. Melba, Operatic Star and Concert Soloist.

Irre: Sept 18-1915



The prospectus of the Boston Symphony orchestra for the season of 1915-16, the 35th of the orchestra, promises much, not only to the regular patrons of the orchestra, but to the public in general. The list of soloists is unusually attractive. Dr. Muck continues as conductor, and the orchestra which will assemble Monday evening, Sept. 27, for its first rehearsal, shows practically an unchanged personnel.

The usual quota of 24 public rehearsals on Friday afternoons and 24 concerts on Saturday evenings will be given. The first public rehearsal will be on the afternoon of Oct. 15, and the first concert on the following evening. Thence on, with the exception of six weeks when the orchestra is away on tour, the concerts will be given weekly until Saturday evening, May 6.

The auction sale of season tickets for the concerts in Boston will begin in Symphony Hall Monday morning, Sept. 27, when the \$18 seats for the rehearsals will be sold, beginning at 10 o'clock. The following day the \$10 seats for the

rehearsals will be sold. Friday, Sept. 20, the \$18 seats for the concerts will be placed on sale, and the remaining seats for the concerts will be sold Friday, Oct. 1.

As already announced, the management has about decided to make this the last year when season tickets for the Symphony concerts will be disposed of by auction sale. It is the intention of the management to allow the purchasers of seats for the coming season

to retain them under the subscription for next.

The singers are Mme. Melba and Geraldine Farrar. Mme. Melba is in America for a considerable concert tour and will sing with the orchestra six times, twice in Boston, and once in other cities. Miss Farrar has decided to give the major part of the season to the opera for the time being and will give the major part of the season to the concert work.

The violinist from abroad, it is almost needless to say, is Fritz Kreisler. Mr. Kreisler has become almost an annual visitor among the soloists in Boston of the Symphony orchestra. The cellists will be Heinrich Warnke and Josef Malkin, the principal cellists of the orchestra.

The list of pianists is headed by the name of Paderewski. This greatest of artists has been in America since early spring. The other pianists are Moriz Rosenthal, that most brilliant Austrian who has not been heard here for nine years; Harold Bauer, who, like Kreisler, has become almost an annual visitor to the Symphony orchestra; Ruth Deyo, who has such a large and admiring public in this city, and Ernest Schelling.

Mme. MELBA
Miss DEYO
Mr. SCHELLING

Mr. PADEREWSKI
Mr. ROSENTHAL
Mr. RAUBER

24 FRIDAY AFTERNOON CONCERTS BEGINNING OCT. 15
24 SATURDAY EVENING CONCERTS BEGINNING OCT. 16

100 MUSICIANS

THIRTY-FIFTH SEASON 1915-1916

THE WORLD'S FOREMOST ORCHESTRA

DR. KARL MUCK, CONDUCTOR

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

SYMPHONY HALL

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Kisses Away Tears Is "Touched" for \$60 Autumn Gowns.

"T'S raining, said Imogene, looking out the window.
"I am going to do what they Spain," replied Andrew.
"What is that?" she inquired curiously.
"They just let it rain," replied Andrew without looking up from his work.
"Humph," said Imogene, with disgust in the monosyllable, "it rains!"
"That is silly," replied Andrew.
"You mean I am silly," said Imogene, "but I had rather be silly than be a brute with no respect for



"Now Will You Stop?" "Wh

peoples' feeling! You are as rude as you can be." She began to sniff but turned her head away so that he would not see.

Andrew laid down his book and came over to the window beside her, his arm around her and kissed her forehead. She smiled a little, but there was a trembling around her lips. Again he kissed her.

"Now will you stop?" he asked, looking at her.

"Why should I?" she asked. "If you will quit kissing me."

"Listen to me, Puddin' Pie," said Andrew. "Do you notice how clear and bright the street looks? Don't you think that it is getting brighter out there?"

SEND ORDERS NOW
They Will be Immediately Resold

Mr. WITEK

Mr. NOACK

Mr. WARNKE

Mr. MALKIN

Mme. MELBA
Miss DEYO
Mr. SCHELLING
and
Miss FARRAR

Mr. PADEREWSKI
Mr. ROSENTHAL
Mr. BAUER
and
Mr. KREISLER

24 FRIDAY AFTERNOON CONCERTS
24 SATURDAY EVENING CONCERTS

BEGINNING
OCT. 15
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OCT. 16

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Geraldine

B. U. READY FOR

MANY IMPROVEMENTS MADE IN BUILDINGS

College of Liberal Arts to Have Three New Classrooms—Robinson Chapel Completed—Newton Highlands Girl to Teach in Spain—News Notes from Colleges and Schools

Mrs. G. D. Orton, Mrs. F. H. Brown, Mrs. C. J. Barton, Mrs. C. G. Schaedel, Mrs. E. H. J. Shorey, Mrs. A. M. W. Libby, Mrs. C. MacAllister, Mrs. G. W. Blanchard, John Reed, Miss A. Blanchard.

DAHLIA SHOW OPENS

Acculent Fruits Also Temptingly Displayed

Wild Flowers and Many Imported Varieties

Horticultural Hall Again Made Beautiful

Free Exhibition Remains Open Over Sunday

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UNITED SHOE GAINS TIME

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The \$18 Seats for the Friday Afternoon Concerts will be sold at auction, at Symphony Hall, Monday, Sept. 27, at 10 o'clock.

Boston Orchestra And Its Founder

By Karleton Hackett.

THE BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA, which will visit us in a few weeks, is an interesting institution in this democracy of ours, being the work of one man, the practical expression of his ideals and essentially regardless of the general public. Major Henry L. Higginson is the man to whom Boston owes this organization, which he established thirty-five years ago and has maintained until now for his own satisfaction. The public of Boston has derived the benefit during all these years, but as a matter of fact the orchestra is the private undertaking of Major Higginson, governed absolutely according to his own ideas.

It is an interesting commentary on certain ideals of democracy that almost all successful organizations are autocracies depending on the will of one man. At least in the world of art this is the invariable rule of success—that the power and responsibility must be concentrated—and Major Higginson has kept it all under his hat. Of course, he did not have the technical training to enable him to gather the personnel, conduct the rehearsals, prepare the programs and look after the infinite details of the practical administration of a symphony orchestra, but he knew where he could find the men who did understand this profession. So when he had selected a conductor the power over everything pertaining to the music was given into his hands, and the standing of the Boston Symphony Orchestra in the world of music is the result.

Contests of the utmost bitterness have been waged in Boston over many questions concerning the orchestra, but the rage of the public dashed itself to pieces like water against the adamant will of Major Higginson. If he had made up his mind that a certain thing was desirable, then it did not make the slightest difference to him what other people might think about the matter, and the event has justified his judgment.

My own recollection goes back to the stormy time of Gerike's second season as conductor of the orchestra in the early years of its existence. At the close of his first season Gerike had told Major Higginson that the orchestra as then constituted was not capable of achieving the artistic results that had been contemplated; that a number of the men were of inferior quality, others insubordinate, impatient of discipline, and the entire organization fallen into the rut of self-satisfaction. To bring

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Dahlias and fruits were placed on exhibition in Horticultural Hall this noon, the competition for prizes and other honors. The exhibition is free to the public and will remain open until six o'clock this evening and between two and six o'clock tomorrow.

It is, as was to be expected, one of the best dahlia exhibitions ever arranged by the Massachusetts Horticultural Society, for there is a growing interest in the flower and an increasing appreciation of its value of a public exhibition. Besides numerous entries for prizes, for individual flowers and for collections, there are large ornamental displays by commercial houses which will make the exhibition a most interesting one.

The United Shoe Machinery Company has extended to Jan. 1 in which to make objections, corrections and suggestions to the

Mrs. G. D. Orton, Mrs. F. H. Brown, Mrs. C. J. Barton, Mrs. C. G. Schaefer, Mrs. H. J. Shorey, Mrs. A. M. Willis, Mrs. E. C. MacAllister, Mrs. G. W. Libby, Mrs. John Reed, Miss A. Blanchard.

Flower Show in West Roxbury

There was a flower and vegetable exhibition yesterday in the Robert G. Shaw School, West Roxbury. It was principally a school garden exhibition. In the afternoon Professor Robert Small of the Industrial Education Department of the State gave an address. Mrs. Randall Goodnow of the Horticultural Society acted as judge.

Special prizes went to collectors of wild and garden flowers. Amos Ellis, eight years old, this summer collected, named and pressed into a handsome portfolio 200 specimens of wild flowers found in West Roxbury. Dorothy Swan, with 125 flowers, came second.

For collections of wild flowers picked before school yesterday morning Henry Phinney won first, with twenty-five, closely followed by Florence Mills. For artistically arranged flowers awards went to Dorothy Swan, Cornelia Cole, Raleigh Holden and Henry Phinney. Special awards were made to the following-named for vegetable exhibits: Aubrey Cox, Joe Scanlon, Charles Benway, Warren Donohue, Jeffery Smith, Rudge Nichols, John Nelson, Arthur Joyce, Albert Joyce, John Murphy and Gladys Robinette.

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the orchestra up to the required standard he would have to discharge nearly half the men, including a number of the oldest and most popular musicians of Boston, and supply their places with men of his own selection.

This was a pretty bombshell to explode in the middle of Boston Common. Of course the main facts leaked out and then there was an explosion that would have disrupted any institution save one that was founded on the indestructible rocks of one courageous individual.

Think what it all meant. Boston had already grown intensely proud of its symphony orchestra, which contained within its ranks the best musicians of the community, many of them famous artists who

were old residents of the city, with wide circles of friends, and this young man just imported from Vienna was going to discharge half of them as inefficient or subordinate, including practically all of those who were best known. Imagine what our attitude would be here in Chicago regarding our own orchestra if a new conductor from the other side of the water should make a similar demand! The town was full of it, the newspapers had special articles and solemn editorials, all promising a revolt that would bring this contemptuous foreigner and his misguided supporters to their senses.

Meanwhile, what did Major Higginson do? As far as the general public knew he said nothing, but gradually they found out that the contracts of a number of musicians had not been renewed, and it began to be evident that he intended to give Mr. Gerike a free hand to remodel the orchestra according to his own ideas. When the time came for the first concert in the fall it was seen that the thing had been done, the old favorites were gone and their places supplied by young men of whom nobody in Boston had ever heard. There was an organized howl of acrimonious resentment, but the concerts went on in their customary course, and bit by bit the public was compelled to recognize the fact that the orchestra was vastly improved. Also they learned that Major Higginson intended to make it as nearly an ideal organization as human frailty would admit, and then when he needed advice he would not go to the general public for information but to the expert.

This has been the policy of Major Higginson from the first—to do the thing as well as it could be done and let the results speak for themselves. What it might cost was his affair, about which, also, he never took the public into his confidence nor asked their assistance, and in any case this was a detail of minor importance. The music was the thing, and the reputation of the Boston Symphony Orchestra is the final answer.

SYMPHONY SOLOISTS

An interesting fact which is a direct result of the war is that all the soloists who have been engaged to appear with the Boston Symphony Orchestra in this city and elsewhere are in this country. In every year past, there has always been some uncertainty about the appearance of some of the artists who had been engaged, but this season not only is there no such doubt, but Dr. Muck has been able to plan his programme further ahead than ever, knowing what the soloists intend to play or sing.

Of the four great soloists already announced, Mr. Paderewski has been since mid June in California, most of the time at Paso Robles. He gave a recital in Festival Hall at the Panama-Pacific International Exposition a few weeks ago in aid of the Polish relief fund, and realized over \$9000. This is the first time he has played in public for over a year. Madame Melba has just arrived in San Francisco from Australia. She was met in Honolulu by Charles W. Spalding of C. A. Ellis' staff and there she gave two very successful concerts. She will give concerts on her way East and appear with the orchestra early in the season.

Miss Farrar is in the White Mountains, where she will be for a month preparing her programmes for her concert tour. She will not appear with the orchestra until the middle of the winter.

Mr. Fritz Kreisler, who has been at Seal Harbor, Me., since June, is leaving next week for the Pacific coast for a tour which will carry him into next May. He will play at least 125 times.

In the orchestra itself, there will be very few changes. There has been some remodelling of the trumpet section, and last spring in San Francisco, a new flutist was engaged, Mr. de Mailly. Mr. de Mailly played through a part of the Pops, and made a profound impression. He is a Frenchman, young and talented, and came to this country last spring with the French band that went to the Panama-Pacific exposition.

On account of the early Western trip, and the necessity for rehearsals, the Worcester Festival will not have members of the Boston Symphony Orchestra this fall, as it was impossible to release the men for that event.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

Dr. KARL MUCK, Conductor

100 Musicians
The World's Foremost Orchestra

24 FRIDAY AFTERNOON CONCERTS
24 SATURDAY EVENING CONCERTS

BEGINNING OCT. 15-16

SOLOISTS

Mme. MELBA, Miss FARRAR, Miss DEYO, Mr. PADEREWSKI, Mr. KREISLER, Mr. ROSENTHAL, Mr. SCHELLING, Mr. BAUER, Mr. WITEK, Mr. NOACK, Mr. MALKIN.

AUCTION SALES TICKETS

MON., Sept. 27, \$18 Seats, Friday Concerts
TUES., Sept. 28, \$10 Seats, Friday Concerts
THURS., Sept. 30, \$18 Seats, Saturday Concerts
FRI., Oct. 1, \$10 Seats, Saturday Concerts

Owners of seats for the season of 1915-16 will have the right to retain the same seats for the following year at a fixed price to be established. 4t(A) \$21

The Symphony Season

Preparations are afoot at Symphony Hall for the thirty-fifth season of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, which will open Friday afternoon, Oct. 15, and Saturday evening, Oct. 16. The auction sales of seats will be held on Monday, Sept. 27; Tuesday, Sept. 28; Thursday, Sept. 30, and Friday, Oct. 1. The rehearsal seats will be sold on Monday and Tuesday, and concert seats Thursday and Friday, as in past years.

Dr. Muck did not return from San Francisco with the orchestra last May, but spent his time, up to the first of August, exploring the West. With Mrs. Muck he visited Southern California, the Grand Canyon, Yellowstone and Glacier Parks, and returned to Boston three weeks ago. He is now on the North Shore, where he will be until the end of next month. A year ago, on account of the war, the orchestra was compelled to abandon a trip through the Middle West. This year the trip will be made the first week of October, although there have been some changes in the cities to be visited. The itinerary calls for concerts in Toledo, Milwaukee, Peoria, Omaha, St. Joseph, St. Louis and Chicago.

Dr. Muck has not yet completed his plans for the season, but it is certain that he will give Liszt's Dante Symphony with a woman's chorus. Among those who will appear as soloists are Madame Melba, Miss Geraldine Farrar, Mr. Paderewski and Mr. Kreisler.

INFORMATION OBSCURED

DR. MUCK'S NEW YEAR

Trans. — Sept. 19/15
THE SYMPHONY CONCERTS AT HAND

AGAIN

Changes from Former Ways—The Conductor's Mistaken Reticence About Programmes — Personnel and "Assisting Artists"—Schedules for the Season—Old Standards and New Effort

NEW practices abound in the arrangements and the announcements for the Symphony Concerts of the new season. For the last times, the tickets are to be sold by auction and hereafter the frequenters of the concerts may hold their places from year to year by the annual payment of a subscription. For the first time, the so-called "public rehearsals" of Fridays are to be designated as the "afternoon concerts" that they have been in fact for thirty years. Both changes speak persuasively for themselves. On the other hand, hardly ever before have the announcements of the concerts been so barren of what the public most wishes to know. The usual list of "assisting artists" has been handed to the newspapers; the usual schedule of dates and journeys has been compiled and published; but not a word as yet has come from Symphony Hall about the music that Dr. Muck and the orchestra are to play.

Next week, the programmes for the first two pairs of concerts are to dribble down upon the expectant and there, presumably, preliminary announcement will end. Not so long ago, it was the custom of the management to issue a comprehensive prospectus that scheduled routine, made known the "assisting artists" and disclosed the conductor's larger plans and novel pieces for the new season. The public expected it; read it eagerly and was usually content. It still misses it and still inquires for it. Now it must piece together a series of announcements made more or less obscurely from week to week and not one of them as it happens hints at the programmes for the new year.

Lacking Information

No one can reasonably expect that Dr. Muck to lay twenty-four programmes on the table at the end of each summer, as some conductors do, and so pledge himself to fulfill them. To do so would be only to hamper the freedom of choice and arrangement that is his just right and that contributes to the pleasure of his audiences. On the other hand, he has undoubtedly fixed upon one and another piece

for performance in the course of the season and a loyal and interested public may rightfully expect to know what they are. Not for nothing, surely, has he spent many mornings of late in the library of the orchestra and in the Brown Collection of music at the Public Library. Such preliminary announcement would by no means bind him to literal fidelity to it. Circumstances alter the best-laid plans and there is reason even in the things of music. The audiences of the concerts would merely enjoy the pleasures of anticipation in that which most stimulates them—the music they are to hear under Dr. Muck's hand. Managements, as a rule, are not chary of announcements interesting to the public that they wish to attract. It is a superfluous reticence on the part of a conductor to withhold them.

Public and Programmes

True, it is easy to rejoin that we in Boston know by this time the usual scope of Dr. Muck's programmes as we know his standards and achievement in performance. It is a safe inference that he will hold the balance as even as he has of old between the elder and established classics, the semi-classics of more recent years, the music of the matured composers of our time and the interesting experiments and accomplishments of the youngest generation. These many years his hand has not slipped in such a division of his programmes. It has been as discreet and fair in its regard for almost every school and style. Dr. Muck chooses his pieces by their intrinsic deserts and interest and not by the nationality or any other chance attribute of the composers who have signed them. One or another of his hearers and even little companies of them may regret in one season that he has overlooked music that they would gladly hear. Usually a succeeding season brings it. In the years that Dr. Muck has spent in Boston, he has ripened his programmes in wisdom of choice and catholicity of arrangement. Of late, even, he has made new departures of his own as when, more than once last year, he revived eighteenth-century pieces in which one or another of the virtuosi of the orchestra played solo parts. But this very confidence in his programmes makes the public of the concerts keener for preliminary hint of them.

Unabated Standards

As Dr. Muck spares not in pains with his programmes, so he relaxes not a whit his standards of performance. He has not been content to raise the orchestra to its present high pitch of accomplishment and to maintain it there. He would carry it steadily forward toward the ideal achievement that haunts and beckons him like a vision, only to recede anew each time that he nears it. For him, it is not enough that the orchestra which Boston hears almost as a matter of course for seven months of each year, unites hundred

any other in the present world technical perfection, beauty and euphony of tone and range and vitality of style and expression. He would heighten these qualities until they shall be as the finest ear and the alertest intuition have imagined them. With each year, he would make the orchestra a more sensitive instrument to the music that it plays and to him who leads it. Each year he would become more sensitive himself in his playing upon it through and for this music. He knows but one way to this end—ceaseless pains, with his own acute mind, discriminating ear, designing hand and divining imagination to order them.

Long since, Dr. Muck began to penetrate his men with his ideal. Consciously or unconsciously, they have absorbed it until a progress that began in admiration and respect now goes forward in a more intimate and subtle sympathy. The longer that conductor and band work together, the more closely and responsively are they bound together as a single instrument. For this season, moreover, there is hardly a change in the individual voices. A new and promising young flutist of French training succeeds Mr. Chevrot and there has been a redistribution of the brass choir which promises a bettered tone. For the moment, seemingly, Dr. Muck is content with his forces.

"Assisting Artists"

In the music and the performance, in the conductor and the orchestra beats the full life of the Symphony Concerts and the "assisting artists," after all, are but incidental ornaments upon it. The pianists, the violinists and the violoncellists are at least essential, since there are concertos that as orchestral as well as solo piece deserve performance. The singers, presumably, are pleasures in themselves by voice, artistry and personality, even though there are conductors who would relegate them to operas and to song recitals and austere souls that count them as excrescences upon symphony concerts. It is the wise policy of conductor and manager to keep these "soloists" relatively few and to summon, so far as lies within their power, only singers and virtuosos of high and established rank or of clear and mounting promise.

For the most part, the names upon the list for the new season speak for themselves. Mme. Melba, for maturity, and Miss Farrar, for young prime, are the singers. Mr. Paderewski and Mr. Rosenthal are the elder pianists Mr. Bauer and Mr. Schelling the younger, and Miss Deyo, the only virtuosa among them, has her interest for a part of the public of the concerts. Almost by necessity, Mr. Kreisler is the single violinist, outside Mr. Witek and Mr. Noack of the orchestra itself. Scarcely a notable violinist will come from Europe to America this season; Mr. Zimballist is in retirement; Mr. Elman prefers his own concerts; and Mr. Kreisler

alone was left, since seemingly the powers that be are not yet quite persuaded of the rising deserts of Mr. Spalding. Not a few will regret the absence of the illustrious Casals, who barely made his beginnings in Boston last year and thus, the only cellists to be heard are Mr. Warnke and Mr. Malkin of the orchestra itself. Possibly the elder generation of the concerts will warm to this list more than will the younger.

The Annual Schedule

As for the routine of the season, it is unchanged except in the two respects already noted. The higher-priced seats for the afternoon concerts will be sold at Symphony Hall on Monday morning, Sept. 27; the lower-priced on Tuesday morning, Sept. 28. The higher-priced seats for the evening concerts will be sold on Thursday morning, Sept. 30, and the lower-priced on Friday morning, Oct. 1. For the last time there will be upset prices, bids, brokers and all the other conditions that have counselled the abandonment of these auctions. Furthermore, the purchasers will be buying seats that annual renewal of subscriptions will keep permanently in their hands. The fixed prices, under which subscriptions may be renewed, will be studied during the winter and announced in the spring, and they will be determined by the desirability of the places, the public demand and the standard of the concerts. Prices at the auctions will have their weight, but not necessarily a deciding weight, in the making of the new scale.

The concerts themselves will begin on Friday afternoon, Oct. 15 and Saturday evening, Oct. 16, and continue in their usual course through Friday afternoon, May 5 and Saturday, May 6—twenty-four pairs in all, distributed through thirty weeks. There will be no concerts on Nov. 6 and 7; Dec. 4 and 5; Jan. 7 and 8; Feb. 19 and 20, and March 18 and 19, when the orchestra is making its monthly journey to New York, Philadelphia, Washington and Baltimore, and none on Jan. 28 and 29, when it will be playing in the Middle West. The other concerts in cities outside Boston—like the series in Cambridge, Providence and Worcester—take the orchestra away for only an evening and usually one early in the week. There are those who regret these journeys of the orchestra and who like to believe that it plays less well when it has newly returned from them. But these same grumblers would resent a rise in the prices of seats at home to repair the loss of revenue should the "trips" be abandoned. Moreover, the Symphony Orchestra is not only an orchestra for Boston and New England, but for as much of the whole country as can hear it without the impairing of its standards. Now, in its thirty-fifth year, it is national.

MORE PLANS FOR THE SYMPHONY

CONCERTS Sept. 15

Dr. Muck Hints at His Programmes—
A Symphony by Mahler, Carpenter's
Amusing Suite and Other Novel Pieces
—Revivals and Classics—More Autumn
Opera

IT is Dr. Muck's custom to make his programmes for the Symphony Concerts gradually, as the season progresses, that he may better assort and balance his choice. As yet he has put together no more than the programmes for three pairs of concerts; but he has already pitched upon a few pieces, new to Boston that he will bring to hearing in the course of the autumn and the winter. One such is a symphony by Mahler, necessarily chosen from those in which he has not joined a chorus to his orchestra. Which it will be the conductor has not yet decided; but it is easy to predict that he and the orchestra will be as eloquent in it as they were in the only other symphony of Mahler that Boston yet knows by actual performance. Another novel piece is a symphony by Enesco, the Roumanian who has long dwelt and worked in Paris and who has proved himself a master of vivid rhythms and brilliant instrumentation in such of his music as has been heard here.

Yet another novel number is Mr. Schelling's "Symphonic Variations for Piano-forte and Orchestra," in which the composer himself, as the virtuoso that he also is will play the solo part. A second set of variations to be heard for the first time in America comes from the artful hands of Bossi, the Italian composer, remembered by the happy invention and the suave scholarship of his Intermezzi to comedies of Goldoni. Finally, from the music of American composers, Dr. Muck has pitched upon Mr. Carpenter's suite for orchestra, "Adventures in a Perambulator," that much interested and amused the audiences that heard it in Chicago last spring from Mr. Stock's orchestra. It is the work of an American composer of clear individuality and rising distinction, who has hitherto written little in the symphonic forms, and who dares to follow his own purposes in his own way. The piece, which was described at length in The Transcript, when Chicago rose to it, is music of humor and fancy that records in tones the incidents and the moods of the daily perambulations of a baby. The nurse, the policeman, the hurdy-gurdy, dogs and dreams all have their amusing place in it. The individual bent and invention of Mr. Carpenter in the suite and the clear and gay play of his

In Regular Course

humor have commended it to Dr. Muck.

For revivals, Dr. Muck, as already announced, purposes to play Liszt's "Dante" symphony at the final concerts of the season and to bestow upon it the same sedulous care and vitalizing insight that gave new life to the "Faust" symphony when he undertook it last winter and that kindled orchestra and audience with him. A double concerto for violin and viola by Mozart is also to be revived with Mr. Witek and Mr. Férré to play the solo parts. For the first time also in Boston Dr. Muck is to conduct in Brahms's third symphony. Two years ago, it stood on a programme but the conductor fell ill and Mr. Urack led the performance of it. For the rest the programmes of the new year will run their familiar course through the elder and the younger classics and the music of living hands. The seventh symphony of Beethoven is the symphony for the first concert; both the third and the fourth symphonies of Brahms will be played; Schumann and Schubert will have their usual place in the lists and Dr. Muck is too fond of Bach, Mozart and Haydn and too adept with their music to neglect it.

Impossible Strauss

Difficult as it now is to obtain from Europe the scores and the parts of newly written or newly published music more of it than is now announced will be heard in the winter and the spring. One such piece, however, is out of the question for the Symphony Concerts, even though it is the first purely orchestral music that Strauss has written since the "Sinfonia Domestica." His new "Alpine Symphony" cannot be played here because the score imposes forces impossible to assemble in Boston. It asks, for example, the mere trifle of twenty-four horns—twelve on the stage and twelve in the middle distance. Once more, seemingly Strauss has confused magnitude and mastery.

"Aida" at the Opera House

The second performance of the San Carlo Company at the Opera House, last evening, when "Aida" was sung, pleased the audience heartily and was creditable to the necessary standards of touring singers and modest prices. In one particular indeed it excelled them—in the quality of the settings, which were ampler and more illusive than such companies ordinarily use. The principal singers—Mmes. Kaestner and Zawner and Messrs. Agostini, Modesti and di Biasi—acquitted themselves according to their individual voices and talents, but not one lacked quick and intelligent feeling for Verdi's glowing music.

Boston Symphony

Post Orchestra Aug 29/15

The administrative offices at Symphony Hall are already full of work, preparing for the 35th season of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, which will open in Boston Friday afternoon, Oct. 15 and Saturday evening, Oct. 16.

The auction sales of seats come at the end of September, the dates being Monday, Sept. 27; Tuesday, Sept. 28; Thursday, Sept. 30, and Friday, Oct. 1. The rehearsal seats will be sold on Monday and Tuesday and concert seats Thursday and Friday, as the custom has always been in past years.

No such doubt about the continuance of the orchestra assails its friends and patrons in Boston as it did a year ago. Then nearly one-third of the members of the orchestra, including Dr. Muck, were in Europe, and a sudden outbreak of the war made it a serious question whether they would be able to return and the orchestra continue its work. This year no members of the orchestra left the country.

Dr. Muck did not return from San Francisco with the orchestra last May, but spent his time, up to Aug. 1, exploring the West. With Mrs. Muck he visited Southern California, the Grand Canyon, Yellowstone and Glacier Parks and returned to Boston three weeks ago. He is now on the north shore, where he will be until the end of next month.

A year ago, on account of the war, the orchestra was compelled to abandon a very interesting trip through the Middle West which had been mapped out for it. This year conditions are such that the trip will be made in the first week of October, although there have been some changes in the cities to be visited. The scheme of the trip calls for concerts in Toledo, Milwaukee, Peoria, Omaha, St. Joseph, St. Louis and Chicago. The first concert will be given Monday evening, Oct. 4, and the last concert in Chicago, Sunday afternoon, Oct. 10.

The orchestra has been called together for its first rehearsal Monday evening, Sept. 27, and will work through that entire week, preparing for its Western trip and, incidentally, for the first Boston programme.

Dr. Muck is not yet prepared to make definite announcements as to his plans for the season. On thing, however, is certain. The great success of last year was the performances of Liszt's Faust Symphony. This year he purposes giving Liszt's Dante Symphony with a woman's chorus.

As already announced, among those who will appear as soloists with the orchestra are Madame Melba, Miss Geraldine Farrar, Mr. Paderewski and Mr. Kreisler. Other soloists of distinction will be announced in due time.

Boston Symphony Orchestra

An interesting fact, a direct result of the war, is that all the soloists who have been engaged to appear with the Boston Symphony Orchestra in this city and elsewhere are in this country. In every year past there has always been the same uncertainty about the appearance of some of the artists engaged, but this season not only is there no such doubt, but Dr. Muck has been able to plan his programmes further ahead than ever, knowing what the soloists intend to play or sing.

Of the four soloists already announced, Mr. Paderewski has been since mid June in California, most of the time at Paso Robles. He gave a recital in Festival Hall at the Panama-Pacific International Exposition a few weeks ago in aid of the Polish Relief Fund, and realized over nine thousand dollars. This is the first time he has played in public for over a year. Mme. Melba has just arrived in San Francisco from Australia. She stopped in Honolulu, and there gave two very successful concerts. She will give concerts on her way East and appear with the orchestra early in the season. Miss Farrar is in the White Mountains where she will be for a month preparing her programmes for her concert tour. She will not appear with the orchestra until the middle of the winter. Mr. Kreisler, who has been at Seal Harbor since June, is leaving next week for the Pacific Coast for a tour which will carry him into next May. He will play at least 125 times.

In the orchestra itself there will be very few changes. There has been some remodelling of the trumpet section, and last spring in San Francisco a new flutist was engaged, Mr. de Mailly, who played through a part of the Pops and made a good impression. He is a Frenchman, young and talented, and came to this country last spring with the French band that went to the Panama-Pacific Exposition.

On account of the early Western trip and the necessity for rehearsals, the Worcester Festival will not have members of the Boston Symphony Orchestra this fall, as it was impossible to release the men for that event.

DR. MUCK PLANS FOR CONCERTS

Harold Sept 23, 1915

Some of the Works He Intends Symphony Orchestra to Produce This Season.

Conductors of symphony orchestras are hard put to it this year to provide the usual number of "novelties" which should be a feature of each season. Not only is little new music being written in this time of war, but it is next to impossible to get new music to America. The usual repertory must be the most deeply drawn from three or four symphonies by Beethoven, two by Brahms, and at least one by Schumann and Schubert each, while Mozart, Haydn and Bach, of the 18th century, will play their usual part in the programs and the moderns will be duly represented. The season opens with the Seventh Symphony by Beethoven. Of Brahms, Dr. Muck is going to do the Third and Fourth Symphony. He has never conducted the Third Symphony in Boston. The principal revival of the season will be Liszt's "Dante" Symphony, a work of much interest and of prime importance. Another work of Liszt, and one which will appear for the first time on a Symphony program, is the symphonic poem, "Ce qu'on entend sur la montagne."

If its success in Chicago last season is any criterion, the most interesting novelty of the season will be by the American composer, John Alden Carpenter, the symphonic poem, "Adventures in a Perambulator." This is said to be truly humorous music, the theme of which is the adventures of a baby and its nurse during its daily airing.

Another novelty is a symphony in E-flat major by the Roumanian composer, Georges Enesco. The symphony has been in the library for several years, but its performance never has been reached. Still another is a theme and variations by the Italian, Bossi. Then there will be Ernest Schelling's new "Symphonic Variations" for piano and orchestra with Mr. Schelling as pianist.

Dr. Muck intends also to do some of Mahler's symphonies. Necessarily it will be one without chorus for it is impossible to employ a large chorus in Symphony Hall at a regular symphony

concert. Mozart's double concerto for violin and viola will be played by Messrs. Wittek and Ferir.

Announcement has been made that Richard Strauss's new "Alpine" tone poem is ready for performance. Dr. Muck would like to do this in Boston, but it is out of the question, for Strauss has gone beyond all limits in the forces he employs. It would be impossible to gather such an orchestra in Boston. Thus he demands 24 horns.

Undoubtedly, Dr. Muck does not lay specific plans for any distance in the future, and the works mentioned are the only unusual ones he desires to announce at the present time. It is possible before the whole 24 programs shall have been played that other interesting and novel works will find their places in the concerts.

PROGRAMMES FOR SYMPHONY

Dr. Muck Gives List of Works for 24 Concerts

Dr. Karl Muck yesterday announced 24 programmes that he plans to have played at the Symphony concerts this season, and declared that when these interesting works are played he will have other novel features to offer.

The season opens with the seventh symphony of Beethoven. Of Brahms, Dr. Muck is going to do the third and fourth symphony. He has never conducted in the third symphony in Boston.

The principal revival of the season will be the "Dante" symphony of Liszt. Another work of Liszt and one which will appear for the first time on the Symphony programme is the symphonic poem, "Ce qu'en entend sur la montagne."

The most interesting novelty of the season from many points of view will be by the American composer, John Alden Carpenter. This is the symphonic poem, "Adventures in a Perambulator." This is said to be a truly humorous music, the theme of which is the adventure of a baby and its nurse during its daily airing.

Another novelty is a symphony by the Roumanian composer, Georges Enesco. Still another is a theme and variations by the Italian composer, Enrice Bossi. Then there will be Ernest Schelling's new "Symphonic Variations" for piano and orchestra, with Mr. Schelling as pianist.

SYMPHONY SEATS AT \$100

Trans. — *Sept. 27/15*
Strangers Pay High Premium for Rehearsals

Favorite Places in Row K the Ones Chosen

Prices at Auction Run Higher Than Usual

Patrons Eager to Retain Seats Next Year

Many things combined to make this morning's auction sale of Symphony Concert rehearsal seats an important event. Announcement that this plan of disposing of tickets would be discontinued after this year has aroused interest, and when Walter Jackson took his stand on the platform there were many more spectators than generally appear at the auction sales.

Women were there who have occupied the same seats for years and when, owing to the interposition of Fate in the shape of bidders from among the speculators, they lost them, disappointment was evident. There were more strangers on hand than are usually noticed among the contingent of music-lovers. Bidding was counted rather slow by those in authority, and yet the average of prices was above those of recent years.

An example of what people will spend for the sake of sitting in favorite places was demonstrated when row K was reached on the big plan stretched in front of the organ. Seats 17 and 18 are among the most favorable in Symphony Hall. Beginning at \$30, the auctioneer was kept counting like a school boy trying to test his ability with numbers until \$100 was reached. The bidding was plainly between a speculator and a stranger, who won. The seats are across the main aisle from each other. Last year's high figure was for \$108 in row N. The seats on either side of the top-priced ones in K brought from \$50 to \$75; those on the extreme right, by the entrance, brought \$32, and on the other end, \$48.

For 19 and 20 in row F, the next highest figure, \$76, was paid. The lowest in that section was \$21.50. For 18 in L, the bidding began at \$40 and soon ran up to \$64. There was a rustle of surprise when 30 in M brought \$61, and 31, \$65. In H and E the

highest premiums were \$51.50 and \$51, both for the coveted 19. The same seat in I brought \$50; the four just beyond it \$40 each and many others, with seemingly the same advantage for seeing and hearing, went for \$30.

The first seat in row B, which might almost be called undesirable if such a word can be properly applied to anything connected with the Symphony Concerts, went for \$17. The highest in that section was \$25.50 for two seats in the centre. Last year these seats brought two dollars more. In row C the highest price was \$37 for two seats on the centre aisle left. Last year the lowest price in this row was \$31.50 for four seats divided by the centre aisle. In row D prices were advanced as high as \$47.50 for one seat on the centre aisle left. The highest price in this row last year was \$31.50 for a seat on the centre aisle left.

The management has announced that purchasers at this sale will be given the option of subscribing in succeeding years. Those persons who represent agencies are of the belief that, with the loss of the premiums, a return to the auction system is bound to come.

The \$10 seats go on sale tomorrow morning.

AUCTION SALE FOR SYMPHONY

Seats for Fridays to Be Disposed of Today

Post — *Sept. 27, 15*

The "Symphony regulars" will have the opportunity today practically to determine what seats they will occupy at Friday concerts by the Boston Symphony Orchestra for seasons to come, at the first auction sale of season tickets for the concerts of the coming winter and spring. This will be the last series of auction sales of Symphony tickets, which next season and thereafter will be sold by subscription only at fixed rate, and, under the plan devised by Manager C. A. Ellis of the orchestra, owners of seats this year will have an option to retain them next year, and probably they will be able to secure the same seats during following years.

Today's auction will open at 10 a. m. in Symphony Hall, and the \$18 seats for 24 Friday afternoon concerts will be sold. They comprise the entire floor except the last nine rows, and all the first balcony except the last five rows.

HOLD SYMPHONY AUCTION TODAY

Herold — *Sept. 27, 15*
Sale Begins This Morning—Friday Afternoon Tickets to Go First.

The first auction sale of season tickets for the Symphony concerts this season begins at Symphony Hall at 10 o'clock this morning. The importance of this sale to those who are accustomed to go to the Friday afternoon concerts of the orchestra cannot be exaggerated, for it will determine to a very large extent the seats the regular patrons of the concerts will have next season, 1916-1917. As already announced, this will be the last year in which the seats for the Symphony concerts are sold by auction, for next season they will be sold by subscription only at a fixed rate, the prices varying according to the location. Later in the season these prices will be announced.

Under the plan devised by C. A. Ellis, manager of the Symphony orchestra, owners of seats this year will have an option to retain them next year. Toward the end of the year they will have the opportunity to register in the office of Symphony Hall for the seats they own, and in the spring when subscriptions are called for, it will be their privilege to retain those seats without any dispute. For this reason, this year more than ever, it is desirable that they should bid on their own seats.

The seats sold today are the \$18 seats for 24 Friday afternoon concerts. These comprise the entire floor, except the last nine rows, and the entire first balcony, except the last five rows. The second balcony will be held out for rush seats to be sold on the days of concerts for 25 cents each.

The usual rule will cover the sale. Bids will be accepted for seats in their regular order, and not for the choice; and not more than four seats will be sold on one bid. The seats open to competition will be shown on a diagram, and will be marked off as sold. Tickets will be delivered in the hall, and must be paid for as soon as bought, or they will be immediately resold.

There will be an intermission of one hour for luncheon when the broad aisle, Row X, is reached. This usually comes about 1 o'clock. The balcony is usually reached about 3 o'clock. First the right aisle is sold; then the left side, then the centre.

PREMIUM PRICES HIGHER

Trans.
Ten-Dollar Symphony Concert Rehearsal Seats Bring More Than in Former Years—Speculator Pays \$34.50 Each for Two Under Balcony *Trans. Sept. 27, 15*

Three hundred and thirty-eight \$10 seats for the Symphony rehearsals were sold at auction this morning during a sale which was steady but lacking in anything sensational. Malcolm Jackson held the baton which accentuated the proceedings. In contrast to yesterday's programme, the speculators were hardly heard from. Occasionally their voices were noted, but feminine tones were in the majority and none gave the slightest indication that the owners were novices. The entire three hours might have been a rehearsal in itself.

Beginning with KK, the first of the nine rows on the floor, the bidding was prompt. The highest figure in that row was \$31.50. The record price of the morning was made by an agent who had an order for two seats in NN. For these he had to pay \$34.50. Two in PP brought \$20.50. The highest in the next row was \$20 where the average price was \$19.50. Four seats in QQ, each back of a post, brought \$18, and four, near by and much more desirable, went for \$17.50. Sixteen dollars was the lowest premium in RR, where the highest price was \$20.50. Seats numbered 11, 12, in that section, which have a short aisle in front of them, brought \$17.50 and 23 and 24, on the other side of the hall, brought \$20.50 and \$21.

There are only six seats on each side against the wall, in section SS. The bidding for these began at \$15; the first one went for \$17.50, the lowest was \$15.

Beginning with E, the fifth row in the centre balcony, there was a slight increase in figures. For 12, 13 and 14, a speculator paid \$30 premium each. Nos. 10 and 11 went for the same price and 26, 27 and 28 brought \$28.50. Number 1 in that row brought \$24.50 and the four centre seats only \$19.50, which illustrates one of the interesting points in this process of auctioneering. In the next row back the centre seats brought from \$22 to \$25. Somebody wanted 12 in row H enough to pay \$30 for it. She could have had 13 or 14 for \$20, or 17 and 18 for \$17.50 each.

A hasty estimate at the office warrants the statement that the prices thus far are about twenty-five per cent higher than last year. Singularly, the premiums for the concerts are always lower than those paid for the rehearsals. The fact that the seal of fashion's approval has been put upon Friday afternoon has much to do with this and then, too, the time is more convenient for suburbanites than the evening.

On Thursday and Friday mornings the sales for the concerts will be held.

HIGH BIDS AT SALE AT SYMPHONY

Average Price Above
Auction Figures
for 1914

Post ——— Sept. 28/15

If some purchasers of season seats for the Friday afternoon concerts of the Boston Symphony were disappointed at the prices which obtained yesterday afternoon at the auction sale in Symphony Hall, the Symphony Hall management was correspondingly delighted, for the average of the bids was considerably higher than those of last season.

This was caused, some believed, by the announcement that the auction sales of 1915 would be the last in the history of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, since seats will be sold by subscription next season, at the Symphony Hall box office.

FATTER POCKETBOOKS

Furthermore, the seats secured this season may be retained season after season by those who wish, so that the sales of the present week will indicate the permanent location of the many music lovers of this city who patronize these concerts, season in and season out.

But musical managers of the city feel that the cause of the rise in prices is not merely the effect of passing conditions, but an indication of fatter pocketbooks and a fresher enthusiasm for music than the season which saw the dissolution of the Boston Opera Company and small returns for any but a few very successful artists. Furthermore, there is the consolation of which the disappointed buyer for the Friday afternoon concerts usually

avails himself—the sale of the Saturday night seats, which usually sell quite a little cheaper than seats for Friday afternoon.

Yesterday the bidding continued through the day, from 10 in the morning to nearly 7 at night. The bidding was spirited, and as a consequence the selling proceeded less rapidly than for last year. The highest figure reached yesterday was \$100 for seats 17-18 in row K, both end seats. This is a little short of the highest bid of last year when a seat in row N brought \$108, but the general average is considerably higher.

In row F seats Nos. 16 and 20 brought \$76. Seat No. 30 in M brought \$61 and the next seat \$60. The average price for row X was \$46 and \$47, rather cheap for one of the most comfortable rows in the house, not very far from the stage, and having the advantage of a crossing aisle in front of the sitters, who can cross their legs as they please without kicking the back of a chair in front. Seats 21 and 20 in row 1Y brought \$50.

Seats on the right side of the first balcony, facing the stage, brought \$70 as a maximum price. On the other side of the balcony the prices were considerably higher in average, probably because from this side there is a better view of the figure and the hands of the soloists who perform. In this row seat No. 5 brought \$79, seat No. 6 \$90, seats Nos. 24 and 25 \$61, seats 15 and 16, in the second row on this side, brought \$56 apiece.

It was dark when the auction ceased. This auction was attended by an unusual number of buyers, a number of whom were evidently strangers to the sale and its customs. Some ticket agents were quoted as saying that the loss of the premium in coming years on Symphony seats would force the management back into auctioneering, but that is unlikely.

Symphony Auction Sale

Post ——— Sept. 26/15
The Sale Commencing Tomorrow

Morning in Symphony Hall to
Be Last Auction Sale in History of Boston Orchestra—To
Determine Largely Where Permanent Patrons of Concerts
Will Sit in Years to Come

Charles A. Ellis' announcement that the auction sales of seats for the Boston Symphony season which begin tomorrow morning in Symphony Hall will be the last sales of their kind, and that beginning with the season of 1916-

17, the season tickets for both the Friday afternoon and Saturday evening concerts will be sold by subscription at fixed prices, is one of the utmost interest and importance to music-lovers of this city. The immediate result of this announcement has been to make the four auction sales to be held this week the most important to the patrons in the history of the orchestra, for they will determine, to a very large extent, where the regular subscribers will sit at the concerts in future years.

In working out a preliminary plan for subscription, Mr. Ellis decided that the fairest way in which to allot seats at the beginning of a subscription—which would be a permanent affair—will be to allow the owners of the seats bought at the coming auction sales to retain those seats for 1916-1917 and for as many years after as they wish to do so. The plan is that after the season has been well started, the owners of seats for both series of concerts will be given an opportunity to register their names, addresses, and the seats they occupy, so that when notice of subscription for the following season is sent out next spring it will be taken for granted that the owners of seats will retain their seats unless they notify the management to the contrary.

To put it in another way, Mrs. "X." will buy tomorrow M 25-26. Later in the season she will be requested to register her name and address and the seats she owns, and in the spring she will be notified that she has the privilege of renewing her subscription for those seats, and unless she fails to renew before a given date or notifies the management she doesn't care for them, the seats are hers for the following year. This is the plan followed by the orchestra with such success in New York and the other cities it visits, and it is also the plan that is used at the Metropolitan Opera House.

\$18 Seats for Friday Tomorrow

The auction sales will be four in number, occupying the greater part of four days. Tomorrow (Monday) the \$18 seats for the Friday afternoon concerts will be sold. These comprise all the seats on the floor, excepting the last nine rows and all the seats in the first balcony, except the last five rows. The ultimate cost of these seats will be the premium bid, added to the original upset price of \$18. Tuesday morning, beginning at 10 o'clock, the \$10 seats for the Friday afternoon concerts will be sold, comprising the last nine rows on the floor and the last five rows in the first balcony. As has been the custom for so many years, the second balcony for the Friday afternoon concerts is set aside for "rush" seats, to be sold on the day of the concert at 25 cents each.

There will be no sale on Wednesday, but Thursday the \$18 seats for the Saturday evening concerts will be auctioned. These are the same as for Friday

day afternoon, all the seats on the floor except the last nine rows, and all the seats in the first balcony except the last five rows. The final sale will be Friday, Oct. 1, when the \$10 seats for the Saturday evening concerts will be put up for sale. These comprise the last nine rows on the floor, the last five rows in the first balcony, and the entire second balcony. It is hardly necessary to say that this year, beyond all other years, it will be to the advantage of patrons to attend the auction in person and bid in their seats, as in that way only are they certain of getting the seats they desire.

First Two Programmes

Dr. Muck has announced the first two programmes. At neither does a soloist appear. The first programme will comprise Beethoven's A-major Symphony No. 7; Brahms' "Tragic Overture"; Richard Strauss' tone poem, "Death and Transfiguration," and Liszt's symphonic poem, "Les Preludes."

The second programme, which will be played Oct. 22 and 23 is decidedly French in complexion, contains the first novelty of the season. This is a symphony in E-flat major by Georges Enesco, the Roumanian violinist and composer, some of whose music has been heard here in the past; the fascinating suite of Ravel, "Ma Mere l'Oye," which had such success two years ago; Charles Martin Loeffler's "The Death of Tintagiles" and Dvorak's overture, "Husitska."

Last Auction Sale of Symphony Tickets

The auction sales of season tickets, which begin at Symphony Hall tomorrow morning, will be the last sales of their kind for a concert season by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, for, beginning with the season of 1916-1917, the season tickets for the Friday afternoon and Saturday evening concerts will be sold by subscription at fixed prices. The immediate result of this announcement has been to make the four auction sales this week the most important to the patrons in the history of the orchestra.

In working out a preliminary plan for subscription, Mr. Ellis decided that the fairest way in which to allot seats at the beginning of a subscription—which would be a permanent affair—will be to allow the owners of the seats bought at the coming auction sales to retain those seats for 1916-1917, and for as many years after as they wish to do so.

After the season has been well started, the owners of seats for both series of concerts will be given an opportunity to register their names, addresses and the seats they occupy, so that when notice of subscription for the following season is sent out it will be taken for granted that the owners of seats will retain their seats unless they notify the management to the contrary.

Tomorrow morning at 10 o'clock the \$18 seats for the 24 Friday afternoon concerts will be sold, the ultimate cost being the premium bid added to the original price of \$18.

Tuesday morning the \$10 seats for the Friday afternoon concerts will be offered, comprising the last nine rows on the floor and the last five rows in the first balcony. As has been the custom for many years, the second balcony for the Friday afternoon concerts is set aside for "rush" seats, to be sold on the day of the concert at 25 cents each.

There will be no sale on Wednesday, but Thursday the \$18 seats for the Saturday evening concerts will be auctioned. At the final sale Friday morning, Oct. 1, the \$10 seats for the Saturday evening concerts will be offered. These include the last nine rows on the floor, the last five rows in the first balcony and the entire second balcony.

The first concert will be given Friday afternoon, Oct. 15. The first program will comprise Beethoven's Seventh Symphony, "Tragic Overture," Brahms' Richard Strauss' tone poem, "Death and Transfiguration," and Liszt's "Les Preludes."

The second program, Oct. 22 and 23, contains the first novelty of the season, a symphony in E-flat major, by Georges Enesco, the Rumanian violinist. Other numbers will be Ravel's suite, "Ma Mere l'Oye"; Loeffler's "The Death of Tintagiles," and Dvorak's overture, "Husitska."

PAY \$62 FOR \$18 SEATS AT SYMPHONY AUCTION

Sales Close Today When \$10 Tickets Are Sold.

Sensational prices were paid as premiums for \$18 seats for the Symphony concerts which were sold at auction yesterday. After a lively contest a special agent purchased four seats, 15 16, 17 and 18 in row M, for a total price of \$248. The highest premium paid was \$45 for seats 18 and 19 in row N.

The sale opened at 10 o'clock and 400 were present. The bidding started as low as \$5 and end seats in the first eight rows went for \$6.50. The centre aisle seats in these rows brought in premiums ranging from \$12 to \$17.50. In the centre rows, I, J and K, the prices were a trifle higher.

Fancy prices were paid for seats in rows K, L, M, N, O, P and Q. End seats went for \$12 to \$20, and the centre seats brought in premiums of \$25 to \$45. The highest price paid for seats in row K was \$28. Seats 15, 16 and 17 in row L were sold on bids of \$38, and seat 19 in row O went for \$40. Seats 18 and 19 in row P, which brought premiums of \$139 each last year went for \$43, and seat 20 in the same row, for which a high price was paid last year, went for \$26. The sale, on the whole, was considered somewhat better than last year.

The last of the auction sales begin at 7 o'clock today, when the \$10 seats will be sold.

With Honor in Its Own Country

Now that the receipts from the sale of tickets for the Symphony Concerts have been tabulated, it is good to know that the number of purchasers and the sum total of the prices that the paid exceed those of any recent year in the course of the auctions. Of course the new arrangement under which the buyers may henceforth retain their seats from season to season by annual subscription contributed to these large returns, but the fact, nevertheless, remains that not for many an autumn have prospective listeners been so numerous or testified so clearly to their interest by their works. The audiences for the afternoon concerts almost invariably fill the hall; this season the audiences of Saturday evenings will come nearer to doing so than for many a winter past. At last, apparently, the public of the concerts has begun to widen among those that are discovering what pleasure they yield and upon these new auditors, especially in the younger generation, the future of them depends. Finally, too, the most sceptical and mistrustful seem at last persuaded that a very remarkable and catholic-minded conductor dwells and works among us in Dr. Muck. Above all, now that the Symphony Orchestra has become a kind of national orchestra—a glorified institution as it were—eagerly sought and heard from the Atlantic to the Pacific, it would have been a sorry paradox had its public at home begun to diminish either in numbers or in zest. A few years ago there were not unreasonable forebodings on this score, though the causes of a certain indifference were not easy to discover. Now, all apprehension and all ground for it have vanished. *Trans. Oct. 8, 1915*

SYMPHONY SALE GOES ON TODAY

\$18 Seats for Saturday Evening Concerts to Be Auctioned.

The auction sale of season tickets for the Symphony concerts will be resumed this morning in Symphony Hall at 10 o'clock. Today will be sold the \$18 seats for the 24 Saturday evening concerts. These comprise the entire floor, with the exception of the last nine rows under the first balcony and the entire first balcony, except the last five rows

which are under the second balcony. The last sale of the season will come tomorrow, when the \$10 seats for the concerts are sold. These comprise the last nine rows on the floor, the last five rows in the first balcony and the entire second balcony.

These sales for the Saturday concerts will be the same as those for the Friday afternoon concerts in that the owners of tickets for the concerts this year will have an option on their seats for the coming year when a subscription at fixed prices is established.

The management wishes to say, in answer to requests, that the prices which will rule in the subscription next year have not yet been decided, but announcement of them will be made in the course of two or three months.

The usual rules cover the sale as to the number of tickets that can be bought on one bid and as to prices added to the upset price hold good again today.

SYMPHONY SALE TODAY
Geobe Sept. 27/15
Annual Auction of Seats for the Season's Concerts Will Begin at 10 O'Clock.

The first auction sale of season tickets for the Symphony concerts the coming season begins at Symphony Hall at 10 o'clock this morning. The importance of this sale to those who are accustomed to go to the Friday afternoon concerts of the orchestra cannot be exaggerated, for it will determine to a very large extent the seats the regular patrons of the concerts will have next season, 1916-1917.

As already announced, this will be the last year in which the seats for the Symphony concerts are sold by auction, for next season they will be sold by subscription only at a fixed rate, the prices varying according to the location. Later in the season these prices will be announced.

Under the plan devised by C. A. Ellis, manager of the Symphony Orchestra, owners of seats this year will have an option to retain them next year. Toward the end of the year they will have the opportunity to register in the office of Symphony Hall for the seats they own, and in the Spring, when subscriptions are called for, it will be their privilege to retain those seats without any dispute. For this reason, this year more than ever, it is desirable that they should bid on their own seats.

The seats sold today are the \$18 seats for 24 Friday afternoon concerts. These comprise the entire floor except the last nine rows and the entire first balcony except the last five rows. The second balcony will be held out for rush seats to be sold on the days of concerts for 25 cents each.

There will be an intermission of one hour for luncheon when the broad aisle, Row X, is reached. This usually comes about 1 o'clock. The balcony is usually reached about 3 o'clock. First the right side is sold; then the left side, then the center.

PREMIUMS RISE IN FINAL AUCTION AT SYMPHONY

Monitor Sept. 27/15
Patrons of the Symphony concerts and representatives of the ticket agencies bid off about 600 seats for the Friday afternoon public rehearsals this morning at Symphony hall at premiums that far exceeded those of last year and that probably averaged higher than on any former year. The premiums paid were large for the end locations on the floor of the hall, as well as for the center locations. A few seats in the very front went at comparatively low prices, as low as \$15 being paid for a place under the balcony. But as soon as the front rows were auctioned off, the premiums began to rise and they kept high throughout the entire morning, running from \$40 to \$60.

There was less difference this year than formerly between the extreme bids and the regular ones. One bidder gave \$375 for three seats in the center at row K, two of the places being on the aisle. Seats next to these went for \$43 and \$45. Seats on the aisle in row N brought \$80 and \$99. The demand for aisle locations was decidedly strong, and in many cases agents or others made their purchases in blocks of four in such a way as to take the pairs of end seats of an aisle.

The higher prices are due to the announcement made by the managers that purchasers at this year's sale will be given the option of subscribing in succeeding years to the same seats without having to pay a premium.

SYMPHONY TICKET SALE CONCLUDED

Monitor Oct. 1/15
At the last auction sale of tickets for the Symphony concerts, held this morning, at Symphony hall, premiums ran from \$5 to \$20, the seats being taken largely by individual bidders. Representatives of the ticket agencies, however, were present and bought many of the better locations. A large number of the premiums were in the neighborhood of \$8.

A few buyers who waited until today, when the starting price was \$10, paid more for seats far back in the hall than they would have had to pay yesterday, when the starting price was \$18, for seats nearer the front. For premiums at the end of the \$18 sale were disproportionately low to premiums at the opening today.

Many maximum blocks of four seats were taken. A representative of a girls' school was among the important buyers. Front seats in the second balcony were in demand, especially in the middle of the back section of that balcony.

INNOVATIONS IN THE SYMPHONY Dances. CONCERTS Sept. 15/16

"Public Rehearsals" Renamed at Last, and No More Auctions of Tickets After the Current Season—The Wisdom of the Change—Plans for the Worcester Festival—Considering Mr. Toscanini's Return—Autumn Opera

THOSE that closely scanned the announcement of the Symphony Concerts for the impending season, printed in the newspapers of last Saturday, remarked a sensible change in the wording. For thirty years it had been the absurd custom to designate the concerts of Friday afternoons as "public rehearsals." Now, at last, they stood in the advertisements for what they really are and have long been—"afternoon concerts." It is doubtful whether they ever were "rehearsals" in exact application of the word; and certainly they have not been such in any appreciable sense since the first years of Mr. Gericke's first term with the orchestra in the distant eighties. For the whole present generation of the Symphony Concerts—conductor, band, "assisting artists" and audiences—the concert of Friday afternoon has been no less a concert than that of the following Saturday evening and as worthy of their mutual pains. In fact, the public, though for reasons not always related to musical achievement and pleasure, has preferred the afternoon to the evening series. To call the concerts of Friday "public rehearsals" was mere tradition in silly variance with actual fact. Years since the new conditions invited the new name.

All this was relatively trifling—if any matter is trifling that has to do with so minutely organized an undertaking as the Symphony Concerts—but now on the heels of one happy break with outworn custom comes another of more moment. By an-

nouncement made this morning, the seats for the Symphony Concerts will be sold at auction for the last times when they are so distributed a fortnight hence. Beginning with the concerts of 1916-1917, the holders of places may retain them from season to season by a mere renewal of their subscriptions in the spring or the autumn. These subscriptions will be made at fixed prices—presumably to be announced next spring—and seats not so retained will be similarly sold at the box-office. That is to say, seats bought at the approaching auctions may be held indefinitely by the occupants under an easy annual routine, while in the future newcomers to the concerts will seek the box-office and not the auditorium, made for four summer days an auction-room. The management of the orchestra so sells the seats for the concerts in New York and in the other cities to which the band pays regular visits. Every orchestra in the United States and in Europe, too, so arranges the distribution of places.

If there were ever conditions in Boston to justify the ancient procedure, they have long since passed. Perhaps, years ago, the auctions stimulated interest in the concerts, reassembled the smaller and mutually acquainted public of the eighties and the early nineties and increased the revenues of the orchestra. Gradually, however, Symphony Hall on three or four days of each September became a kind of ticket-brokers' exchange where these agents filled the orders placed with them and made their own purchases. Now and then, a duel between two of them for seats that their respective clients especially desired enlivened dull routine and provided a paragraph for the newspapers. Once and again, "outsiders" bid for seats that they wished—timid amateurs hovering on the outskirts of the professional ranks. The public of the concerts murmured over the cost and other incidental conditions of this annual procedure and the unfortunate under it bewailed the occasional loss of places they had long occupied and cherished. The management, in turn, found it more and more burdensome and these many years nobody but the ticket-brokers has had a good word for the auctions. Only custom, inertia and the time and pains necessary to the arrangement of a schedule of fixed prices have maintained them. At last the end is at hand and the seats for the Symphony Concerts will be sold like the seats for any similar series the world over. But, how the public of Symphony Hall will buzz with comment when those same fixed prices are announced next spring! Meanwhile, in the midst of these breaks with outworn routine, the modest hope once more rekindles that the Symphony Concerts in the evening may sooner or later begin at the normal hour of 8.15 and not at the eight of the ways of a Boston long since vanished.

SYMPHONY AUCTION SALES PASSING

**This Year Last of the
Cumbersome Plan.**

**Seats Will Hereafter Be Sold at a
Fixed Schedule of Prices.**

Geobe Sept. 15/15

It will come as a surprise to the Boston patrons of the Symphony Orchestra that the management is contemplating for next year, the season of 1916-1917, a radical change in the method of disposing of season tickets for the public rehearsals and concerts.

C. A. Ellis, manager of the orchestra, announced yesterday that he had practically decided to abandon after this year the selling of tickets by auction, and to substitute a subscription at fixed prices varying according to the location, both for the Friday afternoon rehearsals and the Saturday evening concerts.

This plan would permit subscribers to retain the same tickets from year to year and, naturally, will mean that purchasers of tickets at this year's auction sales which begin Sept. 27, will have on option for 1916-1917 on the seats then secured.

"We have been trying for several years," said Mr. Ellis, "to work out a plan to get rid of the cumbersome and inconvenient auction sales which suit nobody. The auction sales are an outgrowth of peculiar conditions that existed in Boston 30 years ago. No other orchestra in the country sells its season tickets by auction, and we do not do so in any other city but Boston."

"Our subscriptions in New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Brooklyn and Providence are at a fixed price. Subscribers retain their seats from season to season as long as they wish, merely by filling in a card of renewal. In New York, for example, where we give two series of five concerts, every seat in Carnegie Hall is sold for both series and not more than 100 seats out of 2600 in each series change hands from season to season. The Metropolitan Opera House handles its huge subscription in the same fashion and seats there become almost a family possession, patrons renewing their subscription for the same seats year after year."

"Here, on the contrary, with auction sales our patrons never know from year

to year whether they can get their favorite seats or how much they will have to pay for them. The explanation of some of the abnormally high prices brought about by auctions for a pair of seats is usually that one person wants the seats occupied by another the season previous and bids them up, the other defending them."

"Under the new plan, if we put it through, as we probably shall, patrons will no longer have the just complaint that they are paying \$20 to \$50 more for their seats than their neighbors, which is now not at all uncommon."

"Moreover, in the early days the auction sales had a distinction which they have lost. The vast majority of patrons used to attend the auctions personally and bid on their seats. The sales were not only amusing, but had a certain social value. Now that is all changed. The result is that the majority of the patrons have commission brokers to bid in their seats and the sales are almost in the hands of a dozen or less agents."

"In working out a plan for a fixed price subscription, we have decided that the fairest way will be to allow the holders of seats for the coming season of 1915-1916, bought at the auction sales at the end of this month, the privilege of taking these seats for the following year. In other words, purchasers of seats for the coming season will have an option on them for as many years as they wish to attend the symphony concerts."

"The details of the plan have not yet been fully worked out to our satisfaction. Unexpected obstructions may prevent our putting the plan through, but it is fairly certain that we shall have no more auction sales after this year."

"To secure the benefit of this plan, names and addresses of purchasers of seats will be recorded at the time of the auction sales in Symphony Hall."

Last Auction Of Tickets at the Symphony

**Fixed Price Method of Selling
Seats to Be Started**

Record Sept. 15/15

Boston patrons of the Symphony Orchestra will be agreeably surprised to learn that the old system of selling of tickets by auction is to be done away with and that for next year, the season of 1916-17, a radical change in the method of disposing of season tickets for the public rehearsals and the concerts will be adopted. C. A. Ellis, manager of the orchestra, announced yesterday that he had practically decided to substitute for that method a subscription at fixed prices varying according to location, both for the Friday afternoon rehearsals and the Saturday evening concerts.

This plan would carry with it the privilege to subscribers of retaining the same seats from year to year and, naturally, will mean that purchasers of tickets at this year's auction sales which begin Sept. 27, will have an option for 1916-1917 on the seats then secured.

"We have been trying for several years," said Mr. Ellis yesterday, "to work out a plan by which we could get rid of the cumbersome and inconvenient auction sales which suit nobody, and we think we should be able to put the new method into force a year from this fall. The auction sales are an outgrowth of peculiar conditions that existed in Boston 30 years ago. They served their purpose, but now they are outworn and troublesome to everybody and altogether unsatisfactory. No other orchestra in the country sells its season tickets by auction, and we do not do so in any other city but Boston.

"Under the new plan, if we put it through, as we probably shall," said Mr. Ellis, "patrons have only to announce their intention of renewing their subscription before a given date, send their check, and that is all there is to it. Patrons will no longer have the just complaint that they are paying \$20 to \$50 more for their seats than their neighbors, which is now not at all uncommon. They will not be uneasy, wondering whether they will be able to retain the seats they like.

"Moreover, in the early days the auction sales had a distinction which they have lost. The vast majority of patrons used to attend the auctions personally and bid on their seats. The sales were not only amusing, but had a certain social value. Now that is all changed. The average man of business and the average woman interested in the Orchestra has not the time necessary to come to Symphony Hall and wait, sometimes for hours, for the seats they desire to be put up for sale. The result is that the majority of the patrons commission brokers to bid in their seats, and the sales are almost in the hands of a dozen or less agents."

**AUCTIONS TO BE
DISCONTINUED AT
SYMPHONY HALL**

After This Fall Tickets for Concerts of Orchestra to Be Sold at Flat Subscription Rate

minutes — *Sept. 15/15*
Subscription tickets for the concerts of the Boston Symphony orchestra are to be sold at auction for the last time this fall, according to an announcement of C. A. Ellis, the manager. Tickets will be sold at a flat rate under the projected plan, and purchasers of seats this year will be permitted to retain their locations indefinitely from year to year.

Making a statement on the subject, Mr. Ellis declares that the present method of sale has served its purpose and is not a genuine auction any longer, for purchasers do not attend the sale in person, as in former years, but buy through ticket agents. "No other orchestra in the country," the manager continues, "sells its season tickets by auction, and we do not do so in any other city but Boston. Our subscriptions in New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Brooklyn and Providence are at a fixed price. Subscribers retain their seats from season to season as long as they wish, merely by filling in a card and notifying us of their intention to renew for a coming year. In New York, for example, we give two series of five concerts each and every seat in Carnegie hall is sold for both series and not more than 100 seats out of 2600 in each series change hands from season to season.

"In working out a plan for a fixed price subscription, we have tried to devise the most satisfactory way in which to allot the seats. We have decided that the fairest way will be to allow the holders of seats for the coming season of 1915-1916, bought at the auction sales at the end of this month, the privilege of taking these seats for the following year. In other words, purchasers of seats for the coming season will have an option on them for as many years as they wish to attend the symphony concerts."

The auctions this year open Sept. 27.

TO ABANDON AUCTION AT SYMPHONY

Pat — *Sept. 15, 19*
Subscriptions at Fixed

Prices After This
Year

C. A. Ellis, manager of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, yesterday announced that he had practically decided to abandon after this year the selling of tickets by auction, and to substitute for that method a subscription at fixed prices varying according to location, both for the Friday afternoon rehearsals and the Saturday evening concerts.

This plan will carry with it the privilege to subscribers of retaining the same seats from year to year and, naturally, will mean that purchasers of tickets at this year's auction sales, which begin on Sept. 17, will have an option for 1916-1917 on the seats then secured.

AUCTION TOO CUMBERSOME

Though unexpected obstructions may prevent putting the plan through to execution, it is said to be fairly certain that there will be no more auction sales after this year.

"We have been trying for several years," said Mr. Ellis yesterday, "to work out a plan by which we could get rid of the cumbersome and inconvenient auction sales which suit nobody, and we think we should be able to put the new method into force a year from this fall. The auction sales are an outgrowth of peculiar conditions that existed in Boston 30 years ago. They served their purpose but now they are outworn and troublesome to everybody and altogether unsatisfactory. No other orchestra in the

country sells its season tickets by auction, and we do not do so in any other city but Boston.

Fixed Price Elsewhere

"Our subscriptions in New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Brooklyn and Providence are at a fixed price. Subscribers retain their seats from season to season as long as they wish merely by filling in a card and notifying us of their intention to renew for a coming year. In New York, for example, where we give two series of five concerts each, and every seat in Carnegie Hall is sold for both series, and not more than 100 seats out of 2600 in each series change hands from season to season.

"The Metropolitan Opera House handles its huge subscription in the same fashion and seats there become almost a family possession, the same patrons renewing their subscription for the same seats year after year. Here, on the contrary, with auction sales our patrons never know from year to year whether they can get their favorite seats or how much they will have to pay for them. The explanation of some of the abnormally high prices brought about by auctions for a pair of seats is usually that one person wants the seats occupied by another the season previous and bids them up, the other defending them.

"Under the new plan, if we put it through, as we probably shall," said Mr. Ellis, "patrons have only to announce their intention of renewing their subscription before a given date, send their check, and that is all there is to it. Patrons will no longer have the just complaint that they are paying \$20 to \$50 more for their seats than their neighbors, which is now not at all uncommon. They will not be uneasy, wondering whether they will be able to retain the seats they like.

"The details of the plan have not yet been fully worked out to our satisfaction. Unexpected obstructions may prevent our putting the plan through, but it is fairly certain that we shall have no more auction sales after this year.

"To secure the benefit of this plan names and addresses of purchasers of seats will be recorded at the time of the auction sales in Symphony Hall."

SYMPHONY WILL DROP AUCTIONS

After This Year Seats Will Be
Sold at Fixed Prices by

Subscription.

Herald—The Boston Symphony Orchestra will not sell tickets for its public rehearsals at auction this season, according to an announcement made yesterday by C. A. Ellis, manager of the organization. Beginning next fall, it is planned to sell seats at prices, by subscription, sufficient to retain the same year to year may do so to the management at the season.

The adoption of the new plan that the auction this year will mine the holding of a season to come. The purchaser of the auctions that begin September have an option on the same the following season, and it indefinitely. Under this may become almost a fashion, as at the Metropolitan House in New York. The subscription has been adopted by the Boston Symphony Orchestra for its concerts in New York, Philadelphia, Brooklyn, Providence and Baltimore.

Manager Ellis describes this as an attempt to "get rid of some and inconvenient methods and result nobody." He described the conditions as the outgrowth of conditions that existed in Boston a few years ago, but says they have a purpose and are now out of date. He says they have lost the distinction that in the early days, he says, the vast majority of the patrons attend the auctions personally on their seats. The sales value is changed. Patrons commission to bid on their seats and the almost in the hands of a few agents.

Under the new plan the number of agents will decrease. Patrons will be permitted to take up their seats before a given time, and that will be a transaction. Seat holders will have the just complaint that they are paying \$20 more or less than sitting next to them, in a seat situated in every way.

BOSTON SYMPHONY MUSIC ANNOUNCEMENT FOR THIS SEASON

Monitor

Sept. 23/15

An orchestral work new to Boston, announced to be given at the Symphony concerts this winter, is the symphonic poem, "Adventures in a Perambulator,"

by John Alden. The composer, whose work has presented much of the best of the century, Mr. C. A. Ellis, Park Ridge, Ill., Harvard College. He studied music with John K. Paine, and has been teaching from Edward Elgar.

man in Chicago of musical works are a set of eight songs with text by Rabindranath Tagore. The composer's fame is arranged for the "Perambulator" in the summer of six divisions:

"In the Carriage of the child on blankets, put in started off. The Policeman," tells the blue coat and the hitherto stevedore. The third, "Gurdy," describes a box on wheels, a lady beside it, impulse to go, nurse and perambulator. The fifth division treats of "Lake," where a The fifth becomes with a sort of subject being "Dreams," and touches of and with happy tions of the police, the lake, the do perambulator.

The repertoire of the orchestra for its four symphonies

Brahms, and at least one by Schubert, while Mozart, Haydn, and Bach of the eighteenth century play their usual part in the program and the moderns will be duly represented. Of Brahms, Dr. Muck is to do the Third and Fourth Symphonies.

Another novelty is a symphony in flat major by the Rumanian composer, Georges Enesco. This work has been in the library for several years, having been purchased by Mr. Fiedler, but its performance has never been reached. Another is a theme and variations by the Italian composer, Enrico Bossi. There will be Ernest Schelling's "Symphonic Variations" for piano and orchestra with Mr. Schelling as pianist. Another work that he has planned is Mozart's double concerto for violin and viola, in which Messrs. Witek and Benda will be the soloists.

Additional announcement is that a Mahler symphony will be presented, though not one with which inasmuch as the hall in which the orchestra gives its concerts is not large enough to accommodate a large group besides the orchestra and the regular audience. The new "Alpine" tone poem of Richard Strauss, now ready for performance, has to be omitted from the list of productions because of its extraordinary demands of instrumentation. One item noted in the scoring is 24 French horns. If the orchestra is to meet the requirements of Mahler in his "Symphony of the Thousand" and of Strauss in his latest work, it must seek a concert hall of festive dimensions and must ally itself with some accomplished singing organization and furthermore must augment its resources in players.

The Symphony season will open on Oct. 15, with Beethoven's seventh symphony as the principal number.

The auction sales of season tickets will open on the morning of Sept. 27, and the orchestra assembles for its practice at the same date in the evening.

Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1915-16.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

Dr. KARL MUCK, Conductor.

I. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 16, AT 8 P. M.

Programme.

BEETHOVEN,

SYMPHONY in A major No. 7, op. 92
I. Poco Sostenuto; Vivace.
II. Allegretto.
III. Presto: Presto meno assai.
IV. Allegro con brio.

BRAHMS,

"TRAGIC" OVERTURE, op. 81

STRAUSS,

TONE POEM "Tod und Verklärung" ("Death and Transfiguration"), op. 24

LISZT,

SYMPHONIC POEM, No. 3, "Les Préludes" (after Lamartine)

Subscription.

Herald — *Sept. 15/15*

The Boston Symphony Orchestra will not sell tickets for its concerts and public rehearsals at auction after this season, according to an announcement made yesterday by C. A. Ellis, manager of the organization. Beginning next fall, it is planned to sell seats at fixed prices, by subscription. Persons desiring to retain the same seats from year to year may do so by informing the management at the end of each season.

The adoption of the new plan means that the auction this year may determine the holding of a seat for years to come. The purchaser of a seat at the auctions that begin Sept. 27 will have an option on the same sitting for the following season, and may renew it indefinitely. Under this plan seats may become almost a family possession, as at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York. The fixed rate subscription has been adopted by the Boston Symphony Orchestra for its concerts in New York, Washington, Philadelphia, Brooklyn, Providence and Baltimore.

Manager Ellis describes the new plan as an attempt to "get rid of cumbersome and inconvenient methods that suit nobody." He described the auctions as the outgrowth of peculiar conditions that existed in Boston 30 years ago, but says they have served their purpose and are now outworn. "They have lost the distinction that they had in the early days," he asserts. "The vast majority of the patrons used to attend the auctions personally and bid on their seats. The sales were amusing, and had a social value. All that is changed. Patrons commission brokers to bid on their seats and the sales are almost in the hands of a dozen or less agents."

Under the new plan the importance of agents will decrease. Patrons will be permitted to take up their options on their seats before a given date, send their check, and that will end the transaction. Seat holders will no longer have the just complaint that they are paying \$20 more or less than someone sitting next to them, in a seat as well situated in every way.

BOSTON SYMPHONY MUSIC ANNOUNCED FOR THIS SEASON

Monitor — *Sept. 23/15*

An orchestral work new to Boston, announced to be given at the Symphony concerts this winter, is the symphonic poem, "Adventures in a Perambulator,"

POLITICAL TION IN JAPAN

correspondent of The
Science Monitor)

The resignation of the ministry and the subsequent changes in its personnel mentioned in cables by the Count of a new Science Monitor, but its with regard to the resignation of his minister, for the time being, home minister. This nothing to do with the ministry, but was considered in view of the time before a successor government could be named of the Okuma place in the midst of program of state affairs importance. No Japanese before resigned in the the question of finance after extraordinary had been followed government, called for expenditure over the difficulties of the navy, at a treasury was confronted required special talents meet. As the second cabinet admitted to the press, the government to give up office had been completed. the side of the military Statesmen, however, accomplished two of its predecessors One was the unpopular program army divisions, the of the power of city in the Lower these two facts

the government's undoing. to resort to exceptional accomplish these objects, to expose itself too much going against the law.

ami, a leader of the Seiyun members naturally received the resignation of the cabinet at rejoicings, expressed Japanese politics had been too party ends. Party aid, had produced many evils, politics should enter upon a sea.

ES EDINBURGH PROFESSOR

The Christian Science Monitor) RGH, Scotland — It is announced that the King has been pleased of the appointment of Prof. C. Grierson, M. A., LL.D., of English literature in university of Aberdeen, to the rhetoric and English literature university of Edinburgh, rendered the resignation of Professor y. Professor Grierson, since beginning of his studies, has displayed a leaning towards the English literature, and made it the goal of his ambitions. Education the Canonry school, Aberdeen, at the university there, he distinguished himself from the first in his studies, and gained the first the English literature class, the size in logic and psychology, and in the classical classes. He in 1887 with first-class honors ophy and gained the Bain gold that subject, besides the Seal for English literature. After at the Collegiate school at as English master, he gained classical exhibition for Christ Oxford. In 1893 he gained a in the final school of literature and proceeded to the post of in English literature at Aber- university. In the following year he first professor in English lit

Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1915-16.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

Dr. KARL MUCK, Conductor.

I. CONCERT.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 16, AT 8 P. M.

Programme.

SYMPHONY in A major No. 7, op. 92

- I. Poco Sostenuto; Vivace.
- II. Allegretto.
- III. Presto: Presto meno assai.
- IV. Allegro con brio.

"TRAGIC" OVERTURE, op. 81

TONE POEM "Tod und Verklärung" ("Death and Transfiguration"), op. 24

SYMPHONIC POEM, No. 3, "Les Préludes"
(after Lamartine)

Herald

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Monitors

Monitor—Sept. 23/15
An orchestral work new to Boston, announced to be given at the Symphony concerts this winter, is the symphonic poem, "Adventures in a Perambulator,"

The repertory will include three or four symphonies by Beethoven, two by

EDINBURGH PROFESSOR

of English literature in
University of Aberdeen, to the
rhetoric and English literature
University of Edinburgh, rendered
the resignation of Professor
N. Professor Grierson, since
beginning of his studies, has
displayed a leaning towards the
English literature, and made it
the goal of his ambitions. Edu-
cated at the Canonry school, Aberdeen,
at the university there, he dis-
tinguished himself from the first in his
studies, and gained the first
prize in the English literature class, the
first prize in logic and psychology, and
the first in the classical classes. He
graduated in 1887 with first-class honors
in philosophy and gained the Bain gold
medal for that subject, besides the Sea-
sonal for English literature. After
his graduation at the Collegiate school at
Dundee, as English master, he gained
the first classical exhibition for Christ
Church, Oxford. In 1893 he gained a
first prize in the final school of literæ
græcæ and proceeded to the post of
lecturer in English literature at Aber-
deen University. In the following year
he was appointed the first professor in English lit-

SYMPHONIC POEM, No. 3, "Les Préludes"
(after Lamartine)

THE SYMPHONY CONCERTS

Trans. — Oct. 16/15

THE NEW YEAR AUSPICIOUSLY BEGUN

The Orchestra Again in All Its Virtues
—Dr. Muck's Familiar Command of His Instrument and His Music—The Contrasts of Brahms's "Tragic Overture," Strauss's "Death and Transfiguration" and Liszt's "Preludes"

MORE than usually, the Symphony Concerts seemed, yesterday afternoon, to begin where they ended last spring and five days, instead of five months, might have separated the last concert of the thirty-fourth year of the orchestra from the first of the thirty-fifth. Not only the hall, cleared at last of the intruding movies, but the band itself kept a familiar aspect, since, this autumn, changes in personnel have been few. A young Parisian, Mr. de Mailly, of proved skill and sensibility with his instrument has joined Mr. Maquarre and Mr. Brooke for the flutes; a new Italian trumpeter, Mr. Nappi, sits with the brass choir; one more Fiedler has taken his place among the violins; and the fourth and the final newcomer to the orchestra, Mr. Gardner, smites what the books call "the instruments of percussion." Four new faces and figures do not much change the semblance of a hundred and to the eye, as to the ear, the orchestra seemed the band of last year.

As unchanged is the conductor, even if the gray is a little thicker and clearer in the locks above his temples. Undiminished Dr. Muck keeps his elastic alertness of glance and bearing, his freedom from all pose or display, his sincere absorption in the work in hand. Not a whit is he less master of himself, the music, the orchestra and the audience. The sway of his personality still holds over his forces and his hearers, because he has never obtruded or cheapened it and because out of it flows the achievement that has raised the orchestra to new pitches of perfection and that has given the audiences a pleasure that the Symphony Concerts have never before yielded. His public has known him in his work only; in it he has expressed himself; there is no other way for a man of his finely tempered mind and spirit.

Unaltered also was the mood of the audience toward the conductor and the band. The applause that welcomed Dr. Muck was as general, hearty and sincere as that which farewelled him last May. Twice and thrice the audience stayed him when he would set to his music, and it re-

newed its clapping as often as there was pause in the programme. The plaudits rose loudest and longest when, at the end of Beethoven's seventh symphony, he had twice acknowledged them for himself and then shifted them with his habitual gesture to his men standing in a great circle above and around him. At a hint from the conductor, they might have enjoyed a like reward for a performance of Strauss's tone-poem, "Death and Transfiguration," that probably no orchestra in the world can match; but he was more eager to go forward with a long programme. As for the audience, it kept its familiar aspect and habits—like belated arrival for a few and early departure for many—but now late-comers may enter the parquet only by the central doors. Moreover, it is a redistributed audience, so to say; since the lively competition of the recent auctions has shifted not a few from the places that they long occupied.

So received, from end to end of the concert, conductor and orchestra excelled themselves. The tone of the band in the mass or in the separate choirs kept the familiar richness of body, fineness of texture and varied lustre of color. It mounted in magnificent sonorities through the upswelling periods of the end of Strauss's tone-poem; or it was feathery swift, light and flashing in the Scherzo of Beethoven's symphony. It expanded in thrilling breadth of phrase in the hymn-like Trio that interrupts that Scherzo; and it concentrated the beauty and the passion of sustained song that fills not a few of the middle passages in Liszt's "Preludes." Fluid and shimmering as of old, the wood-winds spun Beethoven's gleaming arabesques above the shadowed and vibrant voices of the strings; or penetrating and piteous, sang the song of youth in the ears of Strauss's sick man. The full-voiced brass made magniloquent the pompous close of Liszt's symphonic poem. The heavier instruments rained their strokes of Fate into Brahms's "Tragic Overture"; and the trumpets pealed across the sombre and slow-paced mass of the strings—the same strings that had glinted and leapt through many a measure of Beethoven's symphony. The ardent and elastic rhythmic verve or the grave rhythmic march of the orchestra equally stirred the ear. Beside the smooth and sunny euphonies and the frank accents of much of the symphony, stood the anguished phrases and the mysterious underbeats of Strauss's tone-poem. The romantic ardor of Liszt and the grave power of Brahms lay alike within the speech of the orchestra. The moulding and the coloring of every phrase were as though each man were a mutually precise and sensitive instrument. The sharp chords, the very drumbeats of Beethoven were eloquent; the streaming harmonies of his finale, the tortured accents of Strauss's tone-poem were as though human, and not instrumental, voices bore them. The technical virtues of

the orchestra have vanished now in the results that they achieve. The hearer listens to revelation that has mastered both puissant and subtle means.

It is the fine ear and the endless endeavor of Dr. Muck that has schooled the band to this richness and fineness of tone. From his beat are born this elasticity and energy of rhythm. He measures this breadth and intensity of phrase; sets this flying pace; or marshals and sustains these sweeping climaxes. The melting euphonies and the pounding blows are the working of his will as the composer prompts it. It is he who chooses the phrase that the instrumental voices shall project for the instant upon the ears and imagination of those that hear; who graduates the subtle quickening of pace, the adroit heightening of accent, the exciting ascents and expansions in which the orchestra seems now as effortless as it is eloquent. His hand, as sensitive to the composer's intent as it is upon the uttering voices, enjoins the suspense that makes the transitions thrilling when Beethoven's symphony springs out of the hinting motives of the Introduction into the full "dance-song" of the first Allegro; modulates the little and animated dialogues between the instruments that diversify it; imposes the pace that maintains the contrasts of the slow movement; fixes "the holds" that heighten the nervous excitement of the racing and returning melodies of the finale. As he designs for the orchestra, so he details for it. As he releases its power in the tragic stresses of Brahms's overture, so he restrains it in Liszt's symphonic poem, lest a rhetorically romantic music shall seem but turgid pomps.

It is the custom to say that in such music as Strauss's tone-poem of the sick man battling with death from without and struggling with memories from within, each player in the orchestra must feel and convey the imagined scene and circumstance, the current of the emotions, the pervading atmosphere, the dramatic intent, even as does the divining and the imparting actor in a play. If this analogy holds, then a conductor, like Dr. Muck, becomes to such a piece as the producer in the theatre. It is for him to discover, for example, that in the feverish excitement of the music lies the least of its delineative power and the least of its hold for a quarter of a century upon imagination and emotion. Chromatically tortured tones may bear at the hands of Strauss the torture of the sick man's spirit as haunting recollection and impending death alike rack it. By so much the tone-poem is no more than delineative music accomplishing what, nowadays, it is easy to expect of it.

The finer power of the piece lies in its evocation, through sound, of the stillness, the solitude, the suspense of the sickroom;

of the mysterious and insistent presence of death, waiting to receive the spirit shattered by these struggles. And the finest power of all dwells in the humanity of the tone-poem. The vision of vanished youth melts the heart in the tones of the oboe; the remembered conflict of living and doing stirs the pulse; death waiting implacable heightens the piteousness of all that the music would summon. It is on the wings of human sympathy that the tonal transfiguration of the end rises. The conductor-producer may heighten detail after detail, as Dr. Muck does; he may mate the course of the music as music and the course of the delineation as closely as Strauss has done before him; he may see the end from the beginning, and so unfold the piece that not a measure, as Strauss designed, shall seem wasted or ill-placed. But it will still remain for him to disengage from it the qualities by which it sways those that hear. Because Dr. Muck and the orchestra evoke the humanity of the music, the mystery that haunts it, the sympathy that is born of it, he and it make the tone-poem sound as it never sounded before within the walls of Symphony Hall.

So to discover and reveal what lies at the heart of the chosen music and what distinguishes and glorifies it is after all the unique quality of Dr. Muck and the orchestra that he has shaped in his image. It is quite possible to play Brahms's "Tragic Overture" so that it shall sound dark, diffuse and dull. Yesterday it was indeed a sombre music; but in the bold and clanging beginning it struck an heroic note. Soon it spoke nobly and loftily of struggle and of Fate—for Brahms is not minded in these things like the neurotic Slavs. Before it ended it had more than once attained the grave and deep power that is an attribute of the antique tragedy, the spirit of which Brahms would translate into tones. Oftener he ponders rather than speaks out in the overture; to make Fate inexorable he has made his music hard; but there is no mistaking the austere passion of its tumults or the gleams across them of a wan beauty.

As Dr. Muck both opened and intensified Brahms's overture, as he summoned sympathy and not spectacle from Strauss's tone-poem, making each music speak according to its own voice and glory, so he clarified and concentrated Liszt's "Preludes." The romantic composers and the romantic poets of the forties and the fifties saw readily vast but vaporous visions. They cultivated grandeur but sometimes reaped turgidity. There is plentiful tonal pomp and rhetoric in "Preludes," because it was the spontaneous way of Liszt as man and composer, and the prescribed way for such romantic pieces in his time. It is easy to make it sound poor of substance, swollen of manner, pompous of effect. On the other hand, it contains many measures wherein the expressive

beauty of the music is born of ardent imagination and invention. Of such is the beginning which Dr. Muck touches with grave mystery of expanding voice, and of such is the succeeding songful passage that he deepens and glamors with the sustained richness of the orchestra's tone. The rest—largely tumults and pomps—he holds to measured eloquence and lo! "Preludes" has regained its large, clear and manifold romantic voice. As for the seventh symphony, the conductor had only to add to the radiant or the shadowed beauty of the music the complementary beauty of the instrument that yesterday brightened or deepened it. The means, the methods and the outcome have already been written here.
H. T. P.

KARL MUCK AND THE SYMPHONY BEGIN SEASON

Monitor ——— *Oct. 16 / 15*
Conductor by His Unique Handling of Baton Gives Readings of Great Expository Value at First Concert—Long Program

SYMPHONY HALL—First concert of the thirty-fifth season, Boston Symphony Orchestra, Karl Muck, conductor; afternoon of Oct. 15. The program: Beethoven, seventh symphony in A Major, op. 92; Brahms, "Tragic," overture, op. 81; Strauss, "Death and Transfiguration," tone poem, op. 24; Liszt, "Les Préludes," symphonic poem, No. 3.

It is all in the end of the stick. The precision of reading which probably more than anything else explains the great acclaim of the concerts given in recent seasons by the Boston Symphony orchestra, arises from the conductor's peculiar ability to place his beat at the very point of the baton. Everybody who ponders on the orchestral question grows into a stronger realization all the time of how much sound depends on sight, of how much the ear owes to the eye. Even those who regard the whole matter of motion in the orchestra as intrusive and disturbing, and Wagner himself was one of these, have at least an intellectual interest in it. The only way the music can come forth to represent the com-

poser's intentions, is for bend of arm, touch of finger, set of lip and pressure of breath in the 100, more or less, performers concerned to be in something like accurate adjustment and coördination.

The perfection of that bundle of excellencies which the French tie up in the one word ensemble, the perfection which is such a simple matter to the pianist, such a lifelong study with string quartet players, and such an impossibility, it can almost be said, with an orchestra, is somewhere near attained by Karl Muck. Few listeners will think of denying this, for it is one of the facts of present-day musical interpretation that have been put almost beyond argument. All the necessary comparisons have been made, the reports are all in and the findings given. Orchestral players everywhere declare that Dr. Muck surpasses his contemporaries in precise reading of classic and modern scores, and they explain it simply by saying that his beat, like that of no other conductor, is at the end of the baton.

Other considerations aside, then, the performance of the two long works by Beethoven and Strauss and the short ones by Brahms and Liszt was remarkable Friday afternoon for its expository values. The structural content of the four pieces was presented with a mastery that is hardly to be equaled. But as to poetic values, there might be some complaint that there was a lack. The program was read off with thematic clearness, indeed; but not always with emotional distinction. The pieces that suffered least in this respect were doubtless the Beethoven and the Liszt works. Happily Dr. Muck has found he can let his baton rest in a portion of the scherzo of the seventh symphony and he has found that his men are aware of something besides square-cut measures in "Les Préludes," and he lets them express some human feelings here as well as their delight in virtuosity.

The players had a week of preparation for their first home concert in a tour of cities of the middle western states. Their playing in large concert halls has developed a large tone which is beyond the magnificence reached even in the time of Max Fiedler. And yet no instrumental department is forced unduly. The playing of the brasses, though altogether too loud at times for Symphony

all, was brilliant and clean. Indeed, the orchestra has never let more light into its harmonies, even in the days of the small tone of Gericke, than at this concert. The gruff scoring of Brahms had an unwonted persuasion. The instrumental entanglements of Strauss got a freedom unknown before.

The orchestra is now at the second climax of its history as an ensemble organization. Under Mr. Gericke it taught the subject-matter of the classic repertory to an inquiring public, mastering the presentation of Mozart, Haydn, Beethoven with all imaginable thoroughness. Under Dr. Muck it has reasserted its ability to expound the text of the old school of writers and has proved its ability to illumine the pages of the modern program-music writers. Acquiring a large technique and a fuller sonority, it has been able to get at the underlying formalities of the work of the late nineteenth century novelists and painters in tone no less successfully than it got at the same things in the late eighteenth and early nineteenth century sculptors and architects. At the same time the institution has remained philosophically just what it began. It searches out in music that which is systematic and tested. It emphasizes all the known values of expression and strikes forth to find new ones only with the greatest caution. It works out its purpose completely under a conductor whose beat is at the point of the baton.

When the history of modern conducting is written, there will be a long chapter on the topic of the beat. For the whole style of performance depends on where the leader, stick in hand, focuses his purpose. He may indicate it anywhere from the outer end of the wand to the inner. He may even indicate it back in his elbow or even at his shoulder. According to his temperament and his musical, social, or perhaps athletic training, he will vary the point on which his players are to fix their eyes to take his meaning. Beethoven's seventh symphony was directed in a former season of the orchestra by a conductor whose beat was not definitely localized at any point of the right arm or the baton, and that reading, if it could be brought

back and placed next to the reading of Friday afternoon, would fail in all that goes to make up rhythmic and many another kind of charm. The Strauss "Death and Transfiguration" also at a concert of some years since had a reading under a baton of indeterminate beat, and that reading would not stand for a moment against that of Friday as a piece of explanation and analysis, however it might stand in other respects.

Of course the interpretation of music by an orchestra of 35 years' existence is to be referred to something besides the manner in which the conductor manipulates his baton. It is found vitally in the attitude of the listeners. If the beat is at the end of the stick, if the readings of the symphonic masters are strikingly expository, it is because the hearers will have them that way. A community that does little original in a given form of art will get into an attitude of curiosity and will remain there, until it becomes actively responsive and begins to express itself through that art in its own way. So long as its attitude is merely one of curiosity, it will regard the declarative and illustrative style of interpretation as the highest attainment possible.

SYMPHONY'S FIRST CONCERT REAL TRIUMPH

Herold ——— *Oct. 16 / 15*
Appropriate Funereal Note Is Heard Throughout the Program.

By PHILIP HALE.

The first public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony orchestra (35th season) took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. Dr. Muck was heartily applauded when he came on the stage. The program was as follows:

Symphony No. 7.....Beethoven
Tragic overture.....Brahms
"Death and Transfiguration".....Strauss
Les Preludes.....Liszt

Until a few years ago it was customary for reviewers of the first symphony concerts to unite in a vein that was almost apologetic: "The orchestra has been dispersed during the summer; it is natural that with little rehearsal there should have been occasional roughness in the performance," etc., etc.

However just or unjust such criticism was in the past, it would be most unfair if stated with reference to the concert of yesterday. Immediately after the close of last season, the orchestra made its remarkable trip to San Francisco, where it triumphed gloriously. Last Sunday it returned from another western trip for which it had diligently rehearsed. The performance yesterday was brilliant; brilliant even for these accomplished players. It is not necessary to attribute the result wholly to the work already done outside the city. Dr. Muck has now an instrument that responds to his wishes as an interpreter whenever and wherever there is need. Nor can it be said that the works performed were so familiar that the orchestra could not possibly be ineffective, much less go astray; for that which was familiar was so clothed with eloquence that it seemed new.

The Allegretto of the symphony was never so profoundly emotional; the finale never so riotous and mad in exultation. So, too, the compositions that followed were glorified in expression. The overture was the voice of sadness, not personal and morbid, but heroic and universal. Strauss's tone-poem was the more terrible in its portrayal of death struggles; nobler and grander in the thought of the final release, of the sanctity that death gives even to the boor and the scoundrel; of the overpowering majesty of the inevitable and great transformation. For once Liszt's "Preludes" was freed from what might be easily characterized as dross and seemed as novel in form and surprising in its varied expressiveness as it did to the startled hearers of 60 years ago.

It would be easy to speak of this or that virtuoso in the orchestra; to dwell upon Mr. Longy's tone, skill and musical taste; to eulogize Messrs. Witek, Maquarre, Ferir, Sand, Wendler, Warnke, Sadony, but it would also be only just to give many other names, to call the roll of the orchestra, for all aided in the glorious work.

There was a dominating funereal note in the program. The mighty lamentation in the symphony with the scherzotrio which is not wholly of this earth, and Strauss's tone-poem are eminently suited to the time. In "The Preludes" there is allusion to the shock of battle. Nor are Beethoven's pages of frenzied joy or Liszt's more pompous measures wholly incongruous. These lines of Walt Whitman might have been printed on

the title page of the program book:

With music strong I come, with my cornets and my drums,

I play not marches for accepted victors only, I play marches for conquer'd and slain persons.

I beat and pound for the dead, I blow through my embouchures my loudest and gayest for them.

Vivas to those who have fall'd! And to those whose war-vessels sank in the sea!

And to those themselves who sank in the sea!

And to all generals that lost engagements, and all overcome heroes! And the numberless unknown heroes equal to the greatest heroes known!

The program of the concerts next week will be as follows: Enesco, symphony in E flat major (first time here); Ravel, "Ma Mere l'Oye"; Loeffler, "The Death of Tintagiles"; Dvorak, overture "Husitska."

OPENING CONCERT IS ORCHESTRAL

SYMPHONY SEASON

HAS NOW BEGUN

Adv. ——— Oct. 16/15

Public Turns From Small Scores

to Big, From Home Runs

to Chromatic

By LOUIS C. ELSON

THE PROGRAMME.

Beethoven. Seventh Symphony.

Brahms. Tragic Overture.

Strauss. Death and Transfiguration. Symphonic Poem.

Liszt. Les Preludes. Symphonic Poem.

The orchestral season has begun, the baseball season has ended, and the public turns from the bat to the baton, from very small scores to very big ones, from home runs to chromatic ones. The opening programme was entirely orchestral, such as we like the best, although the public will generally flock more enthusiastically to a star soloist than to symphonic masterpieces. It was a great programme; greater than we generally get for an opening one, but that was due to the fact that the orchestra had been trained somewhat through a short preliminary season on tour, which is a very good plan.

We earnestly hope that there will be

no Chauvinism displayed in judging of the contents of the above programme. People may remember that Beethoven never composed a national anthem, and even the great poet Goethe, when reproached for not awakening German patriotism in his works, responded that his art was not limited by national boundaries. Besides we must remember that Beethoven was a Belgian, according to the English iconoclasts, and that Liszt was about half French. We hope for the best of the Russian and the French school (in spite of D'Indy's suggesting the discharge of all Germans from American conservatories and orchestras—for the advancement of art), and even a little of the modern English, when it is intelligible, in the later programmes. There will be no national boundaries, and here there will be many Russian victories.

That rhythmic tone-poem, that idealization of the dance, Beethoven's seventh symphony, never fades. Dr. Muck does not distort it in the performance. He does not try to become original at all hazards, but delivers its optimistic message as the composer wrote it. Even the slow movement is not heavier paced than an allegretto, and is brooding rather than lamentation, and even here the element of consolation, which Beethoven (that good old fighter who never yielded to despair) always added to his darker moods, is present in the Trio, which was read in just the right contrast by the conductor and the orchestra. The last two movements were less perfect and trumpet and kettle drums were often too loud.

Brahms' Tragic Overture is darker, but has its contrasts nevertheless. Brahms had no especial tragedy in mind in this work, but simply (as Hanslick says) thought of an "Actus tragicus," such as Bach once used as the title of a work. There is no military catastrophe in these measures and no real cataclysm of any kind, but darkness and foreboding enough. But Brahms gives the sombre picture without any of the modern cacophony and does not even desert symmetrical form in portraying it. The wretched tragedies of the present will soon breed fiercer music than this too self-contained work. Yet it is noble music and clearly wrought out, as all of Brahms' works are. Possibly one should judge it from the old Greek, non-emotional standpoint, as a picture of inexorable fate which is ac-

cepted with dignified acquiescence.

Yet there are not wanting critics to find a definite picture here, and one of these intention-finders brings the work home to "Hamlet," and thinks the tender oboe subordinate theme to be Ophelia, while others give the sweet theme to Gretchen and the darker ones to Goethe's Faust. The work stands well enough without these artificial supports. It was played with excellent technique. There was balance enough against Beethoven's geniality, in the Brahms overture and in the Strauss tone-poem. It means much for our orchestra to begin their season with two such works as Strauss' "Death and Transfiguration" and Liszt's "Les Preludes," and these two final works made a good foil to each other. Strauss' work is the greatest composition about dying that has ever been written; it is the great orchestral work of genius of our time. It is in some sense an essay on euthanasia, for if, after hearing it, one does not echo the lines—"Oh Death where is thy sting? where grave thy victory" then he has not entered fully into the spirit of the tone-poem.

Our orchestra gave the work with all its sudden changes, its moments of vehemence and of weakness, its dreamy memories, its final apotheosis, with great spirit. One could seek out a little roughness here and there if one looked for it, but Strauss himself did not wish this work over-refined. The climaxes were sometimes overwhelming, which was by no means a fault in such a work, and the ending was shaded to perfection.

Liszt "Les Preludes" are anything but listless preludes, as an unfledged pupil once called them. They are the preludes to Immortality, and they also have an apotheosis, not as in the Strauss tone-poem, a triumph over Death, but a victory over "life's endless toil and endeavor." Hugo Wolf's test of a great composer—"Can he Exult?"—is splendidly answered here, for Liszt exults in fortississimo, with full orchestra, and the brasses blowing their lips off. It is odd to see how Wagner's great "Fate-figure," of three notes, has been used by other composers. Cesar Franck has it in his D minor symphony, and Liszt has it worked up through this present work. But no one was able to give it the immutable power that Wagner expressed in it.

The pictures of the musical panorama in "Les Preludes" were well contrasted. Love, happiness, pastoral

pleasure, the call to combat, the storm and stress, and the final picture of Man arising in power and majesty, were all excitingly played, yet, in spite of the enthusiasm it awakened, and deserved, it seemed somewhat grandiloquent when placed beside Strauss's awe-inspiring work. There was great technical display in it, gorgeous orchestral coloring, and a fine climax, but it was less noble than the other, as Lamartine might be less powerful than Shakespeare or Goethe, or even the Ritter poem which inspired the work.

Dr. Muck received a welcome of which he may be proud. The applause at his entrance was very prolonged, and we believe that the three recalls at the end of the symphony were as much of a personal tribute as a recognition of Beethoven. The programme was a trifle over-long.

Nevertheless, the consolations of Beethoven and the triumphs of Strauss and Liszt over Death and human vicissitudes made up a programme that meant very much to those who take the wretchedness of the larger part of the world to heart in this "struggle of discordant powers that draws out the harmony of the universe."

NEW SYMPHONY SEASON BEGINS

Globe Oct. 16/15
Warm Welcome for Dr
Muck and Orchestra.

Performance a Brilliant One
in Technic and Style.

Death and Transfiguration
a Feature.

The 35th season of Symphony concerts began yesterday afternoon. The orchestra, after tours to the Far and the Middle West since its last appearance here,

returned practically unchanged in membership. Dr Muck was applauded warmly when he walked to the desk, and twice bowed his acknowledgments. The audience showed an appreciation after the symphony which has become customary, continuing the demonstration until players and conductor stood together. There were no features to make the occasion a particularly marked one, save that the audience, which filled the hall, paid its compliments in greeting to the new season, and heard orchestral music interpreted in a manner which still remains a thing of distinction.

The program was drama from three Germans and a Hungarian—Beethoven—unless he be considered of Flemish extraction—Brahms, Richard Strauss and Liszt. To some the seventh symphony holds less of interest than the diminutive eighth which follows or the pastoral which precedes. The attempts to fit a program to the last movement do not lessen its value as absolute music. The family of relationship between it and a dance finale of Mozart is not remote. It is more obvious, frank and less reserved in expression than the preceding movements. The rhythmical character is well defined and has an elemental rigor.

The performance of Strauss' "Death and Transfiguration" was the feature of the afternoon. Eloquent played, with unblemished technical brilliance, with a tonal quality sonorous without the sacrifice of euphony, with sweeping dramatic force, this music is Strauss' at his best as a dramatist in tone, painting graphically the contrast between the grim struggle with death and the glorification of the soul. The theme of the transfiguration was marvelously varied yesterday, now triumphant, now serene, always ecstatic.

Liszt's Preludes has been upon Dr Muck's programs before. The sentimentality, the pomp and bombast are forgotten in a performance of the breadth and euphony of that of yesterday. The brass choir, particularly the first trumpet, has developed sonority to the point where it would not safely go farther, but the color of the brasses yesterday was golden.

Brahms' "Tragic" overture was played with marked clearness of exposition and with dignity of mood.

The program next week will include a symphony in E flat major by Georges Enesco, first time at these concerts; Ravel's "Mother Goose" suite, Mr Loeffler's "The Death of the Tintagiles" and Dvorak's overture "Husitska."

SYMPHONY BEGINS 35TH MUSIC YEAR

Uncommon Brilliancy of Tone Marks

Performance
Post Dec 16, 1915

BY OLIN DOWNES

The 35th season of the Boston Symphony Orchestra in Boston opened yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall, Dr. Karl Muck conducting. The programme, devoted principally to compositions of one nation, nevertheless offered ample variety, for the music was of sharply contrasting schools and periods, with the exception of the music of Liszt and Strauss, which is inescapably co-ordinated: Beethoven's Seventh Symphony, Brahms' "Tragic" Overture, Strauss' tone-poem, "Death and Transfiguration," and Liszt's tone-poem, "Les Preludes."

The welcome given Dr. Muck was extremely cordial, the applause, which was unanimous, lasting for several minutes.

BRILLIANCY OF TONE

The tone of the orchestra, especially in consideration of the weather and the early time of the season, was of uncommon brilliancy, and the performance was characterized by a finish more often associated with the end than the beginning of the winter. After Strauss it was distasteful to some to listen to Liszt, but otherwise the music was engrossing. No need now to speak of that nature mood, that gigantic, mysterious spirit which sets Beethoven apart from all other composers, whether he writes in a vein that is grave or gay. But yesterday, particularly in the first two movements of the symphony, this mood was singularly felt.

In the scherzo some liked the superlative brilliancy and power of the blasts of the first trumpeter, and others thought that Dr. Muck might have let him off a little more easily. The principal point of interest is that the symphony as a whole has seldom been more clearly and reverentially interpreted.

Strauss' Humanity

There is an early Strauss and a late Strauss. Some of us fear for the Strauss of today, and find in certain of his earlier compositions a fervent sincerity and a blinding glow of genius which does not communicate itself so readily in some of the other scores. As for "Tod und Verklarung," in spite of its early style, it remains one of Strauss' greatest utterances.

It has the humanity and the passion of Tchaikowsky, and it has other things that one does not find in Tchaikowsky. But whoever wishes to dismiss Strauss as an "intellectual," a "cerebral," as the French say, must ignore practically everything that antedates "Don Quixote" and "Salome," and these works themselves. "Tod und Verklarung" is, indeed, fearfully human, fearfully illuminative of an end that comes to all, and nobly prophetic of that toward which humanity aspires. It is the expression of one who dares to look. One can imagine the aged and the disillusioned marvelling at this white-hot eloquence, and at the unlimited heroism of the music, that throws out as from a vortex the theme of the ideal, a theme which shines out as a Grail even in the early pages of the work, and that is finally apotheosized. They might shake their heads, and say, "It must have taken a very young man to write like that." And they might wag the head a second time, and say, "Would that I were a young man again." And then the color! Someone talked foolishly one time of the E-flat major chord that closes Strauss' "Hero's Life," but what comparison is there between that chord and the rainbow of promise that stretches over the orchestra at the end of "Tod und Verklarung"?

Grandeur of Brahms

This music was in the most striking contrast to the grandly impersonal, tragic music of Brahms. Strauss' work, which followed, could not have been placed in a most effective light. What is austere, and even stark, in Brahms' music, becomes a blazing torrent of eloquence, of also, perhaps, of rhetoric, with Strauss. There is, indeed, no modern composer who had Brahms' comprehension of the Greek spirit. The Tragic Overture would not go badly as a prelude to a drama of Sophocles. It is all of the Fates, of impassive and cleansing destiny of the world redeemed by destruction, and this is uttered with a simplicity, a reserve, a lack of—a certain sort of temperature which is not only excellent for the ear, but healthy for the emotions. It is music which makes life less intense, perhaps, but also less neurasthenic than the music of Strauss, and the music of Brahms does not lose by the comparison.

The programme of the concert next week will offer a new symphony by Georges Enesco, Ravel's "Mother Goose Suite," Loeffler's "Death of Tintagiles," and Dvorak's overture "Husitska."

Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1915--16.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

Dr. KARL MUCK, Conductor.

II. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 23, AT 8 P. M.

Programme.

GEORGES ENESCO,

SYMPHONY in E flat major
(First time at these concerts)

RAVEL,

"MA MÈRE L'OYE" 5 Pièces Infantines

LOEFFLER,

"THE DEATH OF TINTAGILES"

DVOŘÁK

OVERTURE, "Husitská"

44

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT

Trans. — Oct. 23, 1915

MUCH LARGE-VOICED, EXACTING MUSIC

An Outworn Overture by Dvorak—Mr. Loeffler's Eloquent Tone-Poem That Excels Its Source—Ravel's Precise and Persuasive Perfections — The Uneven, Exuberant, but Youthfully Masterful, Enesco of the New Symphony

PRESENT fashion among the conductors has blessed the unified programme, and with Dr. Muck it is not merely a passing predilection but a sincere conviction. Grant that it has advantages in the assembling of pieces of common content, style and voice, though it ignores, for the sake of symmetry, the ready faculty that adjusts human attention and interest to variety and contrast. But need even a unified programme be so arduous and exacting as that which Dr. Muck and the Symphony Orchestra laid upon the audience yesterday afternoon? As one of the cynics of the lobby said in the intermission, it might have been unified by its severities; more probably it had the desired cohesion and symmetry in the large voice and manner, the romantic or the tragic substance, the high pitch of feeling and expression, the general amplitude and modernity of three of the pieces upon it—Enesco's novel symphony, Mr. Loeffler's tone-poem of Tintagiles and Dvorak's "Husitzka" overture. More lightly runs Ravel's suite from his ballet of "Mother Goose"; but the very finesse of his invention, the precision of his workmanship and the artfulness of his implications make even these "Pièces Enfantines" exacting to hear. No one of these numbers was of taxing length; none by itself laid more strain upon the comprehending receptivity and the emotional response of hearers than they would have gladly borne. But the four pieces in mass formation, so to say, left many an auditor forcing his listening faculties long before the concert had ended.

In particular Dvorak's overture might have been spared, since like most of his music it falls not upon twentieth-century ears as it did upon those of his own day and generation. The youngsters sniff at it; if they have ever lived in Paris or "absorbed" at home what they fondly believe to be Parisian standards, they call the piece "old hat"; while most of us in middle life know that the sonorous pomps, the striding harmonies, the square-cut rhythms and the broad brush-strokes of instrumental color fall not upon our ears as they did in the nineties. This fate, common

nowadays to much of the Bohemian's music, is less shortcoming than misfortune. In his time Dvorak wrote, especially in such a piece as this "Husitzka" overture, with a sweep of sonority, a fire of rhythm, a play of harmonic and instrumental color and a suggestion of untamed emotion and expression that were strange and stirring to hear. In 1915, however, the listening world of the West knows much more of the music—still barbaric at heart—of many a Czech, Slav or Magyar and its ears are accustomed to pomps of tone, energies of rhythm and flares of color beside which Dvorak's seem tame. He has been left naked of nearly all things but his capacity for melodic invention and sustained interest of idea and mood. He was never strong in either respect, since he composed with much more "heart" and simple excitement than intellect and ordered power. And so at each rehearsing his music seems to diminish, unless, like the one piece that he wrote in the pain of exile and longing—the symphony "From the New World"—it keeps a universal human feeling, poignantly expressed, that time and progress may not dull. Moreover, for the particular overture of yesterday, no doubt Hussite hymns stir Bohemian bosoms; but American ears receive them as calmly as Czech listeners might hear "Onward Christian Soldiers."

Besides, it was the misfortune of the "Husitzka" overture to follow Mr. Loeffler's epitomizing translation into tones of Maeterlinck's play, "The Death of Tintagiles"—music at which time, so far, gnaws in vain and that changing fashion leaves scathless. (Even in the revised version the "dramatic poem" is now fifteen years old). Yesterday, too, as it came from the hands of Dr. Muck and the orchestra, it seemed to excel in graphic content and emotional appeal, in poetic substance and dramatic force, even the play that suggested it. The Belgian's "La Morte de Tintagiles" was written for marionettes; of course, it has been acted by humans; but only in the little marionette theatre in the park above Munich has it really kept the stage. Seen there, it seems a piteous tale remote, of figures that wear human semblance rather than possess human substance. Similarly, on the printed page, it is the atmosphere of ominous solitude, of foreboding that will not be stilled, of creeping horror, of pity stifled by cruelty, of will powerless against fate, of white childhood and pale youth against fat and black old age that possesses and haunts the reader unless he is perverse enough to take exercise in symbolism as he reads.

On the other hand, in Mr. Loeffler's tone-poem, and in such a performance of it as drama in music as Dr. Muck and the orchestra achieve, the tale of Tintagiles becomes sombre and searching tragedy of old romance and older fate. For the duller hearer Mr. Loeffler sets the scene—the grim and isolated castle in the storm-swept valley; the close chamber of secret dread;

the corridors that echo to the soft padding of uncanny feet; the iron door at which young hands beat and tear in vain. For the slowest ear, Mr. Loeffler summons and individualizes the personages—the child prince, plaintive and piteous victim of old age and cruel fate; the young sister who by sheer force of youth and love, longing and will, would stay what she dreads and may not avert it; the gruesome and haunting senile presences against which she contends; the whispering and padding watchers upon inevitable tragedy. In the tone-poem, too, Mr. Loeffler writes that tragedy largely and movingly—the genral conflict, old as Persian fable, of the powers of light against the powers of darkness; the particular, the poignant and the pitiful outcome when the child is slain and the sister lies helpless by the unyielding door. The pang of human suffering, the mystery of human fate, the baffling enigma of striving good and implacable evil haunt the end of the tone-poem. And what music intrinsically it is—coherent and cogent from beginning to end, alive with invention and imagination, large or fine of stroke as the instant demands, colorful as from inexhaustible palette, sustaining atmosphere, projecting drama, piercing and holding listening mind and imagination—and always, by the means, the artistry and the intrinsic qualities of music. For it is not by the implications and impressions of the printed page assumed in the minds of Mr. Loeffler's hearers, that he compasses his atmosphere, defines and relates his personages, marshals and culminates his drama. The matter and the processes of his music accomplish these ends. In essence his tone-poem is a tragedy of light and darkness, youth and age, will and fate, that is self-contained.

Similarly, it was good yesterday to listen to the five divisions of Ravel's suite independently of the fanciful French inventions that suggested them and that have much more to do with the contes of Monsieur Perrault than with the rhymes of our own Mother Goose. The music bears such test well. The little Pavane at the beginning is a minor masterpiece of grave and gentle beauty flawlessly concentrated in the few smooth and precise measures of Ravel. The wistful grace, the suffusing charm of the piece labelled "Petit Poucet" melts the ear and the fancy. The ensuing procession of the "Pagodes" is miniature fantasy in rhythm, in color, in ornament, in returning suggestion. Call the "Conversations of Beauty and the Beast" an idyl running to as idealized a waltz as ever Chopin wrote and ear and imagination bear out the designation. The finale of the Fairy Garden and the lovers' meeting distills as into some little bottle of crystal, the essence of romantic and atmospheric music.

And all this, from the first to the last measure of the suite, Ravel accomplishes with the flawless perfection that is his

habit and distinction among contemporaries. They that write seek what the French call the just word—the word that entirely and exactly bears the idea or suggestion and that is impeccable in its place. Composing, Ravel almost invariably finds the just note. Each precisely and uncloudedly conveys what he would impart, each falls as exactly and inevitably into its place in the measure. Each measure is of like quality and like relation to the whole. That whole achieves its end as precisely, economically and inevitably. The purely musical accomplishment is as perfect as the fanciful and poetizing suggestion. Matter and manner, image and implication are flawlessly fused. The peril of such music is a dry and meticulous perfection. Ravel escapes it in these "Pièces Enfantines," by apt grace of invention and fancy, by the faint, exotic and fairy aroma that perfumes them, by the light ironic tang that the title imparts to such an exceedingly adroit, intricate and insinuating music.

As Ravel's perfections enthrall the listening and envying musician, so the manifold power and the passionate workmanship—for it deserves the adjective—of Enesco's symphony might have engrossed and stirred him. It is an uneven piece—as music is likely to be when exuberant temperament and opulent talent write it in the early twenties of their age. It is a piece in which the composer makes ardent use of the big instrumental means that he has already learned to swing and of the harmonic artifice in which he is already fertile. It is a piece, again, more ample and eager in design than in the apt and persuasive definition and filling of the plan; it is ornamented out of a treasure of invention and device that it is the way of kindled youth to believe inexhaustible; and the passion of its moods sometimes dwells more in the composer's spirit than in an utterance that sheer heat of feeling makes the less articulate. Enesco's symphony, however, is much more than this. Out of the first movement and out of the finale shine an opulence of means, a veritable splendor of handling, a passion of utterance that are of the born and practised composer glorying already in a kind of magnificence of resource, enkindled by it and stirring his hearers accordingly. Out of the slow division, moreover, rises a beauty of invention, a command of sustained yet diversified song and a mingled richness and subtlety of harmonic and instrumental color that weave around that song another and an irresistible beauty. They who would have single movements detached from symphonies, the rest of which does not match them, will insist that Enesco's adagio deserves to be so preserved. It held its audience rapt yesterday; and at the end pause for return out of pleasure and illusion signified more than all the succeeding applause.

It is quite true that the first movement of the symphony lacks clarity and firmness of design and substance and reveals no more than the aforesaid magnificence of

workmanship. While some ears may be lost in speculation as to "what it is all about," others will have their joy of the whipping rhythms, the bold progressions, the ascension and reascension of climax, the passage of motives in vivid flashes through the choirs, the biting contrasts, the keen-edged detail, the harmonic glow and the throbbing instrumental color. It is as though Enesco would write music in molten mass to dart into the gleams of his harmonies, to fling off the sparks of his rhythm. In the finale, he is firmer of design and more lucid of substance; for much of the material has already been stated or suggested in the modern fashion of inter-related musical thoughts. The passionate energy of the mood is more direct and articulate and the fire of music and creative emotion burns through the glowing vapors of harmony and instrumentation. Enesco masters his splendor of handling even though it still intoxicates him. Between these two exercises in young opulence and power stands the second movement, built upon seemingly the slenderest of motives. Scarcely unfolded it begins to stir with a strange and penetrating beauty; the beauty expands into lamenting song, half-wild, half-gentle and wholly romantic; ever-changing harmonic and instrumental color enhances now the wildness, now the mournfulness, and now the aroma of old romance. The beauty never clouds nor flags; the song runs its inevitable course, expanding as by emotional impulse from itself. The impression is of the illusion of old and touching legend, remote and glamored. Chopin's ballads do not bring it more.

H. T. P.

ENESCO'S SYMPHONY.

4 Globe — *Oct. 23/15*
Uneven Work, Overdressed,
Lacking in Ideas.

Loeffler Tone Poem, With Mr Ferir
Soloist, a Feature.

A composer of this city who went to Paris several seasons ago for study with Georges Enesco found his teacher's time so occupied with excursions to this and that city for appearances as violinist or as conductor that his duties as pedagogue suffered and the instruction was discontinued. The symphony in E flat major, op 13, played by Dr Muck and the orchestra yesterday afternoon, at its first hearing in this city, plausibly might be the personal document of a man of great activity. It is a display of energy which indicates variability, incoherence, at times boisterousness. These are not qualities associated with action when it knows the vitality of repose.

Remembering Enesco's other compositions heard in Boston, this symphony is disappointing. There were passages in the suite for orchestra played a season ago and previously that denoted a fine musical taste, a restraint which invited rather than repelled. The passage is recalled in muted strings in modal harmonies, reminding of a shaft of sunlight falling through stained windows aslant a cathedral transept. Enesco's earlier music showed growing qualities of imagination, of individuality, often of distinctive beauty.

It is true there are signs of individuality in these three movements, but the page is too frequently blurred. Continuity of thought fails. There is a disturbing restiveness. There are brilliant, even startling cutbursts, explosions of dynamic energy, calling upon brass and cymbals with the exaggerated rhetoric which to some may convey a noisy impressiveness, majesty, power, but, alas, is a noisy disguise for emptiness.

When Inspiration Becomes Labor.

From one hearing there are few moments that remain in the memory. The closing measures of the second movement, employing a pair each of solo violas and cellos with choirs of both, established a mood of chastened contemplative beauty. They were made the more impressive by the elusive, unearthly softness of the vanishing tone with which they were played. The opening of the last movement has an animation that is spontaneous, and for a few measures is finely rhapsodical, but the composer's inspiration soon becomes labor.

The thematic ideas are not generally compelling in themselves. It is true the opening exultant figure announced at once by the trumpet is stimulative and it is heard in animated discussion in the brass, but the development runs into noise. There are beautiful passages following the introduction of the second subject in the first movement, but there is not a sustained and even flow of ideas. It is singularly mannered music. Skill indisputably is in evidence, but it is as though the composer had perused his sketch books and had taken here and there devices, figuration, melodic, harmonic or rhythmic formulas jotted down with the intent they must be used.

There are sonorous climaxes; there are clever uses of intricate rhythms; there is harmonization noticeably, yet not flagrantly modern. There is no apish emulation of the users of the augmented triad. There are ingenious effects in orchestral color, and there are also pages too thickly scored and too overloaded with contrapuntal detail.

It is music giving perhaps not so much the impression of having been written too hurriedly as of the composer having had a confused vision of what he intended to say. The performance was one which appeared to do all justice to the score and with a virtuosity which enabled one often to forget the music.

Ravel's Charming Suite.

Compared with it, Ravel's charming Mother Goose suite stood out in relief. The clear orchestration, the apt and imaginative suggestion of characters, the well sustained invention and the

pervading atmosphere make it one of the most graceful and characteristic scores of the best modern French school.

Mr Loeffler's "The Death of the Tintagiles" is always welcome. Some may find an over development in the middle portion of the work. While this may be true, the poem as a whole is a remarkable expression in orchestral tone painting of deeply tragic feeling. Even without the association of Maeterlinck's piteous child Prince in the clutches of the noisome Queen, and with each hearer left to invent his own program, it is music characterizing voice of the solo violé d'amour played of virile dramatic fibre, teeming with imagination, well proportioned in its points of conflict and of repose. The impersonation of the tender boy by the plaintive voiced violé d'amour, revived by Mr Ferir for these performances and played with the instinct of the true interpreter, is a happy one. The work mirrors the weak overwhelmed by grim and overpowering forces.

Mr Loeffler was present and bowed his acknowledgments.

Dvorak's overture "Husitska," with its fanatic cries of the Hussites, closed the program.

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Overture "Husitska".....Dvorak

It was a pity that the concert did not end with Mr. Loeffler's impressive tone-poem. It is true that it is not a hat-and-overcoat piece; it does not end with a joyful noise, which the Psalmist assures us was grateful to his Lord; but it is a good thing occasionally to leave a concert hall in a contemplative spirit, with the thought that life after all is not made up only of beer and skittles. The program would have been admirably balanced without Dvorak's overture, which after the music of Ravel and Loeffler seemed ineffectively strenuous and laboriously contrived. It might

serve a Hussite holiday, if Dvorak had written it for a military band and for performance in the open air. Coming immediately after Mr. Loeffler's highly imaginative and emotional composition, it recalled the remark of the noble Spaniard, Don Adriano de Armado: "The words of Mercury are harsh after the songs of Apollo." Furthermore, the concert without the overture would have been long enough.

Enesco's symphony was heard here for the first time. It was produced in Paris nearly 10 years ago, when the composer was in his 25th year. His "Roumanian Poem," a "Roumanian Rhapsody"—for Enesco is a Roumanian by birth—an orchestral suite and two or three other pieces have been played here. The symphony, which has a later opus number than the Suite, is on the whole a less individual work. The composer himself has said that when he studied in Vienna and before he made Paris his home for further study and the exercise of his profession as violinist and composer, he was "deeply imbued with the music of Wagner and Brahms," and their influence, he thinks, is shown today; that French influences also give character to his writings.

The second movement is the finest of the three, in thought and in expression. There is pleasing romantic sentiment rather than any compelling emotional appeal. There is a definite melodic line, whereas the themes of the other movements have not a decided and arresting profile. The orchestration is more varied and also richer, whereas in the other movements the coloring becomes monotonous with a use of the brass that verges on abuse. The ending of this movement is especially effective in its simple beauty.

Of the other movements, the first is the more important. In it are well considered pages by the side of those that are meaningless in their complexity; reduced to simpler terms. They show little original thought, little that is of a quality peculiar to Enesco. We have spoken of the inherent thinness of the thematic material and of the swollen but futile rhetoric. The Finale left no durable impression and did not rivet the attention at the time. Dr. Muck had evidently prepared the performance with great care. This is his habit, whether a work be new or old. The performance was a brilliant one. The Symphony was well received, and the second movement found special favor.

Ravel's Suite does not grow stale with repetition, any more than the fairy tales that inspired him. There are those who look upon fairy tales as foolishness. We know children that can see nothing in them and have no interest in the adventures of Alice. They are all to be pitied. When Hazlitt told Coleridge that he did not relish the serious parts of the Arabian Nights, the latter said that if he did not like them, it was because he did not dream. The fantastical, as the ironical, is disconcerting to some. Ravel's music is

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The second movement is the finest of the three, in thought and in expression. There is pleasing romantic sentiment rather than any compelling emotional appeal. There is a definite melodic line, whereas the themes of the other movements have not a decided and arresting profile. The orchestration is more varied and also richer, whereas in the other movements the coloring becomes monotonous with a use of the brass that verges on abuse. The ending of this movement is especially effective in its simple beauty.

Of the other movements, the first is the more important. In it are well considered pages by the side of those that are meaningless in their complexity; reduced to simpler terms. They show little original thought, little that is of a quality peculiar to Enesco. We have spoken of the inherent thinness of the thematic material and of the swollen but futile rhetoric. The Finale left no durable impression and did not rivet the attention at the time. Dr. Muck had evidently prepared the performance with great care. This is his habit, whether a work be new or old. The performance was a brilliant one. The Symphony was well received, and the second movement found special favor.

Ravel's Suite does not grow stale with repetition, any more than the fairy tales that inspired him. There are those who look upon fairy tales as foolishness. We know children that can see nothing in them and have no interest in the adventures of Alice. They are all to be pitied. When Hazlitt told Coleridge that he did not relish the serious parts of the Arabian Nights, the latter said that if he did not like them, it was because he did not dream. The fantastical, as the ironical, is disconcerting to some. Ravel's music is

48 exquisitely fanciful, fantastical. It is the very essence of the subtly poetic. Nor is it devoid of humor. Note how he treats the conversation of Beauty with the Beast: the coquetry of the waltz, a waltz hinted at, surmised, with the hoarse growling of the Beast, fearful lest he may not win the adored one. There is the same idea of rough strength opposed to woman's wiles in Saint-Saens's "Spinning Wheel of Omphale," but Ravel is not a copyist. Could any thing be more fantastically exotic than the music of Laidronnette, the Empress of the Pagodes? While she bathed, her little subjects played on theorbos of walnut shells and viols made of almond shells. The whole Suite might have been played before Salome of the White Esoteric Isles by the orchestra of ivory instruments heard once by Jules Laforgue.

We have often spoken in praise of Mr. Loeffler's dramatic poem. Under Dr. Muck's leadership this music was yesterday still more imposing, of still greater emotional intensity. The opening, with its picturing of the wild night without the castle in the nameless land; the thought of old, faithful Aglovalle with the useless sword; the piteous voice of the frightened child; the sinister sounds in the corridor; the terror, the agony of Sister Ygraine—these are brought home to the hearer by the sheer beauty and power of the music without attempts at interlinear translation of the drama into tones. Many works produced since "The Death of Tintagiles" was first performed in the present version now seem curiously old-fashioned or have disappeared. In these days of ultra-modernity Mr. Loeffler's poem is rounded, complete—though perhaps a little condensation in the latter part of the work would give it still greater dramatic impact—and modern; as the best music is always modern.

The program of the concerts next week is as follows: Brahms, symphony No. 4; Schumann, overture to "Manfred"; Chopin, piano concerto in E minor (Mr. Gabilowitsch, pianist); Berlioz, overture "The Roman Carnival."

'First Time' Symphony Played

Post — Oct. 23/15
BY OLIN DOWNES

The Symphony of Georges Enesco, in E flat, was played for the first time in Boston at the concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Karl Muck, conductor, yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall.

The music is powerful and turbulent and sombre. The mood is not one commonly associated with the music of modern France, which might be

supposed to have influenced Enesco, a Roumanian, profoundly, for he has composed and played the violin in Paris for some years, and he is still a young man, when impressions are irresistibly assimilated. But Enesco is not of soft stuff. His music is far more Scandanavian in its color than Latin, or even Slavic. It has a stark and fantastic quality, a quality which is also displayed in the singular Suite, op. 9, for orchestra, which both Mr. Fiedler and Dr. Muck have performed here with success.

FITFUL AND GRIM

This music, fitful and grim, is indicative of a personality which might well become one of the most interesting in the small group of men who are composing living music today. The instrumentation is heavy, massive, often intentionally dark and thick, or shrilly brilliant. The utterance is uncompromisingly direct. Although naturally very modern in its harmony, this is such straightforward, strong writing that one has an impression almost of a diatonic character of the music, although there is only one theme, that of the defiant opening, taken by the trumpets, which particularly supports this impression, one of mood, of spirit, rather than letter.

The second movement is again dark and legendary, and the finale returns somewhat to the mood of the opening. The music is insurrectionary, although the revolt is that of a man within himself rather than of a people, yet the score reverberates with the shock of battle. A gratefully sincere and virile composition, which should be heard again soon.

"Mother Goose" Charming

The rest of the programme offered the "Mother Goose" suite of Ravel,

Charles M. Loeffler's "Mort de Tintagile," after Maeterlinck, and Dvorak's Husitka overture. Ravel's suite, played with a charming delicacy and precision, and a real sympathy with the mood of the composer, was received with almost more cordiality and appreciation than any other music on the programme. Its tenderness and its humor, its exquisite simplicity and the exceeding felicity of the instrumentation are now familiar and are genuinely appreciated. Two years ago this music seemed ultra-modern recherche, artificial from any point of view. Today its sincerity and inspiration are apparent and inescapable.

Ravel intentionally himself to a small canvass, and in his original composition for piano four hands, to the technical capacities of young children. True, the music might be appreciated more fully by grownups, especially those who know the music of Satie and Debussy, whom Ravel has so wittily parodied in his "Conversation of the Beauty and the Beast." In the motive of the beauty we have a take-off on the Gymnopédie of Erik Satie, at this time little known in America, but an important figure in the estimation of both Debussy and Ravel, and the beast is an equally amusing cartoon of Debussy's Faun, with the chromatic wall which introduces that prelude after Mallarme.

Loeffler's Work Powerful

By contrast with this music Mr. Loeffler's work stood out the more ruggedly and was struck by the immense sonorities, the frequently almost brutal force of the orchestra of a composer often thought to err rather on the side of over-refinement than of anything excessively muscular or realistic. The orchestra of "La Mort de Tintagile" is an amazingly powerful one, and the frame of the work is very big. Probably no score of Mr. Loeffler's shows so much sheer weight of instrumentation.

There are, on the other hand, passages of extraordinary delicacy and originality in the orchestration. The portrayal of the tempest, and of the silence and the terror within the castle which the tempest outside only emphasizes the more, the suggestion of the aged Aglovalle, aged and wistful and resigned, of the sleep of Tintagile and then the deep damnation of his taking off—these things are expressed with an abandon and conviction on the part of the composer which are the more impressive by reason of the economy of the material employed and the unity and variety of its development. There are passages in which the material is handled with superb abandon and impetuosity. But when Mr. Loeffler flings his paint on his canvass, he knows very well whither he is flinging it.

Let him appear never so impassioned, underneath there is the unflagging attention to the choice and the disposition of the music and the remarkable resource, thanks to which a single initial theme becomes the basis of the entire work. Certain pages of orchestration stand out in the memory, such as the employment and orchestral accompaniment of the viola d'amore, and the wild fanfare of the trumpets, and the entire concluding passage which follows the three thuds of the great drum, music which may easily be associated with the last moments of Maeterlinck's drama, of the agonizing sister who has smashed her lamp against the door, behind which her brother is perishing, and whose horrified whisper, "Monster, I spit," echoes through the darkness as the curtain falls.

SYMPHONY MEN PRESENT WORK BY G. ENESCO

Monitor. Oct. 23/15
Composition in Symphony Form
Found to Have Individuality
and Appeal in Slow Movement
—Ravel and Loeffler Heard

SYMPHONY HALL—Second public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Karl Muck, conductor; afternoon of Oct. 22. The program: Enesco, symphony in E-flat major, op. 13 (first time in Boston); Ravel, "Mother Goose," children's pieces; Loeffler, "Death of Tintagiles," dramatic poem after Maeterlinck for orchestra and viola d'amore (Emile Ferir, incidental soloist); Dvorak, "Husitska" overture.

The Enesco symphony is the vehicle of at least one noble orchestral idea, though it is not, considered as a whole, the embodiment of sustained thought. Of its three movements the second is by far the most important. Of the other two perhaps it is enough to say that they serve as a frame for a beautiful tone picture. The work is an example of effective symphonic method but of inadequate architectonic conception. As a study in thematic handling it is highly interesting; for it is as logically written from page to page as a work of Brahms. As a study in instrumentation it is equally admirable. The sound is persuasive, the contrasts of tone qualities and the alternation of light power and full power being managed with the rhythmic mastery of a Strauss. There can be no doubt about the composer's earnestness of purpose, strength of intellect and individuality of imagination. If, as Carlyle puts it, the world knows how a man will fight by the way he sings, Enesco would hold his own on the battlefield with anybody. He is a musical tactician, ordering his score so that every department of tone and every harmonic voice has its full efficiency; and he is a musical strategist, making the attention of listeners his objective and securing it, now by open attack in front, now by surprise around a flank, and always victoriously.

If the second movement had been put out by its author as a romance for orchestra, it should have been one of the successes of the modern repertory. It seems, notwithstanding any formal connection it can be shown to have with the rest of the piece, an independent composition. It contains a complete idea, and a sufficient idea to hold up the reputation of Enesco with that of any man now writing music. Ability to construct a symphonic work on a big plan is not essential to him who wants to address the world through the orchestra today. The movement is a most engaging love song, comparable with the prelude to "Tristan" in everything but tragic quality. It represents the present-day trend of lyric expression, which is no less yearning than that of the nineteenth century, but distinctly less despairing. The music of this section opens with a frank and hopeful descending phrase in the major mode, which is never contradicted by complaints or doubts in the minor.

On purely classical grounds the Enesco work would be regarded by many as failing to come up to the requirements of a symphony because it has no scherzo. And on the whole the test of humor is perhaps the surest one to apply. For the greatest tone thinkers have been preëminent satirists. Leave the laughter out of the Beethoven, Brahms and Strauss symphonies and you leave Hamlet out of the play. The disability of Enesco was offset on Friday afternoon by a program device of Dr. Muck. The missing element in the large composition was supplied from a short playful piece by another composer. What Enesco lacked Ravel made up. And thus a complete symphonic scheme was devised out of the work of two Parisian composers.

The Enesco and the Ravel works were a complete program in themselves and were the whole program of the afternoon as far as interest of interpretation went. For the Loeffler tone poem, unless it is a dull piece in its own right, had a commonplace reading. The charm of it as a number at the second pair of the Symphony concerts is in the passages for viola d'amore, in which Mr. Ferir is the solo player. It would seem from the Friday performance that Mr. Loeffler's chief desire in "Tantagiles" was to prove the value of a neglected instru-

ment as a voice to plead for some of the finer and more mystical emotions of men. If that is so, here is a second example in the same day of music whose principal message lies in a few pages and not in the composition as a whole.

AN OLD CONTROVERSY ONCE MORE RENEWED

Trans. Oct. 28 '15
Long Versus Short Programmes at the
Symphony Concerts—The Side of the
Clock and the Opposite and More Im-
portant Sides—

EARLIER than usual the annual debate over the duration and the ordering of the programmes at the Symphony Concerts has begun and quite as certainly as usual it bids fair to lead nowhere. Between them, Mr. Fiedler and Dr. Muck have lengthened the concerts so that ordinarily they continue for two hours, less ten minutes and sometimes fifteen, for the intermission; at least five spent in applause for the orchestra and the "assisting artists"; and five or ten more for the grace allowed late comers and early goers. In all, the audience now actually hears music for an hour and a half, whereas under the vanished dispensation of Mr. Gericke, it heard it for little more than an hour. Ninety minutes, the objectors say, is the longest possible time that human beings can be receptive to music; and ninety minutes happens to be almost exactly the time during which they actually listen to music in what they call a "two-hour concert." However, that merely incidental fact, as all know that have had experience of such controversies, is neither here nor there.

The reasons that prompted Dr. Muck and Mr. Fiedler to the lengthening of the programmes—semi-unconscious process as it undoubtedly was—speak for themselves. If a conductor must limit the actual performance of music in a concert to one hour and a little more, he has scant room for the careful composition of his programme by any other standard than the clock. He can give it neither continuity nor contrast in such measure as he justly desires and even in twenty-four pairs of concerts, he can include far fewer pieces than he should, if he is to keep the repertory catholic and alive and gratify the divergent likings of his hearers. The world over nowadays two hours is the usual length of symphony concerts. In London and in Paris, it is usually more.

Again, both conductors were aware that an appreciable part of their audience—and in no small measure that part of it upon which the future life of the Symphony Concerts depends—prefers the two-hour programme, so long as it is interesting. The temper of the reviewers in these matters is

no test whatever. The "traditions" of their trade ordain that they shall quit a concert at the earliest possible moment—usually well before it has ended—and that they shall profess the uttermost boredom over the hearing of music. No more of a criterion is the mood of those whose presence at the Symphony Concerts is merely a weekly rite. They can come as late and depart as early as they are minded to do without let or hindrance. The real public to be considered are those eager, absorbed, stirred, and usually youthful auditors to whom the taking of a ticket for a series of Symphony Concerts means considerable expenditure and often harsh economies; to whom such performances as they now hear from conductor and orchestra are revelation of the beauty and power of music and of men with it; and whose ears and sensations are open equally to the old and the new. Much more than any elect matrons or weary reviewers, these unobtrusive folk hold the future of the Symphony Concerts in their hands; and it is they whose emotion and illusion, whose pleasure and satisfaction are the great reward of them. These humble listeners—the listeners for whom Mr. Higginson has finely said he most cares—do not complain of long programmes. No greater misfortune could befall the Symphony Concerts than to become concerts of, by, and for the elderly. They must renew their youth in the youth of their audiences, and must cultivate that youth accordingly.

Again—and what is most to the point in these controversies—the length of a programme by the clock is no test of the strain it lays upon the attention of the audience. That strain depends upon the nature of the pieces and the performance and the mental and the emotional repose of the hearers to both. It so happened that Enesco's new symphony, Mr. Loeffler's tone-poem of Tintagiles and Ravel's subtle ballet-music, a week ago, made "hard listening" and exhausted many an emotional sensibility. Hence the outcry over the length of the programme, especially when Dvorak's "Huritzka" overture was added to it. Now, as a matter of fact, it was shorter by nearly a quarter of an hour than the programme of the preceding week, almost universally applauded as uncommonly interesting and plausible. The first programme merely laid less strain upon the receptive faculties of the audience and brought many in it more enjoyment. From no point of view, either on the stage or in the auditorium, can the clock be a hard-and-fast dictator of programmes. Nor should the grumblers forget that the conductor and the orchestra are under strain as well. Such a performance as that of Enesco's symphony or of Loeffler's "Tintagiles" last Saturday "takes it out" of conductor and players beyond the remotest notion of most of those who protested their fatigue.

H. T. P.

ny Hall.

1915--16.

NY ORCHESTRA.

CK, Conductor.

NCERT.

ER 23, AT 8 P. M.

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7 in E flat major
(these concerts)

L'OYE" 5 Pièces Enfantines

TH OF TINTAGILES"

"Husitská"

52.

53

Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1915--16.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

Dr. KARL MUCK, Conductor.

THIRD PROGRAMME

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 29, AT 2.30 P. M.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 30, AT 8 P. M.

BRAHMS,

SYMPHONY in E minor, No. 4, op. 98

- I. Allegro non troppo.
 - II. Andante moderato.
 - III. Allegro giocoso.
 - IV. Allegro energico e passionato.
-

SCHUMANN,

OVERTURE, to Byron's "Manfred," op. 115

CHOPIN,

CONCERTO in E minor, for PIANOFORTE and ORCHESTRA, op. 11

- I. Allegro maestoso.
- II. Romanze: Larghetto.
- III. Rondo: Vivace.

BERLIOZ,

OVERTURE, "Le Carnaval Romain" op. 9

Soloist:

Mr. OSSIP GABRILOWITSCH

Mason & Hamlin Pianoforte



OSSIP GABRILOWITSCH.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT

Trans. — Oct. 30/15
ROMANTIC BRAHMS AND CLASSIC
CHOPIN

Music That Disclosed an Overlooked Side in Both Composers — Dr. Muck's Large Share in the Revelation—Mr. Gabrilowitsch Does His Part Also in the Re-animated Concerto — The Contrasts of Two Overtures

WHEN Dr. Muck and the Boston orchestra played the first symphony of Brahms in Chicago the other day, some in the audience repined under the conductor's reading of the music. In their view, it was too subdued; it lacked the high emotional pitch to which they were accustomed; it wanted vivid strokes—all of which complaints may sound strangely in Bostonian ears, went to believe that Dr. Muck's version of this symphony in C minor is remarkably eloquent and even dramatic. Of course, it is the fashion, nowadays, of almost every conductor to let loose his temperament upon the music of Brahms, as it was the way of almost every conductor fifteen or twenty years ago to repress that temperament whenever he opened a score of the great Johannes, apostle to the Gentiles to redeem them from an obsession of romantic music. Extremes are extremes at whichever end of the scale they happen to stand, and to set forth a symphony by Brahms as though it were mathematics and not music is to do it only a little more injustice than to discover and produce an effect in every other period. There is not a doubt that Brahms, listening across the Elysian fields to the sounds that rise from terrestrial concert-rooms, squares his sturdy shoulders in alarmed surprise when he hears one and another of his symphonies dramatized in the current fashion, as he used to stride indignantly away when he heard it reduced to a calculated pattern in tones that ought to end with the Q. E. D. of problems in geometry.

Somewhere between these extremes lies the mean of performance that neither deadens nor dramatizes the symphonies of Brahms; but makes them sound with characteristic voice and just eloquence. The music of Brahms is not dramatic as Liszt's, for example, or Berlioz's is. On the other hand, it is romantic, as Schumann's or even Mendelssohn's is in the generation of composers immediately preceding him. It is the hearer's instinct to associate romantic music with large, strenuous, vivid and sometimes actually flamboyant utterance. When it is in question, the ways of Weber, of Berlioz,

of Liszt, of Tchaikovsky come spontaneously to mind. But it is quite possible for a composer to write romantic music and to keep to the relatively low intensities of Brahms's symphonic voice. Romantic music is such when it touches the imagination by the vistas that it opens; when it stirs the heart by the heights and the depths of feeling that it evokes; and when it fascinates ear and fancy by the new and strange beauties that it summons.

Brahms's first symphony does one and another of these things in the vivid transitional passage marshalled by the songful horns that leads into the Finale; in the mounting tumults of that Finale itself; in the recurring stress of the first movement; in the moody mystery of the slow division. Brahms's fourth symphony, played anew at the Symphony Concert of yesterday, does also one and another of these things in the returning melody that the first Allegro projects upon the hearers' ears; in the song that rises from 'celli and horns in the ensuing Andante; in the large tonal sport of the Scherzo; and perhaps in the measured and expressive march of the Finale through and in spite of the intricacies of the ancient form which Brahms chose for it. But for the romantic substance of these two symphonies—to go no farther in citation—Brahms's actual utterance is relatively low of pitch and subdued of color. It keeps romantic quality and accomplishment by virtue of a fine, rather than a large, intensity playing upon attuned ears; and if it sometimes flags and dries into music-making that shall fill periods and round out forms, be it remembered that unevenness and lapses pass almost for virtues with the more flamboyant and full-voiced romantics and the admirers of them.

No attributes more stamp Dr. Muck as a remarkable conductor than his sense of the distinctive voice of each composer and of the informing qualities of the music in hand. With it goes equal ability to impart both, quickened and illumined, to his hearers. Thus, in the symphony of yesterday, as in the symphony that Chicago heard mistrusting the performance, Brahms's music sounds romantic under his hand, yet keeps to its low pitch and fine intensities unless, being human, the composer "breaks loose" in the rhythmic stride and the upswEEPing sonorities of the finale of the first symphony or in the robust revelling of the Scherzo of the fourth. Romantic beauty, stress and imagination rose on Friday afternoon out of the first Allegro; the swaying motion, the elastic rhythm, the broad progression, the murmured phrases; the latent or the outspoken energy of the whole all served them at the conductor's will. He seemed almost to humor Brahms when the composer is taking his familiar delight in plucked strings, in the songfulness of horns, in the dark tones of clarinets. As understandingly and as adroitly the conductor missed not a tint of Brahms's harmonic and instrumental color. Admittedly,

it is a measured color, albeit more skillfully and imaginatively distributed than in many another of Brahms's orchestral pieces, but being such it accords better with a symphony that throughout is measured intensity of matter and feeling. The slow section sounded in like romantic beauty—the beauty that may be still but that yet haunts—and upon it Dr. Muck bestowed a wealth of quiet inflection and the players a wealth of tonal loveliness. In both their voices were the romantic strangeness, the romantic insistence, of the music.

Even Chicago might not doubt the large power and the bold sweep of the Scherzo as Dr. Muck and the orchestra played it. They would have it sound as though Brahms, for once forgetting measure, was gathering up his music in mind and imagination and then flinging it upon players and hearers as in exultant sport. Yet here and there, as contrast bade, the smoothest of euphonies tempered these tonal ardors. Finally, in that allegro "energico e passionato" in which Brahms would mask or melt his carefully built Chaconne, the conductor and the orchestra gave the composer the freest play with all his strokes—a favorite device

of romantic music—upon the sensibilities of his hearers. Not a rolling drum beat, not a bite of the strings, not a whirl of flutes and wood winds, not a softening shadow from the horns, not a bold chord or a sweeping progression missed its effect. If the dry places in the symphony—and there are such—did not exactly blossom, conductor and band swept the hearer by so quickly and absorbedly that he hardly heeded. It is possible to be quietly as well as flamboyantly romantic. So Brahms's symphony sounded.

The foil to the romantic Brahms was the classic Chopin of the concerto in E minor, revived for the first time "at these concerts" in nine years. For there is a classic Chopin as truly as there is a romantic Brahms. The curious and the studious, as Mr. Huneker has lately been pointing out, may trace his sense of classical form and style even in the freest and most rhapsodic of his music. Perhaps in this concerto he is classic of matter and manner by necessity; but he is also so by no reluctant inclination. The purist may not complain of the formal exposition of the subject-matter of the first movement, the working-out, the restatement and all the rest of the orthodox prescriptions. The middle section of slow and sentimental song and the finale with its returning themes and rhythms, rondo-wise, are as impeccable. But to be classic is not merely to write in the ordained forms and procedure; to be fully and truly so in music is to achieve therein and thereby a pattern in sound that shall fill hearers with a sense of beauty in invention, mood and expression, ordered yet penetrating and satisfying, and that shall

kindle in them something of the excitement and the fascination of creation in tones. These qualities and this power do dwell in this seldom-heard concerto of Chopin; but they are muted, so to say, to many an ear nowadays because—outside fitful but often very beautiful strokes—Chopin was inept with orchestral speech and color. His instrumental idiom is not our instrumental idiom or anyone's else except his own.

Accordingly, when the concerto is played, it ought to be the first concern of conductor and pianist to free it so far as possible from this inarticulateness and to disengage from it the classical quality that in form, substance and appeal endures and is alive within it. Fortunately it was precisely this release that Dr. Muck and Mr. Gabrilowitsch yesterday accomplished. Out of the pianist's crystalline tone, yet free from all trace of hardness; out of the delicacy of his phrasing; out of the warmth, the variety and the fluidity of his tonal color; out of his fleetness, evenness and grace of touch; out of his just sense of pace, rhythm and climax; and out of his adroit mingling of poise and brilliancy spoke the very voice of the music. Once more Mr. Gabrilowitsch was giving proof of the range and the fineness alike of his perceiving and his imparting faculties. In turn, he called from the music—and especially from the first movement and the finale—the impression of eager and absorbed creation that is latent in it and that it will readily yield to apprehending imagination and sympathetic imparting. Here Dr. Muck was at one with the pianist and together they made the sheer evolution of the first movement exciting to hear in its zest, of creation, and the bright suspense and the sharp returns of theme and rhythms in the Rondo a fascination in themselves. So played, the concerto was alive—and classically alive—again.

Two romantic overtures filled the rest of the programme—Schumann's to Byron's poetic tragedy of "Manfred" and Berlioz's of "The Roman Carnival" in his opera, "Benvenuto Cellini"—repertory overtures withal long entitled to at least biennial performance in all well-ordered symphony concerts. Perhaps in these days, Berlioz's seems to deserve it the more. The years and the changes in orchestral speech and tonal fashions have not a wit withered it; the melodies are as arresting, the rhythms as stinging, the harmonic and instrumental coloring as rich; the glow and the march of the whole as vivid and quick-footed as they ever were. Out of it shines the pure glory of romantic music to stir the imagination and the emotions, to outfling and animate the fancied scene until the hearer knows and feels that he is there in bodily presence and excited pleasure. Moreover, relegated to the concert-room as the overture has been these seventy-five years, it is still stirring and vivid music of the theatre. Fortunate the producer and the

ballet-master who could make the dancers steal upon the stage as they do through music and then fill it with the fire and wideness of their saltarello. Fortunate the tenor who might sing to his Teresa with the ardors that the overture gives to Cellini's amorous tune. Dr. Muck and the orchestra transmuted the music yesterday into picture and passion such as the stage may rarely yield. Some day it should be the pastime of the psychologists to discover why these German conductors succeed so much better with Berlioz's music than his own Frenchmen. Even the Parisians sent for Mr. Weingartner when they would celebrate a Berlioz centenary.

The overture to "Manfred," like the symphony of Brahms aforesaid, is romantic music that shuns the obviousness in its kind that Berlioz's "Roman Carnival" glorifies. Like Brahms, Schumann with all his romantic temperament, courted the low pitch and the fine intensity when he would impart the ardors of imagination and expression that it kindled in him. Byron's poem is a turgid thing beside the overture that it suggested. The Astarte of the blank verse has no such beauty as the Astarte of Schumann's theme; she appears not in the poem with the dramatic and the pictorial force with which her theme returns in the music. The thematic struggle is quite as poignant as the versified conflicts of the tragedy and the overture excels the poem in the suggestion of romantic gloom unpierced. And yet and yet, while Berlioz's piece still glows with its romantic fires; Schumann's seems more and more faded. Before long, it may sit on the shelf as little disturbed in his "collected works" as is "Manfred" among Byron's.

H. T. P.

THIRD PUBLIC REHEARSAL BY THE SYMPHONY

Brahms, Schumann, Chopin and Berlioz Figure in Program of Afternoon.

Herald Oct. 30/15
By PHILIP HALE

The Third Public Rehearsal of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Muck conductor, took place yesterday after-

noon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows:

Symphony in E minor, No. 4.....Brahms
Overture to "Manfred".....Schumann
Pianoforte Concerto in E minor.....Chopin
Roman Carnival Overture.....Berlioz

Brahms had grave doubts about his fourth symphony. Writing from a village in Styria to Elisabeth von Herzogenberg, who was for some years his Egeria and by no means given to unstinted praise, he said: "I rather fear it has been influenced by this climate, where the cherries never ripen." Later he doubted whether she would have the patience to sit through the finale. He mentioned the "acerbity" of the music to Buelow. When the symphony was played in a version for piano (four hands), he was discouraged, because those invited apparently did not like it. Kalbeck, who fondly believed in the plenary inspiration of Brahms's music, thinks the symphony pictures the tragedy of human life.

The music is for the most part depressing. Brahms was more than once given to whining in tones. He could be nobly tragic—witness the overture performed at the first concert this season. But this symphony is written in the spirit of Ecclesiastes—vanity, vanity, all is vanity. There is one end for man and beast. This end is the grave. A live dog is better than a dead hero. We shall all be "damnable mouldy a hundred years hence." Nor is there the reassuring Finale of the symphony in C minor.

Dr. Muck and the orchestra gave a memorable performance of this work. While they brought out the inexorable spirit of the first movement and the Finale, the Andante was sung tenderly and the scherzo played with such spirit that there was a human touch, not merely the "noise" of which Brahms himself spoke in a letter. Nevertheless, with the best will in the world we cannot, unlike Mr. Kalbeck, see in the scherzo a picture of the carnival at Milan or any other Italian city.

Does any one read "Manfred" today? The play, although Byron never intended it for the theatre, is read on the stage occasionally with Schumann's music. Early in 1912 the tragedy in a French version was acted at the Monte Carlo Theatre with the music. Perhaps it is hard for us now to understand the influence of Byron throughout Europe, or the important part he played in the romantic movement. To the members of Browning clubs Manfred no doubt seems, as Hazlitt said, merely Byron himself "with a fancy drapery on." Yet it might have been better for England if Byron had remained her favorite poet.

To some Schumann's overture is as old fashioned in its romanticism as the tragedy. They ask you to note how Tchaikowsky treated "Manfred." Yet we find all of Schumann and much of Byron in this overture, and we shudder to think what an ultra-modern German

could do with the subject. There is a wildness in Schumann's music, a passion, a beauty of expression in the portraiture of Astarte, that are missing in Tschalkowsky's symphony with all its thunder and guns. Your ultra modern composer would have all his little labels ready. How he would dwell on the incest motive!

Chopin's concerto in E minor had not been performed at a Symphony Concert since November, 1906, when Mme. Szumowska was the pianist. It is not for a huge hall. Some pianists endeavor to turn it into a heroic piece and use a later orchestration than Chopin's. Heroic, while the music does not allow the adjective, although there has been much chatter of late about the "greater," the "heroic" Chopin, and pianists therefore storm and pound, whereas the composer himself was a delicate player whose fortissimo was only the forte of the average pianist. Mr. Gabrilowitsch was faithful to tradition. Consequently his performance in Symphony Hall put the concerto in miniatures. Admirable as it would have been in a smaller room, the performance was often necessarily ineffective. The excellent qualities of Mr. Gabrilowitsch were gladly recognized; his charming fluency, his irreproachable technique, his nice appreciation of nuances, his unflinching sense of proportion; but the performance was not emotional. It could not be; the pianist was too remote, the music was heard as at a great distance; the musical fluid could not envelop the hearer.

There will not be any concerts next week. The program of Nov. 12-13 is as follows: Rimsky-Korsakoff, "Antar"; Braunsfels, overture "Princess Brambilla" (first time here); Handel, "Sweet Bird" (Mme. Melba); Handel, Concerto for two wind choirs and strings; Mozart, "Porgi amor" and "Voi che sapete" (Mme. Melba).

SYMPHONY CONCERT OF RARE WORTH

Gabrilowitsch's Play-
ing of Remarkable
Beauty

BY OLIN DOWNES

Ossip Gabrilowitsch, pianist, the first soloist of the season to appear with the Boston Symphony Orchestra in Boston, was soloist at the public rehearsal of this orchestra, Dr. Karl Muck, conductor, yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. Mr. Gabrilowitsch played the E minor concerto of Chopin, and his performance was unforgettable. It was one of those rare occasions when a work of art finds in its interpreter one whose equipment is without a flaw. Mr. Gabrilowitsch has very few equals, and still fewer rivals, among the pianists of today. He is phenomenal in nearly all respects, and in none more so than his modesty in the presence of a work of art. As he played Chopin's concerto yesterday, so he plays everything that he touches, with the most remarkable insight into the meaning and the character of the music, and with the utmost reverence toward the composer.

PURE TONE AND RHYTHM

It would be difficult to imagine, even from de Pachmann, a more truly Chopinesque performance. This was especially true as regarded the tone qualities and the beautiful nuances of rhythm which characterized the entire performance. How subtle and how natural was Mr. Gabrilowitsch's rubato! There are pianists who think that rhythm means beating time. Happily Mr. Gabrilowitsch is not of these. His rhythm was always there, and always felt—the inner life of the music. But this rhythm fluctuated like waves, like tides that obey unseen and ever-present laws. The right hand sang the tender and fragile melodies as freely and as spontaneously as any singer, and yet the melody floated securely, as one might say, on the fundamental pulse of the music.

Technically, tonally, this performance was fit for a volume in itself. There were no ugly notes. How combine such technical accuracy and such atmospheric beauty? Nor was there any effort to make a lovely and now old-style concerto anything which it was not. True, as regards technical details the pianist adopted on occasion the modern editing of certain passages, for the sake of the greater fullness and

sonority which present conditions demand, but so far as essentials went, not a note was changed. Chopin, the early Chopin, was heard. Somehow he was enough and more than sufficient, as himself, without an apology or makeshift. The simplicity, the youthful and romantic character of the music, with its childlike and aristocratic grace were conveyed with magical understanding and resourcefulness. The pianist was recalled again and again and the concert thus lengthened by some minutes.

Berlioz's Great Overture

The orchestral compositions were Brahms' 4th symphony; Schumann's overture to Byron's "Manfred," and Berlioz's Overture, "La Carnaval Romain." The latter remains one of Berlioz's finest orchestral works, and the performance was of surpassing vividness and brilliancy. Berlioz's orchestra sparkles and explodes with Italian color and spirits. The melody of the introduction is one of the most beautiful in all of the composer's works. Schumann's "Manfred," introspective, passionate music, even if not the voice we might easily associate with the hero of Byron's poem, was interpreted with exceptional sympathy.

Brahms' Symphony may be acknowledged by posterity as the greatest of the four. If it is less epic than the first, it is also less grandiose, less personal, and of finer musical substance and finer proportions. Nor is it open to the charge of stupid plagiarism, as the first might be at the hands of the wits. Beethoven expressed the struggle between the individual and fate in the 5th symphony with a force of genius which obliterated, not only what came before, but most of what followed after. But the 4th symphony is wholly Brahms, whose immense virility is here tempered by a fine and contemplative attitude toward life which makes one think, perhaps, of autumn sunsets, and clear vigorous air, and nature who turns her eyes inward for a season. The workmanship is past compare for its clearness as well as its strength. Thus there was heard one of the very great symphonies, which was heartily enjoyed by the audience, so that it called the orchestra as well as the conductor to its feet.

Solo

MADAME

SYMPHONY CONCERT.

Globe — Oct. 30/15
Brahms' Fourth Played
Dramatically.

Gabrilowitsch Recreates Chopin's
Concerto.

The two concertos for piano and orchestra by Chopin have been said to show his shortness of breath in a large form, his unfamiliarity with the orchestra, the difficulty with which he developed ideas and sustained inspiration. Mr. Gabrilowitsch played the one in E minor at the Symphony rehearsal yesterday afternoon. His performance recreated this music in its tenderness, its exquisite melancholy, its buoyant vivacity, its pervading sensitiveness and poetry of spirit.

A great pianist and a great conductor inspired each other and reasonably were inspired by what they played. In other hands there would have been warrantable apprehension at such a choice. This is music of delicate pattern. In it is woven the grace of women, if also the nobility and fire of the man's soul. The orchestration, not pretentious sympathetically, not threatening to engulf the pianist or spurring him to prodigality of tone, was an appropriate accompaniment, a frame suitable to the picture.

Mr. Gabrilowitsch treated the piano as an instrument built for the fragile and exquisite beauty of this music, not to propound problems of the mind nor tragic conflicts of soul, but the lively and graceful visions of a sweet and rare spirit. Dynamically, his performance was a sermon to all students of the instrument. There was a wide scale in shading, but the momentary flashes of tone were never excessive or incongruous, nor were the lightest whispers of the piano—as in the romance—too vaporous for the size of the room. It was piano playing of the deepest poetic perceptions, employing to their purpose a sovereign mastery of the instrument. The reception given Mr. Gabrilowitsch was sweeping in its warmth.

The performance by Dr. Muck of Brahms' fourth symphony was one of incomparable clearness, of discreet suppression of turgid inner voices, of admirable proportion, of stirring realization of the dramatic character to be found, particularly in the last movement.

Schumann's "Manfred," radiating the glow of the impassioned romanticist, and Berlioz' Roman Carnival overture, always of seizing brilliance, concluded the program. The orchestra will make its first Southern trip next week.

SOLO STAR VIES WITH SYMPHONY

Transfer Oct. 30/15
Gabrilowitsch and Orchestra Play Chopin Work Brilliantly.

Fortunate is the Symphony Orchestra this week to be able to present as the first soloist of the season Ossip Gabrilowitsch, the Russian pianist, whose talent has now reached full bloom and who is in every respect an artist worthy of association with the orchestra.

Mr. Gabrilowitsch, since his return from Europe, has shown himself to be a pianist whose technical and intellectual development has reached the point that qualifies him for admission to the always small number of musical artists of the first rank. His performance yesterday of the Chopin concerto in E minor possessed brilliant technical qualities and a depth of sympathy that raised it well-nigh to perfection on its interpretative side. It dazzled and charmed, as Chopin intended it should; and Gabrilowitsch proved himself virtuoso and poet. Now and then it happens that the efforts of soloist and orchestra are exquisitely attuned. So it happened yesterday.

But the orchestra, inspired by Dr. Muck, showed its own rare virtuosity in every number on this third program, which includes the fourth Brahms symphony, Schumann's "Manfred" overture and Berlioz's "Roman Carnival" overture. One of the overtures might well have been omitted, if the intention of the powers that be is to keep the concerts within reasonable limits. The impression was renewed that the Brahms symphony is kept alive by its second and third movements, which have beauty and vivacity; but yesterday the work of the orchestra glorified the uninspired but sonorous finale.

After tonight's concert, the orchestra will not be heard again until Friday, Nov. 12. The soloist at the fourth pair of concerts will be Mme. Melba. The orchestral program is to comprise Rimsky-Korsakoff's "Antar Symphony," Handel's concerto for wind and string orchestra, and a novelty in the form of a carnival overture, called "Princess Brambilla," by Walter Braunfels.

SYMPHONY CONCERT OF NO NOVELTIES

Advs Oct. 30/15
Brilliant Soloist Gabrilowitsch
Wins Veritable
Triumph

DELIGHTFUL CONCERT NEEDS NO REVIEW

Brahms' E Minor Symphony
Full of Interest and Even
Exaltation

By LOUIS C. ELSON
PROGRAMME

Brahms—Fourth Symphony.
Schumann—"Manfred" Overture.
Chopin—E minor Piano Concerto.
Pianist—Ossip Gabrilowitsch.
Berlioz—"Carnaval Romaine" overture.

The third concert brought forth no novelties, but a brilliant soloist. After all, the old compositions wear well in "these most brisk and giddy-paced times," and the earnest lover of orchestral music may have felt refreshed to drink in the quieter tone-colors (if one can drink colors) of Brahms or Schumann after the more vivid tints of Strauss, Liszt, Enesco and Loeffler. In spite of the rapid changes which take place in musical fashions we feel safe in saying that Brahms is as secure as Bach or Beethoven of permanency in the repertoire. There is so much to study in each of his symphonies that they never fade with repetition, and whether it be the wonderfully intellectual first, the pastoral second, the heroic third, or the freely-treated fourth, each one has its peculiar charm, although the fourth is the least important of the series.

"Happy are those nations which have no histories," and delightful are those concerts which need no explanatory reviews. There is nothing new to say about Brahms' E minor symphony. The slow movement, with its quaint mingling of major and minor, the finale with its great variations,

are full of interest and even of exaltation for ever yauditor. To hear such a work played as our orchestra performs it is a lofty enjoyment. Was there ever a simpler theme used for variation than the Passacaglia of the finale? It is almost a mere scale. But it is treated in a manner which goes even beyond Beethoven's symphonic variation finales. One begins to feel that Von Bulow did not exaggerate when he included Brahms in the "three great Bs" that summed up all that was very great in music. If Brahms had only been able to balance a little more of emotion against his great intellect there would be no question as to his place among the very first. The reading by Dr. Muck was sensible and straightforward, although, with the exception of the noble andante, the symphony appeals more to the head than to the heart. It was very greatly applauded.

During the Schumann overture we were still in a world from which awful dissonances, complex cross rhythms, and lurid, blinding tone-colors were absent. Yet none of our modern musical St. Vitus dancers, with all their spasms, can go beyond the impressive character of this overture. Nor is there in the repertoire a finer contrast than that between the brooding, heaven-defying Manfred, and the sweet and gentle Astarte, the first and second themes of this work. The themes were given as splendid foils to each other, Dr. Muck making the most of the fierce syncopations of the first, and violins and woodwind playing most eloquently in the second. The call of the trumpets also deserves praise for its effective shading. If there is anything that may be compared with the intensity of Wagner's Fate-motive it is these trumpet chords. Nor is this overture all emotion, since it has a great amount of figure treatment—the intellectual side of music,—and the Coda, with its return of the syncopated Manfred theme, but weakened and stricken, combined with the Astarte figure, ending with one of the pianissimo effects which Dr. Muck always makes the most of, carried out the Byronic lines—

He's gone. His soul hath ta'en his earthless flight
Whither? I dread to think; but he is gone.

This is probably Schumann's greatest overture, even though the "Geno-veva" be the more popular.

Now came the pianist, and the audience gave him a most hearty welcome. There had been a waiting line of "rush" auditors, two blocks long, on his account. After all a concerto should be but a three-movement symphony with a thread of solo interwoven, and the concerto-player fits into the orchestral scheme far better than the opera singer who pulls us from the concert to the foot-light flavor. But Chopin's two concertos are far less symphonic or orchestral than they ought to be. They are piano solos with an orchestral accompaniment. It is comical to think that this concerto was dedicated to the dry-as-dust Kalkbrenner, who wanted to teach Chopin piano, which is about as good as if Bryan aspired to teach Plato philosophy.

We, nevertheless, could have wished the poetic Gabrilowitsch a better work than the E minor concerto. The first movement is good, the finale better, the Larghetto honey poured over sugar,—rather cloying. The pianist made the most of the finale, but we could have wished for something greater, the Schumann concerto, or Beethoven's fourth, for example.

Nevertheless, the elastic, free vein in which he took the work was sure to carry it to success. He played with a surety that bred a sense of security in the audience and made the performance triumphant. The ensemble was throughout perfect. The Rondo (the Finale) was bright and joyous and seemed bubbling over with happiness, so that the final climax was succeeded by an outburst of spontaneous enthusiasm that proved that the audience had been most closely "en rapport" with the artist. The recalls were too numerous to count.

At the end we came to the modern school at last. Not the awful school of Stravinsky, Schoenberg, or Holbrooke, but the work of the founder of modern programme music, the pioneer of the modern many-tinted orchestra. Berlioz's "Carnaval Romaine" overture is the best of his eight works in this form. It is also probably his most tuneful one, since the Salterello, fully explained by Mr. Hale in the programme book, is about as rhythmic as a two-step or a tango. The English horn was excellently played, and we ought not to forget that it was Berlioz who first revealed the brooding melancholy of this instrument and first gave it its

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true place in the orchestra. The violas, too, whose tone-color is to the strings what the English horn is to the wood-wind (a pensive melancholy), did excellent work in the first part of this overture.

The wild, chromatic rushes of the wood-wind instruments, which introduce the carnival, the fierce crashes which interrupt the merriment, the tamborines, cymbals, and all the saturnalia of gaiety at the close worked up a fine climax to the most beautiful, the most melodic concert that we have had in a long while.

MUSIC OF BRAHMS AND CHOPIN GIVEN BY ORCHESTRA

Monitor Oct. 30/15

SYMPHONY HALL—Third public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony Orchestra Karl Muck, conductor; afternoon of Oct. 29. The program: Brahms, symphony in E minor, No. 4; Schumann, overture to Byron's "Manfred"; Chopin, concerto in E minor for piano and orchestra; Berlioz, "Roman Carnival" overture. Soloist, Ossip Gabrilowitsch.

All the works on the program were given a straightforward presentation. None of them were such as to mark the rehearsal as a brilliant occasion and no endeavor was made to give them a fictitious interest. The list of compositions was, saving the final number, somewhat dry; and from first to last it was strictly and academically interpreted. Nevertheless the audience enjoyed the performance and expressed itself with just as enthusiastic applause as if the symphony were something modern and of high color and as if the solo piece were a repertory favorite. The day was the kind that must come now and then in the career of any orchestral organization, and if it can be the cause of thorough pleasure, so much the more credit to both performers and public. And under the present conductor's policy it must come with considerable regularity in the concerts of the Boston Symphony orchestra.

Formerly some of the more progressive listeners thought that Dr. Muck was not always shrewd in his choice of pieces. They used to say that though a brilliant conductor he was not a remarkable program maker. But less is heard on that subject today than a year or two ago. His scheme of giving a program of old

works one week and one containing a new work the next is now accepted, and, as the first concerts of this season have shown, is even warmly approved.

The Brahms symphony was read with a perspicacity that is only attainable when a studious attitude on the part of the players and close attention on the part of the hearers exist. For this work will not bear a forced interpretation. Neither will it compel interest in itself from a cold audience. It is one of the works of Brahms in which the lyric persuasion is very unassertive, though most delightfully present if the listener is only open to it. It sings with a voice of the deepest feeling, but it sings gently. It simply will not make itself heard above mundane noises if on the day when it lifts its voice the world happens to be in a roaring mood. It is unlike the first Brahms symphony in this respect. It pays less attention to the building up of effect than that work and it teaches the joys of calm thinking.

The Chopin concerto is a work for a small hall. Indeed it is but a recital piece, considered from the standpoint of the solo instrument. And the work is not an attractive one to think of from any point else. Here again a closely attentive house was just what was wanted.

If the audience had demanded that Mr. Gabrilowitsch get their attention on the brilliance and fire of his playing the concerto would have gone to pieces. And even with the advantage of the keenest sympathy on the part of his public, the soloist scarcely made the music have its true effect. He executed the notes with greater smoothness than at his trial of the work at a Symphony concert in the small theater at Harvard University a little while ago, but he could not make the sentiment of Chopin so vivid as he could there.

Chopin for once at least in his piano writing was a humorist, and that was when he set to paper the piano part of the last movement of the E minor concerto. In Cambridge Mr. Gabrilowitsch could show this, because of the small auditorium and the perfect acoustics. In Boston he could not do it, although he had everything in his favor.

Perhaps one of the greatest Schumann successes Dr. Muck has ever made since he became the Symphony conductor was with the "Manfred" overture. He has

never shown remarkable enthusiasm for the type of romanticism which is Schumann's. He has inclined to the ingratiating kind of Schubert and to the aggressive kind of Strauss, he has been rather disinclined to the introspective kind of Schumann. But he got at the Schumann of "Manfred" on Friday with as much mastery as if one of the scores of the objective type of composer were on the desk before him.

GIVES CONCERT IN NEW YORK

Boston Symphony, Opening
Season, Scores Big
Success.

1915

[Special Dispatch to The Herald.]
NEW YORK, Nov. 4.—The Boston Symphony Orchestra and Dr. Muck, its conductor, received a hearty greeting this evening at its first appearance in New York this season. The greeting and the size and quality of the audience left no doubt as to the place they hold in the esteem of the music-loving public of this city. It was the beginning of its 30th season in New York. The hall was, as it has been for so many years at these concerts, completely filled by an audience whose taste and discrimination are of the highest.

Dr. Muck presented one of his best programs, one made up entirely of familiar composition, all modern and all evidently much to the liking of the listeners, presenting them no problems and giving obvious pleasure that was unmistakably expressed. The symphony, coming at the beginning of the program, was Brahms's fourth, in E minor. It was followed by Schumann's "Manfred" overture, Strauss's tone poem, "Tod und Verklärung," and Dvorak's overture, "Hustiska."

The performance of this music was in the Boston orchestra's finest and most eloquent style, and this was particularly true of the symphony, whose fiery and romantic spirit and grandiose power were magnificently set forth. Dr. Muck's reading was composed on the broadest lines, with a subtle adjustment of all its details and proportions. In phrasing, in the balance of orchestral color, in the exposition of the climaxes. Such a reading and such a

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performance truly represent Brahms's mastery of instrumentation in the precise and significant expression of his musical ideas. The audience was deeply stirred and manifested great enthusiasm over the performance. Dr. Muck was several times recalled, and finally made the orchestra rise and share the applause with him.

The playing of the other numbers of the program was on the same plane. The tragic power of Schumann's overture was truly expressed, and the fullness of descriptive and illustrative detail in Strauss's tone poem was not allowed to obscure its quality as coherent and profoundly moving music. This, too, made a deep impression upon the audience; there was prolonged applause, and again Dr. Muck declined to accept it all for himself.

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Sweet bird that shun'st the noise of folly"
ligato, Mr. ANDRE MAQUARRE)

O for TWO WIND CHOIRS and STRING

S from "The Marriage of Figaro"

"Porgi Amor."

Voi, Che sapete."

loist:

IE MELBA

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Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1915-16.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

Dr. KARL MUCK, Conductor.

FOURTH PROGRAMME

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 12, AT 2.30 P. M.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 13, AT 8 P. M.

RIMSKY-KORSAKOFF, SYMPHONY No. 2, "Antar" op. 15

I. Largo : Allegretto vivace.

II. Allegro.

III. Allegro risoluto alla Marcia.

IV. Allegretto vivace : Andante amoroso.

WALTER BRAUNFELS, CARNIVAL OVERTURE to "Princezzin Brambilla"
(First time in Boston)

HANDEL,

CONCERTO in F major for STRINGS and two WIND
ORCHESTRAS (Edition of Gustav F. Kogel)

I. Pomposo.

II. Allegro.

III. A tempo ordinario.

IV. Largo.

V. Allegro.

MENDELSSOHN-BARTHOLDY, OVERTURE, "Sea-Calm and Prosperous
Voyage," op. 27

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT

Trans. — Nov. 13/15

AN EASY PROGRAMME FOR QUIET PLEASURE

Conductor and Orchestra at a High Pitch of Perfection—Rimsky-Korsakov's Pictorial and Poetic "Antar," Mendelssohn's "Sea-Overture" and a Full-Voiced Concerto from Haendel—An Exercise, Besides, in the Journalism of Music

TRULY the way of the conductor with his audiences is hard, especially when they are as variously exacting as the companies that assemble on Friday afternoons and Saturday evenings in Symphony Hall. Dr. Muck's programme yesterday happened to be as short as the most restless of the elect ladies could ask. It filled indeed only an hour and a half; none the less, faithful to habit, out they went before the final number and that, too, when it was music of Mendelssohn—the old, smooth, "tuneful" music that they profess so much to admire. The other pieces of the day could be heard as easily and tranquilly; from beginning to end the concert was light and "pleasant." Yet in the talk of the intermission as many seemed to re pine as to be content. Some found the programme "tame"; others called it "commonplace"; both asked for something more exciting than these "nice" numbers. And so it went. Verily, brethren—and also sisters—a conductor of the Symphony Orchestra is wisest when he goes his own catholic way and seeks not to oscillate between the ever-changing desires of a public of many likings.

In the prevailing calm, there was opportunity to note a change in the programme-book about which, again, opinion was divided. The word "rehearsal," absurd these twenty-five years as applied to the afternoon concerts, has at last disappeared from the official vocabulary of Symphony Hall as it long since vanished from nearly all talk and writing about them. Of course, some objected; in their eyes the change was a "break with the past" and "Boston is a conservative place" and all that sort of thing. To others it was a pleasure to see the management squaring its nomenclature with actualities and doing its share—as it has done in many another instance—to make the ways of Boston with concerts, even in small details, as metropolitan as they should now be. Among the utterly unregenerate, hope rose once more that in a season or two the evening concerts may begin at the normal hour—everywhere

else and with all other concerts here—of eight-fifteen.

Upon one point at least all with ears to hear could agree—the perfection of the performance of the four pieces of the day—an uncommon perfection even for Dr. Muck and the orchestra. The tone of the band, in mass, in separate choirs, in individual instruments, was as flawless as fallible men can make it. In clarity, euphony, accent, rhythm and color, the band was beyond praise. For once, it seemed the entirely malleable and supple, the tempered yet eloquent instrument of the conductor's ideal. Whatever the music in hand—Rimsky-Korsakov's pictorial "Antar," Braunfels's new and resounding overture, Händel's old concerto or Mendelssohn's variously voiced sea-piece—it was as sensitive and mirror-like as a photographic plate. In the harmonic and instrumental color that Korsakov has lavished upon the symphonic suite, the orchestra surpassed itself in sheer loveliness, richness and expressiveness of tone. It has never been more opulent of sound than it was in the march movement of "Antar" or more songful than it was in the finale. It missed not one of the abrupt modulations with which Mr. Braunfels has cluttered his new "Carnival Overture" and it gave some of his broad progressions an eloquence hardly intrinsic in them. Mr. Mueller of the wood-winds and Mr. Wendler and Mr. Jaenicke of the horns outdid themselves in virtuosos' skill and in quality of tone in Händel's concerto; while the whole band that it enlisted was a marvelously elastic, luminous and rich-voiced instrument. The conductor and the orchestra almost painted the lily when they added their own smoothness and euphony of tone to the polished surface of Mendelssohn's instrumentation; and not within long memory has the beginning of his sea-piece carried such suggestion of the glassy mystery, the uncanny and penetrating stillness, of absolutely windless waters.

As usual Dr. Muck made all these perfections serve—not his own glory as the inspirer and the finisher of them—but the substance, style and quality of the music that they were uttering. Ebullient Chicagoans and neurotic New Yorkers may object that there is too little of sound and fury in the conductor's version of the second movement of Korsakov's suite wherein Antar tastes the pleasures of revenge. But the force and fire that Dr. Muck gave to it were exactly scaled to the design of the whole performance and the composer in this music is no wild and whirling Slav. Korsakov had measure, even though the "typical" Tschalkovski lacked it. On the other hand, the illusion of pictorial music could hardly go higher than that which Dr. Muck attained in the passages that summon the still expanse of the shining and solitary desert—silence, shimmer and emptiness that penetrate the hearer as they might in such a waste it-

self. As vivid of suggestion of another sort were the measures at the beginning in which Korsakov would evoke the atmosphere of old legend. The oriental melody that is presumed to imply the amorous fairy, came from the conductor's hand as full of character as it was of tonal loveliness. Under his leading the march of power moved in a large and sober magnificence of rhythm and color; while the love-song and the vaporous measures of the end of the suite caressed the ear and melted the heart with their beauty.

Such performance enhances the beauty, the imagination, the suggestion, the wondrous play of rhythm, harmony and instrumental color in Rimsky-Korsakov's music. It glosses also his shortcomings—less apparent in "Antar" than in almost any other of his familiar music—his fondness for repetition, his occasional emptiness of phrase and halts of imagination; his reliance upon the suggestion of color rather than upon the force of idea. But in "Antar" he escapes most of his limitations and such a performance as that of yesterday gave him luminous wings. The better the news, then, that before the season ends Dr. Muck intends to undertake the companion-piece, "Scheherazade." He has been studying it for long.

The performance of Mendelssohn's sea-overture—one of his few pieces from the smooth surfaces of which the teeth of time still slip way—was as perfectly accomplished. The long introduction is of the fine and enduring poetry of tones; the northern ocean, as with Mendelssohn's other sea-piece, the "Hebrides" overture, quickened his imagination; the "impressionists" of our day might envy him the clouded color, the long, slow, lifeless undulation, the suggestion of uncanny stillness and suspense that rises out of his music of sea-calm. Inert as it should be, it is alive with picture and it was doubly so yesterday as Dr. Muck in turn poetized its illusion. In contrast, how adroit was his ordering of the long advance of the "main body" and the climax of the overture—the elastic quickening of the rhythm, the supple expansion of the succeeding phrases, the gradual heightening of pace and color, the livelier and livelier outflinging of phrase, the warming voice, the rising suspense until at last the soberly sonorous sweep of the close. The whole process was the art of the conductor revealing and animating the art of the composer and the one and the other seemed to join hands in spontaneous perfection.

Once more conductor and orchestra played the familiar concerto for strings and two wind choirs which seems the beginning and the end of Händel's music at the Symphony Concerts unless some singer chances to resurrect an air from his forgotten operas or oratorios. It was very

warmly applauded yesterday as it always is when it reappears in the "active repertory"; the virtuosity of orchestra and conductor with music in the ancient style shone out of the performance. Why, then, should not other pieces of Händel be occasionally disinterred and heard likewise at the Symphony Concerts? The old Prussian did not leave a slender musical baggage behind him. To hear more of his music would give pleasure to the many that welcome Händel hardly less than they welcome Bach. As it was, the sonorities of the strings in the rotund phrases and the soberly striding pace that conductor and music both enjoined upon them, told in the first movement; the second was alive again with spirited and songful pattern-weaving; the third brought the glories aforesaid to Mr. Mueller of the English horn—one of the usually unnoted and exceptionally modest virtuosos of the orchestra—and to the whole wood-wind choir; the fourth ran its course in the ample line, the sober progress, the long curve and the deepening harmonies of slow and grave Händelian song; and in the finale, the groups of instruments chattered and raced themselves away in the merry give-and-take of such closing movements in the ancient music. The whole piece was exhilarating in itself—in spite of the Prussian's big-wigged manner—and it was yet more exhilaratingly played. More and more contemporary ears, sated with music that swims in harmonic and instrumental color, hear gladly this music of more naked line—even if it costs them a trifle of effort in comprehension of a comparatively strange matter and manner. The change, though it be a change backward, is grateful.

In a single hearing, at any rate, Mr. Braunfels's overture is no remarkable or interesting piece, nor does it suggest that repetition and study would better the impression. The truth is that a deal of music is written in this world today and has been written ever since music began to be that is all in the day's work for the composer, and that is tonal journalism, so to say, and not tonal literature. It is not a whit more important in itself than a sound and able article in a newspaper or a magazine that the writer accomplishes in the daily exercise of his calling, and there is not a whit more reason why it should be or why it should be expected to be remarkable. There is the same good reason for the playing of it that there is for the printing of the article and not a jot more reason why it should be minutely considered or sedulously remembered. Now and again, some of this music of the daily practice of the composer's profession happens to have notable and lasting quality even as on occasion may the daily work of the journalist in letters. Bach and Mozart, for example, had the genius and the good fortune to glorify and make perennial music of which they surely thought

and spoke as "routine stuff." Our generation reads with pleasure the journalism of Sainte-Beuve and Gauthier and our children's children may be doing as much for the journalism of Mr. Brownell or Mr. Moore or even—to keep to music and the theatre—for the articles of Mr. Newman and Mr. Walkey.

Mr. Braunfels's overture belongs to this journalism of music but not, as it seemed yesterday, to the part of it that survives the day on which it appears. According to the programme-book, it was attached to a light opera, "Princess Brambilla," drawn from a like-named tale of Hoffmann, some time after the piece of the theatre had run a brief course on a few German stages. The action of the opera takes place during the carnival in a Rome of the renaissance. The overture would suggest the flicker and flare of the revealing as background to the serio-comic amorous adventures that make the substance of tale and play. It undertakes to do so in the fashion of Munich a few years ago when Strauss was the all-sufficient model for the youngsters. Mr. Braunfels assembles a big Straussian orchestra even to a heckelphone; and he clearly likes to keep as much of it "going" at a given moment as is possible. He writes in the bold and large-voiced Straussian fashion—in broad phrases and with large dependence on his wood-winds and horns when he would be songful; and with much involved polphony and many a stroke of instrumental and harmonic color, when he is laying in background and atmosphere. But, somehow neither ear nor fancy disengages much from the intricacies, and the strokes are often of little effect.

There are plentiful labor and superabundant sound in Mr. Braunfels's piece but little imagination and suggestion. Were it not for the title, it would imply no more than an exercise in orchestral writing in the Straussian manner and the listener may hunt in vain through it for the high spirits or the romantic savor of Roman carnivals as the writers and the composers, from Hoffmann and Berlioz onward, have elected to glorify them. The wonder was that it should have been played at all while such pieces as Balakirev's "Thamar," as Ravel's "Daphnis and Chloe," as Granados's magnificently eloquent "Dante"—to cite only a few examples at the spur of the moment—wait seemingly in vain for performance at the Symphony Concerts. Nor was it quite the practical wisdom of programme-making to place the resounding emptiness of the overture—full though it was of notes—after the rich and ranging imagery, the beauty of substance, the finesse of form, the mastery of workmanship and the poetic illusion of Rimsky-Korsakov's "Antar." Of late, Dr. Muck's German "novelties" have come off least well of all.

H. T. P.

SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA IN 4TH CONCERT

Herald Nov. 13/15

Severe Cold Prevents Mme.

Melba from Singing—Mendelssohn's Overture Added.

By PHILIP HALE.

The fourth concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Karl Muck conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows:

Symphony "Antar".....Rimsky-Korsakoff
Carnival Overture to "Princess Brambilla".....Braunfels
Concerto in F for two wind-choirs and strings.....Handel
Overture, "Sea Calm and Prosperous Voyage".....Mendelssohn

Mme. Melba was expected to sing at this concert airs by Handel and Mozart. Suffering from a severe cold she was unable to appear. Mendelssohn's overture was therefore added to the orchestral compositions that had been announced.

For the first time in the history of this orchestra the Program Book announced the "Public Rehearsal" as a "concert." The change was welcome. There was a time when the concert of Friday afternoon was a rehearsal. In the earlier years, the conductor would stop the performance to explain or correct. Compositions have been performed on Friday and not repeated on Saturday night. The significance of the phrase "Public Rehearsal" long ago passed away. The orchestra now gives two concerts in a week.

Rimsky-Korsakoff's "Antar" has not been so popular here as his "Scheherazade." Until yesterday it had been performed only twice while the Suite has been played here six times. Is the popular verdict well founded? When "Antar" was composed (1868) it was years ahead of the time for appreciation. Nevertheless 10 years later Bue-low spoke of it as a "gorgeous tone-picture." Liszt thought highly of it. Mr. Nikisch conducted it at Magdeburg in 1881 with marked success at a meeting of the Allgemeiner Deutsche Musikverein. It was written in the year that the composer left the marine service

of Russia and entered upon what he once described as the most adventurous period of his life. "Associating with students, workmen, poor artists and vagabonds, I learned the very depths of human miseries and got the first impulse of my best creations. I learned to realize the power of legends and fairy tales."

It is easy to see why the average hearer prefers "Scheherazade" to "Antar." In the first place he knows his "Thousand Nights and a Night," the wondrous tales told by Scheherazade, the adventures of Sinbad, the story of the two Princesses. The music of "Scheherazade" reeks with benzoin, frankincense, all the perfumes of the East. The melodic phrases are more defined, more obvious. There is greater rhythmic piquancy; there is a more sensuous atmosphere; there are sharper contrasts, as that between the marvellously pictorial description of the shipwreck caused by the lodestone mountain and the lyrics of swooning lovers; there is the constant suggestion of the wild tales of cruel jests, sensual beauties of the harem, strange inhabitants of the air, hashish-inspired dreams, terrible revenges, and what Sir Richard F. Burton called "the tedium of the East."

The dominating feature of "Antar" is barbaric splendor. What is Antar to the average hearer or he to Antar? He might ask with the undergraduate: "What are Keats?" Yet this symphony makes a deeper impression with every repetition. The opening measures picture the desert in a manner that Borodin, Goldmark (in his "Queen of Sheba" and Felicien David have not surpassed. Splendid in its ferocity is the second movement, while in the march movement there is the portrayal of triumphant invading hordes. And after this blare and fury and barbaric din, the composer had the courage to end his symphony with amorous strains; to end it as a tale that is told. This music is wildly romantic, highly imaginative, oriental in endless repetitions, music expressed in an instrumentation that is strangely devised and strangely effective.

After the symphony, the overture of Braunfels seemed noisily empty. The opera "Princess Brambilla" was produced at Stuttgart in 1909. This overture was not published until 1912 and is not found in the edition of the opera for voice and piano. Was it composed after the production of the opera? The title now reads: "Carnival Overture to E. T. A. Hoffmann's 'Princess Brambilla,'" but when the overture was performed at Dresden the program book stated that it was a "Carnival overture to the joyous opera 'Princess Brambilla.'" Braunfels took his libretto from Hoffmann's story; he also took so great liberties with the story that he was roundly abused at the time. He said that his chief object in writing the opera was to picture in tone the Carnival at Rome. Well, one Hector Berlioz did

this before him, but more vividly, more musically, and with fewer instruments. Braunfels's overture is not only im-
potently noisy; it lacks continuity; too much of it is mosaic work; the Carnival spirit quickly disappears. In all probability certain episodes have to do with lovers at the Carnival; but while they chatter, the Carnival itself disappears. Flaubert in "Madame Bovary" did in prose what Braunfels failed to do in music. At the fair that resembled our cattle shows Emma and her Rudolph talked amorously while the exercises were in full blast on the platform; but the one did not cause the other to be forgotten; the two themes were contrapuntally treated.

After all, the performance of Handel's concerto was the feature of the concert. "Mr. George Frideric Handel," Mr. Runciman once wrote, "is by far the most superb personage one meets in the history of music." This concerto is in the true meaning of the word superb. When Handel wrote "Pomposo" on a page, he wrote not idly. What magnificent simplicity in outlines! Nor did he permit technical ability to darken his thought. No wonder that Messrs. Longy and Mueller were twice obliged to bow in response to the applause for their brilliant playing of the oboes. Yet to some the crowning glory of the work itself is the slow movement. For melodic lines of such chaste and noble beauty, such Olympian authority no one has approached Handel. "Within that circle none durst walk but he." His nearest rival is the Chevalier Gluck.

The program of the concerts next week is as follows: Bruckner, symphony No. 7; Mozart symphonic concerto for violin and viola (Mr. Witek, violin; Mr. Ferir, viola).

ARAB MUSIC PLAYED BY SYMPHONY

Post Nov. 13/15

Early Russian Work Given Admirable Performance

BY OLIN DOWNES

Owing to the regrettable indisposi-

tion of Mme. Melba her place on the programme of the public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Karl Muck conductor, yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall, was taken by Mendelssohn's overture, "Calm Sea and Prosperous Voyage."

Why nothing better could be done to enliven an already dull programme is a matter for conjecture.

GROWS FROM FOLK-MELODY

Rimsky-Korsakoff's "Antar" symphony, the one composition worthy of serious attention, was admirably played. This is not the mature Rimsky-Korsakoff, but it is none the less music of unmistakable genius and originality. The novelty of the harmonic scheme, the gorgeousness of the orchestral coloring, sounded new and exhilarating as Dr. Muck played the work yesterday.

This is music built largely on Oriental folk-themes, for the Arab air which serves as the love-song of the last movement is not the only popular air with which Rimsky-Korsakoff enriched his score. But not only is this music largely based on folk-melody and slavishly dependant upon it; it grows from folk-melody. The harmonies are those suggested by airs of Asiatic origin. It is a new harmonic scheme for which Europe of the 80's was wholly unprepared. How mad this music must have seemed to the Germans when it was performed in Magdeburg for the first time in 1881!

The Spell of the Desert

The "Scheherazade" suite of Rimsky-Korsakoff is more finely put together than this "Antar" music, but, after the very illuminative reading given yesterday, one wonders whether the music of "Antar," although of earlier inspiration, is not at least as powerful and original as the music to tales of the Arabian nights, even if its technical development is by no means so sure. The spell of the desert, the dreams of those who, as Henley said, would reduce immensity to the limits of desire; the world-weariness of "Antar," who gives up life in a supreme moment of passion because of his indomitable craving for battles and conquests which the world cannot afford—these things are unmistakably and inimitably conveyed by the composer.

The symphony represents a new world of color and musical ideals. Object to its monotony, its lack of true thematic development as one may, and with reason, it still remains wonderful in its emotional suggestion and its gorgeous, pictorial quality, and it repre-

sents one of the first compositions in which Russia commenced to find herself, and inaugurate a musical movement which proved in its results one of the most fascinating in the field of modern composition.

Braunfels' Carnival Overture

The novelty of the programme was a carnival overture to the opera, "Die Prinzessin Brambilla," after a tale of E. A. T. Hoffman, by Walter Braunfels, a young German composer now living in Munich. Braunfels, when his opera was heard in 1909, was reproached for his garbling of Hoffman's tale. He answered that in adapting this tale for operatic treatment he had had in mind principally the musical portrayal of the carnival at Rome. When this carnival takes place, the Roman actor Claudio is reconciled with his former mistress, Glazinta, because she, clad in royal costume, appears to him as an image of the imaginary woman, the Princess Brambilla, who has of late obsessed his dreams. The music is in carnival style. The orchestration is heavy and brilliant. The music aims at wit and humor, and is, as a matter of fact, very conventional after the modern German style.

Handel's concerto for strings and two wind choirs is likewise a dull, routine work, of service only as it displayed the capacities of the wind instrument players of the orchestra, who were warmly applauded for their performance, and for the 4th movement, a melodious slow movement in 12-8 time. Then followed the cheerful irrelevancies of Mendelssohn's overture.

"ANTAR" SYMPHONY.

George Nov. 13/15
Gorgeously Colored Music
Finely Played.

Braunfels' New Carnival Overture Distinguished Chiefly for Noise.

It is nearly 50 years since Rimsky-Korsakoff wrote his symphony "Antar." The name of "symphony" applied to such a work in itself is a sign of romanticism, for it is a suite of four tone pictures in symphonic form. And this was in Russia, a country whose music has had tardy recognition in England and France, to their own loss. While it was in Paris, in the year of grace 1889, that Cesar Franck's symphony in D minor was denied the vote of a director of the Conservatoire because it had a part for the English

horn, an instrument he alleged Beethoven had not found it necessary to use.

Yesterday, in the event of Mme Melba's cold, "Antar" was the feature of the concert. Heard under the interpretative hand of Dr Muck and these virtuosi of the orchestra, now this music glows with imagination. What pictorial power, what sweeping force and what dexterity in characterization! How masterfully, with a few strokes of the brush, atmosphere is summoned and moods established!

A man of the North, yet a cosmopolitan by his travel in youth as a naval officer, Rimsky caught the mystery, the flame of the smoldering fires, the pulsing, haunting fragrances, the subtle lure of the Orient, the spell of its languor and its women. Antar, the son Shalhad, was a picturesque subject, albeit that in history he was a mulatto with a split lip. A courageous warrior, exulting in battle, he is the more commanding in the hours of triumph and love. His dream of the three great desires of the heart of man has been treated by the composer impersonally, universally. In the opening scene in the desert passage, in which the hero rescues the gazelle from the winged monster whose wings beat illusively in the scurrying double basses, all men may be seen realizing the joys of revenge, of power and of love.

The first movement is admirable in its subject matter, in its graphic painting, which is not too badly photographic in its illusion and suggestion. The hearer sees with the dreaming Antar, the splendid palace, the voluptuous slaves, who enchant him with the songs and postures, and the fairy, none other than the gazelle he had saved, who promises him the three fruitions.

The second movement of revenge, although not without a sinister element, and the fourth of tragic love are not the equal in invention to the third, a marvelous picture of the pomp, majesty and splendor of Oriental materialism. Opulence and sensuous beauty are in every bar. The performance was one of superb spirit, gorgeous in a wealth of orchestral color.

Walter Braunfels, who now lives in Munich, has written an opera on the subject of E. T. A. Hoffmann's Princess Brambilla. The overture was played yesterday for the first time in Boston. The story was a fantastical one, it is true, but it now becomes evident that the actor Claudio's attachment for the imaginary princess, whom by friendly intervention he is made presently to see in the flesh as the more humble seamstress to whom he already is betrothed, is a volcanic, a cataclysmic affair. Brass instruments, cymbals and tympani are diligent in publishing the details. The true spirit of fantasy is not necessarily bolsterousness unless seen through turbulent German eyes.

Handel's concerto in F major for strings and two wind choirs, music in accepted Handelian formulas, was played, and in the third movement again afforded the delight of the duet for oboes.

Messrs Longy and Mueller performed in virtuoso fashion and twice bowed their acknowledgments to the audience. Had Braunfels' stormy overture come fourth, Mendelssohn's "Sea Calm and Prosperous" voyage would have been an appropriate benediction.

CONCERT PURELY ORCHESTRAL EVENT

Adv. Nov. 13/15
MME. MELBA ABSENT,
BUT ORCHESTRA AT BEST

Concert Came in Like Lion, Went
Out Like Lamb, With
Quiet Overture

By LOUIS C. ELSON

PROGRAMME

Rimski-Korsakoff—"Antar" Symphony.
Walter Braunfels—"Princess Brambilla,"
Carnival Overture.
Handel—Concerto for Two Wind Choirs and
String Orchestra.
Mendelssohn—"Sea-calm and Prosperous
Voyage," Overture.

It was by pure accident that the tail did not wag the dog yesterday at the Symphony Concert, for Mme. Melba had a severe cold and could not sing, whereupon the orchestra came into its rights again, a vocal recital with a symphonic background was averted, and Mendelssohn's rather faded overture was added to the list instead of a couple of Mozart arias, and Handel's "Sweet bird that shun'st the noise of Folly." We were sorry to miss the last-named. We desired to see whether that bird was the double-headed eagle or not.

Speaking in all seriousness we do not care for even the greatest singer at these symphonic concerts. It always jars on the real scheme of these programmes and changes the atmosphere of the concert room to something of the footlight flavor. The public, however, disagree with this idea most emphatically, and the long line of "rush-seaters" which would have stood all the morning for a chance to hear Melba was somewhat diminished by the absence of the famous prima donna, although many of the patient waiters were in ignorance of the change of programme made necessary by inflamed vocal cords.

But we must not forget that there was still an orchestra at this concert. It happened to be the best orchestra in the world, and it played at its best. We had an opportunity of comparing Dr. Muck's reading of a Rimski-Korsakoff score, with Mr.

Stransky's interpretation of one, last Sunday. The advantage was with our own conductor, for there was more of elasticity, of abandon and of contrast in the reading of "Antar" than there was in "Scheherazade." There was Oriental programme-music in the one score as in the other. The first movement pictured the mighty hunter Antar, not exactly in the Antarctic regions, but amid the ruins of Palmyra. The ruins were largely occupied by bassoons and trombones, but suddenly an innocent young flute rushed across them, chased by several wicked contrabasses and violoncellos. It was the fairy Ghul-Nazar pursued by the spirits of darkness. What happens when you rescue a fairy? Either you marry her or she gives you some valuable presents. She did the latter to Antar, at once.

She gave him "Revenge," which led to the second movement. Why Antar should take revenge upon the teachers of Harmony is inexplicable, but he did so by violating all their rules. Our kettle-drummer had a strikingly good time, in which he was joined by the cymbals, the gong, the muted horns and several other evils, and there were dissonances that proved that even in symphony (?) a Song of Hate is unpleasant. The fairy also gave Antar "Power." In Russia the only idea of power is military force, and this was present strongly in the movement. But there was a species of "Trio" to this, in which it was evident that some Nautch girls were visiting the trenches. This movement is the best of the entire work. It is absolutely and wonderfully Oriental, and not like the "Turkish March" of Beethoven, or the "Alla Turca" of Mozart, an Orientalism that does not get any further east than Vienna.

The fairy finally gave Antar "Love," and that killed him. She incinerates the hero with a burning kiss, which almost puts Kundry's Parsifal kiss in the shade. This kiss burns Antar up—no insurance. In this last movement, there is a charming duet for English horn and clarinette, which had a most dreamy and tender style, but Antar's Liebestod did not quite rival Isolde's. Nevertheless, there was the best style of modern music in this symphony. It was very free in form for its classical name, but symphony or not, it was original and one felt that some of the Russians have more to say, in music, than some of the Germans of the present, even if the skill of a Strauss, or a Schoenberg, or a Reger, is not yet there. When that comes

the sceptre of musical supremacy will go over to Russia. As it is the advance of the Muscovite in tone-coloring has been most rapid and phenomenal, and nowhere can it be better studied than in the works of Rimski-Korsakoff.

Handel's Concerto was in strongest contrast with Antar's antics, and it was refreshing to have some good counterpoint after the fierce dissonances which were so copious in the Russian work. The Handelian composition has been heard here often and is a favorite with our concert auditors.

It had five movements, of which the third was the noblest, although the fourth, with Mr. Witek's violin obligato, and the fifth, with the splendid work of the two horn soloists, were also very attractive.

In listening to the finale one ought to remember that it was Handel who introduced the horn into the Old English orchestra, and was roundly criticized for it. He also experimented with the harp and the then very crude clarinette, and was in every way the Richard Strauss, possibly even the Richard Wagner, of the 18th century.

We are glad to state that two movements of this concerto, the third and the fifth, were applauded almost to the encore point.

Braunfels' "Princess Brambilla" overture was a novelty. Even the name of this composer is new to our programmes, although of course Mr. Hale managed to give details about him in the programme book. He was born in Frankfort in 1882, and is at present living in Munich.

The Carnival overture stood well between the savagery of Rimski-Korsakoff and the suavity of Handel. It was a modern score with a few classical leanings, and being modern it called for a whole army of tonal forces, everything from a Heckelphone to a regiment of percussive instruments being asked for. As the picture is of a Roman Carnival these latter play a good part in the tumult of festivity. There were a few points that suggested Berlioz's "Carnaval Romaine," such as dance rhythms, sudden interruptions, and a chromatic rush, but altogether this overture just escapes being a great work.

And then the concert, which had come in like a lion, went out like a lamb, with Mendelssohn's quiet overture. "Sea-calm and Prosperous Voyage" is a picture of a voyage free

from all thoughts of submarines or of British detentions. Its introduction might portray Coleridge's verse:

"Day after day, day after day,
We stuck, nor life nor motion,
As idle as a painted ship
Upon a painted ocean."

which is more graphic than the Goethe lines on a similar subject which inspired Mendelssohn. It all sounds very innocuous nowadays, the piping of the boatswain on the piccolo, as the wind begins to blow, the motion of the ship, and the blare of trumpets as the vessel comes to land and the voyagers are taken in hand by the emigration commissioners. Mendelssohn seldom triumphed very grandly and we could not help wishing that the ship had been sailed by Richard Strauss, or Reger, or any other modern, who would have warped it up to the wharf with a string of diminished ninths and augmented fifths, on all the brasses fortissimo.

"BRAMBILLA" OF BRAUNFELS GIVEN BY ORCHESTRA

Monitor — Nov. 13/15

SYMPHONY HALL.—Fourth public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Karl Muck, conductor; afternoon of Nov. 13. The program: Rimsky-Korsakoff, symphony, "Antar"; Walter Braunfels, overture, "Princess Brambilla" (first time in Boston); Handel, concerto for two wind choirs and string orchestra; Mendelssohn, overture, "Calm Sea and Prosperous Voyage."

If anybody should ask what sort of program the Boston Symphony orchestra excels in playing, here is one. And it would be a long search to find another day's schedule of pieces in which the leader and his men maintained their technique so nearly flawless and their interpretation so brilliant from first note to last as in this one. It may be a strange situation that the program is not a remarkable one; for Rimsky-Korsakoff, Braunfels, Handel and Mendelssohn, as here represented, far from being mounted knights on the highroad of inspiration are just pedestrians. But minor art, be it music, poetry or painting, sometimes has an ironical way of making an extraordinary showing. It somehow proves itself necessary in the social scheme, notwithstanding its theoretical shortcomings.

A work of a decidedly second quality on the side of orchestral invention, and

yet one that has a pleasant sound, is the Braunfels overture. It is scored with a larger proportion of passages for full orchestra than overtures are generally supposed to demand. The contrast of solo wind instrument episodes which is the usual requirement in such works is wanting. And listeners are compelled to believe that the writer fails to make such contrast because of a lack of mastery of light effect and of melodic characterization. For more than once all the preparations are made for change from full to half orchestra, everything is made ready for a moment of lyric exaltation, but nothing happens beyond the parade of getting ready. At the same time the overture is delightful to listen to because of the composer's skillful management of the combined orchestral sonorities. The background of string tone in particular is admirably painted in. The perspective and atmosphere of the sketch are of irresistible effect. If the classic composers had not taught us that an overture should be a complete piece of expression in itself this work of Braunfels would be wholly plausible.

A successful experiment on the part of the conductor was the revival of the set of little pieces by Handel for string orchestra playing against two choirs of wind instruments. Five pieces were included in the group and all pleased the audience greatly because of their quaintness of style and still more because of the exquisite interpretation they received. The reading of the third piece won appreciation from the audience because of the masterly execution of the duet for oboes. The solo players were Messrs. Longy and Mueller, whose work brought one of those brisk and brief outbursts of applause which indicate a keen house. They stood and bowed in acknowledgement of the hand-clapping.

The conductor and players were at their very highest mark in the Rimsky-Korsakoff work. They have never gone at a repertory piece with freer command of themselves technically and with more glowing enthusiasm interpretively. The easiness of the task, instead of being an excuse for a routine performance was a challenge to their best powers. The phrasing of the work was sensitive, the tone contrasts were vivid. "Antar" was presented at its full value as a symphony and as a piece of descriptive orchestration too. The composer's skill in short-

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 theme handling in the first movement was allowed to show itself and his knack at setting forth a story was permitted full scope at the same time. All values were given their place, no one of them to the detriment of another. And it came about that way, of course, because the work was carefully prepared and because its qualities were intimately studied before public performance was attempted.

PERSONALS

Trans. Nov. 18/15
MAJOR HIGGINSON IS EIGHTY-ONE

Is Spending Day Without Special Celebration, but Receives Many Flowers

Major Henry L. Higginson, Boston's financier, philanthropist, soldier and staunch friend of Harvard University, reached today the age of eighty-one years, and his anniversary finds him enjoying excellent health. Unlike some previous birthday anniversaries, Major Higginson is not doing anything to celebrate the day. On his arrival at the State-street offices of Lee, Higginson & Co., he found that his associates in business and employees of the banking house had not forgotten the significance of the day to him, and upon his desk and surrounding it were quantities of flowers, expressing the remembrance of many who feel honored by his friendship. Major Higginson went away from the offices about one o'clock, to lunch quietly with Mrs. Higginson at their home, at 191 Commonwealth avenue. There was no further special celebration of the day planned.

RIMSKY-KORSAKOV'S symphonic suite, "Antar," interestingly revived by Dr. Muck two years ago will be heard again at the Symphony Concerts of next Friday afternoon and Saturday evening. The piece is descriptive music, suggested by a Russian tale of the legendary Arab chief of like name, and Rimsky-Korsakov's fellow-composer, Cui, has summarized it as follows:

Antar, weary of human ingratitude, retires into the desert. Suddenly there appears a gazelle fleeing from a gigantic bird. Antar kills the monster, saves the gazelle, falls asleep and is transported in his dreams to a magnificent palace where he is captivated by charming songs and dances; the fairy who dwells in the palace promises him the three greatest joys of life. Awakening from his dream he finds himself back in the desert. This is the programme of the first part. It is an admirable specimen of descriptive music. The sombre chords depicting the desert, the graceful gazelle's race for life, the cumbrous flight of the winged monster, expressed by sinister harmonies, finally the dances full of voluptuous abandon, all give evidence of abundant inspiration. Only in the

dances, the subject is too short for their length and is thus repeated too often. The second part, the joy of vengeance, is full of barbaric energy of bloodthirsty violence which characterizes alike the music and its orchestration. The third part, the joy of power, consists of a glittering Oriental march ornamented with arabesques both novel and charming. The last part, the joy of love, is the culminating point of the suite. The poetry of passion is wonderfully rendered in terms of music. Two more observations in reference to "Antar." In order to enhance the appeal of local color Korsakov makes use of three Arab themes and the symphony is invested with a considerable cohesion by the circumstance that despite the dissimilarity in character of the four sections the "Antar" theme has been introduced into each.

The other purely orchestral numbers of the programme are a sonorous and striding concerto of Händel for two wind choirs and string band and an overture from a light opera, "Princess Brambilla," written by Walter Braunfels, one of the younger composers of Munich and as yet unknown in the concert-rooms of America. The overture is a "tone-picture" of the carnival in Rome incidental to the comedy drawn from one of Hoffmann's tales that Braunfels has clothed with music. At both concerts, Mme. Melba, who still keeps much of her old beauty of voice and all of her skill in song, will assist the orchestra, singing three of her long-standing pieces; the air, "Sweet Bird" from Händel's setting of Milton's poem, "Il Penseroso"; and the Countess's "Porgi Amor" and Cherubino's "Vol, che Sapete" from Mozart's opera, "Figaro's Wedding." *Trans. Nov. 6/15*

Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1915-16.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

Dr. KARL MUCK, Conductor.

FIFTH PROGRAMME

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 19, AT 2.30 P.M.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 20, AT 8 P.M.

BRUCKNER,

SYMPHONY, No. 7, in E major

MOZART,

SYMPHONIC CONCERTO for VIOLIN, VIOLA and ORCHESTRA

Violin, Mr. WITEK Viola, Mr. FERIR

theme handling in the first movement was allowed to show itself and his knack at setting forth a story was permitted full scope at the same time. All values were given their place, no one of them to the detriment of another. And it came about that way, of course, because the work was carefully prepared and because its qualities were intimately studied before public performance was attempted.

PERSONALS

Trans. Nov. 18/15
MAJOR HIGGINSON IS EIGHTY-ONE

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BRUCKNER,

SYMPHONY, No. 7, in E major

MOZART,

SYMPHONIC CONCERTO for VIOLIN, VIOLA and ORCHESTRA

Violin, Mr. WITEK Viola, Mr. FERIR

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Symphony Hall.

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BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

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I Allegro moderato.

II. Adagio: Sehr feierlich und langsam.

III. Scherzo: Allegro. Trio: Etwas langsamer,

IV. Finale: Bewegt, doch nicht schnell.

MOZART,

SYMPHONIC CONCERTO for VIOLIN, VIOLA
and ORCHESTRA

I. Allegro maestoso

II. Andante

III. Presto.

(Cadenzas of First Movement by Helmsberger.)

Violin, Mr. WITEK Viola, Mr. FERIR

Bruckner and Mozart Partnered



(From a Noted Drawing in Jugend)
Their Waltz Among the Stars to the Music of Johann Strauss

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT

Trans. — Nov. 20 / 15
BRUCKNER AND MOZART SIDE BY
SIDE

A Two-Hour Programme and a Content Audience — A Concerto for Violin and Viola Resurrected from Mozart, with Mr. Witek and Mr. Ferir to Play It—Bruckner's Seventh Symphony in Eloquent Performance—The Blanks and the Wonders of It

BEING an intelligent public, the audiences at the Symphony Concerts are beginning to discover timely that the clock does not determine the pleasure or the pain of a given programme. Dr. Muck's chosen music of yesterday—Bruckner's seventh symphony and a "Concertante Symphonie" by Mozart—filled almost exactly the one hundred and twenty minutes that have gradually become the standard duration of the Symphony Concerts. Yet complaint over the length or the exaction of the programme was hardly heard and—what was much more significant—nearly all the listening company stayed to the end; whereas, a week ago, when the concert was short by the clock, many departed before the final number. Neither Bruckner's symphony nor Mozart's concerto—to use a simpler and more convenient designation than the composer's archaic title—exhausted the ears or the interest of the audience and the second piece made pleasant contrast to the first. Thereby we may learn as the old textbooks in moral philosophy used to say, that a concert is overlong and over-exacting when the nature of the chosen music makes it so and not when the hands of the clock, at Symphony Hall on Friday afternoon, point to four-thirty as the orchestra sounds the last measure.

It was particularly agreeable to see the audience so remain to the very end, because Mr. Witek and Mr. Féir of the leaders of the string choir were playing the solo parts in Mozart's music and deserving such courtesy and compliment. Whatever the shortcomings of the public of the Symphony Concerts—and nearly every group of it takes a turn at railing at the rest—it is warm to the members of the orchestra, like Mr. Witek and Mr. Féir, whom it has come to know as individuals, and to others, like Mr. Mueller a week ago, whom the music of the day raises for the instant above their fellows. When the violinist and the violist came from their usual places to stand close to the conductor, they were long and loudly applauded; and at the end

of the concerto the audience even lingered to clap them, while Dr. Muck himself was quick to praise. After all, there is esprit de corps in the auditorium as well as on the stage of Symphony Hall.

Mozart's concerto, heard for the first time "in its entirety" (which is considerable) at the Symphony Concerts, is an amusing and engaging little piece, neither too long nor too thin-bodied, like so much of his minor music, for twentieth-century ears. The most diligent of his biographers and the yet more diligent grubbers among the miscellanea of his time have been unable to unearth any fact or presumption concerning it. The piece merely exists in what is authentically a copy of Mozart's manuscript, to which various musicians from Hellmesberger to Loeffler have added cadenzas for the solo instruments. Hellmesberger's were used yesterday, since Mr. Loeffler's overlook the higher tuning of the viola that the composer enjoined for greater brightness. The probability is that Mozart wrote the concerto, as he wrote so much of his major and minor music, in the hurry of the work and the play of the day—for he was a busy and a sportive young man even by present standards—and handed it forthwith to the virtuosi and the little band who were to play it for noble "patrons" listening leisurely.

The orchestra usually does no more than weave a bright or a shadowy background for the solo instruments, creeping gradually upon them with its lightly energetic tutti, joining its euphonies and tonal colors to theirs or rarely pitty-patting through instrumental dialogue with them. Mozart treats the individualized violin and viola as simply. They blend their songful phrases or they repeat, diversify and contrast them; they speak in suavely united accents; or the high, bright and fine timbre of the viola tells colorfully against the darker and fuller-bodied voice of the violin. There are few feats of virtuosity for the two players, as virtuosity went in Mozart's time, and they lie easily within the skill of a Witek or a Féir. More difficult, in reality, were the limpid and lucent flow of tone, the delicate spinning of modulation and transition, the answering euphonies, the airy arabesques and the pervading finesse and elegance of voice that the music ask. But these attributes of disclosing and glamoring virtuosity, of sensibility to music and of taste and discernment in style were no less readily at Mr. Witek's and Mr. Féir's command. With reason the conductor, the audience, and may be Mozart himself, hearing from the Elysian Fields, rejoiced in them.

As for the music itself, it runs in an Allegro Maestoso, serene of voice, ingratiating of pattern and ambling of movement, that Dr. Muck heightened and animated by adept and unobtrusive modulation of pace and accent; in an Andante all sensibility to the matter and the mood of

its pensive song, carried oftenest by the wistful and penetrating voice of the viola; and in a lively and sunny little finale, all pretty quirks or smooth rushes. No very remarkable music in itself, and akin to many another such piece from forgotten hands save for the two qualities with which Mozart and the kindly Fate that cherished him glorified even his daily tasks—his felicity of design and stroke and his manifold and unceasing charm. It is as proof against the years and the fashions in his minor music as it is, according to Barrie, in women themselves.

Again, Dr. Muck and the orchestra bade their hearers—or so many of them as reflect upon the music to which they listen—read the riddle of Bruckner. Once more, they played the seventh symphony which is accounted his masterpiece, even if the eighth moves some ears and hearts more deeply, and played it with a magnificent sweep of vibrant, massed and mounting tone in the strings, with a suavity and suppleness of phrase and accent in the coloring and pointing wood-winds, and with a beauty of the depths of sound made music in horns and tenor tubas and the more sonorous brass that would have transported Bruckner out of himself even, as they still tell in Vienna, did the hearing of the music of Beethoven. And this symphony, so glorified, was his own. Thrice blessed in these days is the dreaming organist of St. Florian and the queer and solitary figure of the later years of teaching and composing in Vienna in the admiration that conductor after conductor feels for his music. They give it annual place on their programmes; they lavish all their powers upon it; they would win—and in the instance of Dr. Muck, they do win—their hearers to like answer in kind to it. When he is so moved to divining comprehension, enkindled emotional response and transfiguring communication as he is with this seventh symphony of Bruckner, he seems to summon from the engraved page the music that Bruckner heard with the ears of the spirit and would fashion into tones that other men might also hear it so. Now that Mahler is dead and Nikisch elects to wander from concert-room to concert-room with conventionalized programmes, there is no prophet of Bruckner to compare with Dr. Muck. And yesterday the orchestra was herald and prophet, too.

This seventh symphony is indeed all Bruckner's own by the strange shortcomings that it is critical—and maybe human—infirmity to seek out first and that yet vanishes on the instant in the wondrous achievement beside them. By this time, all the world that scrutinizes music knows the reiterated tale of these defects—the spaces in the music that seem suddenly to go blank as though invention and manipulation had for the moment run dry; the putterings—for the homely word of the New England vernacular defines them better than any other—over trivial and futile details; the instants of seem-

ing waiting for the wind of creation to ruffle again the composer's spirit; the innocent mannerisms of procedure like the reiterated inversion of motives or the long and slow ascending progressions and the abrupt descending modulations; the lacking faculties of rigid selection and adroit proportion when invention and ardor run high; the stretching of too vast a tonal canvas for imagination and resource to fill; the occasional maunderings into a vague sentimentality or an altogether indefinite import. No; the Latins from Paris to Palermo will never understand Bruckner; for his shortcomings are the very negation of the qualities that they most prize in music.

Then the flash of inspiration—for it is nothing else—comes upon Bruckner's spirit and dwells for a space in it, melting and scattering all these limitations and inabilities, filling all these empty places, like the consuming fire of the Scripture. Then enkindled and transported he writes a music of a celestial beauty that not even Franck, to whom in temperament he was more than a little akin, may always summon. There are such passages in all his symphonies; they are not a few in the first movement, they even recur in the last movement, of this very seventh. Then, also does he write, as in the Adagio of lament, solace, resignation and apocalyptic vision in the symphony of yesterday, music that bodies forth the deep and universal emotion of the spirits of men as has no other composer since Beethoven. Only the slow movement of the Eroica symphony or the sublimest pages of Wagner when there was the dead Siegfried to mourn or Isolde looked out upon the sunset over Tristan's still body, may stand beside it in the beauty that fills the answering soul and the power that transports it. And in an instant and with the flame of inspiration still blazing full, Bruckner sweeps away into a scherzo that no less fills and transports with the robust joy of free and ardent living or that stays for a moment in the trio for like transfiguration of our common human tenderness. In these slow movements of the seventh and the eighth symphonies, Bruckner might be of the pure in heart who are blessed in that they have seen God. In the scherzo of nearly all the symphonies, this same devout recluse of Linz and Vienna might have known, no less, the finer passions and pleasures of men.

H. T. P.

GIVE BRUCKNER'S SEVENTH SYMPHONY

Dr. Muck's Great Reading
Marks Symphony
Concert

Adv. — Nov. 20/13 NEVER YET SO GRANDLY PLAYED IN BOSTON

Mozart's Symphonic Concerto
Vivid Contrast to Pre-
ceding Work

By LOUIS C. ELSON
PROGRAMME.

Bruckner—Seventh Symphony, E major.
Mozart—Symphonic Concerto, Violin, Viola
and Orchestra.
Violin, Mr. Wittek; Viola, Mr. Ferir.

This programme looks very short in print, but in actuality it was over an hour and 40 minutes in length. Bruckner's Symphony is a concert in itself. But the more we hear Bruckner the more we find to admire in him. It certainly was not always thus, for Mr. Gericke used to describe the first performance of this particular symphony in Boston, with much dramatic effect. At the end of the second movement the exodus began. At the next movement hundreds left the hall. At the last movement there were more people upon the platform, in the orchestra, than there were in the audience. All this is greatly changed at present. Today Bruckner seems fairly easy of comprehension, and by no means ugly. We have been trained in the school of dissonances and complexities until Bruckner seems easy by comparison. One can scarcely forgive Brahms for assenting complacently to Mme. Von Herzogenberg's sneers at Bruckner, likening him to a very thin soup, with a few flecks of fat on the top to make one believe in its richness. There was glory and triumph in the performance of the seventh symphony, yesterday afternoon, and it has never yet been so grandly played in Boston.

After all figure development, which is Bruckner's strong point, has been the essence of good music from Bach to Richard Strauss, and the task of following the figure through the tonal web is not an unpleasant one. Bruckner has much more to say than the average long-winded symphonist. He may be as long as many of the moderns, but he is considered deeper and broader. We always feel that there is a kinship between Bruckner and D'Indy, for both of these care far more for the intellectuality of their

music than for emotional power, but Bruckner is much the loftier of the two. We have had this symphony several times in the last few years, an honor that is not accorded to any other writers of this length and ascetic style. All the brutal and sarcastic criticisms of Hanslick have not prevailed against Bruckner's holding his place in the repertoire.

To give such a work as Dr. Muck gives it, is a labor of love, for even at its best such a work cannot be much desired by the general public. It is an educational task to force the average concert-goer to hear it so often. Bruckner's tone-coloring is not much beyond that of Brahms. Some startling combinations, such as deep brasses with the flute, may astonish but cannot charm, while the anti-phonal character of full orchestra against responses of the solo instruments is not a very new device and can easily be overdone. The first movement must ever remain Music for musicians only.

But the slow movement has some fervid climaxes, and the sonorous effects of the brasses (especially the tubas) gave an impressive solemnity, a most earnest homage to Wagner, whom Bruckner celebrated in this movement. The brasses were altogether great in yesterday's performance. Possibly, however, the Scherzo is the movement which may soonest win popularity, for its six-noted trumpet figure is easily followed in all its transformations, and its makes an excellent contrast to the long and rather sombre Adagio which precedes it. The figure aforesaid is not very far removed from the "Flying Dutchman" figure, and the resemblance-hunter may also find suggestions of "Lohengrin" in this movement, and hear the waves of "Rheingold" flow at the end of the first movement. This Scherzo is throughout coherent and well-knit together.

The finale, like the first movement, is again given over to displays of ingenuity, but it must be added that in all these inversions, augmentations, diminutions, etc., there is no ugliness of the Schoenberg, or even of the Reger type. The performance was a masterpiece. Nothing could display the technique of our orchestra so well as the execution of a work of this character. The titanic work demands force at times, and we have not had such a volume of tone since the performance of Strauss' "Festliches Praeludium," but the "ffff" effects were infinitely more in place

in this "Germania Triumphans" than in that made-to-order prelude.

Mozart's symphonic concerto was a vivid contrast to the preceding work. It is a work which we believe has never been given entire in these concerts, and the first movement has been given a single time, but not in this century. It served well to display two artists of whom Boston is justly proud, and it also served to make the public acquainted with the beauty of the viola as a solo instrument. The viola is really the Cinderella of the orchestra. It is crushed out by the richness of the violin and the violoncello, between which it stands almost unnoticed. Yet there is a pensive tenderness in its tones which cannot be quite attained by the deep tones of the violin and still less by the high tones of the violoncello. This effect was finely brought out by Mr. Ferir, in the Andante.

The two artists (Messrs. Witek and Ferir) played splendidly. The final cadenza of the first movement (composed by Hellmesberger) was in itself a revelation of perfect technique and ensemble. But even the best interpretation could not make the suavities of this Concertante Symphonie absolutely effective after the tremendous Bruckner work. Yet we must state that both works were applauded vehemently. We believe that the second ovation belonged to the soloists, however, while the first was a spontaneous tribute to the interpretation of the orchestra, the power of Bruckner and the great conductorship of Dr. Muck. The reading was one of those memorable events such as the triumphs won by Dr. Muck in the first Brahms symphony or the Faust symphony by Liszt in the recent past.

BRUCKNER AT SYMPHONY HALL

Herald Nov. 20/15

Dr. Muck Conducts Fifth Friday Afternoon Concert of the Season.

By PHILIP HALE.

The fifth Friday afternoon concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Muck, conductor, took place yesterday

afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program included Bruckner's Seventh Symphony and Mozart's Concertante Symphonie for violin and viola played by Mr. Witek (violin) and Mr. Ferir (viola).

Bruckner's Seventh Symphony has now been performed here six times. There have been 13 performances of symphonies by Bruckner since 1887. Audiences have often been impatient or openly bored. It is said that letters have been written protesting against any music by Bruckner at these concerts. Conductors, however, have gone on undisturbed. They might have said with Carl Bergman, who, when he was told that the people did not like Wagner's music, answered: "Then they must hear it till they do like it." Yesterday poor Bruckner had his revenge. His Seventh Symphony, superbly played, was loudly applauded, and it was not only the solemn Adagio that was thus appreciated.

Dr. Muck is evidently fond of the seventh symphony. He conducted the first performance in Austria in 1886—it was at Graz; in Berlin in 1894, and he conducted it in Boston in 1906 and in 1913.

It certainly is a gigantic work, abounding in lofty and noble pages, abounding also in trivialities, tiresome repetitions and fussy and insignificant details. As in the other symphonies of Bruckner that we have heard, there is a lack of continuity in each movement; there are impressive preparations that lead to nothing: "In the name of the Prophet! Figs!" The composer had little sense of structure. To use Disraeli's phrase, he was intoxicated with his own verbosity. His taste in ornamentation was more than doubtful. He would crown a noble facade with gingerbread work; he would plan an extension of cheap stucco to a pure temple of marble.

And yet in this seventh symphony there are pages that come closer to Beethoven at his greatest than we find in the symphonies of other composers. There are grand thoughts expressed in a masterly manner in Franck's symphony and in the symphony in B-flat by Vincent d'Indy; the Introduction to the Finale of Brahms' first symphony has elemental grandeur and spiritual intensity; but Bruckner's spirit in the Adagio and in the main body of the Scherzo of the seventh symphony is nearer akin to that of Beethoven.

We must take Bruckner as he is, with all his childish, endless garrulity, his delight in saying the same thing over and over again, his stopping as if he were taking breath and wondering what he should do next, his dallying with straws and pebbles. It is not necessary to accept him in bulk as Victor Hugo was eager to take Shakespeare; but we may forget his inanities, every now and then realizing that it was given to the composer of the seventh symphony to be caught up to the seventh heaven, where he heard that which was ineffable, to be repeated to mortals only in music.

Nothing is known about the origin of

Mozart's concerto for violin and viola. No one knows where it was composed or for what occasion. The autograph manuscript is lost. Mozart does not refer to the concerto in his letters. The indefatigable Jahn could furnish no information. It is doubtful whether Mozart valued the concerto highly. He probably wrote it as in a day's work; it served some purpose and he forgot it. The first movement was played at a Symphony concert in 1892 by Messrs. Loeffler (violin) and Kneisel (viola). Then, as yesterday, a cadenza by Hellmesberger was used; and yesterday another cadenza by Hellmesberger was introduced. Much of this music is in Mozart's amiable and light-hearted vein. The Andante in C minor has the plaintive grace peculiar to him. (By mistake the title page of the Program Book stated that this movement was in E flat). Messrs. Witek and Ferir gave a highly artistic performance and the accompaniment was sympathetic, as is always the case when Dr. Muck conducts.

The program of the concerts next week is as follows: Mozart, Symphony in E flat major; Beethoven's violin concerto; Rachmaninoff's symphonic poem to Boecklin's picture, "The Island of the Dead." Mr. Kreisler will play the concerto.

SYMPHONY GLORIFIES BRUCKNER

Post Nov. 20/15

Eloquence Given His 7th—Mozart's Concerto

BY OLIN DOWNES

The Seventh Symphony of Anton Bruckner and a concerto for violin and viola with orchestra of Mozart were the items of yesterday's public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Karl Muck conductor, in Symphony Hall.

The performance of the Bruckner

symphony had a finish and an eloquence which it is difficult to imagine from another conductor than Dr. Muck. This is a work for which he has evidently an affection as well as a high regard. When this is the case, it is difficult to excel in interpretation the present conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

A MARVEL OF FINISH

It has become a sort of a byword to remark of Dr. Muck that when he likes a work the least he gives it the most scrupulous and stirring performance. That is a fallacious doctrine. Any human being does that best which is most sympathetic to his nature, and this principle is intensified, rather than weakened, in the case of the interpretive artist. Not only was the performance of yesterday a marvel of finish and of exalted utterance, but it was a performance for which the composer himself would have thanked the conductor had he been present.

Once Bruckner said to a friend, "I think that if Beethoven were alive, and I should go to him with my Seventh Symphony and say, 'Here, Mr. Van Beethoven, this is not so bad, this Seventh, as certain gentlemen would make out.' Had the composer been present yesterday he would have said to Dr. Muck: 'My dear Doctor, may I thank you for saying in your performance all that I wished to say, and was not quite able to say completely, in my score.'"

A Master Interpreter

The conductor met the composer half way. To take a movement, such as the uneven and poorly proportioned finale of this work, and give it unity and coherence, its line, fill in the chinks left open, supply the connecting passages between grand ideas that the absent-minded Mr. Bruckner did not always supply, was the act, not only of a master interpreter, but of a creative musician, whose intention was as noble as that of the author of the symphony.

And after all, a symphony by Bruckner, with all its weakness of structure and discrepancies of style, is sure to contain material so great, and display in its entirety such a heroic stride that the hearer may well be content to wade through the occasional doddering sound in the first and more particularly the last movement of the seventh symphony for the sake of the prophetic voice, the vision apocalyptic, of other pages. As for the slow movement, it is one of the masterpieces of modern music.

Mozart's Long Concerto

The Mozart concerto, which was performed as a whole for the first time in Boston, has one movement of value—the second movement, which has a haunting beauty and melancholy. The first movement is exceedingly inferior, routine stuff, of which the best pages are those of the double cadenza written by Helmsberger. The finale is more sprightly but hardly more distinguished. The performance on the part of the soloists was finished and in keeping with the character of the music. The accompaniment, most of the time, was rough and too heavy. It is seldom that Dr. Muck conducts such an accompaniment. Even Mozart, on occasion, can snore in his chair and write music by the yard.

The programme of the concerts of next week will include the E flat symphony of Mozart; the Beethoven violin concerto, played by Fritz Kreisler, and Rachmaninoff's noble tone-poem, after the picture of Arnold Böcklin, "The Isle of the Dead."

SYMPHONY MEN WIN APPLAUSE IN BRUCKNER WORK

Monitor—Nov. 20/15

SYMPHONY HALL—Fifth afternoon concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Karl Muck, conductor; Nov. 19. The program; Bruckner, seventh symphony, in E major; Mozart, concertante for violin and viola (Anton Witek, violin; Emil Ferir, viola).

Conductor and players gave every evidence of having prepared their reading of the vast symphony with care. And for their efforts they received the reward of vigorous applause. Nearly the full membership was required for the sonorous first number, only the player of some light-toned instrument like the harp having a holiday. The greatest praise of the occasion was doubtless to those who furnished the largest amount of tone. At all events the majority of the men in the brass and woodwind groups were allowed to rest on their Bruckner laurels. Only string players and oboe and horn pairs were required for the Mozart piece in the second part of the program.

Such a contrast as the conductor obtained by presenting these two numbers together may be esthetically justifiable and it may not. But the combination

was impressive, if not wholly pleasing; and it brought up vividly the question as to the purpose and method of composers of the Bruckner type, who stand for orchestral assertion, or to put it in phraseology of the day, for musical egotism, as against the purpose and method of those, who, like Mozart, stand for contemplation. Every time one of the modern symphonies of large plan is performed, listeners are obliged to ask themselves what the bigness of it means, and to ask further, where it originated and what it is leading to. Now the assertion of the big idea they will find, if musical criticism and history have been correctly written, begins with Beethoven's "Eroica" symphony, or if not with that, then with his fifth symphony. It starts with that composer's discovering the availability of the development of short themes for expressive instead of for merely formal uses. And the most powerful representatives of the egotistical idea in music ever since have been those who knew best how to handle short themes. Berlioz is one of these. Liszt is the most resourceful of all. Bruckner is a diligent though not a profoundly inspired master in the number. Strauss is the most graphic and convincing. Mahler is the most fluent.

There have been composers who used the short theme in their writing but who are not of the egotists. Schubert and Schumann are of this number. The assertive quality does not necessarily inhere in the short theme, but it gets voiced chiefly thereby. It is forced to the front constantly in the seventh symphony of Bruckner, except in the beautiful lyrical passages of the slow movement. It is shouted in ascending scale by every brass instrument and echoed back in descending scale.

The Symphony orchestra has done its most magnificent work in the past decade in music of the assertive kind. It has made the doctrine of the short theme which Beethoven promulgated the rule of art. At this concert it summed up the points of that teaching with a mastery that left nothing unsaid. The program might have been more satisfactory as a whole if the second number had also represented the egotistical side of the argument. If contrast of epochs were wanted, Beethoven had been a more suitable classic than Mozart to go with Bruckner.

HOUR OF BRUCKNER.

Seventh Symphony Playsny Hall.
65 Minutes.

Messrs Witek and Ferir Soloists in 1915--16.
Mozart Piece.

ONY ORCHESTRA.

ICK, Conductor.

OGRAMME

ER 26, AT 2.30 P. M.

MBER 27, AT 8 P. M.

Y in E flat.

for VIOLIN and ORCHESTRA in D major,

asel," SYMPHONIC POEM for Full
to a Picture by A. Böcklin.

ist:

KREISLER

The program of the fifth Symphony concert consisted of but two pieces, lest some possibly should think it too short to be worth the cost, the management, the week before, had taken the precaution to insert a line, saying the length of the program would be one hour and 40 minutes.

None conversant with Bruckner's seventh symphony were apprehensive lest it be too brief. Not less than 65 minutes were necessary yesterday to complete the four movements. Is it worth it? Few, very few, are the symphonic works that last an hour, and three-quarters is enough for many that promise to live, and are called great.

Bruckner, naive child and pedantic German music master, left strangely conflicting pages. There are noble thoughts in this symphony, buried in long passages of bombastic rhetoric and tedious, unending repetitions. Of development there is little. Material is recalled again and again, with the persistence of a conscientious professor lecturing his class, not revitalized or transformed into new guises that stir the imagination, but quoted literally.

An honest mind that never plans little surprises, hidden retreats for its readers, nor invites into new paths of exploration, nor spreads before the vision some new arresting scene without revealing it all before. It is singularly obvious music, with a certain honest sentiment, but more fit for his disciples than a general public. To the simple-minded schoolmaster, the much prolonged climaxes closing the first and last movements with a monotonous persistence in the one unbroken tonality may have been grandeur. They were saved yesterday by the magnificent response of the basses, here as elsewhere, to Dr Muck's crescendo. The performance would have glorified any music, however dull.

The art of Mr Witek and Mr Ferir in Mozart's Concert Symphony for Violin and Viola (K op 364) played in its entirety for the first time in Boston, was as refreshing as the clear transparency of the music.

The program of next week will be one of unusual interest, including Mozart's E-flat symphony, Beethoven's concerto for violin and orchestra, Mr Kreisler, soloist, and Rachmaninoff's tone poem, "The Isle of the Dead," after Böcklin's painting.

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Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1915--16.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

Dr. KARL MUCK, Conductor.

SIXTH PROGRAMME

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 26, AT 2.30 P. M.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 27, AT 8 P. M.

MOZART,

SYMPHONY in E flat. (No. 3 of Breitkopf's
edition) K. 543

- I. Adagio. Allegro
 - II. Andante
 - III. Menuetto; Trio.
 - IV. Finale; Allegro
-

BEETHOVEN,

CONCERTO for VIOLIN and ORCHESTRA in D major,
op. 61.

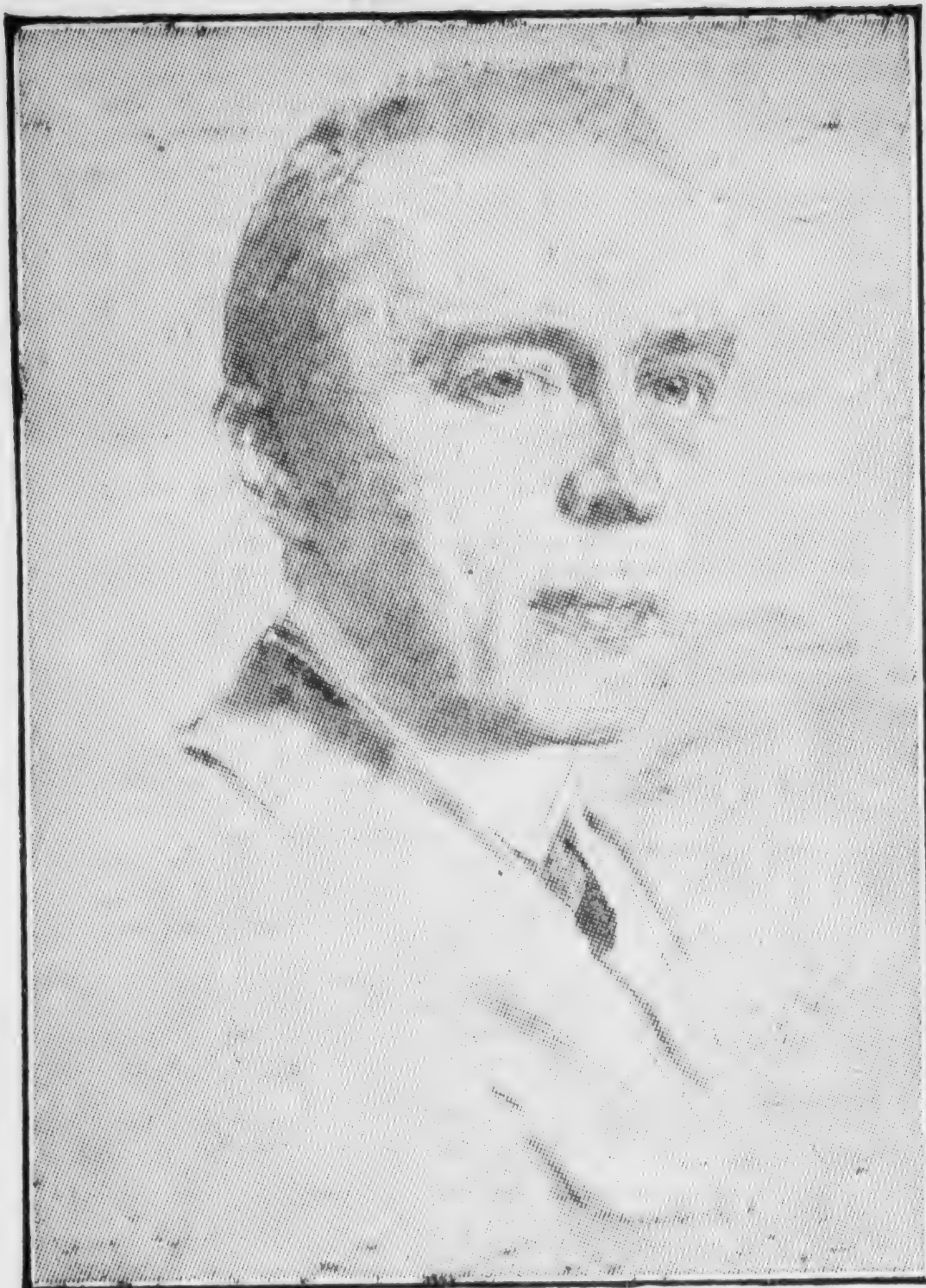
- I. Allegro, ma non troppo.
 - II. Larghetto
 - III. Rondo
-

RACHMANINOFF,

"Der Toteninsel," SYMPHONIC POEM for Full
ORCHESTRA to a Picture by A. Böcklin.

Soloist:

Mr. FRITZ KREISLER



(By Permission of the Russischer Musik-Verlag of Berlin)

Sergei Rachmaninov

(From the Drawing by Robert Sterl)

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT

Trans. — Nov. 27/16

FROM MOZART BY BEETHOVEN TO RACHMANINOV

Dr. Muck Revives the Russian's Tone-Poem, "The Isle of the Dead"—The Riddles and the Power of Music and Performance — Mr. Kreisler Plays Beethoven's Violin Concerto, and Orchestra, Conductor and Virtuoso Are as One—Mozart as Fore-Runner

DEEP in human nature lies the child-like or the dog-like impulse to believe that, however often a thing is refused, at last it will be granted. From the earliest times extra pieces for the "assisting artists" or the repetition of a purely orchestral number have been forbidden at the Symphony Concerts, except in the case of Mr. Paderewski. There is not a reason in the world why he should be permitted to play additional numbers that is not equally applicable to Mr. Kreisler, Mr. Bauer, Mr. Gabrilowitsch, Miss Farrar or any other "soloist" of the first rank. But in some bad old way the precedent became fixed and a management that waited twenty-five years before it struck the absurd word "rehearsal" from the designation of the afternoon concerts is not likely to abate Mr. Paderewski's privilege. He may pass for the exception that proves the rule, even though the applause of the audience yesterday showed clearly that no small part of it would have Mr. Kreisler also excepted. Time and again, after the violinist had played Beethoven's concerto, plaudits recalled him; time and again they subsided only to renew themselves now from one corner of the house and now from another in the fashion that every practiced concert-goer knows is the way of an audience when it obstinately wishes an extra piece. Of course it received none; and it is safe to say that Mr. Kreisler, being of discreet and modest temper, had no desire to thrust himself through rule and custom of the concerts. The insistence of the listeners, however, was curious and interesting to watch and there has been no parallel for it since the day in which another audience demanded a repetition of Chabrier's "España," and Dr. Muck, seemingly almost persuaded, actually turned back the pages of the score. He went no further, however, and the concert ran the orthodox course. Yesterday neither he nor Mr. Kreisler so much as faltered.

Both deserved the applause that the audience heaped upon them and still more the intentness with which it listened through-

out a long piece to violinist, conductor and band almost inextricably woven into the mutually containing web of Beethoven's music. For when Dr. Muck, Mr. Kreisler and the Symphony Orchestra play the concerto there is no thought—till long afterwards—of the constituent elements in the performance. Whether the conductor or the violinist chose the pace, for example, at which the movements were severally taken, no one hearing may say. The probabilities are that conductor and violinist, being alike finely-tempered, were at one in their notion of that which most fully and characteristically disclosed the music. Whether the ear of the conductor or the violinist was quickest with the perfect euphonies between the solo instrument and the other orchestral voices, is no more to be determined by any listener. A like instinct and skill with such refinements of tone probably prompted both, with the men of the orchestra adding their command of their particular instruments and their aptitude for such delicate beauty. All three, again, were at one in the exquisite body and the exquisite undulations of the tone that they made the voice of the music and all three were of like unity in every shading and every emphasis. The lightest detail of the concerto touched the ear; yet it moved throughout in flowing line and unbroken surface.

The plasticity and the coloring of Mr. Kreisler's tone, now light and bright and again deep and full, were hardly more moving to the ear than the lovely backgrounds that the wood-winds and the horns wrought for it. The embroidery of the string choir, when the music bade it so adorn the melody, was only a less beautiful tracery than the violinist's own. When there was transition, hardly an ear might say whether Dr. Muck or Mr. Kreisler was spinning it the more adroitly or whether it was conductor or virtuoso that was so artfully advancing a long crescendo or so alertly heightening the whole rhythm and motion of the music. Best of all, the twain were of one mind as to the substance and the style of the concerto. It is music that has charmed the ears and the sensibilities of men for a century and more by the happy invention of the melodies; the fancy with which they are developed and transformed; the diverse grace with which they are ornamented, the apt and unflagging ingenuity with which they display—to use a harsh word for what is really in the concerto a delicate process—the finer capacities of the virtuoso and of the conductor and the finer qualities of the violin and the orchestra that are their instruments. The concerto is not of the greater, the nobler, the heroic Beethoven; it is of Beethoven happy, fertile, lyric with a light, ingratiating and almost playful task. Scarcely any other of his surviving music so overflows with the charm that he could command no less than majesty.

Mozart, with the symphony in E-flat of his final years, seemed to lead the way into Beethoven's concerto in more senses than the mere relative position of the two pieces on the programme implied. Half the symphony at least is quick with a like mingling of charm and élan to that which flows out of the concerto. Mozart's minuet and trio are no more from one point of view than the conventional movement that orthodox procedure prescribed for the symphonies of the end of the eighteenth century. Yet how adroitly he distributes tonal light and shade in it—when there is the ear of a Muck to hear him—and how the abiding charm and the insinuating sentiment that set him apart from the rank and file of the composers of his day suffuse it. Is there not a like charm and sentiment, albeit scaled to a larger temperament and freer hand, in the Larghetto of the concerto? The finale to Mozart's symphony is all bright invention and light rhythmic energy and agility. The musical ideas return in cumulating repetitions; there are swirls of figures and foam of filigree. Here written fine is the pattern of the finale of the concerto written large.

Moreover, if the first two movements of the symphony—especially as Dr. Muck "read" them yesterday—were no prelude to the concerto, they foretold no less much that many another piece of Beethoven contains. Dr. Muck would have them no mere pattern-weaving in tones with charm and sentiment for their vesture and light energy for their propulsive power. The ear of Mozart himself might have rejoiced in the conductor's and the orchestra's distribution of tonal shadings and adroit emphasis through the slow movement; yet so doing by pace and accent and pervading and emanating mood Dr. Muck kept the Andante a brooding and troubled music—forerunner in its kind of the gravely contemplative slow movements that Beethoven was to write, discovering, almost, and then fulfilling the power of music to enchain the deeper and soberer emotions of men. Again, under Dr. Muck's vivid and vigorous hand, the first Allegro of the symphony moved with exciting energy of pace and rhythm, in bold contrasts, in incisive accents, in sweeps of full and ardent tone. It is hard to remember when it has been so intensified, when interplay of theme and counter-theme has had such emotional suggestion. Once again, there was clear foretaste of the expressive force and the passion of mood with which Beethoven was to make symphonic music puissant.

By no process that the music suggested was there any linking of Rachmaninov's tone-poem, "The Isle of the Dead," to Beethoven's concerto. It sufficed and moic as the contrasting and the relatively novel piece of a pleasurable programme. Once more, also, music and performance raised the old riddles and left them quite as

unanswered. Usually, a composer who is conductor, too, is less vivid and impressive with his own music than are other able and eloquent leaders. Strauss himself—a conductor of no mean parts—cheerfully admits that more than one director excels him in imaginative power and revealing force with his tone-poems and music-dramas. Yet Rachmaninov, conducting in "The Isle of the Dead," when the piece was first heard at the Symphony Concerts six years ago, made the music haunt ear and imagination as has none that has come after him with it. True, it was wholly new then; and the composer as a writer for orchestra was almost unknown to Bostonian ears. Yet even so he wrought his tone-picture at the beginning and at the end as has no other conductor hereabouts who has essayed the poem. Nobody expected that Mr. Fiedler would do much with such exacting music; everybody anticipated that Dr. Muck would rise high with it. He did; but not to the heights of pictorial and atmospheric suggestion that the composer himself attained in his tonal visioning of the isle that was sanctuary of solitude and stillness, where dead spirits lay at rest or walked ghostly.

Did not Dr. Muck take this delineative music of the opening and the closing of the tone-poem at a little too quick a pace to preserve quite the long, slow, unfolding and sea-like movement of it? Was he not a shade too preoccupied with the vivid details of instrumental and harmonic color that Rachmaninov has wrought upon it, like the lap-lap-lap of the little wavelets upon the silent shore, to deepen the uncanny atmosphere that exhales from this beginning and this end, of a gray and hidden place where neither light nor air nor leaf does ever stir, where nothing is that has life within it? Perhaps and perhaps. As of old, the conductor lacked neither the picturing imagination nor the heightening and the imparting resource that he has proved time and again with delineative music. Yet Rachmaninov invested his with a penetrating and haunting quality that Dr. Muck did not summon.

No more did Dr. Muck—or for that matter Rachmaninov himself—read the riddle of all that fills the tone-poem between picture and picture. Admittedly, it is thrilling music to hear—music that pierces ear and heart with its voice of longing, music that harries the listening spirit with the voice of tortured struggle, music that summons the old hymn of the end of all things, music that rises to heights and lays open depths of poignantly human feeling with poignantly human eloquence. But what has the Dies Irae and the visions that it evokes of the Christian heaven and the Christian hell to do with this pagan place where the dead abide in the eternal calm of solitude and stillness in chamber that no Judgment-Day as it seems, shall ever unlock? The isle of Boecklin's picture with its Charon-like ferryman is of no world of churches and sects.

Longing, that mounts in intenser and intenser accents cries out of the music. Do the souls of these pagan dead, taught to love life more dearly than aught that comes afterward, moan and pine for it in ghostly voices? Do they stir at last with the torture of the longing until they struggle with the stillness and solitude of their lifeless land? At the beginning of the tone-poem they are so encompassed; at the end such oblivion again descends upon them. A Dresdener, who knew Rachmaninov well when he dwelt in the Saxon capital, has so read the riddle of the tone-poem; but what, then, of the hint of the Dies Irae? Meanwhile the composer, as the French say, guards a silence. "We can all praise the players" observes the disconcerted host at the end of "Fanny's First Play," when the reviewers are variously "interpreting" Shaw's comedy. So we who listened yesterday with a hundred varying impressions may all praise the graphic beauty, the poignant power, the sustained eloquence, the high imagination and the instant illusion of Rachmaninov's tone-poem. Not too much music written in our time may stand beside it. H. T. P.

SIXTH CONCERT BY SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

Harold

Nov 27, '15

Rachmaninoff's "The Island of the Dead" a Feature of the Program.

By PHILIP HALE.

The sixth afternoon concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Muck, conductor, took place yesterday afternoon. The program was as follows: Mozart, Symphony in E flat major (K 543); Beethoven, Concerto for the violin (Mr. Kreisler, violinist); Rachmaninov, "The Island of the Dead."

If Arnold Boecklin's picture, "The Island of the Dead," had been in full view of the audience, many would have wondered how the composer of the symphonic poem written to it could have found in this picture some of the

thoughts that he expressed in tones. To most of us this sombre painting suggests infinite quiet, eternal rest.

Then star nor sun shall waken,
Nor any change of light;
Nor sounds of water shaken,
Nor any sound or sight:
Nor wintry leaves nor vernal
Nor days nor things diurnal;
Only the sleep eternal
In an eternal night.

The symphonic poem opens in a spirit all in harmony with the painter's expression. There is the "tranquil lapping of the water"; there is the thought of the island with its funereal trees and awful rocks; there is the mysterious figure near the coffin, standing as the ferryman rows as with muffled oars. This symphonic poem has been conducted here by the composer, Mr. Fiedler, and now Dr. Muck. When the composer conducted, the scene as painted by Boecklin was brought marvellously to the mind of the hearer. The mood was one of melancholy monotony, sustained, impressive, but never tiresome. Neither Mr. Fiedler nor Dr. Muck succeeded in giving this strange, indescribable impression of death, its quiet and loneliness.

This mood passes. There is not only a lament that rises to a frantic pitch; there is apparently the picture of the Last Great Day, with music that Puccini might have found for the torture chamber in "Tosca"; there is the sound of the dread hymn for the dead, the plain song, "Dies Irae" of the Holy Church. The music is powerful, dramatic if you please; but what has it to do with the moody Boecklin's picture?

It would be interesting to know how Rachmaninoff saw "The Island of the Dead." No two persons see a picture, a landscape, a seascape in exactly the same way. No two persons hear music in precisely the same manner. Yet two ordinary men would feel that Boecklin expressed the thought

That no life lives forever;
That dead men rise up never;
That even the weariest river
Winds somewhere safe to sea.

If there were to be a theme from the service for the dead, it should be the "Requiem Aeternam," not the "Dies Irae"; for what have wrath and terror to do with Boecklin's picture?

Behold, here is a mystery. Did Rachmaninoff conjure up thoughts of a frightful afterlife awaiting the passenger making the last journey? Was he obsessed by Poe's terrible tale "Silence"? What fired his imagination? He is a man of brains, and not merely musical brains. He is also a Russian. He gives no explanation. He simply points to the picture, in which he sees things not visible to the great majority.

This symphonic poem was played dramatically. While the symphony of Mozart had the serene beauty of a Grecian frieze. The last movement performed with great spirit and with a fine treatment of the charming chattering

might have been written by Mozart for his "Nozze di Figaro."

Mr. Kreisler, stormily applauded, repeated the remarkable performance of Beethoven's concerto which he gave three years ago this week. Yesterday, as then, the orchestral accompaniment, as led by Dr. Muck, was as remarkable as Mr. Kreisler's interpretation, upon which it is not necessary to dwell; an interpretation conspicuous for triumphant technic, and for an appreciation of the music that rose to devotion, which, however, was not slavish, but as if one master recognized another.

The program of the concerts next week will be as follows: Beethoven, Symphony in F major, "Pastoral"; Dukas, "The Sorcerer's Apprentice"; Smetana, symphonic poem "Vysehrad"; Enesco, Roumanian Rhapsody in A major, op. 11, No. 1.

FRITZ KREISLER'S GREAT SUCCESS

Adv. — Nov. 27/15
Symphony Concert Shows Sharp
Contrasts of Orchestral
Works

MOZART'S SYMPHONY AND RACHMANINOFF

Dr. Muck Reads Work With
Impressive Power—Sombre
Ending

By LOUIS C. ELSON

PROGRAMME

Mozart—Clarinet Symphony, E-flat.
Beethoven—Concerto for Violin.
Soloist, Mr. Fritz Kreisler.
Rachmaninoff—"The Isle of the Dead," Sym-
phonic Poem.

Dr. Muck delights in sharp contrasts. Almost invariably, if he gives a modern work, he also gives, immediately before or after it, an ultra-classical, extremely conservative composition. Yesterday afternoon this wide contrast existed between Mozart's symphony and Rachmaninoff's great tone picture. The contrast at times was as great as that between Richardson's "Clarissa Harlowe," and Poe's "Fall of the House of Usher," in literature. Yet Mozart's E-flat symphony was considered a very advanc-

ed work in its day. It introduced the clarinette into the symphonic orchestra for the first time.

The clarinette, rather crude and undeveloped, and known in England as the "Shawm," was experimented with by Handel (the Richard Strauss of the 18th century) just once, in his "Richard I", and then dismissed as useless. All the clarinette passages that one hears in the works of Bach and Handel, with this single exception, have been written by later composers. The beautiful clarinette passages in "The Messiah" are by Mozart. In his day the instrument was somewhat improved and he determined to use it in symphony also.

At that time the wood-wind was always in three parts—flutes, oboes and bassoons. Holding to this three-part arrangement in this symphony, Mozart banishes the oboes and gives the middle part to the then new instrument. But he does not yet completely understand the clarinette. The glory and the weird character of its lower register (called the Chalumeau) was only fully revealed later on, in the works of Mendelssohn and Weber, and their comprehension of the instrument was chiefly due to their friendship with Heinrich Joseph Baermann (grandfather of the late Prof. Carl Baermann), who was the first great performer upon the instrument. Even Beethoven did not understand the possibilities of this instrument, the king of the woodwind.

Of the performance of the work there is nothing new to be said. To perform a Mozart symphony interestingly is not so easy as one may imagine. In such simplicity there must be perfection of shading, perfect phrasing, the best of ensemble, for little faults stand out more clearly here than in an over-swollen modern work. There were no faults to condone in the interpretation of yesterday afternoon, and the work was made virile and forcible instead of presenting a sweet and effeminate Mozart, as lesser conductors sometimes do. Yet we do not warm to the Mozart Symphonies (always excepting the G minor and "Jupiter") as we do to the more jovial, light and prattling works of Haydn. The first and last movements, however, were very effective in this performance, and there was great applause at the end. In this concert, for once the tail wagged the dog, the soloist was a greater attraction than the orchestra. The symphonic character was, however, not disturbed by this, since Beethoven's violin concerto is really a symphony with a thread of violin

obligato interwoven. It is by far the greatest of all violin concertos, and to hear it played, as this greatest of all living violinists plays it, was something really inspiring.

It demands breadth and power which with any but a full-fledged artist easily descends into vehemence. How those four repeated notes of the first movement resounded in the orchestra and solo part! They are more impressive even than the four-noted figure of the fifth symphony, of which Beethoven said—"That's the way that Destiny knocks at the door!" And yet, they tell the story in Vienna, that Beethoven got the idea of this figure from a drunken man who was pounding at a door in his street, having been locked out at a late hour; the same four knocks were afterwards used by Schubert in his C major symphony.

The first movement is the nub of the work. The final Rondo is a falling off, even when it is as brilliantly played as Mr. Kreisler gave it at this concert. This is the case also with the finale of Beethoven's "Emperor" piano-concerto, and with his Heroic Symphony. He seems often to play his trump card first, in his cycle forms. But even with this reservation the work was gloriously effective from beginning to end; Beethoven's second best is better than any other concerto-writer's very best, and Kreisler's abandon, elasticity and power, were seconded by Dr. Muck and the orchestra in an ensemble that was altogether commendable. It was true music again, in the days when we are getting a great deal of false music. Naturally the solo artist awakened great enthusiasm. He was recalled again and again, and the spontaneous tribute was fully deserved. We were sorry, however, to see a few uninformed auditors in the second gallery try to force an encore, which is entirely against the rule of these dignified concerts.

A word must be added regarding the cadenza of the first movement. It was an excellently constructed one and was played with incomparable beauty and delicacy.

The final number of this enjoyable programme was also something to grow enthusiastic over. Rachmaninoff's "Isle of the Dead" is one of the most worthy of modern compositions. Familiarity here by no means breeds contempt, but reveals new beauties at each hearing. Such a work as Tschalkowsky's "Pathetic Symphony" reveals all that it has to say at the first audition and grows somewhat

weaker thereafter, but such works as Bruckner's seventh symphony, Strauss' "Death and Transfiguration" or this "Isle of the Dead," only grow stronger with repetitions.

We wish that the auditor might have in his hand a photograph of Boecklin's picture, when listening to the music inspired by it. The utter loneliness and the solemn gloom suggested in the painting are well translated into tones. That impressive ground-bass, which is carried on so long in picturesque monotony, does not suggest the splash of waves so much as the sweep of the oars, and one thinks of Tennyson's lines in "Elaine,"

"And the dead, steered by the dumb,
Went upwards with the flood."

But Rosenthal's painting, which grew out of these lines, is not as impressive as Boecklin's work. There is simplicity, too, in some of the construction of Rachmaninoff's music, and the ground-bass alluded to above can almost be reduced to tonic and dominant chords. The control of rhythm which the composer displays might be a lesson to some of his contemporaries.

Dr. Muck read the work with impressive power. It made rather a sombre ending to the concert, especially for the Thanksgiving time, but it was well worth hearing again. It is so seldom that one can welcome something genuine and lofty in the music of most recent days that "The Isle of the Dead" should always be welcome.

REMARKABLE CONCERT AT SYMPHONY HALL

Globe — Nov. 27/15
Kreisler Plays Memorably
in Beethoven Concerto.

Dr Muck and Orchestra Give Moving
Performance of "Isle of Death."

The Symphony concert yesterday afternoon was a remarkable one from among others which might be singled out in memory.

A violinist, a conductor and an orchestra—all supreme in their own name, contributed to one of those rare occasions when a soloist does not seem an intru-

sion, an extraneous element introduced as a sop to public favor which must have personalities.

The Mozart Symphony prepared the way for the Beethoven violin concerto. When Mr. Kreisler appeared he was greeted with uncommon warmth and enthusiasm, with a note of possession not given to the casual soloist. The demonstration at the close extended to five, or was it six, recalls before the emotional stimulus he had projected returned in waves of admiration and appreciation to break about his feet. Yet the continuity of the program was not lost. The concerto was marvelously organic in its beauty. The frame was hardly less majestic than the picture. It was as a drama of noble thoughts related in symphonic form, with one glorified voice lifted over all.

Rachmaninoff's symphonic poem after Boecklin's famous picture, "The Island of the Dead," did not suffer by reason of comparison.

Each repeated hearing deepens the admiration for this score as a web of symphonic development. How salient the ideas, how skillfully they are employed so that the development in intensity should be a cumulative, an inevitable, never an obvious thing. Whether or not the hearer chooses to contemplate the picture which enchains the eye and sends the mind released upon the wing of fancy, this music exerts a spell and defines, as do few modern scores, those intangible boundaries among which plays the vision of the soul.

It is not the amazingly varied use of the theme of the "Dies Irae" alone, in its awe inspiring accents, and in colors both in harmonic scheme and in instruments, that give the character of infinity, of that region in thought or in space from which the material is excluded. Silence, impenetrable, save the occasional visits of the lonely boatmen and their burdens for the sepulcher, broods over the rocks, the waves and the tall cypress trees. There is a spiritual essence, a perception of things unseen in this work which sets it apart.

The performance was one which preserved its introspective character, avoiding the obvious, yet mindful of the fearful intensity into which its very passivity finally is welded. There was dramatic force, but not without suppression. In euphony the orchestra was incomparable.

Of Mr. Kreisler there is nothing to be said, beyond what all know of his matchless art. Few will conceive of more consummate beauty from a violin, or more nobly beautiful conception of this concerto.

KREISLER HEARD WITH SYMPHONY

Post — Nov. 29/15

Memorable Performance of Beethoven's Concerto

BY OLIN DOWNES

Fritz Kreisler played the Beethoven violin concerto at the public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Karl Muck conductor, yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The plain statement is equivalent to a great deal, especially to those who heard Mr. Kreisler's memorable performance of the same work, three seasons ago, in the same place.

The nobility of the performance yesterday afternoon was not dimmed by the memory of the previous interpretation, and for once the presence of a solo on a programme of orchestral music was neither incongruous nor distasteful to the most serious musicians present.

BEETHOVEN'S SPIRIT FELT

The greatness of the Beethoven concerto itself gives it precedence over nearly every other work of which we know, in this form. The violinist of yesterday in interpreting it stood at the right hand of the composer, and Dr. Muck, who conducted a remarkable accompaniment, was certainly stationed on the other. Orchestra, conductor and soloist co-operated in a wonderful ensemble, and once more there was felt the presence of the spirit of Beethoven.

Other details of an engrossing concert were the familiar symphony in E flat of Mozart, and Rachmaninoff's singular tone-poem, "The Isle of the Dead," after the well-known picture of Boecklin. The performance of the symphony was as nearly ideal as the performance of any symphony of Mozart could be when given by a modern orchestra of symphonic proportions. In technical finish, beauty of coloring and an emotional quality not denied to the Mozart of the symphonies, any more than to the composer of "Don Giovanni" or "The Marriage of Figaro," this performance was a beacon light of what a performance of a Mozart symphony should be. The audience appreciated the character of the performance, and finally the orchestra was called to its feet to bow with the conductor.

Mr. Kreisler's Eloquence

Mr. Kreisler's playing of the concerto was as remarkable for its classic line and its purity of style as for its searching eloquence and mastery. This violinist has been accused in some quarters of a tendency to sentimentalize. To such a charge the performance of yesterday would have been all the answer necessary. Nothing could have been warmer and yet more restrained, nothing more filled with inner fire, but symphonic in its manner, and as relentless as a good symphony or a fugue in its march toward completion. Noteworthy, too, were the cadenzas, which are superb examples of a composer's skill. The walk of the motives in the cadenza for the first movement, the Beethovenish spirit of the violinist's contribution, completed the effect.

The performance of Rachmaninoff's tone poem again demonstrated the fact that a piece of music, well composed, will stand on its own legs pretty firmly, for Dr. Muck's reading, effective as it was, was in many respects directly responsible to the intention of the composer. Not that it lacked coherence or effect, not that it failed to move the audience. It was an exceptionally dramatic reading, and a perfectly coherent presentation of the music. Nor does one's reservation lie in the fact that the conductor's tempi were faster than those taken by the composer when he was in Boston, and also faster, in many places, than the score indicated.

A Subtle Difference

No! The difference was far more subtle, and lay in the different outlooks of two wholly different personalities, which may never hope to be reconciled.

First, the spirit of this music, one is fain to believe, is far more contemplative, introspective than dramatic or in any way theatrical. It is not more Tchaikowskian gloom which fills this music. It is music rather of mysticism and resignation, rather the expression of one who stands a little to one side on the highway of life, and understands and pities, rather than one still in the grip of the passions.

When the composer conducted this piece in Boston some seasons ago, it was discovered that the scoring was intended for purpose of subdued coloring rather than for brilliant climaxes, and instead of three climaxes, as yesterday, there was one great climax.

Dr. Muck's conception was dramatic and concrete. This music is music of reflection rather than action, suggestion rather than assertion. It was too effective a performance! It thus left something to be desired!

RACHMANINOFF WORK REVIVED BY KARL MUCK

Monitor — Nov. 27/15
Music of Russian Composer on Program With Symphony of Mozart and Concerto of Beethoven—Fritz Kreisler Soloist

SYMPHONY HALL.—Sixth program of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Karl Muck conductor; presented on the afternoon of Nov. 26; Mozart, symphony in E flat (No. 3 of Breitkopf's edition), K 543; Beethoven, concerto for violin and orchestra in D major, op. 61 Rachmaninoff, "Der Toteninsel," symphonic poem after the picture by A. Böcklin. Soloist, Fritz Kreisler.

Something made the whole audience, or within a very few persons of the whole, sit through to the close of the concert. This beneficent something cannot easily be determined; but whatever it was, a great advance in the cause of music in the community will result if it can be made operative every time. Perhaps it was the legend inserted in the program book the week before, notifying the subscribers that the length of time required to perform the selections would be one hour and 45 minutes; for since people were enabled to fix their afternoon engagements with precision, they may have found staying in to the end just as convenient as going out early. Or it may have been the interest of the Rachmaninoff revival. Better still, it may have been a growing opinion in the Symphony public that the concerts are worth hearing from first note to last, together with a growing acceptance of the idea that the success of all orchestral interpretation depends on the effort the listening group intelligently and conscientiously united to that of the performing group. Another possibility is that the conductor here provided a type of program that better suits the temperament of the community than the

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and not particularly important piece to conclude with. For who knows but that portion of the audience which has been taking penultimate leave, was glad of an opportunity to commend a program that developed the sonorities of the orchestra to a climax instead of leading them the other way? Criticism by exit is far less usual than it was two decades ago at the Symphony concerts. But it will still assert itself when programs are retrogressive—when, for example, a list of works conveying an impressive idea is selected and then is added to by a repertory overture which only serves a perfunctory purpose of contrast or merely gives good measure for ticket money.

If the unwonted devotion of the house to its task of listening was owing to curiosity about the symphonic poem on the Böcklin painting, "The Island of the Dead," it is good evidence that the composer has retained the influence which he established when he visited the city six years ago. Mr. Rachmaninoff was accepted at that time as a representative of the international idea in art, though of the Russian school of music; as a cosmopolite, though from Moscow. His work was almost regarded as a proof of the doctrine that art knows no political boundaries and recognizes no racial distinctions. But when his music, both under his own conducting and under that of Max Fiedler, was carefully considered, it was found to be bi-national rather than non-national.

It was found to be the writing of a Russian with strong leanings toward a German style. And this conclusion seems as valid today as ever, except that the bi-national might be extended to tri-national. For the "Island of the Dead," as read by Dr. Muck, had as much French as German admixture. It made acknowledgments to Debussy no less than to Strauss. It had a sound as kindred with the "Afternoon of a Faun" as with "Death and Transfiguration." In its method of representing scenery it was as a work from Paris; in its manner of indicating character and action, it was as one from Berlin. The Russian of it appeared in its sentiment. As played at this concert, it was full of surprises and ironies that made its somberness seem at times very like good nature. It constantly let tendencies to melancholy assert themselves but suppressed them be-

fore they became extreme. And so, while in its formalities it contained reminders of western Europe, in feeling it was of the soil of the steppes.

The conductor had the attitude of one who is determined to set the music forth at its full value, just as he had the day when another Russian composer, Rimsky-Korsakoff, was represented at the concerts. He took account of the depth and richness of the instrumental coloring in the "Island of the Dead" as shrewdly as he did of the external and lustrous coloring in the "Antar" symphony two weeks before. The responsibility he took in the case of Rachmaninoff indicated diligent preparation. But it in no way affected unfavorably his readings in the rest of the program. For as on the occasion when "Antar" was performed the whole afternoon's work was of surpassing excellence. The Mozart symphony was interpreted with a fine regard for its dignity as well as for its charm. The pace was moderate and all the players were accordingly expected to execute their notes with cleanness and strength. The tone of the orchestra was large for Mozart, no doubt, especially in the strings but it was so limpid and pure that everything was in proper balance. The light wind instruments had their correct value in relation to the violins.

The solo number was a great delight to the audience, but not in a way to overshadow the rest of the program. Mr. Kreisler and Dr. Muck gave a strictly symphonic presentation of the Beethoven work and listeners could hardly regard the soloist as a visitor but were compelled to think of him as only another member of the orchestral group. There was something fortunate in the placing of Mozart's E flat symphony and the Beethoven violin concerto together. They represent a moment when the two composers thought strikingly alike.

NOTABLY FINE CONCERT GIVEN BY THE SYMPHONY

Traveler ———— Nov. 27, 1915

An exceptionally attractive program given in the orchestra's best vein and a soloist in Fritz Kreisler, who has no peer, provided one of the best concerts

of the season in Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon. The program was: Mozart, Symphony in E flat major (K 543); Beethoven, Concerto for the violin; Rachmaninoff, "The Island of the Dead."

The Mozart symphony, while falling short of the composer's best, is ever interesting. Opinions differ as to the merits of the four movements, with the first movement carrying the weight of favor. All four gave noticeable pleasure, the audience recalling Dr. Muck at the close until he had the players stand in their places. It was evident, however, that the audience was chiefly interested in the soloist. All wanted to hear Mr. Kreisler and the orchestra in the great Beethoven work. Such playing as was enjoyed yesterday afternoon can only be heard where soloist, conductor and orchestra are peerless. It was simply wonderful. Naturally enough the soloist was forced to acknowledge the applause many times between the two movements and recalled at the close of the selection.

Great as was the Beethoven number it did not dwarf the grand Rachmaninoff symphonic poem. Dr. Muck left nothing to be desired in the reading of this masterpiece. It afforded such pleasure that the audience recalled the conductor to the stage at the close of the concert, a rather rare event.

Boston Symphony Orchestra

The Boston Symphony orchestra goes on its monthly tour the coming week, giving concerts in Philadelphia, Washington, Baltimore, New York and Brooklyn. At all of these concerts, Fritz Kreisler, violinist, will be the soloist, playing Tchaikowsky's concerto in Baltimore and Washington, the Beethoven concerto at the evening concert in New York and in Philadelphia, the Brahms concerto in Brooklyn and Viotti's concert in A-minor in New York Saturday afternoon. The Bruckner seventh symphony will be played in Philadelphia and New York. The orchestra gives its first pension fund concert in Symphony hall on the afternoon of Sunday, Dec. 12, presenting the Tchaikowsky fifth symphony, the Rossini "William Tell" overture, the Delibes "Sylvia" music and the Strauss "Blue Danube" waltz.

The program of the Boston concerts on Dec. 10 and 11 is as follows: Beethoven, sixth symphony ("Pastoral"); Dukas, "Sorcerer's Apprentice"; Smetana, "Vysehrad" symphonic poem; Enesco, Rumanian rhapsody.

ny Hall.

1915--16.

ONY ORCHESTRA.

ICK, Conductor.

PROGRAMME

ER 10, AT 2.30 P. M.

MBER 11, AT 8 P. M.

Y in F major, No. 6, "Pastoral"

rer's Apprentice"

NIC POEM, "Vysehrad"

AN RHAPSODY, in A major, op. 11, No. 1

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Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1915--16.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

Dr. KARL MUCK, Conductor.

SEVENTH PROGRAMME

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 10, AT 2.30 P. M.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 11, AT 8 P. M.

BEETHOVEN,

SYMPHONY in F major, No. 6, "Pastoral" op. 68.

I. Awakening of serene impressions on arriving in the country: Allegro ma non troppo,

II. Scene by the brookside: Andante molto moto.

III. Jolly gathering of the country folk: Allegro. In tempo d' allegro. Thunder-storm: Tempest: Allegro.

IV. Shepherds' Song; Gladsome and thankful feelings after the storm: Allegretto.

DUKAS,

"L'Apprenti Sorcier" "The Sorcerer's Apprentice"
(after a Ballad by Goethe.)

SMETANA,

SYMPHONIC POEM, "Vysehrad" No. 1 of the
Cycle, "Ma Vlast" ("My Country")

ENESCO,

RHAPSODIE ROUMAINE, in A major, op. 11, No. 1

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT

Dec 11, 1915

A LIGHT PROGRAMME OF AGREEABLE MUSIC

The Distinctions of Performance That Glorified It—Dukas's Tonal Tale in Perfection of Vivid Detail—Enesco's Fiery Rhapsody of Folk-Tune—Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony as a "Disposition of the Soul"

TOO much goes for granted with the public of the Symphony Orchestra. At the end of the concert yesterday afternoon the audience departed highly pleased with a light programme of familiar pieces, easily comprehensible and readily entertaining—Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony, Dukas's Scherzo of "The Sorcerer's Apprentice," Smetana's tone-poem of the fallen Bohemian citadel, "Vysehrad," and one of Enesco's whirling Roumanian Rhapsodies: Repertory pieces all, as orchestral repertoires run nowadays, but by no means played as such pieces often fare. It has been said—and not altogether justly—that Dr. Muck would rather polish to the last pitch of revealing and imparting perfection the performance of music with which he and the band are familiar than turn their mutual prowess into new and untried fields. It may also be true that the conductor puts on his programmes fewer novel numbers, especially by rising composers, than many of his hearers reasonably desire. On the other hand, it is in no spirit of sloth or of finicking pre-occupation that he likes to refine—or in some instances to enlarge—upon such music as that of Dukas's Scherzo or of Enesco's Rhapsody.

Never has the tonal anecdote of the apprentice's adventures with the magic broom been told in our concerts with such clarity, precision and impeccable adjustment of harmonic, instrumental and rhythmic details as it was yesterday. Not a few may have been only for expert ears; but even casual listeners must have suspected that the mysterious voice and premonition of the music at the beginning; the working of the charm in the main body of the Scherzo as an inevitable and irresistible force; the perturbation, the relief and the final lifting of the spell—the serio-comic illusion of the whole, stimulating as so much music, fascinating as so much tonal suggestion and tonal narrative—sprang from a performance that far transcended routine.

Again, in Enesco's Rhapsody, what might easily seem rather monotonous repetitions and rehandlings of a few motives from Roumanian folk-song, Dr. Muck, by diversifying skill and intensifying imagination, transforms into flights of bravura in-

toxicating to hear. He modulates acutely and tinglingly; he makes shrewd play with suspensive pauses; he heightens color; he raises or diminishes emphases; he breaks or sustains rhythm. So played the Rhapsody sounds as though Enesco were pouring out the heady wine of Balkan folk-song—a vineyard in which few but him have begun to work—mixing it with the biting spice of instrumental coloring and orchestral virtuosity and finally heating the brew over the hot fires of stinging rhythms. Music that lacks seriousness as the mediocrities say, because they are prone, perhaps from long meditation over their own music, to confuse that useful quality with dullness. Music that lacks development that is no more than decked and re-decked iteration, cry the learned pundits with scorn in their voices.

Yet by this time, most of us know that Enesco is fertile of means and method and that he is wise enough and resourceful enough to choose and follow his own procedure. Color and reiteration best serve his purpose in the rhapsody; when counterpoint and development are more serviceable to his musical design he is expert with them. Moreover, there is an artistry of repetition in this music of native wildness, barely bridled for the concert-room, that these same pundits and mediocrities are prone to overlook—the artistry that makes it whip ear and sensation until they tingle with these snapping rhythms, glow with this hot fire of speech and catch and crouch with the orchestra at the suspensive pauses that send it whirling more swiftly onward. Enesco knows this goading artistry that in him and in this particular rhapsody is half Roumanian instinct and half Viennese and Parisian sophistication. In general, it is the secret of the transformation of the wilder folk-music into an art-music that keeps the original thrill. Liszt knew it and applied it when he wrote his Hungarian rhapsodies.

Similarly, conductor and orchestra did much for Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony. By this time most of those that hear it care little for the pictorial element in the music. They do not pursue the purling brook through the Andante as they are wont to do through certain passages in "The Creation" by ingenious old Haydn. They do not listen for the sounds of the village musicians in the course of the scherzo. Tonal lightnings and thunders have long been commonplaces of music. There is no need of either shepherd's songs or hymns of thanksgiving to savor the upswelling of one of Beethoven's finales. It may even be suspected that most auditors yesterday cared not one pin whether Beethoven was fortunate enough to see and feel nature with the eyes and the temper of Mr. d'Indy and so gain the approval of a chapter in a monograph that more extols Beethoven the more closely he approaches the ideals and the ways of the eminent Parisian himself. Usually Beethoven's

delineation in the Pastoral Symphony is so transparently clear and so savory in momentary suggestion that the hearer takes hardly a passing thought of it. Rather he listens to an absolute music that is born of what Rubinstein aptly called "the disposition of the composer's soul."

Beethoven, writing the symphony, was minded to instrumental song as fresh of melody, as flowing of fancy, as fecund in serene grace upon serene grace, as luminous as the day and as warm as sunshine and so he made the first movement. Attuned to as serene, fanciful and graceful a reverie, he wrote the second movement of tranquil and songful musing. He made merry in the scherzo with his rustic dances, because such was his "disposition of soul" whereas it ran sometimes to rough and even fierce play with these bold and pounding rhythms. The thunderstorm, even to this day, is a little feat of ingenious interweaving of delineation into a symphonic web. The finale is Beethoven tranquilly and not turbulently exultant. If musing wanderings in the woods about Vienna quickened to him these moods, impulses and inventions, if his whole reflective love for the face and the suggestion of nature was background, as it were, to them, so much the better for the woods. But without "the disposition of the soul" and of such a soul as Beethoven's, the Pastoral Symphony would hardly have been written. It is music of the spirit and not music of the scene.

Moreover, it was the disposition of the composer's soul that Dr. Muck most regarded as he read and released the music from the page. He kept the picturing to due place in the symphonic scheme as glance, incident and detail rather than as the reason for the being of the music. Yet, now and then, he pointed it unobtrusively as in the vivacity of his rhythms in the dances of the scherzo and his stilling and darkening of the tonal mass as the storm approaches. These touches were but the habitual play of his quick imagination and imparting skill beside the beauty of sustained yet diversified song in which he clothed the Andante. The pace that he chose exactly accorded with the gentle yet spirited flow of the music; his rhythm gave the current as incessant yet as gentle a motion; about it rippled the ornament with which each virtuoso of the band, especially in the wind-choir is past master; around the whole was the loveliness of tonal color, now radiant and now rich that his ear exacts from the orchestra and that its skill with its several instruments and its feeling for them and for music, gives back to him.

The whole summoned and sustained a soft and luminous beauty that was as truly "a disposition of soul" in the conductor as it was in Beethoven's self. He too, knows the suggestion of the countryside, and similarly answers spiritually to it. Otherwise he might not have so infused

the first Allegro with the serene radiance, the changeless freshness of this music of quickened being in light, air, stillness and sunshine. Yet so moved, he was as expert as is his wont in the choice and the application of every means that would heighten the illusion of the music. Therein indeed abides the unique virtue of Dr. Muck and the Symphony Orchestra. They make their skill the servant of their sensibility; they make their proficiency the means to their poetry and they hold both in the exactest of balance. They have a mind as well as technique; they command the beauty of sound that imparts the beauty of idea, emotion and imagination.

Smetana's tone-poem, as he wrote it and as the conductor and the orchestra played it, was all in the day's work besides this music of Dukas, Enesco and Beethoven and beside such performance of their pieces. It all seems efficiently and effectively imagined and accomplished and "poem" though the title labels it, neither orchestra nor audience may go much beyond its plain prose. There is sound of the solitary and invoking harp; tonal visioning of the ancient stronghold in the days of the ancient pomps that filled it; tonal strife and lament to cloud the vision. The music shatters itself and the castle slowly and chromatically; the pomps of rejoicing become the pomps of mourning by ingenious and even imaginative transformation; the desolate harp shivers into silence. Yes; "Vysehrad" was the one piece of the day to be taken for granted and the loyal performance was like to it. H. T. P.

SYMPHONY GIVES 7TH CONCERT

Attains Full Expression of Beethoven's Message in His "Pastoral."

By PHILIP HALE.

The seventh concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Muck, conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The concert will be repeated this evening. The program was as follows:

Symphony No. 6, "Pastoral".....Beethoven
The Sorcerer's Apprentice.....Dukas
VysehradSmetana
Roumanian Rhapsody No. 1.....Enesco

This program of familiar pieces was well arranged. There was variety;

there were contrasts; there was brilliant and poetical orchestral performance; there was no "soloist" to disturb the occasion.

Those accustomed to unimaginative interpretations, who had come to the conclusion that the pastoral symphony is a good deal of a bore and nodded by the side of the brook until aroused by the merry peasants with their heavy feet in the dance and by the village musicians, should have been in Symphony Hall yesterday. We have never heard the first movement played with such clarity, such June-like freshness, with coloring that brought to mind the sky with clouds like cotton bales, the grass that is "the handkerchief of the Lord," and the dreams and visions of a summer day. Here was the full expression of Beethoven's own indication: "Awakening of serene impressions on arriving in the country." The following Andante, often unbearable because the conductor chooses a sluggish pace for the sake of "great expression," was for once not too long. There was uncommon vitality in the Scherzo. The Thunder storm was admirably managed and the shepherd's song of thanksgiving did not sound as though it were written for chorus and cabinet organ.

Some think that "The Sorcerer's Apprentice" has sadly aged. True, it is nearly twenty years old, and a mass of music composed within this period of time and once thought important, if not epoch-making, has been buried, and the efforts of excavators and resurrectionists have been in vain; no one wishes the corpses. To us this Scherzo is still fresh and brilliant, but as absolute, not program music. We can find little portrayal of the incidents in Goethe's poem, nor unless we were informed beforehand would we, listening to the music, think for a moment of Goethe's ballad or Lucian's prose. Over a hundred years ago one Boye wrote a little book entitled "Musical Expression Put in the Class of Chimeras." He maintained, for example, that if the words "I have found my Eurydice" were sung to Gluck's famous air, the expression of the music would be the same; and he also argued that the music characterized as most expressive is the most wearisome. This book was answered by one Le Febvre. We have not read his reply. Replies are generally slow in arriving and are often unconvincing, especially to those who do not wish to be convinced. There is sense in Boye's book, which is worth a translation and the publication, if only as a curiosity.

Will any one who has heard this Scherzo several times put his hand on his heart and swear that the introductory measures transport him to the Sorcerer's room, that he afterwards sees and hears the magic broom at work, the flood of water pouring in?

The intrinsic merits of this music are not affected by the absence or the presence of the title. The Pastoral symphony would suggest to the sensitive

pleasant thoughts, probably of country scenes and life, if it were not dubbed "pastoral," nor is there need of a printed program to persuade the hearer that certain pages portray a thunder storm. But to show a magic broom set in motion with dire results by a sorcerer's apprentice is another matter. Fortunately we can enjoy the music of Dukas as a scherzo without invoking the magic name and the Olympian presence of Goethe.

Smetana's symphonic poem inspired by the thought of past glory and present downfall is still bardic in its simplicity, noble in its mournfulness.

Solomon! where is thy throne? It is gone in the wind.

Babylon! where is thy night? It is gone in the wind.

Like the swift shadows of Noon, like the dreams of the Blind

Vanish the glories and pomps of the earth in the wind.

This verse of Rueckert's might stand below the printed preface in Smetana's score.

The Philharmonic Society of New York will play next week the whole of Smetana's cycle, "My Country," of which "Vysehrad" is the first tone poem. "Tabor" and "Blanik" have not been performed in Boston, and "Sarka" has not been heard for 20 years. The performance of the whole cycle at one concert may be too much of a good thing, except to hearers of Bohemian birth or ancestry.

Enesco's Rhapsody has been played here at least three times. Are the other two rhapsodies equally interesting by their effects of rhythm and color?

The program of the concerts next week is as follows: Debussy, La Mer; Tchaikowsky, Concerto for Piano No. 1 (Miss Ruth Deyo, pianist); Haydn, Symphony in E-flat (B. and H. No. 1).

At the concerts of Dec. 24 and 25, Carpenter's suite, "Adventures in a Perambulator," and an organ concerto by Rheinberger will be performed.

DUKAS' WORK BY SYMPHONY

Post Dec. 11
"The Sorcerer's Apprentice" Given Hearing

BY OLIN DOWNES

There was no soloist at the public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Karl Muck, conductor, yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The orchestra played Beethoven's sixth symphony, Dukas' orchestral scherzo, "The Sorcerer's Apprentice"; Smetana's symphonic poem, from the cycle,

"My Fatherland," "Vysehrad," and Enesco's First Roumanian Rhapsody in A major.

No doubt the performance of Beethoven's symphony was eloquent, whatever one's opinion of the symphony itself may be. The performance of Dukas' amazingly witty scherzo was heavy handed. The instrumentation of Dukas, which should sparkle and flash like electricity, sounded at times heavy and thick, and the rhythm of the work seemed despotically regular until the extreme acceleration toward the end. The noble work of Smetana made again a profound impression, and it was well performed. Enesco's rhapsody is not, frankly speaking, worth the paper it is printed on, in a heroic spirit. The music, which in the time of Dvorak's youth would have been called fresh and pleasing is now "old hat." The reiteration of Roumanian dance tunes becomes monotonous. The audience was cordial and applauded for a long time.

SYMPHONY CONCERT *ad. Dec. 11 1915* CONSERVATIVE

BEETHOVEN'S "PASTORAL"
BEGINNING OF SCHOOL

Orchestral Humor Followed by
Majesty of Smetana and
Enesco's Turbulence
By LOUIS C. ELSON

PROGRAMME
Beethoven—"Pastoral" Symphony.
Dukas—"The Sorcerer's Apprentice."
Smetana—"Vysehrad." Symphonic Poem.
Enesco—Rumanian Rhapsody.

Not so long ago a battle was going on between programme music and absolute music. The victory has been won, in the present generation, by programme music, possibly because of the influence of Richard Strauss and Debussy. Programme music is instrumental music, which, by means of its title, or by printed notes upon the programme, gives a definite picture. Absolute music is that which deals with emotions and attempts nothing definitely pictorial. Richard Strauss once told the son of the present reviewer that he believed that every composer had a definite picture in his mind when he was creating a work, in which case we would like to know what pictures were in Bach's

cranium when he wrote his fugues or his two-part inventions!

In spite of the fact that programme-music existed in ancient Greece, we may consider Beethoven's "Pastoral" symphony the beginning of the school, the first large classical instrumental form which tried for pictorial effects, although Berlioz soon after evolved the broad modern vein of instrumental picture-painting. It was interesting therefore to hear the beginning of a school that has captured the entire modern musical camp. It was interesting also to note that Beethoven distrusted the new idea, as he proved by labelling his first movement—"More a picture of emotions than picture-painting." But he seems to have gotten entirely over his doubts by the time he arrived at the second movement, for from the Andante to the end of the symphony the picture-painting is as definite as he can make it, even the poultry by the brook ("Quail, Cuckoo and Nightingale") being definitely labelled, while the village dance, with a country band playing, the subsequent row among the dancers, the thunder-storm and the Thanksgiving after it, are realistic touches of the most vivid character.

One or two points may be especially noted. Beethoven gives the jolliest practical joke, in the third movement, that was ever practiced in symphony, when he portrays a poor musician whose instrument has only three notes left on it, and who plays those three notes (F, C, F.) whenever he can squeeze them into the harmony of the village band. We always feel that it would be a bit of added humor to emphasize these notes more than is done, since the player would undoubtedly make the most of them.

Boston can generally furnish any possible kind of weather, but the thunder storm of this work, with the lightning coming after the thunder is beyond any variety we have experienced here. It was interesting also to hear the shepherd piping on a clarinet after the storm. Wagner, Schumann, Rossini, Berlioz, in short, every 19th century composer, causes the shepherd to use an English horn, but Beethoven never used this instrument in an orchestral score.

The work was played with loving care, and was received with much enthusiasm. It deserved the appreciation, but for all that we find the brook (second movement) too extended for good effect. It possibly tried to emulate Tennyson's stream:

"Men may come and men may go,

But I go on forever," and the symphony as a whole has faded more than any of its eight sisters. It was soon evident that this concert was to be devoted to tonal pictures, for Dukas' "Sorcerer's Apprentice" was another very definite tonal sketch, and, if Beethoven made his joke with one bassoon, Dukas made his fun with three. Therefore the bassoons had their innings in this concert. The work has been heard so often in Boston that the story is familiar even to non-musicians, but we can say that every detail, the coming to life of the broomstick, its going and coming with water, the sawing of it in two, the two broomsticks then becoming water-carriers, the return of the magician and the restoring of matters to their more normal state, all this was portrayed with great clearness and with delicate humor. The work has never received so graphic a performance in Boston.

After all this orchestral humor, Dr. Muck inverted the old French saying into—"From the ridiculous to the sublime is but a step,"—and gave the majesty of Smetana. We firmly believe that Smetana will wear better than his pupil, Dvorak, who for so long a time outshone him. He had not the routine knowledge of Dvorak, nor his contrapuntal skill, but he was well enough equipped in this and in orchestration, and he was terribly in earnest, and that counts for ever so much in music.

Bohemian Art was crushed altogether in the 30-years' war, and even in the time of Maria Theresa there was an effort made to stamp out the language. It failed, and such poets as Puchmayer, Wocel, Czelakowsky, and others, have lifted the poetry from the dust in which it was laid while Smetana and Dvorak did something of the same kind for music. Some plants become more fragrant when bruised, and it is so with the Bohemian music. It has a mediaeval flavor that is glorious.

Nevertheless it was rather too sudden a transition to go from Dukas' comical bassoons to Smetana's bardic harp, with which "Vysehrad" began. Mr. Holy and Mr. Cella, however, played the beautiful preluding excellently, and we were soon in the atmosphere of the Middle Ages, as the composition worked up from its solo beginning to military grandeur with stirring trumpet calls and brass effects. The sadness of the ending of the work is very impressive. There is something of Ossianic loneliness in

the brooding memory of past glories at which Smetana hints in his finale and it was played with emotional power. This was the loftiest point of yesterday's programme.

We were not quite as much in sympathy with Rumania, which came next in our musical Balkan journey. There was little of Smetana's dignity in Enesco's turbulence. After the first peasant melody had presented its simplicity, some of the themes were as wild as American college songs, and as informal. There were frenzied dances, which suggested a combination of Cancan and Carmagnole, and plenty of piccolo spice was poured into the dish, as one pours paprika into a goulash. If ever the piccolo player earned his salary, he did it in this piece. Each dance was wilder than the other (where were the Rumanian police?) and as each seemed to be a climax of wildness in itself, the auditor was deceived into imagining that the end had come,—about 10 different times. Finally the end did actually come, (everything has an end, except a sausage, which has two) and, stunned and dazed, we wandered into the outer atmosphere. We hope that Rumania will remain neutral, for if she does this kind of thing when she is at peace, what would she evolve when she is at war?

SYMPHONY CONCERT.

Glenn Gould Beethoven "Pastoral" Is Played Dramatically.

Music by Dukas and Enesco Add Color to Program.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra gave the seventh Friday afternoon concert yesterday. The "pastoral" symphony of Beethoven, who died in 1827, followed by "The Sorcerer's Apprentice" of Dukas, who was born 38 years later, prompts its own observations in "program" music.

With the four movements of the symphony were printed the scenes of nature's serenity, bucolic mirth, the storm, and the song of praise. A condensed English version of Goeth's ballad, which inspired Dukas was printed elsewhere in the program book.

Music which becomes baldly photographic in its realism is not among the

finest examples of that written to a "program." Beethoven discouraged too literal a basis of fact for the symphony. His love for the country was at all times intense within him. Nature was healer and companion to him, a creature of varied moods, as she was to Wordsworth, and is no less mirrored here than in pages of the piano sonatas and quartets.

The first two movements whatever the programmatic suggestion, are replete with that calm and tranquillity to be found in the bosom of nature. There's serenity and no hint of petty circumstance or artifice, while this is characterizing with imagination, the third movement possesses even to modern ears a strikingly dramatic moment. The sudden hush, the sharp intrusion in a remote key of the muttering thunder in double basses and the ensuing down pour in all pictorial and stimulating, and with comparatively what simple means. The performance was one of euphony and dramatic beauty.

Dukas' "Sorcerer's Apprentice," an admirable type of modern program music in which there is symbolism and suggestion rather than attempt at too literal reproduction, is always pleasurable. Dr. Muck's feeling for this also is one of satirical, at times sardonic, humor and was pointed yesterday.

Smetana is homesome in his patriotism in "Vysehrad," the first symphonic poem of his cycle, "My Country." The ideas are not striking and there is much scattered treatment. Many with reason left the hall at its conclusion. In so doing they missed Enesco's first Rumanian Rhapsody in A major, a potpourri of Rumanian National airs. There is vivacity, but little development, little variety or enrichment of expression. Noise often passes for weightier matter.

soloist will be John Powell, who will present Liszt's fantasy on Hungarian folk tunes for piano and orchestra. The first number on the program will be the "Antar" symphony of Rimsky-Korsakoff. The last number will be the symphonic poem, "Island of the Dead," by Sergei Rachmaninoff.

1915-16.

NY ORCHESTRA.

CK, Conductor.

ROGRAMME

ER 17, AT 2.30 P. M.

MBER 18, AT 8 P. M.

ORCHESTRAL SKETCHES, "La Mer"

Symphony Orchestra *Monday*

Beethoven's sixth symphony (*Dec. 10 & 11* "Pastorale") is the leading number at the Symphony concerts of Dec. 10 and 11. The other numbers are the "Sorcerer's Apprentice" scherzo of Dukas, the "Vysehrad" symphonic poem of Smetana and the Rumanian rhapsody of Enesco. The length of the program is one hour and three quarters.

Tschaikowsky's fifth symphony will be the principal work on the program of the pension fund concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra which Karl Muck will direct in Symphony hall on the afternoon of Sunday, Dec. 12. The other pieces are the "Blue Danube" waltz of Strauss, the "Namouna" suite of Lalo and the "William Tell" overture of Rossini. It is said that Dr. Muck has restored in the copy of the overture belonging to the Symphony orchestra two bars at the beginning which owing to an historic misprint are commonly omitted.

The third Boston Symphony concert in Cambridge will be given in Sanders theater Thursday evening, Dec. 9. The

for PIANOFORTE, in B flat major

in D major (B. & H. No. 2)

ist:

H DEYO

oforte used

106

Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1915--16.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

Dr. KARL MUCK, Conductor.

EIGHTH PROGRAMME

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 17, AT 2.30 P. M.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 18, AT 8 P. M.

DEBUSSY,

THREE ORCHESTRAL SKETCHES, "La Mer"

TSCHAIKOWSKY,

CONCERTO for PIANOFORTE, in B flat major

HAYDN,

SYMPHONY in D major (B. & H. No. 2)

Soloist:

Miss RUTH DEYO

Steinway Pianoforte used

Symphony Hall.

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Miss RUTH DEYO

Steinway Pianoforte used

SYMPHONY HALL, BOSTON
SUNDAY AFTERNOON, DECEMBER 12, 1915

CONCERT IN AID OF THE
PENSION FUND
OF THE
BOSTON
SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA
DR. KARL MUCK, CONDUCTOR



PROGRAMME

TSCHAIKOWSKY, Symphony No. 5, in E minor, Op. 64

- I. Andante
 - II. Andante cantabile, con alcuna licenza
 - III. Valse: Allegro moderato
 - IV. Finale: Andante maestoso; Allegro vivace
-

STRAUSS - Waltz, "On the Beautiful Blue Danube"

LALO - - - - Suite, "Namouna"

1. Prélude
2. Sérénade
3. Theme and Variations
4. (a) Market-Day Shows
(b) Market-Day Festival

ROSSINI - - - Overture, "William Tell"



JOHANN STRAUSS.

PROGRAMME

TSCHAIKOWSKY, Symphony No. 5, in E minor, Op. 64

- I. Andante
 - II. Andante cantabile, con alcuna licenza
 - III. Valse: Allegro moderato
 - IV. Finale: Andante maestoso; Allegro vivace
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1. Prélude
2. Sérénade
3. Theme and Variations
4. (a) Market-Day Shows
(b) Market-Day Festival

ROSSINI - - - Overture, "William Tell"

DR. MUCK IN NEW FIELDS

Irana Dec. 23/15
"POPULAR CLASSICS" FOR THE PENSION FUND

Johann Strauss's "Blue Danube" Waltz and Rossini's Overture to "William Tell" from the Conductor and the Symphony Orchestra — Lalo's Resurrected Ballet-Music Proves None Too Interesting, and Tschaikovski's Fifth Symphony Conquers as of Old

AFTER all, there are more ways than one to assemble a programme that will fill Symphony Hall with the audience that the Symphony Orchestra deserves when it gives a concert for the increase of its Pension Fund. The readiest way, of course, is to set the overtures and the preludes of Wagner's operas and music-drama in chronological array as Dr. Muck has done often in his two terms as the conductor of the band. The next readiest is to diversify these pieces with other fragments of those operas and music-dramas that will best endure transfer from the theatre, again as Dr. Muck has done, yielding a conviction or two about the wisdom of such shiftings, when he began to discover that Boston seldom receives Wagner in the opera house. However eager the public, conductor and orchestra repine occasionally at an unbroken succession of "Wagner Concerts" for the Pension Fund and fear that some day the essential audience will be like-minded with them.

The next recourse is a symphony by Tschaikowski—preferably the popular "Pathetic." Yet even that may not be played whenever the conductor would put aside the convenient "Wagner Programme"; for the public is much more quickly sated with the melody and morbidezza of Petrograd, than it is with the richer and more various eloquence of Baireuth. Tschaikowski's fourth, fifth and "Manfred" symphonies remain; but an audience is certain only with the fifth. Accordingly, that piece began the concert of yesterday afternoon—the first of the two that the orchestra will undertake this year for its own treasury. But what was to fill the rest of the customary two hours?

In the past Dr. Muck has tried various expedients. This autumn he pitched upon a new one—the playing of two "popular classics" in one of which, Strauss's waltz, "On the Beautiful Blue Danube," many have long been eager to hear the orchestra. The other was the overture to Rossini's "William Tell," a piece in which Dr. Muck conducted a score of times when it was

revived at the Royal Opera in Berlin. Between the two, seeking ingratiating ballet music, he placed a suite from Lalo's "Namouna" after he had rejected for various reasons fragments of Delibes's "Sylvia" and Rubinstein's "Feramors." All four pieces met the chief necessity of the occasion. They filled the hall after those that seek the Pension-Fund Concerts out of loyalty to the orchestra and those that like to hear it occasionally in any programme had reserved their places. Besides, they were interesting in themselves to hear from the band that, as usual when the Pension-Fund is in question, was on its mettle.

The Viennese say that Johann Strauss preferred the waltz of "The Blue Danube"—which river is by no means always "blue" or always "beautiful"—to all the rest that he wrote, even if other ears find "Wine, Women and Song" and one or two more quite as engaging. They also say that no one conducted in that waltz of the Danube as did the composer himself, even if he was his own worst enemy in his operettas in which he was wont to forget the stage for the orchestra. There were not many in the audience yesterday—if there was even one—who could draw a comparison between the elder Strauss and Dr. Muck in the music; but it is safe to say that the composer hardly commanded such an orchestra as that which sat under the conductor yesterday. The introduction, for example, owed much to the richness of tone that the horns lent it; the strings were as apt to the second beat of the measure—the secret of the fascination of Viennese waltzes—as was Dr. Muck himself; and only such an instrument as is the band could have been as sensitive to the light graduations of pace, rhythm and body of tone, to the sustained flow and to the graceful or the suspensive transitions to which the conductor kept the waltz running. And none other could so have clothed it with luminous, opulent and edgeless tone. For once, a piece of music that is more truly a work of fine and individual fancy and of plentiful and cunning resource than many a more pretentious composition shone in heightened but wisely tempered glories. For never once did Dr. Muck in his free handling of it cloud or distort it. Yet even the Castles might not dance to "The Blue Danube" played as a tone-poem in little and Miss Pavlova herself would have needed rehearsals.

Perhaps the overture to "William Tell" sounded less unusual from Dr. Muck and the orchestra than some of their hearers expected, for the sound reason that it offered them less opportunity for finesse of performance and tonal and interpretative distinction. Yet the full-voiced song of the violoncellos at the beginning, as Mr. Warnke, Mr. Malkin and the rest of the choir sustained, warmed and deepened it, might have rejoiced Rossini's exacting ears

and the audiences of the twenties and the thirties would have heard in the finale such a "grand crescendo" as they demanded and admired in their operatic overtures. As Dr. Muck has been wont to prove in the close of Wagner's overture to "Rienzi," the secret of incessant and adroit quickening and cumulation in these showy endings did not die with the generation that cultivated and applauded them.

For the novel number of the afternoon, the fragments of Lalo's ballet-music were of uneven interest. The final pieces in the suite—the music of the Carnival at Corfu, curiously called on the programme "Market-Day Shows" and "Market-Day Festival"—obviously needed the background of the spectacle for full suggestion and illusion. Without the sun-supped square, the

incessant moiment of the crowd, the din of the incoming entertainers and the interludes of their feats and diversions, the music seems only well-made in itself and insistent, but rather pointless, with its characterizing and atmospheric purpose. In a measure, too, the Theme and Variations suffer from a like absence of the pictured scene and the mimed action. In place in the second act of the ballet, they mirror the surrender of the amorous Namouna to the awakened Othavio. Heard as such they do not lack glamor and wile; but heard as "absolute music," the ear found pleasure—and none too much—only in the freshness of the melody, Mr. Maquarre's skill with the long passage for the first flute and the richer and the richer harmonic dress of an ecstatic climax. Per contra, the serenade was charming to hear in the fanciful play of the strings with the two sprightly motives and in the pretty coloring that oboes and clarinets shed upon it. And the Prelude might well have claimed the public of the Opéra in Paris in 1882 as a true symphonic piece. The vague beginnings touch the listening ear; to them ensues a thrilling passage in stark harmonic simplicity that unfolds the motive of Namouna's devotion; the succeeding measures for her charm are contrastingly and insinuatingly graceful; the climax "working-out" the two melodies and bearing them into fuller and fuller eloquence might well have seemed to those same Parisians an introduction to music-drama and not to a ballet-pantomime. It is transfiguring music; but there was no transfiguring, even for a Lalo, of much that "Namouna," according to Nutter's prescribed libretto, must contain. Perhaps a superfluous tear or two has been shed in the last thirty years over this ill-fated ballet.

"Blue Danube" or no "Blue Danube," Tschaihovski's symphony remained the chief pleasure of the concert to many an hearer and by far the most applauded piece of the day. The Russian had his melodic inspirations and, though it is the

custom of the time to belittle his music, there is no doubling them in the show movement of this fifth symphony, in the first movement of the familiar concerto for piano, in one and another "high point" in his music. Moreover, they are none the worse because they are unusually such that the average ear understand and feels them in the on the instant and keeps them through all the handling they may undergo. Better still, they are proof apart all sorts of repitition. Not often is the prolonged song of this Andanti—for Tschaikovski was humanly loth to let it go until he had wrung the last drop from it—sung with such suffused and opalescent be only of tone with such sustained yet various voice, with such warmth of feeling and grace of motion as it was yesterday. Such music and such playing of it held the audience of Sunday rapt and truly moved; but man an inferior performance has done almost as much. much. Final and crowning proof of the virtue of that same melody—how often at Tschaikovski's hands, it hovers on the very edge of sentimentality and yet never descends into it. The vague longing thating that infiltrates it quite as much of Peter Iltisch Tschaikovski, man or composer, as of the Slav temperament in general—always ready to save.

On this score the mood of the Andante is near kin to the melancholy of disillusion, of like twofold origin, that impregnates the short, languid scherzo that sighs and chokes itself away—the wan ghost of a waltz and not the doleful mockery of it like the waltz "that never waltzes" of the second movement of the Pathetic Symphony. The rest—the first movement and the finale—are of the familiar Tschai-kowski that delighted to contrast a super-sensuous melody or a vivid "motto-motive" with the writings and the thrashings of a super-excited orchestra or else raced away into tonal tumults of ardent folk-song made "art-music" by his plentiful resources of glaring color, sharp progression and rhythmic force. Perhaps they are of a mannered, rather out-moded and shallow Tschaikovski, the victim for the time in the ears of a sated world, of his own idiosyncracies of temperament and procedure. But the slow song and the ghostly waltz endure by intrinsic virtue. H. T. P.

BOSTON SYMPHONY PENSION FUND

Adv. Dec. 23/15
Benefit Concert Enjoyed by Large Number

The concert in aid of the Pension Fund of the Boston Symphony Orchestra was given yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall with a programme composed of Tschaikovsky's Symphony No. 5 in E minor, Op. 64;

Strauss' waltz, "On the Beautiful Blue Danube;" Lalo's Suite, "Namouna" and Rossini's "William Tell" overture.

Each season Boston's public looks forward to these concerts gratuitously given in so good a cause. And yesterday's programme was well up to the usual standard from a point of interest and popularity to the large audience which was present.

It surely is a pleasure and an unusual occurrence to see the great conductor so graciously unbend in the effort to please. Dr. Muck wisely chose the "Blue Danube" waltz and the "William Tell" overture. Probably no two compositions are more widely known or appreciated by the general public, and although performed under so many conditions as to give a widely diffused familiarity, they never again quite satisfy unless given by this great orchestra.

Tschaikowsky's Fifth Symphony is not conceded to be a particularly strong work, nevertheless it is a striking one. The introduction is conceived in that mood of sadness so common to Tschaikowsky, followed in the main theme of the movement by modes of alternating melancholy and brightness.

The second movement, Andante cantabile con alcuna licenza, takes the form of a romance. A graceful and poetical waltz with the chief theme fitfully returning is the development in the third, Allegro moderato, while in the Finale, the Andante maestoso, the theme returns penetrated with religious feeling. The Allegro vivace, the Finale itself, grows gradually clearer, as if a load of suffering had been cast off. This entire symphony seems permeated with some heavy condition of mind which waits until the very close to clear away.

Most prominent as characteristics of Lalo's music are a sense of color and atmosphere. His command of harmonic effects and a skilful handling of the orchestra are prominently shown in the "Namouna" Suite.

There might be criticisms to make, but they would be hardly in keeping with the benevolent spirit of the concert which gave pleasure to so many people.

A. E. W.

CONCERT FOR PENSION FUND

Post Dec. 13/15 Symphony Gives First of Two Annual Affairs

The first of the two annual concerts given by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Karl Muck conductor, in aid of its pension fund, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. For the first time in Boston Dr. Muck conducted the fifth symphony of Tschaikowsky, a symphony rated by many even higher than the sixth or "Pathetic" symphony, and this symphony was given a most dramatic and impressive reading.

In the second part of the programme the orchestra played with incomparable euphony and virtuosity Strauss' "Blue Danube" waltz; a delightful suite of Lalo, "Namouna," which has seldom been heard here, and the "William Tell" overture of Rossini. The beautiful waltz of Strauss, an acknowledged masterpiece of the first rank, was done exceptional justice by this wonderful band. The music of Lalo, with its exotic color and its piquant instrumentation, was an immediate success, justifying its brilliant renewal by Dr. Muck. The overture of Rossini again asserted its right to live even in days of such orchestral development as the present. The music holds its own and speaks to all by reason of its dramatic character and its expressive melodies.

The audience was a large one. It represented the enthusiastic response of the public of this city to any announcement of a concert by the Boston Symphony.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA PLAYS FOR PENSION FUND

Minor Dec. 13/15

SYMPHONY HALL—Boston Symphony orchestra in concert for the benefit of its pension fund, afternoon of Dec. 12. The program: Tschaikowsky, symphony No. 5 in E minor, op. 64; Johann Strauss, "On the Beautiful Blue Danube" waltzes; Lalo, "Namouna" suite; Rossini, overture to "William Tell."

Indubitably many of the audience that packed Symphony hall Sunday afternoon were drawn by the prospect of hearing this orchestra play the "Blue Danube" waltzes and the "William Tell" overture. From the standpoint of conductor, orchestra and audience, it is interesting to record that the piece which made the most impression on the hear-

ers was not the so-called popular music but one of the numbers of the Lalo suite, which was new to most who heard it. This brought eager applause, partly for the music and partly for Mr. Maquarre, whose flute was called on for a long virtuoso passage. Ingratating is this music of Lalo's, worthy a recurring place on the regular programs of the orchestra.

Dr. Muck gave what some would be pleased to call a scholarly reading of the Tschaikowsky fifth symphony; by which they doubtless mean a reluctance to take liberties with the meaning of the composer. And this in spite of the fact that the last movement was judiciously cut towards the end. The fifth symphony, not so well known and fortunately less emotionally liked than the sixth, has passages of musical grandeur and beauty that are good for one to hear. As Dr. Muck and the Boston orchestra played it yesterday it was an exposition of the best in symphonic writing and also a commentary on Russian national feeling.

The "Blue Danube" waltzes have doubtless in the minds of many found a standard set by which to judge all other performances of the music. So with the "William Tell" overture. With the waltzes the conductor got out of them all there was to get. It was a pleasure to hear the poor, maltreated overture played as it ought to be played, which Dr. Muck's memories of his early light opera conducting days made possible.

SYMPHONY PLAYS FOR FUND

Herald Dec. 13/15

Dr. Muck Directs Notable Program Enjoyed by Great Audience.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra gave the first concert of the season in aid of its pension fund yesterday afternoon at

Symphony Hall. Dr. Muck conducted. The program was as follows: Tschaikowsky, Symphony No. 5, in E minor, op. 64; Strauss, waltz, "On the Beautiful Blue Danube"; Lalo, suite, "Namouna"; Rossini, overture, "William Tell."

The cause for which the concert was given, the nature of the program, the fact that Dr. Muck conducted a famous symphony for the first time in Boston, drew a very large and brilliant audience. The hall was filled in every part by those who welcomed the opportunity to hear this superb orchestra with its distinguished leader. Many stood.

All the compositions played with one exception were familiar. This exception was Lalo's "Namouna" suite, which has not appeared on a symphony program for many years. It was last given here by the New York Symphony Orchestra under Walter Damrosch, (10 years ago).

The Ballet of Namouna, produced in 1882 at the Paris Opera, is founded on an episode in the memoirs of Casanova. Namouna, a Greek slave, is won at dice from a corsair, Adrian, by Don Otavio. After many adventures the corsair is slain and the lovers united.

Lalo wrote the ballet against his will and while he was feverishly waiting for his opera "Le Roi d'ys" to be produced by Vaucorbell. He worked at his task 18 hours a day. One night he had a stroke of paralysis. This, for the moment, put an end to his labors. His friend Gounod finished the orchestration. The ballet was a dire failure. Lalo was then known chiefly as the composer of orchestral pieces and chamber music. The audience at the first performance refused to accept him as a writer of ballet and, seeing Delibes in the house, voiced its protest in furious applause for the composer of "Coppelia" and "Sylvia."

Yet this suite in four movements, Prelude, Serenade, Theme and Variations, Market-Day Shows and Festival, has been successfully performed abroad and in America. The music is charming and interesting. It has color and enchanting rhythms. Lalo's orchestration is ingenious and, in the Variations, his use of the brass extraordinary. The fourth movement is the most striking, has the most character.

Dr. Muck's conducting of Tschaikowsky's Symphony, was dramatic, noble, impressive, a great reading of a great work. In his choice of tempi; in his control of rhythm; in his infinite wealth of dynamic gradations; in his sense of continuity; in his expression of detail without checking the melodic flow; in his obtaining powerful effects without the sacrifice of tone; in these and many other respects he excited admiration.

And the orchestra, a mighty instrument for Dr. Muck to play on at his will, was responsive in carrying out his purposes.

The individual and collective virtuosity of the orchestra was well displayed in the suite. Strauss's waltz, a feature of the concert, was played with the utmost grace, brilliance and color. Here again Dr. Muck's control of rhythm was wholly admirable.

In many ways this was a memorable concert. There was appropriate enthusiasm.

Next Sunday afternoon Mr. Paderewski will give a piano recital.

Pension Fund Programme

A Pension Fund concert will be given by the Boston Symphony Orchestra next Sunday afternoon, Dec. 12, in Symphony Hall. Tchaikowsky is still one of the most popular of composers, and the fifth symphony, which heads the programme, has not been played here since Mr. Fiedler's time. Dr. Muck has never conducted it in Boston.

Dr. Muck has made a change in the last half of the programme from that originally announced and also in the order. Immediately after the intermission Strauss' "Blue Danube" waltz will be played. Then will come the Lalo suite, "Namouna." This has not been played in Boston for many years, its last performance here having been by the New York Symphony Orchestra under Walter Damrosch, a matter of nine or 10 years ago. The final number will be the "William Tell" overture of Rossini.

Regarding this overture, there has been an interesting discovery. In all the scores of the overture there is an historical misprint at the beginning. Two entire bars have been left out. Dr. Muck in looking over the score owned by the Boston Symphony Orchestra discovered that this error had never been corrected, and the chances are the overture has never been played in Boston exactly as Rossini wrote it.

Light Music for the Pension Fund

For once Wagner and the liking of the public for his music—less often heard in Boston than in any other capital of music—will not swell the Pension Fund of the Symphony Orchestra. The first of the two concerts by which it annually profits falls tomorrow afternoon in Symphony Hall and Dr. Muck has arranged half the programme for the pleasure of those that would hear him and the band in light music. He will begin, as at any Symphony Concert, with the fifth symphony of Tchaikovsky, most readily remembered by the long and songful slow movement and the melancholy scherzo in waltz rhythm. He will proceed with the classic waltz of Johann Strauss, "The Blue Danube" which report from rehearsals declares that he leads with remarkable zest and variety of rhythm; with five pieces from Lalo's vivid music for his ballet, "Namouna," described in this place yesterday and with the lovely theme and variations now included; and he will end with the overture to Rossini's opera, "William Tell." An unusual programme, as the concerts of the Symphony Orchestra go and one that decidedly promises new sensations.

Music Notes

Those Symphony patrons who dislike the slightest lowering of the most high-brow standards at Symphony Concerts had better keep away from Symphony Hall Sunday afternoon, for the great orchestra is going to play dance music.

All others—all lovers of music who like a little Strauss now and then, Johann, not Richard—had better go up to the big hall on Huntington ave., Sunday, for the program will be one of the most brilliant ever given by the orchestra. The concert is the first this season to benefit the orchestra's pension fund, and Dr. Muck has determined to make it a delightful one.

He will play that finest of all waltzes, "On the Beautiful Blue Danube," one of the classics that is for the musician and the people as well. Other dance music will be Lalo's delightful ballet suite, "Namouna." Then for real serious music the orchestra will play Tchaikowsky's best symphony, the Fifth. One more number fills out the program, the "William Tell" overture, often heard on the town's brass band, but seldom by Dr. Muck's star performers. Let him whose taste is not satisfied by this musical menu hold his peace.

WAR SPIRIT AND THE SYMPHONY

To the Editor of the Transcript:

While hearing the Pension Fund concert on Sunday, the affairs of the Boston Symphony Orchestra dwelt in my mind, and a few sentences about these affairs may interest your readers.

When in September, 1914, Dr. Muck turned up from Germany, a doubt existed as to whether the orchestra would play together, for the members hailed from ten different nations which were at war with one another.

Therefore, it was settled that a few words should be said to the members, and the words were said—counselling kindness and pleasant looks between man and man and only such. The men of the orchestra listened quietly and seemed pleased. Since that day fourteen months have passed, during which harmony has prevailed; yet rehearsals, concerts, monthly journeys, the trip to San Francisco, with their trials, have come and gone. It is a fine instance of self-control and gentle behavior. These members of the orchestra are men with red blood in their veins, and must feel keenly the great struggle. With their birth and education, they cannot well understand our views of life, and must be puzzled with our opposition to their inherited beliefs and principles, while at the same time we esteem and like them and their fellow countrymen as individuals, and admire many things in their native countries. Especially to Germany the orchestra owes much, and that means the schools, the music, and the members from Germany and Austria.

It is a serious task to practise afresh the old music, and to study and play the new music which the later composers have made so complicated—to find the hidden meaning and beauty of a great symphony—in short, to render such a beautiful service as that of yesterday. It is the result of careful, intelligent labor through years, and of obedience to the will of honest, able, gifted conductors such as we have had and have. Nevertheless, all this work tries the patience and the nerves of men. Moreover, these musicians are not our countrymen, but foreigners who came here to give us delight and comfort. How different from the position of a native-born man who, by working for his own country, simply does his duty and no more than his duty! He only adorns his own house.

I say all these things only to lay before a public which has been always steadfast, loyal and kind, the high deserts of these artists and especially of their wonderful conductor, Dr. Muck—to remind our friends of the audiences that the conduct of the artists under trying conditions has been excellent—a conduct without which the orchestra could not have existed for one day—and to express aloud my own deep, strong admiration and affection for these artists, and particularly for Dr. Muck, who never wearies in giving us each week such a blessing. Words would not

tell the story, but our friends of Boston and many other cities will understand it.
Dec. 13, 1915. HENRY L. HIGGINSON

BLUE DANUBE WALTZ FOR PENSION FUND

Popular Program Fills
Symphony Hall.

9 o'clock — Dec. 13/15

Recalling the list of novelties, few compositions played here for the first time by the Boston Symphony Orchestra have given more pleasure than "The Beautiful Blue Danube." Waltzes do not commonly appear upon its Friday and Saturday programs. Except for a surreptitious and fleeting moment, as that of Mr Carpenter's hurdy-gurdy in his "Adventures in a Perambulator," soon to be played by Dr Muck, they are rare. Nor have the concerts for the Pension Fund until now admitted them.

Yesterday afternoon the Blue Danube waltz and "William Tell" overture both were promised, and not by an orchestra of the size of the Pops, but by the complete organization. Some of the men in the leading chairs must have been reminded of the days of their boyhood. If the size and enthusiasm of the audience make a criterion, the experiment was a great success. Of the two Strausses, Johann's waltz is far more conducive to good cheer and a tranquil mind than Richard's Festival prelude, and Rossini's old overture, still fresh and sparkling, is a draught to be preferred to some tone poems made in Germany.

Tchaikowsky, who has divided honors with Wagner as patron of the pension fund, was drawn upon for his Fifth Symphony. It has escaped the sensational favoritism which has both spread and tarnished the Sixth. Dr Muck avoided hysteria and sentimentality. Pages which upon occasion have sounded banal, were given noble expression, yet the barbaric fury of the finale was not sacrificed.

The concert suite of five numbers from the grand ballet of Lalo's opera, "Namouna" received a brilliant performance. Music distinctive for the piquancy of the themes, for the variety and virility of rhythm, the rich and colorful orchestration redolent of the Orient, it is admirable for such a program. Several surviving movements for violin and piano together with this suite make the hearer interested in the fate of Lalo's opera produced March 6, 1882, at the Opera in Paris, performed but 15 times, then withdrawn. The pictures of the market place were gay with color and life, music in which one could see Pavlova dancing.

The first violin part of the finale of the "Tell" overture probably has not been played as cleanly or at as furious pace on many occasions. Nor should Mr Maquarre's flute be forgotten here in the obbligate to the song by English horn, or in the Oriental rhapsody in the "Market Day Shows" of the Lalo, which brought interrupting applause.

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Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1915--16.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

Dr. KARL MUCK, Conductor.

EIGHTH PROGRAMME

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 17, AT 2.30 P. M.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 18, AT 8 P. M.

DEBUSSY,

"La Mer," Trois Esquisses Symphoniques

- I. De L'aube à midi sur la mer: (From Dawn till Noon on the ocean).
- II. Jeux de vagues (Frolics of Waves).
- III. Dialogue du vent et de la mer (Dialogue of Wind and Sea).

TSCHAIKOWSKY,

CONCERTO for PIANOFORTE, No. 1 in B flat minor, op. 23

- I. Andante non troppo e molto maestoso: Allegro con spirito
- II. Andantino semplice: Allegro vivace assai.
- III. Allegro con fuoco.

HAYDN,

SYMPHONY in E flat major (B. & H. No. 1)

- I. Adagio: Allegro con spirito.
- II. Andante.
- III. Menuetto: Trio.
- IV. Allegro con spirito

Soloist:

Miss RUTH DEYO

Steinway Pianoforte used

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT

Trans. — Dec. 18/15
TSCHAIKOVSKI'S SUPERB PIANO
CONCERTO

Once More the Music Asserts Beyond
Peradventure Its Beauty and Its Power

—Miss Deyo's Share in the Performance

—The Audience and Its Haydn — The
Old Sea in Debussy's New Imagery

WHETHER plays Tschai-kovski's piano concerto in B-flat minor, it carries all before it. For the first time in almost four years it was heard anew at the Symphony Concert of yesterday afternoon and to Miss Goodson, who undertook it in January of 1912, now succeeded Miss Deyo. After the manner of their singular but, in this instance, hardly superior sex, women pianists are ambitious of this concerto and for a transparent reason. Above all else the music demands power—power in the magnificent proclamation and return of the melody of the introduction; power in the rich songfulness and the nervous play of the melodies of the first movement; and power yet again in the fiery motives, the wild advances and recessions, the thrilling return of the theme of the beginning, in nearly all its splendor, and to cap the climax of a whirling finale. Beyond all other attainment, women, unless they are exceptionally wise and poised, crave power, whether they invent or whether they "execute" music. Augusta Holmes, the Parisian composer, was fain to write with the strength of a man; but her assumption of it has not saved her music from oblivion. Ethel Smyth, who has been wont to make operas for the English and the German stages and who numbered her late Britannic Majesty, Queen Victoria, and his present Teutonic Majesty, the Emperor William, among her exalted patrons, has never ceased to court it. Mme. Carreño used to seek power, beyond any other attribute with the piano; Mme. Zeisler seeks and gains it—beyond the average of her sex—in her playing today; Sophie Menter in her time volleyed and thundered with it; Mme. Samaroff wore herself down in eager quest of it; Miss Goodson would have it; Miss Deyo has seemed in her own concerts, no less than in those in which she has been only "assisting artist," to pursue it unrelaxingly. The "note" of this concerto of Tschai-kovski is the note of power; from the first measure of the introduction to the last measure of the finale it is a masculine music. Therefore the women lust to play it.

Not they nor any pianist whatsoever can much darken or devitalize the piece, especially when there are a Muck and his band at hand to sustain and invigorate the orchestral part. Perhaps Bülow was right when he called the concerto the "fullest" of all the compositions by Tschai-kovski that he knew, presumably meaning thereby that there was hardly an empty, a routine or a merely repeated measure in it. Prophecy has its obvious perils; but perhaps those prophets will be justified in the winnowing of time who predict that it—and mayhap the concerto for the violin—will survive all the Russian's symphonies and tone-poems.

The future is the future, and none may penetrate it. For the actual and the living present the concerto in itself is elation enough. In the whole body of Tschai-kovski's music is there any such superb melody as the "great" theme—for long and now traditionally so labelled—of the introduction? How magnificently orchestra and piano proclaim the far-flung sweep of it; how gloriously it returns in those eloquent octaves. It is inspiration, if there ever was inspiration, and forthwith the prodigal Tschai-kovski, careless in these his fertile days, tosses it aside, not to use it again until he clothes with its splendor the final measures of the whole concerto. "I will not alter a note of it," snapped Tschai-kovski at Nicholas Rubinstein, when the pianist disliked the whole concerto, and the composer was right.

So doing, perhaps the Russian knew the richness of his young invention. Out of it springs the tingling tune that begins the ardent Allegro; to it succeeds the warmly sensuous melody—of Tschai-kovski to the core in its wistful and languorous voice—that makes the counter-theme. The "working-out" is equally imaginative and plentiful for piano and orchestra. The listening ear rejoices in the richness and variety, the spontaneity and felicity of the music.

The slow movement begins and the gently fanciful and sentimentalized melody caresses piano, orchestra and listeners. A second melody adds its reedy tang. The mood shifts and the light tune of the pseudo-Scherzo, exquisitely fused between piano and orchestra, woos new sensibilities. There is pause and the Finale crackles and swinges with glorified Slavic folk-tune in circling rondo. Then, of a sudden, as though it came striding, parting, stilling into all this wildness the "great" theme returns to sweep into the opulent and thrilling close.

What a concerto, even if Dr. Muck and Miss Deyo were not exactly one in this final reëntry of that mighty and majestic melody; if her tone was lamentably bodiless and colorless through almost the whole course of the introduction and the first movement! But within the limits of that tone, she struck rhythmic fire in the

Finale and she perceived and imparted the lyric beauty and the insinuating euphonies of the Andantino and the pseudo-Scherzo. Moreover, how ingeniously and unobtrusively Dr. Muck scaled the orchestral part of the concerto to the resource and the power of the pianist. He can be considerate as well as severe and in more ways than perhaps Miss Deyo suspected he deserved the felicitations that she bestowed upon him.

The foil to the concerto was the little symphony by Haydn that ended the concert to an obligato of departing auditors with whom in the pauses between the movements the conductor was ironically and even sardonically patient. Moreover, it was painful to the mere observer to note that many of these early goers were of those who often sigh for the "good old music of melody that they love." Yesterday, they received it and in a performance that would have warmed the cockles of their ears; but so small a matter as a two-hour concert seemed to dampen their ostentatious affection. So much the worse for them, since they missed the strange note of mystery that Haydn strikes in the introduction, as though he were something graver than a fertile, adroit and smiling symphonist according to the ways of the eighteenth century; the light and shadow of the ensuing Allegro like sunshine on a floor when a curtain sways in a breeze; the precision of phrase and rhythm with which the string choir in absolute unity and elasticity sang the melody of the Andante; the variation that Mr. Wittek, with exquisite suavity of tone and modulation, wrought in solo upon it; the melodious stateliness of the minuet; and the biting contrasts in the harmonic vesture of the Finale. Elsewhere than in Boston, the perfections of the orchestra and Dr. Muck in these little symphonies of Haydn are occasion for felicitation and not for flight. They set free the imagination of the composer and he had more than those that call him merely tuneful believe; they disclose the nicety of his means, his strokes, his adjustments; and they reveal, beyond much modern music, the deft and suave exactitude and the impeccable taste and style of conductor and band with this music. Can it be that our audiences prefer Haydn, if they listen to him at all, merely "run off" in the day's work?

Perhaps, however, the company of yesterday believed that it had enjoyed and applauded sufficiently the collective and individual distinctions of the orchestra in the three sea-pieces of Debussy that began the concert. They teem with opportunities for them. From the very tapping of the tam-tam and the chromatic flickers of Mr. Holy's and Mr. Cella's harps, through the rich sonorities of the brass, the penetrating

or the songful voices of the wood-winds and the coalescing or divided mass, the incisive accents or the sustained shimmer, of the strings, Debussy is incessantly dependent upon instrumental timbres for his suggestion of color and light, of changeful and suffusing atmosphere. He asks in these three "symphonic sketches" a most sensitive and illusory orchestra and conductor. He received both and they were as alert and imaginative to rhythm as they were to timbres. For it is rhythm more than aught else that gives to the music as such in the "absolute" sense of the word unity and progression. Yet in all this atmospheric play of instrumental and harmonic color, in all this dependence upon the elastic bond of rhythm, there are clear motives. The oboe sings one unmistakably in the first sketch; the trumpets sound forth another in the third; the horns have their turn in the second. One and another of these motives is frankly songful; none lacks its clear profile. Yet in Debussy's and his sympathetic listeners' incessant pursuit of movement and color, of delineative suggestion and imaginative implication, only too insistent and a little pedantic minds take thought of the structure and the evolution of the music. Long since the most sceptical have granted the Parisian a well-grounded scholarship of his own.

"The Sea," however, is not music of formal fact but of pictorial and poetized illusion served by highly adroit, exceedingly subtle and often exquisitely imaginative means. Through all the first and the second sketches it is music of sustained atmosphere and insinuating suggestion. The sea lies darkling and listless. The light of the dawn begins to glint; the breeze of the morning to stir it. Reflections traverse the surface of the waters and ripple and wavelet ruffle it as the light and the winds wax with the advancing day. Soon it shines and swings. There is suggestion—as in the melody of the oboe—of haunting beauty and solitude. The quickening of the morning yields to the gentle calm of noon. Then, may be, as in the second sketch, the waves stir into flashing play. The instruments of percussion rhythm it; the wood-winds scatter spray; the horns lend rich depths of color; the strings crinkle and flash. There are gusts of dissonance. There is melody again of solitude and mystery. The breeze dies; the sea slowly stills itself. Yet only to rise again when the trumpets fling out its might and the other choirs of the orchestra set wind and waves in lustier and lustier dialogue. The wind sweeps; the waves surge. Clearly Debussy would summon in tones a tumultuous as well as a listless, a stirring or a playful sea. He has his Gallic liking for rounded composition and by the middle years in which "The Sea" was written, he is ready to add power to subtlety. Dr. Muck and the orchestra obey to the letter the word "tumultueux"

that he has written over a tonal tempest that is the more illusory for its disdain of the conventions of sea-music and the substitution of a new tonal imagery. It is in such novel imagery again that light and life quicken the waters or that they leap and laugh in their play. Of the age-old sea Debussy has raised new vision.

H. T. P.

DEBUSSY'S PIECES BY SYMPHONY

Post

Dec. 18/15

Impressionism in the
Extreme Played
and Enjoyed

BY OLIN DOWNES

Miss Ruth Deyo, pianist, was soloist at the concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra given yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. She played the Tchaikowsky piano concerto in B-flat minor.

The orchestral compositions were Debussy's "Trois Esquisses Symphoniques," "La Mer" and Haydn's Symphony in E flat (B. & H. No. 1).

EXTREME OF DEBUSSY

Dr. Muck was the first to introduce in Boston, in 1907, these orchestral pieces of Debussy, which represent the extreme boundaries of Debussy's impressionism. The pieces are not to be analyzed, nor are they easily described. How intimate is Debussy's communion with the sea in these compositions? Some find in the last of the three "Nocturnes" for orchestra—the piece called "Sirenes"—a more definite suggestion of the sea, a more pervasive mood. It is further true that Debussy employs in "La Mer" two important motives which he first discovered when he composed the "Sirenes."

In the performance of "La Mer" one

may hear the wash of the sea, the swish of the winds or the rustle of a forest, or a hundred other things. Debussy might easily have intended to mislead his audiences by means of this title. He might easily have said to himself: "I will now indulge to the full my passion for the play of sheer sonorities, tone colors, subtle and complex rhythms. What shall I call it all? I will call it 'The Sea.'"

Marvellously Made

The pieces are marvellously made, with incomparable virtuosity. The orchestration offers an endless succession of the most ingenious and beautiful combination of instruments. The composer modulates in every measure. His music seems utterly free and joyous. In this, at least, it suggests nature which moralizes not, and is glad even when it witnesses death. The rhythmic development of the ideas is most wonderful of all. Here is counterpoint and development by means of rhythm. The rhythm combinations are endless and they are entirely suggestive.

This music commences where not only speech, but dreams, come to an end. It is wholly impersonal. It is of all or of nothing, as one chooses. When Dr. Muck first played "La Mer" it was coldly received. Yesterday there was hearty applause, especially after the second piece, "Frolles of the Waves."

Miss Deyo's performance of the Tchaikowsky concerto was carefully planned and consistently carried out, but she would have done better, with her limited strength, to have chosen a work demanding less virility in execution.

A Chopin concerto, a concerto by Mozart—these works also require gifted interpreters, and they might have been more fortunate in their interpretations at the hands of Miss Deyo.

SYMPHONY GIVES "SEA" OF DEBUSSY

Herald

Dec. 18/15

Superb Performance Stirrs Enthusiasm—Miss Ruth Deyo Pianist.

By PHILIP HALE.

The eighth concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Dr. Muck conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows: Debussy, "The Sea: Three Orchestral Sketches"; Tschalkowsky, Concerto for piano, B flat minor, No. 1; Haydn, Symphony in E flat major (B. and H. No. 1.)

When Dr. Muck first conducted Debussy's "Sea" in 1907 at a public rehearsal, hardly a hand was heard in applause. Yesterday he was recalled after the third sketch; there was hearty applause after the second; there was moderate appreciation of the first. The times change and we change with them. The idiom of Debussy is by this time familiar. His orchestral compositions are no longer thought formless and incoherent. Quotations from his works are admitted into even grave treatises on harmony. In comparison with Schoenberg, Stravinsky and young Mr. Ornstein, his Muse now wears a high-neck dress and a cameo brooch; her hair is plastered on her forehead.

As these Sketches are frankly impressionistic, the enjoyment of the hearer depends largely on his own susceptibility and imagination. There are persons who do not like the ocean. Oscar Wilde was disappointed in the Atlantic; but there are more normal beings, far from being poseurs, who cannot exclaim with Jules Laforgue, "the sea, always new, always respectable!" We know a man who was doomed to spend a vacation in a summer hotel on a bluff looking down on Nantucket Sound. Whenever he sat on a bench he turned his back to the ocean and faced pine trees, giving as an excuse that "the sea got on his nerves."

Debussy's "Sea" is not for them, neither is it for those who find pleasure in Mendelssohn's overture to "Sea-Calm and Prosperous Voyage." For Debussy knows a wilder ocean, many-faceted, now exulting in Aeschylean laughter, now spasmodic, sinister, terrible, and never so terrible as when calm, or inviting mortals to sport with it, and smiling, as though it were forgetful of rotting ships and sunken treasure and the drowned far down that were for a time regarded curiously by monsters of the deep.

No one has painted in music so vividly and with such varied coloring the phases of the ocean as Debussy. Hanslick maintained that there is music that "stinks." There are pages of Debussy that smell of brine.

Others recall to the hearer the ripples rustling up "hoarse and sibilant," waves moaning or angry.

Some vast heart, like a planet's, chain'd and chafing in those breakers,
By lengthen'd swell and spasm, and panting breath,

And rhythm's rasping of thy sands and waves,
And serpent hiss, and savage peals of laughter,
And undertones of distant lion roar,
Sounding, appealing to the sky's deaf ear.

This music of Debussy surpasses even the prose of Victor Hugo in his description of the storm that wrecked the Comprachicos, of the whirlwind issuing from the Nothing which is All. "It is a shapeless howling. It is the inarticulate spoken by the indefinite. At intervals it is a complaint; space laments and justifies itself."

Tschalkowsky's concerto has now been played at these concerts by 12 pianists, including Miss Ruth Deyo, the pianist yesterday; and of them five were women. We all feel that this concerto is eminently for a strong man. For this reason, no doubt, women are anxious to play it. There have been amazonian pianists, as Sophie Menter, Mme. Bloomfield-Zeisler, Mme. Carreno in her younger days, Adele aus der Ohe, who played Liszt's concerto in E flat with amazing dash and brilliance, and in other concertos was a Diana, cool, chaste, shooting inexorable darts with fatal aim.

Was Miss Deyo's choice a wise one? We associate her with music of a more refined, more poetic, subtler, vaporuous character. Her performance yesterday was musical, charming in the purely lyrical passages, clear in bravura, surprisingly masculine in the pompous chords of the introduction, but there were times when we missed the vigor that in a performance of this work should approach drunken frenzy if not sheer brutality. For there are pages that are brutal, with the strange melancholy of the Russian that seeks relief and forgetfulness in vodka.

The performance of Debussy's "Sea" was superb in every way, and the symphony of Haydn was played with the polished vitality that only this orchestra led by Dr. Muck can give to it. The concert will be repeated tonight.

The program of the concerts next week will be as follows: Mozart, overture to "The Magic Flute"; Carpenter, suite "Adventures in a Perambulator" (first time at these concerts); Saint-Saens, concerto in A minor for cello (Mr. Malkin, cellist); Rheinberger's concerto in F major for organ, three horns and strings (Mr. Marshall, organist).

SYMPHONY CONCERT OF SHARP CONTRAST

Adv. ———— Dec. 18/15
IN WHICH DR. MUCK

TAKES ESPECIAL DELIGHT

Miss Ruth Deyo Scores Triumph

as Soloist—Debussy and
Haydn

BY LOUIS C. ELSON
PROGRAMME.

Debussy—Three Orchestral Sketches. "La Mer."
Tschalkowsky—Piano Concerto, B-flat minor.
Soloist, Ruth Deyo.
Haydn—Symphony in E flat major.

We have heard Debussy's views upon the sea several times now and are still not convinced that he is a good tone-poet in maritime affairs. He does not, to be sure, deal with submarines or sea-serpents, but on the other hand he does not picture real sailors or salt breezes. One cannot write upon this work the words of Walt Whitman:—

"Today a rude and brief recitative
Of ships sailing the seas,
Each with its special flag, or ship-signal,
Of unnamed heroes in the ships,
Of waves spreading and spreading
Far as the eye can reach,
Of dashing spray, and the winds piping and blowing,
And out of these a song, for the sailors
Of all nations,
Fitting, like a Surge."

There is more of the salt sea in ten measures of the "Flying Dutchman Overture" than in this work from beginning to end.

The title of the first movement, "From Dawn to Noon Upon the Ocean," suggests that it is going to run at least through two watches, but it is considerably less than eight hours long, although very baleful while it lasts. There was muted horn enough in this to suggest that every sailor aboard had touches of seasickness.

Nevertheless there were moments of impressiveness, too, but everything seemed fragmentary and disjointed. One might place such a work above Mendelssohn's "Sea-calm and Prosperous Voyage," but much below his "Hebrides," or the first movement of Rubinstein's "Ocean Symphony."

The second movement has a fine glow of color and viewed purely as orchestral music might be commended, but it comes no nearer to its subject than the rest of the work. There is much brilliancy in the finale and perhaps some of the recreations of the second dog-watch lifted the composer out of his oceanic woes, but it was only temporary. The work is a libel on Father Neptune. Its many oboe wailings and muted horn groans suggest that Debussy was not picturing the sea of Wagner, or Rubinstein, or Mendelssohn, but Shakespeare's

"Sea of Troubles," or else that very unpleasant ocean portrayed by Coleridge in his "Ancient Mariner:"—

"The very deep did rot; O Christ!
That ever this should be!
Yea, slimy things did crawl with legs
Upon the slimy sea."

That is the kind of sea which occupies the greater part of this orchestral picture, so far as we can discover. Skill in orchestration and much originality is there, but beyond that there is nothing to commend. We can only regard the work as a "frightful example," a warning of how not to write marine tone-pictures. The excellent performance deserved what applause the composition received.

Then came Tschalkowsky's concerto with Miss Ruth Deyo at the piano. This is the work which Nicolas Rubinstein found fault with and which Hanslick found unpleasant. All that is changed and the critics have reversed their opinions. It is a composition which has a wild and frenzied finale, which suggests a bacchanalian orgie. Therefore, almost all the lady pianists try to play it. There are direct folk-song reminiscences in the work, especially in the first and last movements. The second movement embodies the vein of both Scherzo and Slow movement in its treatment. The concerto belongs in some degree to Boston, since it was in this city that Von Buelow first played it and it was from here that the success of the work was cabled to the composer.

Miss Deyo did very much with the concerto. She played the difficult first movement with commendable technical skill and superb breadth, and she gave becoming muscularity to the finale. But for all that, it is a work which we much prefer to hear from masculine hands. One would as soon think of a female pianist picturing the dissipations of Nijni-Novgorod in fair-time as of her giving full expression to the orgie of this particular concerto. Nevertheless, we must hasten to add that Miss Deyo made more of it than any female pianist that we have yet heard in the work, and there was elasticity as well as power in the performance. The ensemble was excellent and Miss Deyo was recalled and re-recalled with great enthusiasm.

Then followed one of those very sharp contrasts in which Dr. Muck seems to take especial delight. To go from Tschalkowsky's revelry to Haydn's naive prattle was like going direct from Zola to Wordsworth, or

from vodka to milk. Nevertheless we generally enjoy Haydn's symphonies better than any 18th century works in this form. Mozart attempts dramatic effects, and these shrivel up somewhat when compared with the tremendous dramatic compositions of the present. But Haydn never tries to become too intense. He gives most of his themes "a la Watteau," in simple and direct prettiness, and is as restful as a reclining chair.

Of course there is nothing of technical difficulty in such a work as this symphony, at least not for our orchestra, but it is to their credit that they do not slight the interpretation of the work. They gave as careful an ensemble as would be found in more ambitious works, and the light airiness and grace lent a peculiar charm to the final work even if the fiery concerto neutralized it somewhat.

We are glad that Dr. Muck does not allow the auditor, in the midst of so much that is modern, to forget that there were simpler, calmer days in music, once upon a time.

The conservative critic and composer, Hiller, once said to the present writer: "The danger in America is that your audiences get at once the most advanced and sensational modern music. They do not grow up to it by degrees, as we have done in Germany." It is well that we have such an educator as Dr. Muck at the helm.

DEBUSSY'S SKETCHES OF THE SEA PLAYED 9:30 Dec. 18/15 Performance Eloquent With Nature's Moods.

Orchestra Gorgeous in Concerto—
Miss Deyo Immature Pianist.

Debussy's three symphonic sketches of the sea were played at the Symphony Orchestra concert yesterday afternoon. The fluidity of this music, its remoteness from all that suggests the literal and the obvious, its unfettered vision, born out of dreams, its kinship with the bleak wild ways of nature, as if through it nature had told her secrets, all reminds of the lonely, incomparable beauty of this speech, as it is known in "Pelleas and Melisande," in this and other poems for orchestra.

Shimmering in the dawn, reflecting the noonday glory, capricious, caressing, turbulent, torrential, a monster of destruction, partner to the fury of the wind, the great deep is unfolded as a scroll. It is a creature of whims and fancies. There are no attempts at absolute or photographic realism. It is music of the most untrammelled imagination. It lacks the stereotyped form of the analyst, but it possesses that noble repose of the sea, a repose of ceaseless motion, transformed into a thousand shapes and visions. The second picture, the frolics of the waves, might ask yet lighter treatment, but the suite was played throughout with kindling imagination, with gorgeous colors.

The beauty of Tschalkowsky's orchestra in the B-flat minor concerto for piano was never more apparent. Dr. Muck and the players gave a magnificent performance. The piano part is not a miniature to be played with pretty facility. Miss Deyo, whatever her abilities as a pianist in recital or in the drawing room, undertook music for which she is unsuited in physical strength, in technic and in temperament.

Haydn's symphony in E-flat, played with fine spirit, closed the program.

DEBUSSY "SEA" SKETCHES PLAYED BY ORCHESTRA

Monitor — Dec. 18/15

SYMPHONY HALL—Eighth program of the Boston Symphony orchestra. Karl Muck, conductor; Miss Ruth Deyo, soloist; afternoon of Dec. 17. The program: Debussy, "La Mer," three symphonic sketches; Tschalkowsky, piano concerto No. 1 in B-flat minor (Miss Deyo); Haydn, symphony in E-flat major (B. & H. No. 1).

The Symphony conductor, it seems, has lost his power to interpret program music. From being a brilliant exemplar of the art of orchestral description he has of late become an ineffective one. He no longer shows the knack of making his concerts tell a story or paint a picture. His gift for narrating adventure and for defining locality, which once distinguished him, has now left him. Just as in bringing out the illustrative qualities of the "Pastoral" symphony last week he was like one helpless, so he was, too, in setting forth the scenic detail of the "Sea" sketched this week. The excuse was found for him in his Beethoven reading that the music was of too remote a date to carry its illusion of a country holiday, that it could not under any circumstances persuade sophisticated listeners of today of its brookside, its gathering of peasants and of its succession of rising storm and clearing skies. But the conductor has failed quite as signally in bringing into realization the modern sea-

side excursion of Debussy.

Twice in succession, then, reading standard pieces composed in the program manner, pieces of widely separated dates and schools, Dr. Muck has proved unconvincing. And who among his listeners particularly cares? He may have lost his cunning as a symphonic showman and as a dictator of tone pageants, but very likely few will regret it. The question arises whether the Boston Symphony public is not ready for a respite from emphasis on the spectacular side of music, whether it is not ready to give its faculty of aural vision, which has been provoked to so much exertion in recent seasons, a period of rest. It has been invited to witness the exploits of a good many heroes, to visit a great number of art galleries and to cover a long itinerary of oriental cities, all in its tonal imagination. Perhaps it is ready for a change and is willing for a while just to hear some orchestral playing.

At all events the Symphony conductor, according to his behavior at the last two concerts seems to think his public wants such a change. He has presented notable examples of program music and has interpreted them with no attention whatever to the program and with a great deal of thought for the music. Thus the first of the three "Sea" sketches was no picture of the east reddening behind the islands out in the bay, but just melody, harmony and instrumental coloring of a Parisian composer. And in some way this composer took his place among his French contemporaries in a way he has never taken it before. He was far less a man of revolutionary ways and far more one of Gallic conventions that he has been hitherto. He was for a good part of the time only a new version of Massenet. His ideas were in many essentials those of the writers of opera comique.

Thus did the conductor take all strangeness out of the composition of Debussy and make it companionable with the concerto of Tschalkowsky and the symphony of Haydn. With the admirable assistance of Miss Deyo he made the concerto a work of great formal charm, divesting it of all adventitious interest as a medium for solo display and giving it character as a purely orchestral piece. In the Haydn number he showed that a

full modern sonority is not incompatible with early classic elegance of design. A lightness of phrasing and an elasticity of rhythm in his baton kept the symphony in correct historic perspective.

1915-16.

ONY ORCHESTRA.

JCK, Conductor.

ROGRAMME

ER 24, AT 2.30 P. M.

MBER 25, AT 8 P. M.

E to "The Magic Flute"

adventures in a Perambulator"
at these concerts)

O for VIOLONCELLO and ORCHESTRA, in
P. 33

O in F major, for ORGAN, THREE HORNS
G ORCHESTRA

sists:

ALKIN, Violoncello

MARSHALL, Organ

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Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1915--16.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

Dr. KARL MUCK, Conductor.

NINTH PROGRAMME

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 24, AT 2.30 P. M.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 25, AT 8 P. M.

MOZART.

OVERTURE to "The Magic Flute"

CARPENTER,

SUITE, "Adventures in a Perambulator"

- I. En Voiture.
- II. The Policeman.
- III. The Hurdy Gurdy
- IV. The Lake
- V. Dogs
- VI. Dreams

(First time at these concerts)

SAINT-SAËNS,

CONCERTO for VIOLONCELLO and ORCHESTRA, in
A minor, No. 1, op. 33

- I. Allegro non troppo
- II. Allegretto con moto
- III. Come prima

RHEINBERGER,

CONCERTO in F major, for ORGAN, THREE HORNS
and STRING ORCHESTRA op. 137

- I. Maestoso
- II. Andante
- III. Finale: Con moto

Soloists:

Mr. JOSEPH MALKIN, Violoncello

Mr. JOHN P. MARSHALL, Organ

Mason & Hamlin Pianoforte

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John Alden Carpenter

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT

Trans. — Dec. 24/15
THE PROBLEM OF A CHRISTMAS
PROGRAMME

Dr. Muck's Solution of It, with Mr. Carpenter's "Adventures in a Perambulator" for His Capital Piece—Music of Humor, Fancy, Wit and Dexterity That Blends Word-Picturing and Tone-Picturing and Joins Distinction to Entertainment

WHO shall read the mind of a conductor of the Symphony Orchestra, when, once in six or seven years, he must put together a programme for a pair of concerts one of which falls on the afternoon before Christmas and the other on the evening of that day itself? Perhaps in his secret thoughts he would be glad to omit both, but his august master—the precedent of five-and-thirty years—forbids any break in the appointed sequence of the concerts. It is the proud boast of the Comédie-Française that it has never foregone a scheduled performance, unless fire, war or other "act of God"—as the contracts say—has defeated it in its duty. So far no celestial or terrestrial contingency has ever interrupted the ordered course of the Symphony Concerts, and before them the fact that today is Christmas Eve and that tomorrow is Christmas Day is no more than the capricious accident of an impertinent calendar. For Dr. Muck there was no option and, being loyal to the traditions of the orchestra, he doubtless desired none; but he must have suspected that his audience today would be relatively slender in numbers and almost certainly preoccupied with other matters than the hearing of symphonic music. Tomorrow the assembly may be larger and also more tired, since every one knows, but pretends not to believe, that holiday-making is a fatiguing business.

What, then, was a conductor to do, especially if he were minded to suit a part of his programme to those two obstinate dates on the calendars, ecclesiastic and secular, festal and commercial? Now, Christmas may have its stately and ceremonial side as when the Roman or the Anglican church celebrates it. The overture to Mozart's opera of "The Magic Flute" happens to be a ceremonial music, especially when the deep and solemn proclamation of the trombones interrupts it and returns yet again to stay the course of the fugued finale. Then it is music of rites and temples, as indeed the opera bids; even the running passages for

strings have an audible gravity of voice and the coloring wood-winds, fuller and richer than was often Mozart's wont, are warm and mellow. Accordingly, the overture, as it did today, may well begin a pair of Christmas concerts.

Again, the organ is a ceremonial and stately instrument readily associated with the churchly celebration of the high feast of the Nativity. It is also an occasional instrument of the secular orchestra that Dr. Muck seems to believe should have annual inning—say at Christmas or Easter—with a solo piece. Why not, then, kill two birds, as it were, with one stone and give Mr. Marshall a concerto—this time one by the fertile and fluent Rheinberger, with three horns for coloring voices and a string orchestra for background? The programme might well end with such a sonorous finale, and it did. Perhaps one concerto suggested another; perhaps Saint-Saëns's piece for violoncello and orchestra seemed a becoming number to a designedly light programme with no symphony upon it; perhaps Dr. Muck remembered that each of the two principal cellists must have his turn as "soloist" in the course of the season. Two birds—it is just possible—with one stone again, and so Mr. Malkin is playing this afternoon the aforesaid concerto of Saint-Saëns and no doubt with his usual clear understanding and continent impartment of the music and his wonted command of the exacting technique and the tonal richness of the violoncello.

But, how account for the fourth, the most considerable and the most interesting item of the programme—Mr. Carpenter's suite for orchestra, "Adventures in a Perambulator." It is an unusual piece as the music of American composers goes; it is the first piece for orchestra that one of the most expert, imaginative and individual of them has written; it was "the novelty of the year," when Mr. Stock produced it last March at the concerts of the Chicago Orchestra; it was no less so when at the beginning of another season Mr. Damrosch made it known to New York. Tempting report of it has gone far and wide; there was eager curiosity in the public of the Symphony Concerts to hear it for its own sake and for the revealing and the pointing performance Dr. Muck and the orchestra are sure to give it. Yet today and tomorrow it is played "for the first times at these concerts" when the audiences are likely to be smaller than usual and rather more mindful of their own babies in the flesh than of Mr. Carpenter's in tones. Admittedly, the suite is a comparatively light and altogether amusing piece and so suits and untaxing Christmas programme. Moreover, Dr. Muck, as is weekly to be observed at Symphony Hall, has a will of his own and, being human, likes to keep to it. In his scheming of the concerts, he had set down "Adventures in a Perambulator"

Dec. 24 and 25, and on these days *Adventures in a Perambulator* are to be played. Fortunately, requests for repetitions have been known to descend upon Dr. Muck's study table and it is of record that Mr. Carpenter's music rained down a shower of them upon Mr. Stock in Chicago and on Mr. Damrosch in New York.

By this time, there is little need to recall the general and particular design and course of the adventures. Mr. Carpenter is frankly writing programme-music and wisely making both programme and music out of his own head. The one is as full of inventive and transparent humor and fantasy as the other; the artistry of the record in words equals the artistry of the record in tones; indeed programme and music are so skilfully and imaginatively interlaced that to read the one is to hear in anticipation or retrospect even the details of the other. In his perambulator, with his nurse behind him the baby goes forth for his daily airing. They encounter the portentous policeman; they hear near and far the wanton music of the hurdy-gurdy; they look upon the waves of the lake dancing blue in the sunshine under the white and blue of the summer sky; dogs scuffle around them; the baby muses upon the fulness of life and dreams of his portion in the adventures of the day. Before his sleepy eyes nurse melts into mother. The rest—the fascinating particulars in which Mr. Carpenter is as adroit and suggestive of word as he is of tone—were set out in this place only yesterday.

What the eye sees and feels as it scans the text, the ear hears and feels as it listens to the music. The motif of the baby; the motif of the nurse; the rhythmic and the harmonic turning of the wheels of the perambulator, regular and cheerful as the steps behind it, need no "thematic catalogue" to label them. "Round like a ball, taller than my father, blue, fearful, fascinating," the policeman—"unprecedented man"—approaches and the dutiful analyst has no occasion to tell us that he marches out of double basses, bassoons, tympani and the other heavy-toned and heavy-footed instruments. The perambulator audibly stays its course; as audibly the baby halts the desultory conversation of nurse and policeman. The wheels turn again, but soon to be lost in the tinny and tinkling sounds of a hurdy-gurdy—two harps, two xylophones, one celesta and one piano. Now, it is hinting at "Funiculi, Funicula"; again it is unmistakably grinding out "Sweet Marie"; quite clearly it has a preference for waltz rhythms. So has the baby, but not the policeman; striding again out of the double basses, he whisks off "the dark man" and "the dark lady" and plaintively the waltz wheezes into receding distance.

Then the lake, and suave and shimmering tone-picturing. The little waves curl flashing out of the flutes; the big swell smoothly out of the horns. The strings ripple with the motion of the waters and the breeze; the harmonic coloring is high, soft and clear; the body of tone light and lapping. There is as light yet full-throated climax. "This is My Lake," proclaims the baby. Ear and fancy suspect that it is Mr. Carpenter's lake, too, and by like title of enkindled affection. . . . And next the dogs—little dogs, yipping shrill in the piccolos and the oboes; big dogs, booming out of the tuba itself; all the dogs, playing at "Follow My Leader" in a fugato, while an inner voice inquires, "Where, oh where is my little dog gone?" The learned analysts know not whether to blush for Mr. Carpenter, bestowing such scholarship on his puppy-dogs or to smile with him in the ingenuity and the fancy of it. . . . The perambulator starts again; the wheels turn regularly; the nurse steps cheerfully; the baby muses and dreams. Little fragments of all that has gone before flit through the music—policeman, hurdy-gurdy, the lake and the rest. Then, of a sudden, comes what the old pantomimes would have called the apotheosis. Slowly and insinuatingly, first vaguely and then clearly, the routine and business-like motif of the nurse transforms itself into a theme of gentle grace and tender beauty, all light and charm. The baby sleeps and now it is of his mother that he dreams.

So to describe Mr. Carpenter's music is to hint at the wonder and the delight of it. For, though the suite records no more than the sights and the sounds, the adventures and the musings of a baby in that "out" which to his mind "is wonderful," and though from the first measure to the last it is light, lucid and amusing, it has many more titles to distinction than not a few portentous symphonies and tone-poems from American and European hands. Music is not necessarily undistinguished because it happens to seem spontaneous, because hearers apprehend and feel it on the instant; because they smile and laugh over it while their eyes moisten meanwhile. The wonder of the suite is, first, the fertility, the felicity and the transparency of Mr. Carpenter's motifs. They seem to invent themselves; they are as clear as the day; they suggest instantly and irresistibly what he would make them imply; they have musical and delineative character, whether nurse or policeman, baby or mother, dogs or hurdy-gurdy are in question. Humor and beauty, playful point and gentle poetry answer with equal readiness to Mr. Carpenter's call. The second wonder of the suite is like to the first—a similarly spontaneous and limpid flow. The student of the score may find all sorts of feats of invention, resource and scholarship in the suite, from the fugato of the puppy-dogs to subtle intricacies of crossed and

interwoven rhythms and the transformation, until it suffuses the whole music, of the prose of the nurse into the poetry of the mother. The harmonic web seems to the ear a web of pure atmosphere and illusion, yet Mr. Carpenter is weaving it in his own way and with not a few inventions wholly his own, out of the subtleties and the freedoms of ultra-modern progressions, coordinations and juxtapositions. The instrumental color—notably in the suggestion of the near or the distant hurdy-gurdy or in the tone-picture of the lake—is inventive, adept and altogether illusory play with timbres. Ravel himself does not more assiduously shun the conventions of melody, cadence, counterpoint, figuration, climax and color than does Mr. Carpenter; the Parisian is not more fastidious, sensitive and precise of means and proportions; yet the American's music is transparency itself in narrative, characterization, atmosphere and suggestion. The details are as significant as they are various, and each and all of them is as light and free as it is subtle and exact.

The delight of the suite—such invention, workmanship and ease aside—is the delight of humor, wit and fancy in tones. The humor never falls away into extravagance, even when it is busy with the yappings and the paddings of dogs; it never coarsens even when the big blue policeman is target for it; it never loses pungency; it is never beaten out thinly and laboriously. The tonal wit is recurring salt to the nurse and her share in the adventures of the day; it plays even about the revolutions of the perambulator and the mischances of the hurdy-gurdy. As for fancy and the enriching and the deepening of it which is imagination, hear the one or the other in almost every impression that the tone-baby receives; in the glamoring of the trumpery tunes and the faded waltz of the wheel-piano until its grinding seems the rhythm of the joy of living; in the radiant vision of the lake; in the loveliness and the charm of the unfolding of the theme of the mother and in the theme itself. Without fancy, and without imagination, the suite could not keep its unfailing lightness of handling, its clear fascination of style, its ready dexterity of means and process. In it, for the first time outside Mr. Loefler's work, an American composer has written an aristocratic, and not a bourgeois, music.

H. T. P.

SPIRIT OF JOY AT THE

SYMPHONY

Post—Dec. 25/18

Carpenter's Suite Puts Hearers in Good Humor

BY OLIN DOWNES

For the programme of the Boston Symphony concerts of yesterday afternoon and this evening Dr. Muck has arranged a series of compositions in a joyous vein, more or less appropriate to the season. Mozart's overture to the "Magic Flute," it is true, contains measures that are impressive and portentous, music which hints at grave matters to come, but these solemn and ceremonial measures serve to set off the more happily the delightful fugue which follows.

A HUMOROUS SUITE

The Suite, "Adventures in a Perambulator" of John Alden Carpenter was performed for the first time at these concerts. This suite was played here on the 16th of last November by the New York Symphony Orchestra, Walter Damrosch, conductor. It, too, is entertaining music. Finally, two concertos were played by members of the orchestra. Josef Malkin, cellist, played the familiar Saint-Saens concerto in A minor; John Marshall, organist of the orchestra, played the organ part of Rheinberger's concerto for organ, strings and horns.

Mr. Carpenter's music is well written and cleverly scored. Its "plot" is now known. The "Adventures in the Perambulator" are the adventures of the young gentlemen or lady, sex unknown, out for a morning walk. The nurse, the policeman, and "Myself" have representative themes. There are heard the turning of the wheels of the perambulator, the clanking of a hurdy-gurdy, the majestic stride of the policeman, the barking of dogs, the swish of waters as the big lake with the little waves and the big waves with sunbeams on their back come into view. The workmanship is more than suggestive of Strauss, and

reminiscences of other composers are heard. Yet the music has a value of its own, if only the value which is that of music well and wittily written, and a big orchestra employed with admirable mastery and a genuine sense of humor.

Beauty in "The Lake"

The most valuable of the six movements of the suite is "The Lake," with its impressionistic effects and its harmonic beauty. The take-off on the hurdy-gurdy and such "masterpieces" as "Alexander's Ragtime Band" is bunny, but the humor of the Scherzo, "Dogs," is still funnier, in its ingenious suggestion of canine sounds and its fugal treatment of thematic fragments. This is not music that can be called original, but it is music right excellently made, and, thank heaven, it is for a change the music of a composer who does not take himself too seriously. At the same time, we must acknowledge that Mr. Carpenter's programme of the composition, written by himself, is fully as original and as entertaining as his music.

The orchestral performances of one of the clearest of Mozart's fugues and of the great introduction of the overture was admirable. Mr. Malkin did entire justice to a composition conspicuous for its grace and its neatness of workmanship and deftness of instrumentation. He played with ample virtuosity, with a warm and rich tone, with the authority of an experienced and accomplished virtuoso.

Music of Substance

But—it is a significant fact not due to performance, but to the compositions themselves—that if we deduct the greatness of Mozart's music, the honest music without heaven-storming originality, and yet what substance it has! Music that showed to remarkable advantage by the side of either Carpenter's or Saint-Saens'. The sturdy thematic material, the firmness of the tonal structure, the broad, clear writing, the effective organ part and the excellent scoring for the strings and horns make for an exceedingly brave sounding composition. All this makes splendid music, music of the Yule-tide, music we would fain hear at more frequent intervals than in the past, music, incidentally, which bears witness to the extraordinary strength and vitality of good polyphonic composition of the German school. Mr. Marshall played in a brilliant and musicianly manner.

Dr. Muck, as usual, wielded a masterly baton in the performance of the concertos as well as the earlier music of the programme.

SYMPHONY GIVES NINTH CONCERT

IN ITS SERIES

Herald Dec. 25/15
Produces Novelty in Form of
the Suite "Adventures in a
Perambulator."

By PHILIP HALE.

The ninth concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Muck conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows:

Overture to "The Magic Flute".....Mozart
Suite, "Adventures in a Perambulator".....

Carpenter
Concerto in A minor for violoncello, Saint-Saens
Concerto in F major for organ, three
horns and strings.....Rheinberger

Mr. Carpenter, a business man with a poetically musical soul, living in Chicago, has told in tones the adventures of a baby wheeled about in a perambulator by the nurse. They meet a policeman on whom the nurse looks kindly; they listen to a hurdy-gurdy playing familiar tunes; they see the lake with sunbeams dancing on the back of the waves; all sorts of dogs run about them; at last the baby, tired, dreams confused dreams, seeing mother and the nurse, and pondering the exciting moments of his ride. For the music and the enlightenment of the hearer, Mr. Carpenter has written a pleasingly whimsical program, argument, what-you-will.

A "musical joke," even when it is short, is to be looked upon with suspicion. Too many are laboriously contrived; as funny as an open grave. Two of Mr. Carpenter's episodes—"The Lake" and "Dreams"—are full of sentiment, at times emotion, and thus provide plausible contrast; but even then there is a little too much in one and the same vein. This monotony is increased by certain mannerisms in style. We should not mourn if the episode "Dogs" were cut out, for it is, as far as suggestion is concerned, the least successful one of the series. Grant that the idea of scampering, endless chasing in a circle, the dogs' foolish game of tag, is well expressed, the mimetic measures, the yelping, baying, barking, growling, are ineffective. "Not a bit like it, Mr. Carpenter," a hearer might exclaim, and quote the story of Agesilaus. "Another time being desired to hear a man that naturally counterfeited the nightingale's voice, he would not hear him, saying, 'I have oftentimes heard the nightingale itself.'"

Among the mannerisms noted are these: The practice of ending an episode, piano or pianissimo; with a final abuse of upper notes of strings or

a piccolo flourish; little tricks of surprise, which too often repeated, do not surprise.

On the whole this Suite is more than "clever," an obnoxious word in art, often condemnatory. Mr. Carpenter has a delicate fancy, a vivid imagination, surprising facility and ingenuity, truly individual expression. There are many charming harmonic effects that are fresh and original. The instrumentation is as a rule singularly effective, by felicitous combinations of timbres, by the peculiar use of instruments, and especially by the daring and successful treatment of the pulsatile section. The music might be described as ultra-modern with a respect for flowing melodic lines; it is not a new chapter in the gospel of deliberate and sensational ugliness.

There is genuine humor, as in the portrayal of the policeman; also in the episode "The Hurdy-Gurdy," an audacious tour de force with an intoxicating use of xylophones. There is genuine poetry, as in "Dreams" and in "The Lake," which is emotional though at times dangerously near sentimentalism.

Viewed in many ways this Suite must be considered as one of the most interesting compositions written by an American. While it is evident that Mr. Carpenter has been influenced by the French school and is not unacquainted with the work of one Richard Strauss, it is also evident that Mr. Carpenter thinks for himself and has his own manner of expression. This music would command respect and admiration in any country.

The performance of this Suite was remarkably euphonious and brilliant. The concert began with an equally remarkable reading and performance of Mozart's immortal overture. The opening Adagio was fraught with significance; there was the expression of solemn anticipation—"Behold, I show you a great mystery"; the chattering, bustling fugue was played with uncommon crispness, clearness, vivacity. Dr. Muck's sharp accentuation, the lightning flashes of emphasis, the significance given to phrases in the Introduction, usually treated indifferently as of no real importance, made the performance noteworthy.

Mr. Malkin of the orchestra played Saint-Saens's concerto in a masterly and beautiful manner, with sure mechanism, rich, pure tone, the delicacy and elegance demanded by Saint-Saens. The minuet saves the concerto as a composition. Mr. Marshall, the organist of the orchestra, made the most of Rheinberger's concerto, a work which shows at least that the composer thoroughly understood the nature of the instrument for which he wrote so much, and did not put before the organist a harsh and thankless task. Yet even in the last Eighties there were organists of great reputation in Germany who looked on Rheinberger as a dangerous man, too free, extravagant, licentious in his use of "pianoforte passages" for the

organ.

The program of the concerts next week will be as follows: Brahms, Symphony No. 3, F major; Schelling, Symphonic Variations for orchestra and piano (Mss), First performance; Rimsky-Korsakoff, Caprice on Spanish Airs. Mr. Schelling will be the pianist.

TWO SOLOISTS HEARD IN AMERICAN WORK

JOHN CARPENTER

RECORDS TRIUMPH

"Adventures in a Perambulator"
Pleases—"Magic Flute Overture"
Brilliantly Played

By Louis C. Elson

PROGRAMME

Mozart "Magic Flute Overture"
Carpenter "Adventures in a Perambulator"
Orchestral Suite
St. Saens Violoncello Concerto A minor
Soloist, Mr. Joseph Malkin

Rheinberger
Concerto for Organ, Horns and Strings
Soloist, Mr. John P. Marshall

A most agreeable programme, just suited to usher in Christmas Eve, and every note of it within the bounds of intelligibility. The very first number plunged into "medias res" with its chattering, light-hearted fugal exposition, the theme of which we suspect Mozart took from Bach's "Well-tempered Clavichord," Book II., No. 7. If any musical reader will compare the two he will at once recognize the kinship; the key, the length and the modulations being identical. But Mozart makes an altogether different affair out of it, Bach treating his subject in a sedate manner in canon, while Mozart makes it full of jollity.

Yet we never can reconcile ourselves to the rapidity with which all modern conductors take the Mozart fugue theme. No auditor can follow its figures in the helter-skelter pace at which it is played. But no amount of speed can cause our strings to blur, and the whole overture was most brilliantly and very rapidly played. It may be recalled, in this

connection, that Mozart did not care greatly for the flute, and even in "The Magic Flute" did not give that instrument much prominence. He once wrote a flute and harp concerto, however (milk-and-water), but that was inspired by his empty pocket-book—and he did not get paid for it after all. The overture was much applauded and deserved to be. The introduction to the Mozart overture seemed, to us, exaggerated in its contrasts.

It is a grateful task to record the triumph of an American composer. John Alden Carpenter, in the "Adventures in a Perambulator," has introduced a baby into the musical repertoire that is as successful as, and much more natural than, Richard Strauss's heavily-scored infant who lives in a family where they had double-fugues at 7 o'clock in the morning—probably for breakfast.

It was programme-music, and the meditations of the baby, which are printed in connection with the score, were properly reproduced in the programme-book, so that each auditor was enabled to dilate with the proper emotion; it was gloriously good fun, and masterly music as well. What a pompous and slow-moving policeman the bassoon made! How perfectly the xylophone reproduced the aggressive tones of the street-organ (not a hurdy-gurdy, by the way), and with what charming vagueness the fragments of these things floated through baby's dream at the close!

But, exhilarating as it is to find a good humorist among modern composers, it is still more gratifying to note that the scoring here is most skilful and that the treatment of the themes is indicative of a high musicianship. "The Lake", the one earnest movement of this Suite, shows a delicacy of treatment that suggests Debussy at his best—not the Debussy of "La Mer." We do not think, however, that "Dogs," the succeeding movement, is graphic or especially remarkable. Mr. Carpenter might have remembered how Gluck pictured the dog Cerberus, in "Orpheus," by glissando effects (sliding) upon a contrabass string. It is much more graphic than Mr. Carpenter's canines.

But we are so charmed with the suite that we feel that picking any flaw is almost hyper-criticism. Nevertheless we revel most in the humor of the movement falsely entitled "Hurdy-Gurdy." Dr. Muck joined the first two movements together, which, we think, only mystified the audience. The interpretation was not superior

to that of the New York Symphony orchestra, given in Boston under Walter Damrosch, a few weeks ago. There are a few "Leit-motiven" in the composition, and the figures representing the Nurse, the Perambulator and its wheels, the baby, and the policeman, can readily be followed. The work has so recently been given in Boston that great length of comment seems superfluous save to state again, emphatically, that the American composers who take themselves with such deadly seriousness might learn a lesson from this work, and Chadwick's "Tam O'Shanter," which latter ought also to be heard in Boston soon.

The work was greatly applauded, the orchestra finally rising in response.

St. Saens' Violoncello Concerto was also music without any aggressive or radical tendencies, and it served to display our excellent new violoncellist, Mr. Joseph Malkin. We have but recently spoken of the work of this artist in these columns and there is little more to tell save to renew the encomiums then written. Mr. Malkin has a broad and sympathetic tone. He makes technique his servant instead of being its slave. He is pure in intonation, even in the highest positions, and is absolutely sure in skips, runs or double-stopping.

There is a little too much of embroidery in this concerto, but for all that it displays the solo instrument well, and it has some very effective themes. Mr. Malkin was greatly applauded, and the orchestra and conductor deserved to share in this, for the ensemble was excellent.

Then the usual Christmas exodus began. We were very sorry for this, since the best work of the concert followed.

The Organ Concerto came last and ended this most enjoyable programme. Of course the name of Rheinberger was sufficient guarantee that there would be no modern tricks played with the musical Art in this work. There are but few concertos for organ and orchestra in existence, and very few composers can blend the two forces into a really effective

form. Guilmant has done it, but he leans a little towards the confectionery side of music, and sometimes his movements become a trifle cloying in consequence. But this work of Rheinberger's is virile from first to last. There is plenty of contrast, too, and, of course, melody is not discarded.

It has become the custom, "in these most brisk and giddy-paced times,"

to size up Rheinberger's compositions as "Kapellmeister-musik," music of the pedantic brain altogether, but we could name more than one of his works in which romance is present. To us this concerto was a keen delight. It did one good to breathe the clear, classical air once more. Good logical development of figures was there, especially in the finale, and the Andante had a dignity which was in fine contrast with the sprightliness of the finale. The playing of the horns in the second movement was especially good, but the forces were in perfect ensemble almost all through.

Mr. Marshall played with artistic effect and the registration was chosen with tact and intelligence. The organ sounds especially well in Symphony Hall, and we were glad to hear the instrument in a prominent role for once. The pure contrapuntal touches were very effective, and Mr. Marshall did splendid manual and pedal work in the final Cadenza. Altogether this concerto was the most effective work of the concert, and we hope that few auditors will miss its glories in the concert tonight.

27, 1915

SYMPHONY MEN PRESENT SUITE BY CARPENTER

SYMPHONY HALL—Ninth afternoon concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Karl Muck, conductor; afternoon of Dec. 24. The program: Mozart, overture to "The Magic Flute"; Carpenter, "Perambulator" suite (first time at these concerts); Saint-Saëns, concerto No. 1 in A minor for violin and orchestra (Joseph Malkin, soloist); Rheinberger, concerto in F major for organ, three horns and string orchestra (John P. Marshall, organist).

If orchestral music had been one of the arts practiced by the fifth century Greeks, it could not have helped developing characteristics of form and structure very different from those it actually has assumed. If composers had flourished in Athens contemporarily with Aeschylus and Sophocles, they would surely have established architectural patterns quite contrary to those set up by Bach and Beethoven. Had Aristotle been in position to write a treatise on the subject of symphonic meth-

od and design, he would have had no such matters to discuss as the fugal form and the sonata form, much less the variation form. These contrivances of late renaissance times could have had no place in an ancient scheme of art. They are based on an idea which in the minds of the men of the earlier civilization would have been essentially inartistic. For they contain as an essential part of their outline that post-classical and decadent contrivance known as the summary. The Bach fugue and the Beethoven allegro and rondo, which are probably the most important formulas in which tone thinkers have expressed themselves, demand, according to their innate logic, the use of the superfluous and altogether un-Hellenic device called the recapitulation.

It is doubtless an unfortunate thing that the modern world has had to evolve canons of musical taste without help from the epoch that produced the Attic drama and the Doric temple. Some way might have been indicated for the art of tone to keep itself fluid, unified and vital besides the obvious one of repetition. Of late, happily, a way is being found by certain composers of France. The trend toward redundancy is finding some check in the orchestra writing of recent men of the Parisian school. It ought to find similar check in the work of composers in the United States, since a succinct and compact style of address may be said to agree with the national habits. But the rule of tradition prevails with the Chicagoan whose suite was played at the Christmas Symphony concerts. The summarizing of themes is made a dutiful part of his "Perambulator" exploit. And duty enters into the affair in such a manner as to drive out inspiration. The ride of the baby, which begins so auspiciously and which proceeds so illusively along the street where walks the policeman and where plays the hurdy-gurdy, must needs end with a dream which recalls the whole journey. In the interests of symphonic recapitulation the viewpoints of the story are mixed. A piece which begins as a delightful study of tone-painting ends as an exercise in musical mathematics.

The two soloists made contributions to the program which greatly pleased the listeners. Mr. Malkin presented the Saint-Saëns concerto for violoncello with a finely finished execution and with an

uncommonly lustrous tone. Mr. Marshall played the organ part of the Rheinberger concerto with tasteful registration and with a dramatic feeling for the dialogue between his instrument and the string and brass groups. He made an especial success in the part of the work where the composer makes his, in the majestic finale.

BABY MUSIC BETTER THAN ITS PROGRAM

Robe — Dec. 25/15
Carpenter's Perambulator
Suite Repeated.

Messrs Marshall and Malkin Heard in Solo Performances.

Who is the author of the program of Mr Carpenter's suite, "Adventures in a Perambulator," which stands as a preface to the score? No name appears. Some sage in infantile psychology is hiding his light. Such induction as to the first human percepts amounts to uncanny perception, to downright divination, to the chronic symptoms of genius.

Walter Damrosch and his New York Symphony Orchestra first made the music known here several weeks ago. It was at once apparent to be charming, spontaneous, apt and imaginative in invention and denoting a high degree of skill in treatment, and this notwithstanding the "program," available in advance from the first performance in Chicago and said to be the composer's inspiration.

This is curious. His writing is permeated with the spirit of play, with the exquisite lightness of touch and graceful humor which envelops the peopled realms of the imagination. There is no literal suggestion of the foolish attempts at naivete, the silly twaddle of these amusing episodes of dogs and policemen, whose relation to the score is no more apparent than they are to childhood.

Modern French characteristics have been found in the style. It is true the whole tone scale is frequently heard. At the previous performance there were suggestions of pages other than those of Mr Carpenter. It is clear that beside listening to the hurdy gurdy play snatches of popular masterpieces, his infant of the perambulator must have been wheeled into a performance of "The Girl of the Golden West."

The opera was produced in Chicago, which is Mr Carpenter's home, the year all progressive cities joined in swelling the tribute to the house of Ricordi.

Fragments of the opera are in the air in the first two sections: Setting Out and The Policeman. In the fourth division, "The Lake," which begins much in the mood and idiom of the "night scene" in "Louise," there is a figure reminiscent of the music of the barroom scene for Rance and Minnie. Nor is that all of Mr Carpenter's allegiance to Puccini. There are allusions to "La Boheme," a passage similar to that of and three muted trumpets in fifths, and measures reminding of the early part of the third act.

Burlesque is widely avoided in translating the various observations of the journey. Although it must be admitted the child was old beyond his years, he might have misconstrued the policeman's motives had he discovered him in a surreptitious flirtation with his nurse. To depict a policeman conniving with a nurse girl through orchestral speech would have been difficult, not to say indecent. The policeman in this case speaks through the bassoon. This is incongruous, for the bassoon is not of Celtic origin.

But to resume. The musical observations are not painfully literal. There is no suggestion of labeled pictures in a primer. The hurdy gurdy is treated with exquisite wit, with an admirable sense of realism blended with the ideal. This is the apotheosis, the magnificent, the sublimation of the hurdy gurdy. Such an instrument would not be barred from the residential streets of our best people. "The Lake" has a quietly rhapsodic character. So with Dreams music, which charms irrespective of printed directions. Dr Muck interpreted the suite with sense of this charm. Some might make it more delineative, more unsophisticated, more frank, but he played it as a score of much poetic beauty.

Rheinberger's concerto for organ, with John Marshall as soloist, with strings and three horns is music of academic clearness and order. The organ is used with a distinctive sense of its powers. There is fugal treatment of ideas of less dignity than their development. Mr Marshall's performance was marked by fluent technic, by a nice sense of registration and of dynamic proportion. The cadenza was tastefully played.

Mr Malkin was soloist in Saint-Saens' first concerto in A-minor for cello and orchestra. A creditable appearance, although one not distinguished either in technic or in beauty of style. In the opening overture to "The Magic Flute," Dr Muck exhausts the possibilities of the broad tempo of the Adagio, and the irregularly accented notes in the brilliant fugue.

American Composer Triumphs

John Alden Carpenter's Suite Pleases—What the Composer of the Second Rank Does for the Public and His Art

Post — Dec. 26/15
Whatever one may say of his earlier concerts, Dr. Muck was certainly successful this year in the arrangement of his Christmas programme. Not all of the music was to be directly associated with the season, but all of it, directly or indirectly, responded happily to the mood of the day. It is noteworthy that on this programme there was only one composer of the first rank, Mozart. All of the others were dwarfs beside this giant, and yet how admirably they made music for Christmas-tide.

In this country, especially, it is the public custom to belittle any men or any talents except those of the utmost importance. In the opera house the most famous singers are the only ones who pack the theatre. The spectacular music-drama with the most gorgeous stage setting conceivable is the attraction, and an opera of Gluck will run small chance of public favor by the side of the "Girl of the Golden West" by Puccini. Mr. Paderewski can always be sure of a packed auditorium, but pianists who merit as respectful attention as he may visit the city with a corporal's guard attendance. All sorts of publicity is extended to new compositions and new musical enterprises of various kinds, but in how many homes and communities in the country is music for the sake of music cultivated?

This attitude also infects criticism, which is no doubt partly responsible for the feverish taste of the musical public. It is a public now thoroughly infected with megalomania. It likes its composer to strut and swear. It would be hard to convince this public that the Don Juan of Mozart is as a matter of fact quite as terrible a fellow—if not more so—as the Don Juan of Richard Strauss. In Mozart's day it was not the fashion to swagger so before an audience. Today we compose Macbeths and Electras and publish lengthy explanations before presenting the works to the public, for this public would never forgive the composer whom it could not profess to understand. Then, infrequently, we attend a programme such as the Symphony programme of last week, and find to our astonishment that a concert of which we had little anticipation proved one of the most entertaining and even uplifting of the series.

Even in musical composition it does no harm now and then to be cheerful. Nor is this a proof of a small calibre mind. Mr. John Alden Carpenter—and the more power to his elbow—has com-

posed a delightful suite in six movements, "Adventures in a Perambulator." The audiences found that this music was easy to understand and easy to like. It was not music with a fearsome plot or with a labyrinth of themes and counterthemes as complicated as an European fortification. Yet it was music composed with consummate skill.

Mr. Carpenter employs an orchestra as large as that of Strauss, and takes a leaf now and then from the book of the advanced Frenchman of the day, but he is not deluded on this account with the belief that he is the heaven-storming

prophet of the period. If the truth must be known, we welcomed the contrast between Mr. Carpenter's picture of certain domestic episodes and Mr. Strauss' elaborate narration of the events of a day and night in his home. You might easily think that Mr. Strauss' family was of at least as much note as the gods and the goddesses whose adventures and intimacies are laid open to us in tales of Grecian mythology, even if, in the latter instance they are not portrayed in so beautiful a manner. Mr. Carpenter is content to draw aside the curtain after and not before the baby's "second breakfast." Breakfast then is over, the house is in order, the nurse and the baby tidy and in a state for inspection. The music is always in good taste, witty and also tender. Yet Mr. Carpenter's score could command respect in any music factory, and he could match his own virtuosity as a composer against most of the important figures in the musical world today. Furthermore, he is and has been all of his life an American business man, who has composed music not for reputation, but because he liked to do so. Saint-Saens in his concerto is equally fortunate.

It would have been easy for another than this cultivated Frenchman to have fallen into the ways of the school on the principles of which his concerto is built. It would have been easy for Saint-Saens to imitate the posturings and the bombast of Liszt himself in his concertos and symphonic poems. Nothing of the kind! Saint-Saens respects the character of his own ideas, and develops them for what they are worth—no more. He derives suggestion from the free continuous development of the symphonic poem of Liszt, but writes a concerto in one movement which remains as fine and as Gallic, as apposite to the character of his instrument, as considerate of its limitations, and the disposition of an audi-

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ence, as any composition for the organ could possibly be. In brief, he makes no effort to be more than he is.

Finally, there was Rheinberger, and his festive organ concerto, an ideal piece for the Christmas day, with its pastoral second movement, alternating with the brilliancy and the joyous impulse of the first and last movements. It is a model of writing for organ and other instruments.

It is the inspired composition of an honest man who was one of the finest contrapuntists of his day and whose unassuming work exerted a very real and enduring influence upon his pupils and the pupils of his pupils, who upheld in the last days of the 19th century certain ideals of musical righteousness which were all the more valuable because they were disappearing so rapidly at that time. Mr. Rheinberger had no idea that he was a Beethoven or a Wagner, or even a Brahms. He wrote in fear of God and art, and his music has been welcomed by two generations, as it probably will be appreciated by two more to come. Many a misguided composer has aimed higher and accomplished less. Let us take off our hats to the honest composer of the second class.

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Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1915--16.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

Dr. KARL MUCK, Conductor.

TENTH PROGRAMME

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 31, AT 2.30 P. M.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 1, AT 8 P. M.

BRAHMS,

SYMPHONY, No. 3, in F major, op. 90

- I. Allegro con brio
- II. Andante
- III. Poco Allegretto
- IV. Allegro

SCHELLING,

IMPRESSIONS, (from an Artist's Life) in form of Variations on an Original Theme for ORCHESTRA and PIANOFORTE
(MSS.) (First Performance)

RIMSKY-KORSAKOFF, CAPRICE on Spanish Themes, op. 34

- I. Alborada
- II. Variations
- III. Alborada
- IV. Scene and Gypsy Song
- V. Fandango of the Asturias
(Played without pause)

Soloist:

ERNEST SCHELLING

Steinway Pianoforte used

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THE SYMPHONY CONCERT

Grand. — Jan. 11, 1916

AGAIN MUSIC OF WIT, FANCY AND ADROIT ARTISTRY

Mr. Schelling's Amusing and Admirable Variations Before Too Sober-Minded an Audience—The Interest and the Distinctions of an Unusual Piece in Plan and Accomplishment — Rimsky-Korsakov's Fading Caprice and a Transformed Symphony of Brahms

AMUSING, adroit and fanciful music is seemingly a perilous thing to set before the audiences of the Symphony Concerts. A week ago they heard an exceptionally expert and entertaining example of it in Mr. Carpenter's suite, "Adventures in a Perambulator," listened to it with "a certain detachment" as the French say, and applauded it politely and coolly. Yesterday they heard another piece in the same genre, equally diverting and no less artful—Mr. Schelling's Variations for Orchestra and Pianoforte—and were equally indifferent to it. True, applause once and again interrupted the progress of the music—an unusual incident at these concerts—but it was manifestly tribute to the skill that some virtuoso of the orchestra had just displayed in a solo passage or response to a transparent dance-tune, like the Spanish Habanera or the Irish Jig. At the end of the whole piece, the audience was even colder to it and to Mr. Schelling, present and participating as the pianist added to the band, and his variations, than it had been to the absent Mr. Carpenter and his suite. "Thoughtful people" and other pesky silent prigs shook their heads gravely. Why should such relative frivolities as these two pieces intrude themselves into the Symphony Concerts?

They should none the less, dear brethren and sisters; they should even be invited to enter them; and once there, they should be heartily encouraged. It is as good to smile and to be entertained in the concert-room as it is to pucker the brow of thought and to feel the thrill of keen and deep emotion. It is possible to write amusing, witty and fanciful music, well-invented and well-ordered, that by its intrinsic quality is quite as deserving of the Symphony Concerts as not a few "serious" pieces that have had passing place in them. Let a relatively little-known composer, like Mr. Carpenter or Mr. Schelling, write a symphony that is no more than laborious, conscientious and "dignified" filling of a formula with routine material and well-

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tested effects and the "thoughtful people," especially if they happen to be friends, will hail him as a "serious" musician doing "serious" work. Let him write a tone-poem, that may be imitation of Strauss, or imitation of Debussy or a singular mixture of both, spiced with Stravinsky, and the ardent young lions of ultra-modern music forthwith salute him as a rising man. But let him merely write an entertaining and expert piece like Mr. Carpenter's suite of the baby's airing or Mr. Schelling's string of impressions and recollections in the form of variations and straightway only the few that know that artful and amusing frivolity is twenty times more difficult and twenty times more worth while than dull-witted and toiling "seriousness" take pleasure in the music and have warm words for the composer.

Once again, dear brethren and sisters, whom the mask of seriousness (hiding barrenness beneath) so often deceives, music like Mr. Carpenter's or Mr. Schelling's pieces is many fold more difficult to write and implies far finer and more distinguished attributes in the composer than nine-tenths of the "respectable" symphonies and the "bourgeois" tone-poems that afflict the concerts of our time. To say nothing of Mr. Carpenter's suite, which the justly admiring Dr. Muck is not likely to let pass from the repertory of the Symphony Concerts, Mr. Schelling's twenty-one variations are more fertile of diversified and individual invention; they give freer play to imagination and artistry; they are more engaging and illusory to the hearer; they farmoreabound in the handling that is expert skill quickened by fancy. These symphonies and these tone-poems go and come as "dutiful" and maybe "educational" music; but "duty" and "education," in the concert-room, are tedious, if necessary, business; whereas the "light" suite of last week and the "light" variations of yesterday stir the mind, stimulate the fancy, hold interest firmly but diversely and afford many sorts of pleasure to those that love fertility and felicity, wit, skill, elegance, distinction and to be frank, frivolity. Perish the thought that our concerts should fall to stodgy British or stodgy German levels; while nearer home, New York and Chicago have already risen to Mr. Carpenter's music and are likely to

do as much for Mr. Schelling's. Here in Boston we sorely need a propaganda against respectable musical mediocrity.

"Impressions (From an Artist's Life) in Form of Variations on an Original Theme for Orchestra and Pianoforte"—as Mr. Schelling's full and cumbersome title runs—begin with the usual statement of the theme in the unusual key of G-sharp minor. The violins and the viola announce it in unison; the full orchestra gradually develops it; the pianoforte embroiders it with arabesques. Like many another such musical thought that is to be fertile in variations, it does not in itself arrest the



ERNEST SCHELLING

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AMUSING, adroit and fanciful music is certainly a perilous thing to set before the audiences of the Symphony Concerts. A week ago we heard an exceptionally expert and entertaining example of it in Mr. Carpenter's suite, "Adventures in a Faraway Land," which is it with "a certain detachment" in the French way, and unclouded in motive and melody. Yesterday they heard another piece in the same genre, equally diverting and no less original. Mr. Schelling's Variations for Orchestra and Piano-forte were equally indifferent to it. True, applause once and again interrupted the progress of the music, even amidst the most serious passages, but it was manifestly untrue to the hall that some virtuoso of the orchestra had just displayed in a solo passage or run, even as a transformation d'opéra, like the Swan in "Cendrillon" or the fish in "The Fisherman's Daughter." At the end of the whole piece the audience was even colder to it and to Mr. Schelling, present and participating as the piano added to the band, and his variations than it had been to the usual Mr. Carpenter and his suite, "Thoughtful people" and other peasant boys shed their heads gravely. Why should such relative frivolities as these two pieces intrude themselves into the Symphony Concerts?

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or impress the imagination. It is hardly more than useful material. Then ensue twenty-one variations—some for full orchestra some for solo instruments usually paired with the pianoforte and some for individual groups or separate choirs. Each variation has a sub-title, indicated by word or initials, that suggests the impression the composer would transmit or the characterization he would imply. A strict canon—the musical form of the game of "following the leader"—labelled "rather martial, precise in rhythm, incisive" hardly needs the initials K. M. to suggest Mr. Schelling's view of Dr. Muck; two more variations recall the living composer, Pfitzner, with whom Mr. Schelling studied and the dead composer, Mahler, whom he much admired, and hint amusingly at one and another idiosyncrasy in their music. A variation in the manner of Polish folk tune is designed to imply Mr. Paderewski; another for viola and pianoforte, Mr. Kreisler. A Spanish dance bears the initials of Miss Pavlova; a quartet for the string choir with an incidental horn serves for "The Flonzaleys"; an orchestral variation is lettered W. M., presumably the illustrious Dutch conductor, Mr. Mengelberg.

Yet others are tonal impressions of a place or occasions like that for clarinet, piping a Savoyard shepherd's tune, like that labelled "August, 1914," of troops marching forth to war while the Dies Irae rumbled ominously in the tonal background; like that of the still lagoon or of the stately and square-cut chorale that Mr. Schelling heard on the Wartburg. The theme itself is inscribed to the Boston Symphony Orchestra, for which he destined the piece and which he says, he heard incessantly in his ears while he was composing it. Accordingly he has utilized its assembled skill and distinctions no less than he has the individual abilities of the more eminent players. Throughout, the pianoforte is little more than an embroidering or a blending voice or yet again as the means to the gaining of desired timbres and color. As such and with abundant resource and unobtrusive discernment, Mr. Schelling himself played it, as apt as ever in touch and tone.

In fine, Mr. Schelling has designed his variations as a delineative impressionistic and moody music quite as much as diversified transmutations of his theme in the orthodox and "absolute" fashion. The expert listener takes pleasure in the fertility and the ingenuity of these transformations in themselves and in the variety of musical resource—rhythms, harmonies, timbres, modulation and all the rest that the composer brings to them. Mr. Schelling is inventive indeed in his twenty-one versions and suggestions of his theme; his skill is endless in the technical manipulation of them; he does not lack imagination and even subtlety with his means; he has surprising feeling for timbres and harmonies and the suggestion that they convey,

and to feeling he joins knowledge. There is significance in his modulations. This pleasure rises to admiration and exhilaration as the listener notes the aptness, the variety, the clear delineative implication, the wealth of mood or picture, the faculty of characterization, the atmospheric sensibility that almost every variation clearly bears.

Not one is uninteresting; hardly one fails to be elegant, artful and amusing. The range of them enkindles admiration into pleasant marvel—merry Irish dances, like to folk-tune; a vivid Spanish Habanera; the wistful and singularly rhythmed music of Poland; sober German choral and exotic Afghan piping and setting; the peace of a lagoon, the rhythmed tumult of marching troops; the idiosyncrasies of instruments and the idiosyncrasies of composers; vignettes of virtuosi and impressions of moods. And in every one apt invention, happy fancy, plentiful resource and purpose clearly foreseen and as clearly fulfilled. Like Strauss and Elgar, he has made an ancient and often academic and pedantic form serve the new purposes of music in delineation, characterization and suggestion and he has enriched it with all the new-found means to that end. Unlike them in "Don Quixote" and the "Enigma Variations," he has been witty, fanciful, light and entertaining. Once more an American composer has written an aristocratic music, and two such pieces in a single season seem almost too good to be true.

Severally and collectively the orchestra and Dr. Muck gave back to Mr. Schelling not only the technical virtuosity but also the suggestion and the characterization that his Variations asked of them and enhanced all three by the consummate beauty of tone and the musical aptness and finesse in the narrower sense of the adjective that they brought to them. Surely as Mr. Schelling imagined and implied, Dr. Muck and the men wrought. Then they passed to one of their favorite "show-pieces," Rimsky-Korsakov's Spanish Caprice, for becoming end of the concert. Yet somehow, yesterday, and through no fault of theirs, it sounded unexpectedly thin and outmoded. The vivid play with Spanish rhythms and universal orchestral timbres; the sharp or subtle strokes of harmony or modulation; the fires of the fandango; the charm of the serenade; the fancy of the variations and the cadenzas, the flaming or the flickering color seemed to lack vitality and illusion, to come and go as tricks of the orchestrating trade; to bear shamming suggestion of Spanish scene and atmosphere rather than enkindled imagination of it. Perhaps the more truthful but not less vivid illusion of an actual Spain in the music of Ravel, Laparra and the rising generation of Spanish composers themselves has withered the old conventions of such music. Perhaps also repetition readily states these "show-pieces." The orchestra, the conductor and the audience like them and justly. More-

over, there is more than one that awaits—and deservingly—Dr. Muck's hand.

Brahms's third symphony made the contrasting beginning of the concert—a piece as it happened, in which Dr. Muck had never before conducted in Boston and which deserves repetition above some of the composer's other symphonies that stand oftener on his programmes. In none of the other three, except possibly the first, does Brahms write with such vigorous readiness of idea, such freedom and force of progress and culmination, with such absence of the calculation that usually besets him, with such fertility of means to clearly foreseen and fully accomplished ends. His musical thoughts spring at once into vital being; they seem to shape of themselves a changeful and forward course or they return in significant reiteration; the harmonic and the instrumental dress that clothes them is born not so much of reflection as of imagination; the coloring of the whole music is rich, warm, glowing. Usually Brahms achieves his harmonic and instrumental vesture by the exercise of ability. In this third symphony, he often substitutes intuition. Moreover, in none of his other symphonies is there suggestion of dramatic conflict in tones to compare with the contrasting play of his bright and joyous and his darkling and bitter theme through the first movement and the finale. On the instant they impress and enkindle; to the end, as they strive against each other, they hold the listener engrossed and stirred.

As Dr. Muck released the magnificent might that sweeps through the finale of the first of Brahms's symphonies, so now he set free the manifold and dramatized energy of no little of this symphony in F major. Each of the conflicting themes in the first movement was alive with its intrinsic quality, force and suggestion; the tonal drama seemed of man and fate with the man endowed, contrary to Tchaikowski's fashion, with a mind and a will as well as with nerves and sensibility; and the end was submission rather than resignation. So may a conductor of imagination and of power read out of at least two of Brahms's symphonies that of which the dry-as-dusts who too long held him to their bosoms, never suspected the existence and set parts of his music of yesterday almost beside the "Tragic Overture." And with that same imagination, in inevitable corollary, such a conductor can invest the intervening Andante and Allegretto with the grave beauty that rises from the one and the wistful charm that exhales from the other and give to both dramatic accents. To Dr. Muck and so to the rest of us Brahms can be poet and even dramatist in tones.

H. T. P.

SCHELLING PLAYS WITH SYMPHONY

Post — Jan. 1, 1916

Composer-Soloist Performs Own Work

BY OLIN DOWNES

The programme of the public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Karl Muck conductor, held yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall, was as follows: Third Symphony, Brahms; Symphonic Variations for Piano and Orchestra, Ernest Schelling (first time); "Spanish Caprice," Rimsky-Korsakoff.

Ernest Schelling, on this occasion composer as well as pianist, was the soloist.

BRAHM'S GREAT WORK

The feature of this concert was the superb reading of Brahms' symphony. The third symphony may lack a measure of the epic greatness of the first; it may be urged that the two middle movements have a less symphonic character than the two parallel movements in Brahms' second symphony, and some may find the strange, haunting melancholy of the third movement merely doleful, dull and monochromatic in coloring. It is not easy to agree with these conclusions of the anti-Brahmites. The first movement of the third symphony is superbly dramatic, and the hurtling together of the theme which opens the symphony and the real first theme of the first movement is one of the most imposing ideas found in the symphonic music of Brahms.

The three last movements contain much that is finest in the style of the later Brahms. They are contemplative, and in the case of the third movement, deeply melancholy, yet there is a nobility of mood as well as theme, a noble resignation and acceptance of the riddle of life and its end that sound noble by the side of the energy and the dramatic

Grandeur of the movements which commence and conclude the symphony.

Interpreted in a great spirit by Dr. Muck, this work towered so high that in retrospect it overshadows everything else on the programme.

Schelling's Artistry

To this Mr. Schelling would undoubtedly retort, "But I had no idea of disputing the greatness of Brahms!" So much was evident in the pianist's modest demeanor. Mr. Schelling played with magnificent virtuosity and with the authority of a creative artist. His composition, which lacks originality or any very impressive workmanship, has some immediately effective qualities, and there are certain pages that stand out in the memory, as the variations in which a figure, starting in the lowest registers of the strings, mounts gradually and irresistibly through the upper registers of the stringed instrument, to the steady roll of a small drum, accompanied at times by wild fanfares of the brass, and finally by the proclamation of the plain chant, the "Dies Irae." A striking effect! It might be the assembly that gathered on the banks of the sea, in an odd tale by Quiller-Couch, when the ghosts of drowned warriors came up from the deep, answering summons to judgment, and each man made his confession and returned to the grave. The variation headed "Lagoon" is simply and suggestively written. There is the suggestion of rippling waves and the sighing of night winds. The 4th and 5th variations are effective. Some variations have references intelligible to Bostonians, as the variation headed, "B. S. O."; the variation, "K. M."; the variation, "G. L." "K. M.", it may here be remarked, conducted this work, as well as the composition of Brahms, with the most scrupulous care for the intention of the composer.

The "B. S. O." displayed its virtuosity collectively and individually, as when "G. L." played a solo which appeared to us uninteresting in itself and ill-suited to his instrument, and, of course, made the most of it, and he was not the only member of the remarkable woodwind section to distinguish himself. There were some members of the orchestra unremembered by Mr. Schelling, who could not be expected to write a solo for every player in the "B. S. O." But the violin playing of "A. W.", for instance, as well as the viola playing of "E. F.", deserve also very special mention.

The composer, at the piano, listened whenever the exigencies of performance permitted, as attentively as any in the hall. The performance was a triumph. The work was received with manifest approval and enthusiasm by a large section of the audience. But if the truth must be told, side by side with passages effectively orchestrated are others, so poor in material, so superficial in treatment and workmanship as to be scarcely worthy of a place on a serious symphony programme.

10TH SYMPHONY CONCERT OF SEASON GIVEN

Record — Jan. 11, 1916

Mr. Schelling Plays 21 Variations of Theme, His Inspiration Drawn from Many Sources.

By PHILIP HALE.

The 10th concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Muck, conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows: Brahms, Symphony No. 3, F major; Schelling, Impressions (from an Artist's Life), in Form of Variations on an Original Theme, for orchestra and piano (first performance); Rimsky-Korsakoff, Caprice on Spanish Themes. Mr. Schelling was the pianist.

Mr. Schelling is not one of those who say confidently that the day of variations is long past. Twenty-one variations on his original theme were played yesterday, and we suspect him of having more in manuscript, for evidently the task was a congenial one, and his invention is fertile. Tschalkowsky wrote a set of variations for a chamber work to portray certain habits and the general character of Nicholas Rubinstein. A deep-thinking German pictured the nature, amusements and opinions of Johannes Brahms in a set of orchestral variations. We are also familiar in Boston with orchestral variations by Elgar in which he painted musically some of his friends and acquaintances.

The variations of Mr. Schelling were written during the last two years with the sound of the Boston Symphony orchestra in his ears, the timbre of the strings, the timbre of the wood-wind, and with the thought of its conductor and certain virtuosos in the band. But other persons, certain events, certain places kindled his fancy. The variations he has annotated briefly. Some of the persons identified by initials are Dr. Muck, Mr. Longy, Mme. Pavlowa, Mr. Paderewski, Mr. Kreisler. There are variations in memory of Mahler and Pfitzner. A lagoon in North Carolina suggested one, a view of the Wartburg

in 1915 another.

The theme, suggested by the Boston Symphony orchestra, as is the first variation, is in the unusual key of G sharp minor. The choice by some, especially violinists, who are obliged to play in this key, might be thought fantastical. The variations are even more fantastical. As a whole, here is a virtuoso piece intended to display the brilliance of the orchestra and the skill of certain individual players. The French in the slang of studio would say that this music is "amusing," but there are sombre pages and there are pages of great beauty in a simple form as the oboe solo, the viola solo, "Polska," with the thought of Mr. Paderewski, and the charming "Lagoon." The most impressive variation is the one marked "August, 1914." It pictures the rush of the German army through Belgium, the despair and agony of the outraged country. And at the end of this singularly powerful page the plain song of the "Dies Irae" is introduced in a striking manner. So too, the final variation, with the Lutheran Choral, rises above the merely fantastical. As a purely humorous variation the one entitled "Erin," is ingenious. Let us hope that no "patriot" may class it in his condemnation with Synge's "Playboy of the Western World."

A composer that in these days writes 21 orchestral variations gives hostages to fortune. No matter how great his technical skill, how cunning his invention, his work will seem, on the surface at least, episodic, scrappy. The average hearer will be little interested in the transformations of the theme; his attention will be directed to rhythms, melodic figures, effects of color, purely sensuous impressions. Furthermore the variation-maker, the more earnest his purpose, runs the risk of wearying the hearer, especially if the latter listens by rule of thumb, misses count in the numbering, and then flounders in perplexity.

Mr. Schelling, however, has shown genuine fancy, with a touch here and there of fantastical that is not displeasing in its wildness; he has also shown in several variations poetic imagination and a sense of the dramatic, as in "August, 1914." We have spoken of variations of pure beauty. It would be an agreeable task to dwell on certain musical harmonic effects, on the delightful extravagance of "Erin," on the composer's peculiar instrumentation. If the variations in memory of Pfitzner and of Mahler seemed less successful than others, it is perhaps because we know too little of the music by these composers.

The performance was an orchestral triumph. Nor should praise be given alone to Messrs. Longy, Ferir, Sand and other players of solos, charming as their playing was: the whole orchestra covered itself with glory.

Dr. Muck gave a remarkable reading of Brahms's symphony. He brought out a bitterness, a sullen despair, not wholly lost in the final pages of resignation, acceptance of Fate that have

passed unnoticed in former performances. While there was an expression, when necessary, of the tenderness that is akin to melancholy, the reading on the whole was more masculine and more defiant than those to which we have been accustomed. Rimsky-Korsakoff's Caprice is dimmed by the gorgeous coloring of Chabrier, Debussy and Ravel remembering Spain.

There will be no concerts next week. The program of those on Jan. 14 and 15 will be as follows: Kelly, New England Symphony (first time here); a Suite or Gluck's dance music; Cherubini's overture to "Anacreon." Mme. Melba will sing Handel's "Sweet Bird" and two airs from "Le Nozze di Figaro."

ERNEST SCHELLING SYMPHONY SOLOIST

ALSO THE COMPOSER

OF WORK PRESENTED

Record — Jan. 11, 1916
Dr. Muck's Interpretation of

Brahms' Symphonies Keen

Delight

By LOUIS C. ELSON

PROGRAMME.

Brahms Third Symphony, F major
Schelling, Symphonic Variations for Piano and Orchestra.

Mr. Ernest Schelling, soloist.
Rimsky-Korsakoff, Caprice on Spanish Airs.

The soloist-composer was the chief attraction of the concert, yet it is not to be forgotten that there is danger for the skilful composer in the Variation-form. The man who has tone-color, harmonic combination, and counterpoint in his control (and Mr. Schelling has these) is apt to go on forever when he has once begun transforming a theme. The metamorphoses spin out like a chain of sausages, to be cut off at the will of the manufacturer. To this temptation of endless extension there yielded Beethoven, Brahms, and evidently Ernest Schelling also. The set of variations were, we understand, somewhat curtailed at this performance, therefore what the work in its entirety may be we can only surmise. Spite of the prolixity it was thus shown that the lemon (to leave the sausage metaphor) was not squeezed quite dry, although it was dry enough.

The work is entitled "Impressions,"

and follows the Elgar idea of making various tone-pictures out of a melody, and causing each picture to represent some event or person. But Mr. Schelling has gone beyond the variation idea and has turned his theme into solos at times, so that it became a long and tedious instrumental concert only mitigated by the fact that it gave several artists a chance to display themselves, and by the excellent mastery of tone-color which the composer displayed.

There were 19 transformations of the theme, and two intercolated ones (17a and 18a); why the composer did not go on to 25 we do not know unless it be on the principle of the glutton who boasted that he had eaten 49 eggs at a sitting. When asked why he did not make it an even 50 he replied: "I did not wish to make a hog of myself for one egg!"

Let us hasten to state that some of the variations were very interesting, although the theme in itself was not.

There were piano solos, harp, horn, clarinet, English horn, viola, oboe, violin solos and enough xylophone to call the part at least "obbligato."

The mystery of the initials attached was tantalizing. Why a wood-wind quartette transformation should be labelled "B. S. O." (Boston Symphony Orchestra) is, to the present writer, a puzzle in itself. But the string variation marked "Fr. Kr." is easily guessed at, and the oboe solo marked "G. L." was excellently played by "G. L." himself.

When the work is condensed to less than half of its present length it may have a chance of life, but never in its present prolix form. The Habanera and the march variations are very effective numbers.

Mr. Schelling's work at the piano was very artistic and the first variation, entitled "Sparks," was scintillating enough to deserve its name.

The composer was twice recalled at the end of his work.

But, if Schelling had the preponderance in length, the advantage in breadth still remained with Johannes Brahms. It is always a keen delight to hear Dr. Muck's interpretation of the four symphonies of this great master. The contents of these works and their performance by our great orchestra may go far to convince the doubters that the old classical form still has something to say. Bruckner and Tschaiakowsky accentuate this lesson in other directions.

The present writer well remembers the success of this symphony when it

first appeared. He sat through the first performance at Copenhagen with Svendsen and Xaver Scharwenka, and the enthusiasm of the trio was of the strongest. And that first enthusiasm has not diminished with the years; Brahms wears well; better than Tschaiakowsky. Nevertheless one can scarcely echo Richter's toast to the then new symphony, as the "Heroic." Brahms was never exultant enough for actually heroic music.

Yet there is strength enough in the first movement and its virility lost nothing at the hands of Dr. Muck. There was a vigor all through this movement that was exhilarating. The antiphonal work between the brasses and the deep string instruments, in the second movement (Andante Con Moto) was very effectively played, but is far removed from either heroism or tragedy. The pastoral pipings were very attractive, however.

The simplicity of scoring in the Scherzo and the unaffected character of both the second and third movements of this symphony might be a lesson to the moderns who make even a Sinfonietta (vide Korngold) an hour long and with heaviest possible orchestra. But Brahms is, after all, mightiest in his first movements and his finales, for both of these allow full display of intellectuality, and it is in this quality that Brahms rivals the greatest giants of composition, even allowing that the melodic Scherzo (not at all playful), is a gem in itself.

In this symphony, as in others, the first and last movements are the greatest and most impressive. Yet one cannot deny that the restfulness of the two interior movements forms exquisite contrast and gives needed repose to the auditor.

The end of the Finale, with its soft thirds and sixths on violins and violas, and its whispered close, is an odd touch and unfits the symphony to take the final place on the programme. It should always be placed, as it was yesterday, first upon the list.

Rimski-Korsakoff's "Caprice on Spanish Airs" is a glorification of the dance. It requires skill to write a score so that the whole great modern orchestra shall sound like a mighty guitar, or bandurria, at times. All the syncopations and strong accents of the true Spanish music are in the work, and obbligato passages for violin, clarinette and harp make good solo contrasts. Such a work is bound to be popular, since it is as comprehensible as a comic opera. The Fandango rhythm is as catchy as if it

were rag-time, although it is of a higher order.

Such a work is only effective if most spicily rendered, and this kind of performance it had yesterday afternoon. Our conductor certainly has a degree of versatility that is phenomenal, for to go from the intellectual vein of Brahms to the peppery style of Rimski-Korsakoff and make a success in both schools is a triumph that it is not given to many men to achieve. It is equally strange that a Russian should enter so heartily into the Spanish style of music.

Summing up, one can say that the first of this concert presented beautiful musical ideas, but little attempt at tone-coloring, while the rest of the programme reversed the process.

SCHELLING FANTASIA PLAYED FIRST TIME

Has Original Ideas With
Varied Treatment.

Known and Unknown Men Subjects
of Characterization.

In his "Impressions From an Artists' Life" for orchestra and piano, played at the Symphony concert yesterday afternoon for the first time anywhere, Ernest Schelling has written music in which he has said he heard the virtuosi and the ensemble of the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

It is music to tempt and to reveal the virtuosity of the organization, of the justly celebrated leaders of their various choirs and of the entire body of instrumentalists, for it is kaleidoscopic and incessant in variety.

There are vital and glowing ideas; the treatment is daring and original. There are personal mannerisms of idiom such as the tenacious development of a rhythmical figure, but there is arresting and inspiring music for its own sake; there is graphic characterization, in some instances apparent to all, doubtless the more stimulating were the personal subjects known, and in such a timely movement as that evidently portraying the tramp of marching men and the pall and terror of carnage there are the clear signs of true inspiration.

Mr Schelling is known as an eminent pianist in his own name, as a pupil of Paderewski, as a member of the musical colony near Lausanne, Switzerland. He

is American born, a native of New Jersey. A brother holds a chair in the University of Pennsylvania.

In this fantasia Mr Schelling is strikingly cosmopolitan. He writes out of many epochs and moods. He is archaic and modern, although not aggressively so; he is pastoral and militant; he is Spanish, Slavic, Oriental. There is a rhythmic suggestion of the South, of a sensuous people; there is much allusion to the dance; there is the suggestion of the North and of repression. The final movement is based upon a Lutheran choral, which finishes in an ardor, perhaps more Latin than Saxon.

The fantasia opens with a free rhapsodic passage for piano, its nearest approach to a solo instrument, leading to a theme given out in unison by violins and violas, embellished by the piano. Following are 19 variations. Mr Schelling has escaped the odium attending the usual writer in this form, the man who with diabolic ingenuity, as some practitioner in magic, works now this and now that trick before the bystander's eyes.

These "variations" are in the nature of paraphrases, calling forth the orchestra or some of its soloists in impressionistic portraits of the composer's friends, for on the program each is followed by initials. It is not hard to guess the probable identity of I. J. P. This variation, No. 9, "Polska," for strings alone, was one of four of the 19 omitted yesterday. The horn solo with piano was also omitted and two for full orchestra. One evidently was dedicated to Ireland. In Mr Paderewski's "polska" a tribute to Poland was to have been expected.

A striking movement, by reason of its graphic characterization, is that in memory of Gustav Mahler. An illuminating portrait of the tireless dynamic force of the man, always aspiring, always achieving, nervous and impatient in expression, breaking itself at last in a herculean climax of the struggle. Those who knew Mahler intimately found other more human and less titian qualities in him, but these variations are impressionistic sketches, and here are the salient characteristics as the world knew them.

Mr Schelling displays in this diversified score, an ingenious and imaginative sense of rhythm, a harmonic appreciation which gives accompanying chords or figuration appropriate and interpretative color, and above all a gift of beautiful, moving melody. Recall the air which owes much to Mr Longy's consummate art, but is well graced in itself, or that given to Mr Ferrier. Mr Wittek and Mr Sand also were remembered, although the composer, as pianist, evidently wished to cover up the latter.

The pianoforte cadenza, unless the introductory measures be such, was found missing. Did Mr Schelling write one, but modestly refrain from playing it at this the first performance when he himself was the pianist? The part may not appeal to the casual virtuoso, for it lacks opportunity for display. Indeed the piano, with little that is thematic or the music of development, here is chiefly decorative. Mr Schelling showed his sincerity by refraining from a rhapsodical or improvisational flight in the midst of a number in which he had asked a friend or acquaintance to sit for a portrait to the orchestra.

It may be thought by some the work has needlessly boisterous moments.

It is true that the smaller pulsatile instruments at times are inexorable in marking a rhythmic figure. As a rule the score abounds in rather than knows the lack of variety. The little opportunity of the pianist whetted a desire to hear him in a concerto. Dr Muck conducted and the men played with inspirational zeal. Brahms' second symphony received a dramatic and Rimsky-Korsakoff's caprice on Spanish themes a highly colorful performance. The orchestra will be absent on its Southern tour next week.

Trans. — Sept. 1900
New York Hears Mr. Schelling's Variations and Applauds Them—"Prince Igor" for Boston—Troubles Over Strauss's New Symphony—Items as They Pass

AT the concert of the Boston Orchestra in Carnegie Hall, last evening, New York heard for the first time Mr. Schelling's new Variations, played last week in this town. Here in Boston none was omitted; in New York one, two or three fell by the way. The Sun says that one was elided; the Evening Post missed the variation for English horn and harp and the variation for clarinet and piano-forte; the Times failed to hear three—all of which demonstrates that a set of variations is difficult for the expert to follow by the ear alone even when they are as clearly individualized as are Mr. Schelling's. The lay hearer, who is prone to lose his way in such pieces, may take comfort accordingly. In New York, as in Boston, the composer himself took the piano part; the whole performance was brilliant; and the audience fairly hearty in applause.

Necessarily, with so long and diverse a piece, the newspapers are descriptive rather than critical. For comment the Sun observes:

Most of the variations are more than ordinarily good—some are beautiful; some are pregnant with suggestion. The oboe solo was delightful. The Siciliano and the Habanera had the true character. But Mr. Schelling, as a delineative composer, reached his highest level in the variation entitled "August, 1914." There were grim realism and a fine musical insight in his employment of the martial rhythm and the screaming of harsh trumpet tones, the dull beat of drums and the mutter of war threats throughout the orchestra. It was a good piece of writing. So too was his transformation of his theme into a Lutheran choral, which he annotated "Wartburg, 1915." The composition will add to Mr. Schelling's repute and will cause music lovers to expect something of larger ambition from his pen.

In turn the Times remarks:

The variations are of unequal musical value. There is an expressive oboe solo in one of the most charming of them; the Polish movement to which Mr. Paderewski's initials are affixed, the viola solo with Mr. Kreisler's, the Siciliano, have beauty of a spontaneous sort. The Irish variation is an ingenious use of Irish dance rhythms,

with astute effects of orchestral tone, as the harmonics upon the violins. The one upon which the composer seems to have expended the most serious thought is that suggestive of the war, with its drums and discordant trumpets, its sinister ostinato figure in the bass, its proclamation of the Gregorian "Dies Irae," its stern climax—a movement of truly dramatic power and impressiveness.

In some there is extravagance that is amusing, as in the Habanera, the Afghan dance, if it is an Afghan dance. The Lutheran choral, which closes the series, is impressively wrought. Most listeners will have lost hold of the theme before many of the variations have passed by; for Mr. Schelling has used it with the complete indifference of the modern composer, as merely a convenient peg. His imagination has indeed run riot, his facility and ingenuity in orchestral device have kept it company, and the variations, rather too many for a single series, leave, as they doubtless were intended to leave, a kaleidoscopic impression, in which there is diversely pleasurable stimulation.

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(in Science Monitor)

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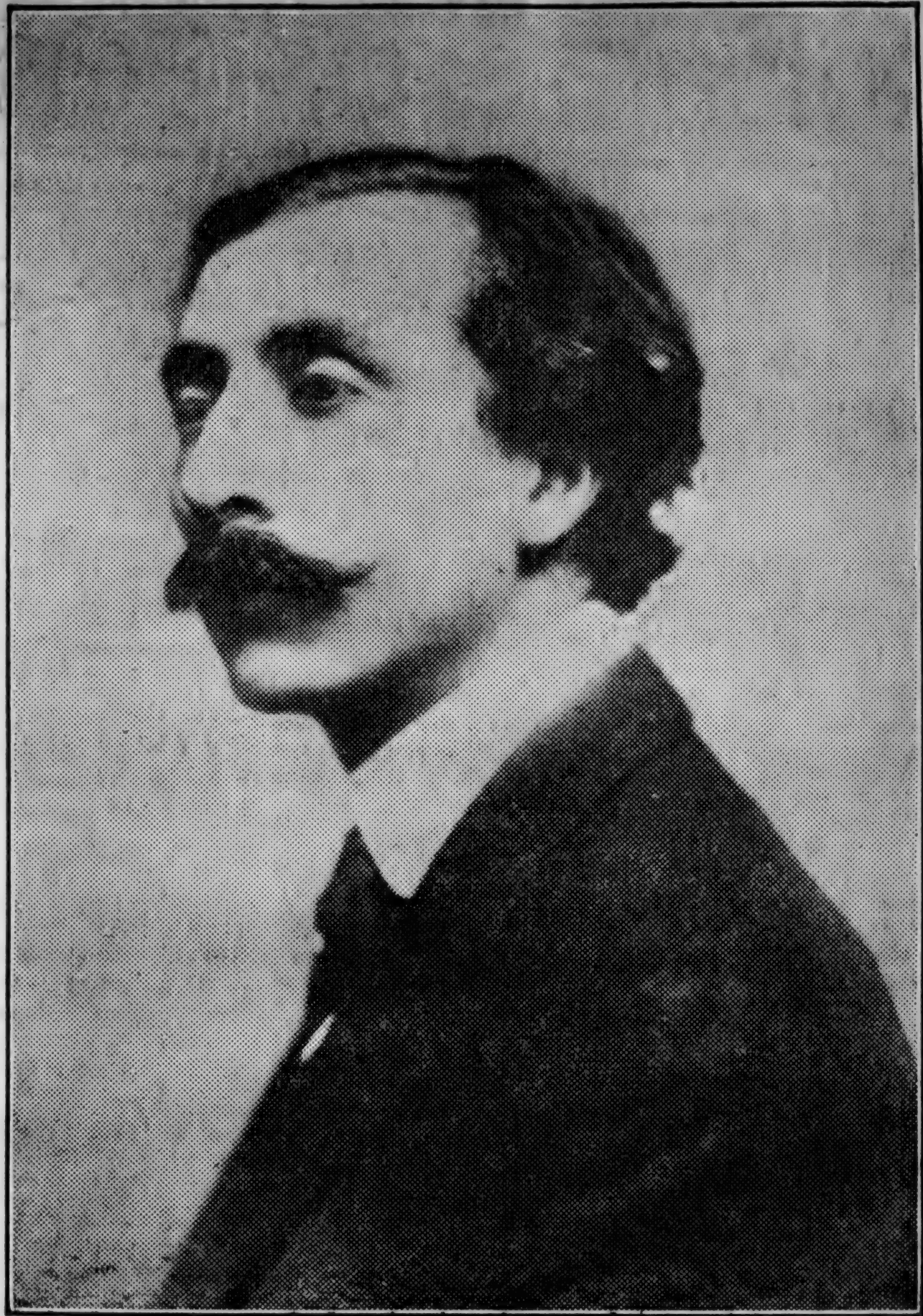
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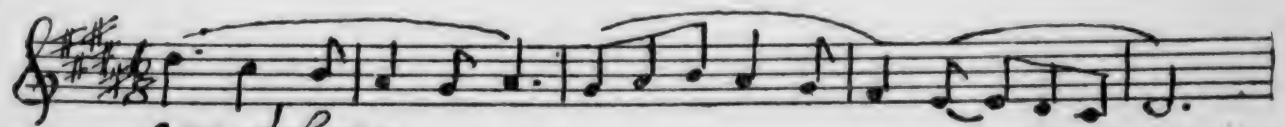
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Ernest Schelling



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Theme of "Artist's Life," orchestral piece

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MR. SCHELLING
SKETCHES MEN
AND LOCALITIES

Monitor Dec. 29/15
Composer to Assist as Pianist in Production of His "Artist's Life" Variations in Boston

Ernest Schelling's new orchestral piece, called "Artist's Life," variations for piano and orchestra, is to have its

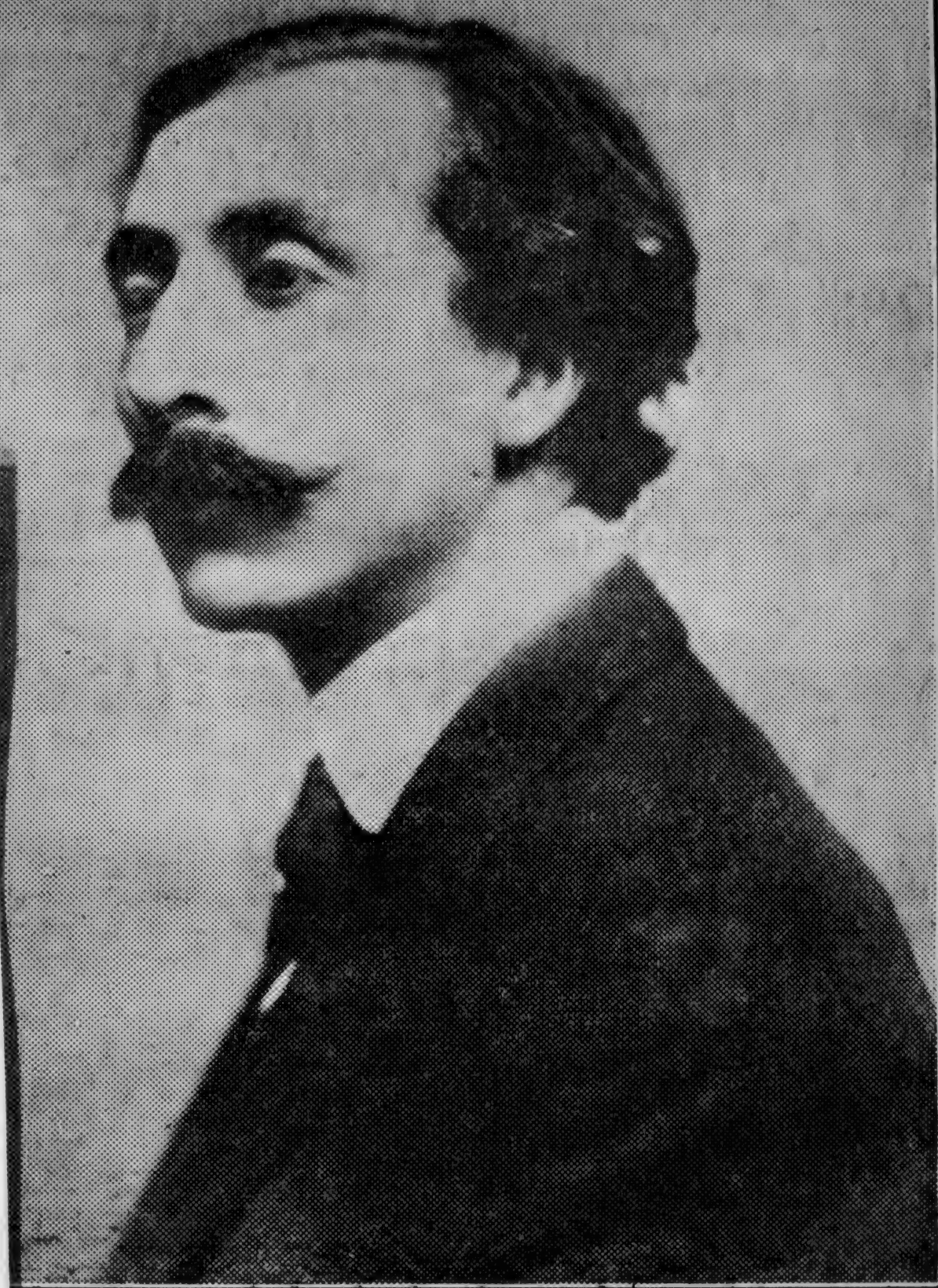
first performance at the Boston Symphony concerts of Dec. 31 and Jan. 1, with the composer assisting as pianist. The work consists of a prelude and 18 variations, each variation characterizing some artist or group of artists or some locality. It begins with an independent introductory passage which leads to a direct statement of the theme by the violins and violas in unison. The theme is a five-bar flowing melody in B major, in six-eight time. Each of its three short phrases may be said to express a sentiment, the first having the effect of a complaint, the second of a reassuring reply, the third of a thoughtful comment not too committal either way.

Each variation has a brief title to indicate the subject which the composer is supposed to discuss. No. 1 bears the initials "B. S. O.," and may be regarded as a dedication of the whole work to

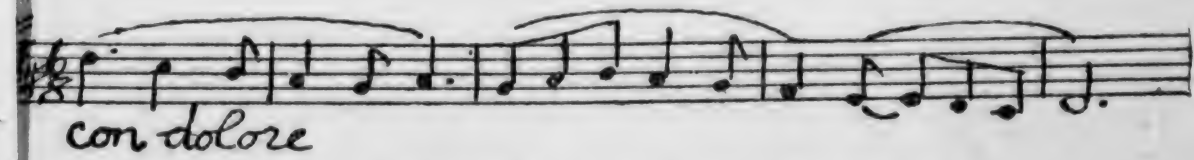
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Ernest Schelling



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Theme of "Artist's Life," orchestral piece

It is true that the smaller pulsatile instruments at times are inexorable in marking a rhythmic figure. As a rule the score abounds in rather than knows the lack of variety. The little opportunity of the pianist whetted a desire to hear him in a concerto. Dr Muck conducted and the men played with inspirational zeal.

Brahms' second symphony received a dramatic and Rimsky-Korsakoff's caprice on Spanish themes a highly colorful performance. The orchestra will be absent on its Southern tour next week.

New York Hears Mr. Schelling's Variations and Applauds Them—"Prince Igor" for Boston—Troubles Over Strauss's New Symphony—Items as They Pass

AT the concert of the Boston Orchestra in Carnegie Hall, last evening, New York heard for the first time Mr. Schelling's new Variations, played last week in this town. Here in Boston none was omitted; in New York three fell by the way. The one was elided; the Evening the variation for English horn and the variation for clarinet forte; the Times failed to hear of which demonstrates that a tions is difficult for the expert by the ear alone even when clearly individualized as arling's. The lay hearer, who lose his way in such pieces, r fort accordingly. In New York ton, the composer himself to part; the whole performance and the audience fairly hearty.

Necessarily, with so long a piece, the newspapers are rather than critical. For comment observes:

Most of the variations are ordinarily good—some are some are pregnant with The oboe solo was delightful ciliano and the Habanera h character. But Mr. Schellin lineative composer, reached est level in the variation er gust, 1914." There were g and a fine musical insight ployment of the martial r the screaming of harsh tru the dull beat of drums and of war threats throughout tra. It was a good piece So too was his transformais a five-bar flow in six-eight tim he annotated "Wartburg, 1 The composition will add to ing's reputé and will cause ers to expect something of bition from his pen.

In turn the Times remarks The variations are of uncal value. There is an ex solo in one of the most c them; the Polish movemen Mr. Paderewski's initials the viola solo with Mr. Kr Scilliano, have beauty of initials "B. S. O." as a dedication

MR. SCH SKETCH AND Monitor Composer to Production Life" Va

Ernest Schel piece, called "A for piano and o first performanc

phony concerts with the compos The work consis variations, each some artist or g locality. It begi introductory pas direct statement violins and violas is a five-bar flow in six-eight tim short phrases ma sentiment, the f of a complaint, suring reply, the comment not too

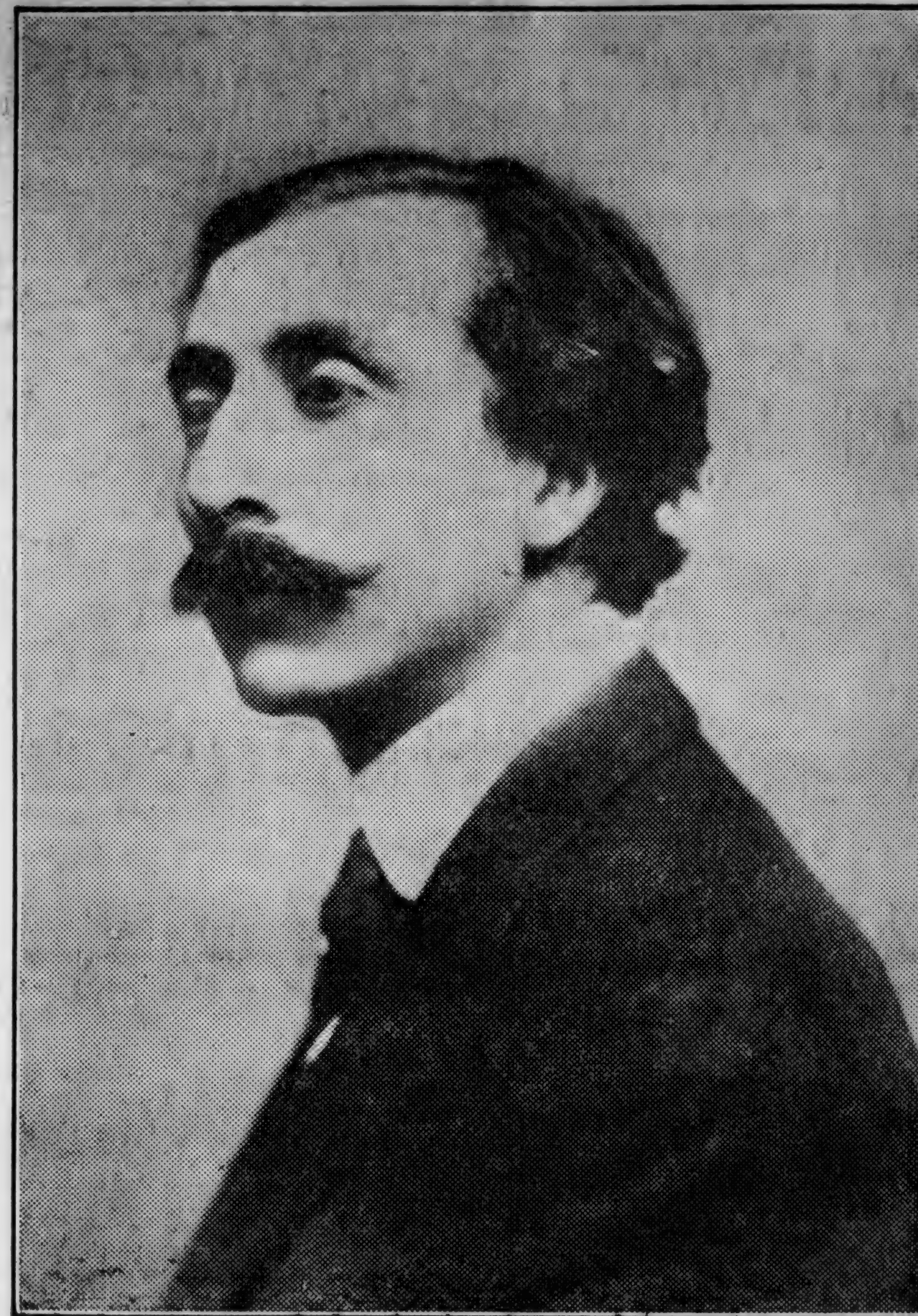
Each variation indicate the subject supposed to disc initials "B. S. O." as a dedication

with astute effects of orchestral tone, as the harmonics upon the violins. The one upon which the composer seems to have expended the most serious thought is that suggestive of the war, with its drums and discordant trumpets, its sinister ostinato figure in the bass, its proclamation of the Gregorian "Dies Ira," its stern climax—a movement of truly dramatic power and impressiveness.

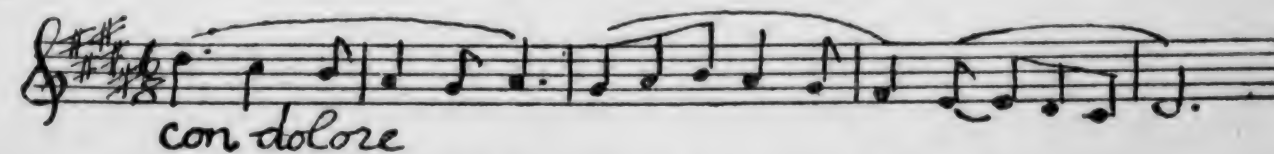
In some there is extravagance that is amusing, as in the Habanera, the Afghan dance, if it is an Afghan dance. The Lutheran choral, which closes the series, is impressively wrought. Most listeners will have lost hold of the theme before many of the variations have passed by; for Mr. Schelling has used it with the complete indifference of the modern composer, as merely a convenient peg. His imagination has indeed run riot, his facility and ingenuity in orchestral device have kept it company, and the variations, rather too many for a single series, leave, as they doubtless were intended to leave, a kaleidoscopic impression, in which there is diversely pleasurable stimulation.

the orchestra which first plays it. In this variation the woodwind instruments are prominent. No. 2 carries the letters "K. M." and will doubtless prove either a portrait of the Symphony orchestra conductor or else a study of Dr. Muck's interpretative tendencies. No. 3 is a Savoyard and it brings the solo clarinet into prominence. No. 4 is written to "Hans Pfitzner," and makes use of the solo violoncello. No. 5 is a Siciliano for full orchestra. No. 6 bears the title "Plonzaley," and the four string sections of the orchestra are treated in quartet style. No. 7, "G. L.," has a duet for oboe and piano. No. 8 is an Aragonese, "A. P." No. 9 is a Polska, "J. J. P." No. 10, "Erin (L. S.)," has some of the characteristics of Irish music. No. 11, "St. Petersburg (H. W.)," has an English horn solo. The variations up to this point, it appears from this subtitle, were written before the war. No. 12 is a horn solo, "E. G." No. 13, "Mahler," is for full orchestra.

No. 14, "Lagoon," is not a record of a trip to Venice but to a place on the North Carolina tidewater. No. 15, "Sharks," brings in a scherzo episode. No. 16, "F. K.," discusses Mr. Kreisler, not, however, in the terms of the violin but of the viola solo. There is a second variation bearing the number 16 without a characteristic title. No. 17, "W. M.," is for full orchestra. No. 17A, "August, 1914," is replete with military emotion. No. 18 is called "Afghan." There is a concluding passage in which the Lutheran chorale, "Wartburg," is employed.



Ernest Schelling



Theme of "Artist's Life," orchestral piece

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Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1915--16.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

Dr. KARL MUCK, Conductor.

ELEVENTH PROGRAMME

FRIDAY, JANUARY 14, AT 2.30 P. M.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 15, AT 8 P. M.

Owing to the illness of Dr. MUCK, Mr. ERNST SCHMIDT will conduct these
Concerts

- | | |
|------------|--|
| KELLEY, | SYMPHONY No. 2, "New England," in B flat
minor, op. 33
I. Lento: Allegro appassionato
II. Allegretto pastorale
III. Lento
IV. Allegro con fuoco
First time in Boston |
| HANDEL, | SCENA, "Sweet bird that shun'st the noise of folly,"
from "L'Allegro, il Penseroso, ed il Moderato"
(Flute Obbligato, Mr. ANDRE MAQUARRE) |
| GLUCK, | BALLET SUITE, No. 2 (put together by Gevaert)
III. Tamborin from "Iphigénie en Aulide."
IV. Gavotte from "Armide."
V. Chaconne from "Iphigénie en Aulide" and "Orphée." |
| MOZART, | a) CAVATINA, "Porgi Amor," Act II., Scene 1
of "Le Nozze di Figaro"
b) CANZONA, "Voi, che sapete," Act II., Scene 3
of "Le Nozze di Figaro" |
| CHERUBINI, | OVERTURE, to "Anacreon" |

Soloist:

MADAME MELBA

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Edgar Stillman Kelley

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT

Trans. — Jan. 15/16

A MELANCHOLY AFTERNOON WITH DR. MUCK AWAY

Once More, Revelation of How Much the Interest of Music and Performance Depends on the Conductor—Mr. Kelley's New Symphony Obscured and Hampered—The Contrasts of Mme. Melba's Singing

DISILLUSION and enlightenment came timely yesterday afternoon to those that like to believe the Symphony Concerts are so "institutional" that they would go on of themselves, whoever might be leading the orchestra. For the whole week an affection of the throat with the consequent fever had kept Dr. Muck from work and the assistant conductor, Mr. Schmidt, had prepared the programme in his stead—Mr. Kelley's new symphony and the other pieces except Mme. Melba's three airs. In actual performance, he disclosed more elasticity of pace and rhythm, more regard for color and contrast and more heed of quality of tone than he has hitherto revealed when Dr. Muck has been disabled; but, outside Cherubini's overture to "Anacreon," the purely orchestral music of the day sounded dull, lifeless and neutral-colored in comparison with the vivid and animating voice that it was easy to believe the absent chief would have given it. Moreover, under Mr. Schmidt's leading, the orchestra seemed no more than a faithful and practised instrument, fulfilling its function as mechanically as a singing disc.

As the conventional phrases go, Mr. Schmidt is a "well-equipped" and "well-schooled" conductor, but in the Symphony concerts he has never yet, outside that same overture to "Anacreon," risen an inch above routine. In spite of his imposing figure, he lacks any sort of personality to impress his forces and his hearers; he wants flexibility and finesse of mind, temperament and hand; in a word, he conducts with very little insight, imagination or enkindled and transmitting feeling. He reads off the score faithfully according to what it bears plainly on the surface; he keeps his band to its work.

A hundred "well-equipped" and "well-schooled" conductors from Petrograd to Paris and from London to San Francisco can conduct in similar fashion. But what would the "institutional" Symphony Orchestra and the usually engrossing and stimulating Symphony Concerts become under such as they? Both are for the few conductors of the largest and the finest powers, the richest in mind and temperament, the most forceful of personality, the most exacting in work—for Dr. Muck and the few conductors who stand with him in

the first rank of their profession. In four years he has lifted and held the Symphony Concerts to their present standards; he has transformed them in his own image; without him or the equivalent of him, they become as they did yesterday, relatively nil.

In a sense with the three dances from Gluck's operas, that were intermezzo between Mme. Melba's numbers, and with the overture to "Anacreon" that ended the concert and that went more animatedly and eloquently than all the rest, it mattered little whether Dr. Muck or Mr. Schmidt was conducting. All four are repertory pieces, heard often "at these concerts" and likely to be heard many times more. But with Mr. Kelley's "New England Symphony," played for the first time in Boston and indeed in the East, the quality of the conductor mattered much, since the music needs all the illumination, enforcement and vitality that re-creating and enhancing performance may give it. When it became apparent that Dr. Muck could neither rehearse the piece nor conduct in it, Mr. Kelley was asked whether he wished Mr. Schmidt to proceed with it or to have it laid over to next winter, since there was no available place for it in the scheme of the remaining concerts of the current season. As most composers, being human and loving their tone-children, would, he preferred immediate performance—unwisely and unhappily, as the outcome proved.

The fate of all new music in first performance depends primarily upon the ability of the conductor to release the underlying melodic voice and to set forth the melodic design of the piece, since therein lies much of its whole being and significance and of whatever beauty and power the composer's resource and imagination may summon. Now it was clear yesterday that Mr. Schmidt in mind and feeling had penetrated hardly an inch below the surface of the symphony as it stood on the engraved page. What Dr. Muck, with his facilities newly and alertly awakened to all things American by his journeys up and down the whole country last year, would almost surely have divined of the spirit, the suggestion, the whole imagery and eloquence of Mr. Kelley's music, Mr. Schmidt never so much as guessed. On that score the "New England Symphony" was voiceless. Worse still, by all the promptings of the engraved page to the understanding mind, his chosen pace, in each movement, except the scherzo of bird-song, clouded the substance and the implication of the music and sorely hampered its progress.

It is an old story that Montemezzi's opera, "L'Amore dei Tre Re" seemed but a poor thing when he who led in it at the first performance on any stage in Milan, mistook nearly all the tempi and that it emerged in New York in true voice and glory only when Mr. Toscanini had penetratingly and imaginatively discerned and applied them. In somewhat similar case stood Mr. Kelley's symphony yesterday. It seemed a poor thing, dry, dun, labored and

monotonous under Mr. Schmidt's hand. Under Dr. Muck's by many a suggestion of the score, it might have risen more than once to large and grave eloquence. By the same tokens, the music demands all possible elasticity, all possible application and shadings of color, and all possible play of sensuous feeling that performance can give it by adroit modulation and progression, by rich and luminous quality of tone, by shrewd play with rhythm and accent, by all the means of understanding, imagination and impartment that a conductor like Dr. Muck infuses into none too articulate or freely moving music. It received none of these necessities yesterday. It did not sound with anything akin to what the score suggests is its true voice and significance. It were as unfair to judge it further, as it was to judge "The Loves of Three Kings" by the miscarriage of Milan. Perhaps, and in fair due to Mr. Kelley and his symphony, Dr. Muck may return to it at some future day.

Nor did Mme. Melba's singing add too much to the dubious pleasures of the afternoon. Once and for all, the day has passed wherein she may prudently undertake such ornate and exacting music, lying almost invariably within the uppermost range of her voice as the air of the fluting bird from Handel's setting of Milton's "Il Penseroso" that was her first number. It has been one of her favorite pieces since she came first to the concert stage; she has sung it more than once at the Symphony Concerts in the full vocal glories of her golden noon as the singer whose voice was the loveliest and whose vocal artistry was the easiest, surest and finest of her illustrious generation. Many yesterday recalled her singing of the piece in those radiant nineties and let the echoes of memory replace the thin, sharp and labored tones of the struggling singer.

On the other hand, when Mme. Melba passed to the two airs from Mozart's opera of "Figaro"—the Countess's "Porgi Amor" and the page's "Voi che Sapete"—she summoned many a distinction of her prime. Both pieces, and especially Cherubino's song, lie well within her middle and best-preserved tones—still limpid, edgeless, soft and silvery, tones of a lustrous timbre, a velvety texture and a haunting sweetness, the memory of which will be not the least of the pleasures of song that Mme. Melba has lavished upon her time. They are the tones that Mozart may well have heard in the inmost chambers of his imagination when he set the melancholy musings of his Countess or the wistful amorous longing of his Page to some of the loveliest of his music. So he might have fancied his melodies running their suave and shimmering course in the radiance of sound; so he might have wished his little tendrils of ornament to wave about them; so he would have each phrase like a cameo cut in velvet; and so he might have felt the charm of the sentiment exfoliating from the music and wreathing the whole with its glamor. For when

Mme. Melba, even today, sings the music of Mozart, she is more than the expert and practised singer. As she divines it by a songful instinct and intuition, that is the complement of her voice and not less rare and ravishing, so she imparts it.
H. T. P.

'NEW ENGLAND' SYMPHONY AT 11TH CONCERT

Herald — Jan. 15/16
Work by Kelley Based on Puritan Sense of Duty Given Here for First Time—Music Might Have Been More Sportive at Times Without Fear of the Stocks—Dr. Muck Ill.

By PHILIP HALE.

The 11th concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. Mr. Ernst Schmidt conducted, for Dr. Muck has not yet recovered from an attack of the grip. The orchestral pieces were these: Kelley's Symphony No. 2, "New England" (first time in Boston); Gluck-Gevaert, Ballet Suite No. 2—Tambourin, Gavotte, Chaconne; Cherubini's overture to "Anacreon." Mme. Melba sang these airs: Handel's "Sweet Bird"; Mozart's "Porgi Amor" and "Voi, che sapete." Mr. Maquarre played the flute obligato for Handel's air.

We remember with pleasure many pages of Mr. Kelley's operetta, "Puritania," and the music of his "Aladdin" suite, especially "The Flight of the Genius with the Palace," a movement that fascinated Edward MacDowell, of which he often spoke. We also remember some songs of genuine fancy. Mr. Kelley is well known as a musician of the soundest training, of solid acquirements, a man of original thought and views.

His symphony, written for the Litchfield County (Conn.) Choral Union, was first performed at Norfolk in June, 1913. A New Englander by descent, he "feels" New England, as he himself has said, and he felt that he should "write New England." For this symphony he chose as mottoes for the movements passages from the log book of the Mayflower, which was after-

wards enlarged into the "History of the Plymouth Plantation." And to express the sentiment of early New England he chose for a theme, with variations, the old funeral tune, "China," to which the hymn, "Why do we mourn departing friends," was sung.

It might be said that this symphony expresses the stern New England idea of beauty—the New England conscience—as opposed or affected by a longing for the beautiful—"love of life in its best sense." It is to be expected that a symphony in traditional form contains a first movement in which there are two strongly contrasted themes. It matters little what these themes may typify. The interest, even where there is an elaborate program, is chiefly musical. The hearer considers first of all the nature of the themes and the use made of them: ingenuity, workmanship, harmonic and orchestral color.

New England! The oppressing sense of duty! The longing for the beautiful, that was in some instances crushed, while in rarer instances it softened austerity! Whenever we hear about New England duty we recall "Orpheus C. Kerr's" parody of Whittier in the form of a rejected national anthem:

My native land, thy Puritanic stock
Still finds its roots firm-bound in Plymouth Rock,
And all thy sons unite in one grand wish—
To keep the virtues of Preserv-ed Fish.

Preserv-ed Fish, the Deacon stern and true,
Told our New England what her sons should do,
And should they swerve from loyalty and right,
Then the whole land were lost indeed in night.

Too much of this symphony sounds as if it were "made in Germany." With the possible exception of the Scherzo, which has for motto "Warm and fair weather, the birds sang in the trees most pleasantly," there is little that reveals the individuality of the composer shown in other works. The chief motive—Duty—is well found, but the composer was not fortunate in his expression of longing for the beautiful. A more sensuous strain would not have brought blushes to the cheeks of fair New England women with forbidding Christian names. The thematic treatment throughout is no doubt scholarly, but seldom striking, impressive. Take the variations, for instance; they are sombre, without true variety in expression. The Scherzo contains the relieving pages. Here is a pretty melodic idea and there is freshness, there is spontaneity in the invention. The symphony suffers from a lack of variety in orchestral color. Perhaps the composer wished to portray the prevailing monotony of early New England life. But one drab movement should be enough. It seems as if Mr. Kelley as a composer had been oppressed by the sense of duty; that he feared if his Muse were even innocently sportive, she would be pilloried. Her feet, at least, are in the stocks.

Mr. Kelley, fortunate man, is now free to compose at leisure. Let us hope that with his natural gifts he will turn his back on Germany, where he has spent many years; let him consider the French and their ways; let him kindle his fancy again by dreams of fairy tales and the Orient; or if he must have an American subject, let him choose one in which Duty does not like a Gorgon freeze his blood. He was in the audience yesterday and had reason to be pleased with the reception of his work.

Mme. Melba yesterday sang "Sweet Bird" for the fourth time at these concerts. The first time was 20 years ago. It was not to be expected that her performance yesterday of this flid air would be so brilliant as in former years. But if the years are inexorable in certain ways, they are merciful in others. Mme. Melba's singing of the airs from "Le Nozze di Figaro" was delightful. In them the voice was as fresh and beautiful as of old. There was the charm of exquisite phrasing; there was the simplicity of the great artist.

The dances of Gluck pleased the audience, and the noble overture of Cherubini brought the end.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The program of the concerts next week will be as follows: Berlioz, overture "Rob Roy"; Liszt, symphonic poem, "What One Hears on the Mountain" (first time at these concerts); Schumann, Symphony in B flat.

SYMPHONY PLEASES AND AMAZES CRITIC

Adv. — Jan. 15/16
SUGGESTIONS HOW IT

MIGHT BE OTHERWISE

Earnest and Dignified Work by

Melba in New England

Number and Others

By LOUIS C. ELSON

Programme.

Kelley: New England Symphony.
Handel: "Sweet Bird," with flute obligato.
Gluck: Three dances arr. by Gevaert.
Mozart: Arias from "Marriage of Figaro."
Cherubini: Overture, "Anacreon."
Soloist, Madame Melba.

Naturally, to the public, the entree of Mme. Melba was the great attraction of the concert, the magnet which caused a long line of applicants for admission to form in the early morning and brave the wintry breezes for

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hours before the doors opened; but to the musician, who has America's musical advance at heart, the first performance of Edgar Stillman Kelley's "New England Symphony" meant very much more—great as the famous soprano was.

Before we heard the new symphony, we imagined that such a work could be worked out on about the following lines:—Introduction: A quartette of oboes pictures the Pilgrims nasally engaged in singing psalms. "Ten Thousand Times Ten Thousand" might be used here, but for small orchestras it could be reduced to 100 times 100. The Introduction might lead into the first movement, called "Spring."

Skips from piccolo to contrabass might portray variations of the thermometer in a New England spring. A passage, "Con Fuoco," would suggest the relighting of the furnace in May. A contrapuntal interweaving of the Chest Protector motive and the Grippe motive, now follows. The Umbrella motive is now heard, and after a heavy gust on the wind instruments it is again given in inversion—inside out.

A mysterious horn solo pictures the dampened New Englander, seeking to ward off a cold by draughts from a bottle in the closet. The movement ends with the Mustard Poultrice motive fortissimo.

Andante. Sunday Morning. The Brown Bread motive is intertwined with the Bean motive, followed by a transition into the Church scene which ends with a Slumber song after the preacher has reached "Tenthly, my Dear Brethren," skilfully shown by double counterpoint at the tenth.

Scherzo. A Sunday School picnic. Joyous feelings on coming into the country. A restless figure portrays the superintendent trying to make everybody happy. A string motive pictures him putting up the swings. A bacchanalian theme on piccolo shows him unpacking the Birch Beer from the baskets. Taps of kettle-drums show him driving tent-pegs to hold down the tablecloths, a vigorous sforzando chord of the ninth, on four bassoons and two E-flat clarinets, show that he has hit his thumb with the hammer. The trombones give a sharp "Tut tut!," while an inversion of the Superintendent figure shows him tripped up by his own tent pegs. A weird and desolate phase on muted horns pictures

him seated on the custard pie.

Finale. A melody in the spirited rhythm of "Oh the Roast Beef of Old England," suggests "Oh the Cod-fish of New England," the national hymn of Massachusetts. At the close a gradual change of "Yankee Doodle" into "The Wearing of the Green" indicates the gradual change which has come over the population of New England.

But this scenario was not followed. Instead we found a most earnest and dignified work, the creation of a learned musician who has a melodic instinct which preserves him from experimenting with the absurd ugliness of the ultra-modern school. There is an enthusiasm in the work which ought to arouse any audience. The motto of the first movement gives the key to the exaltation of the entire work. It is taken from the log of the "Mayflower,"—

"All great and honorable actions are accompanied with great difficulties; and must be both enterprized and overcome with answerable courages."

Subsequent mottoes continue the voices of the Pilgrims. We wish that the lines of the first New England composer, the Bostonian, William Billings, could have found their place among these quotations—

"Let Tyrants shake their iron rod,
And Slavery clank her galling chains,
We'll fear them not; we trust in God,
New England's God forever reigns!"

But after all the spirit of this is in the work. And, in spite of these mottoes Mr. Kelley does not give "programme-music," except in the second movement. It is the character of the sturdy New Englander, not his specific deeds, that is portrayed. There is a firmness, a decision, a directness that suits perfectly to its subject. And Mr. Kelley has not left musical form either. Beethoven pictured a hero without leaving the classical form, and the present composer can picture the New Englander in the same sonata-allegro limits, and does it. The only fault we found with the first movement was that it gave a series of striking episodes rather than a sustained unity. It was somewhat ascetic at times, but that was in keeping with the subject.

The second movement pictures the beauty of the woods, and the carolling of birds. There are good tangible melodies here, interwoven with various bird-notes which Mr. Kelley gathered for himself in New England. This bit of realism may be condoned, just as one may excuse the

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"real Indian themes" which several American composers are disguising with every device of civilized music. The flute had plenty of work in this New England "Waldeswehen," and deserves especial mention for all its bird-music in the concert of yesterday.

In the third movement Mr. Kelley employs a real New England hymn as his core. He uses Timothy Swan's good old "China," and gives variations of it. A Richard Strauss could have made more effective tone-coloring here (it seemed rather monochromatic), but the variations are ingenious and effective. Mr. Kelley speaks of "China" as being even comparable to the old German chorales, but we doubt if so much disjoint movement would be found in the best of them. Fortunately Mr. Kelley does not allow the Variation-demon to run away with him, and the movement is of reasonable length.

The finale brings in several reminiscences of the preceding movements, the prominent points of each being passed in review, with new treatment or with rhythmic changes. There is a very long pedal-point upon the kettle-drum, the longest we have ever heard, but it obtains some variety by gradually changing into rhythm. There is a triumphant ending, a noble climax. This Finale seems to us the best movement of the entire work. The symphony was much applauded, the conductor (Mr. Schmidt) recalled, and the orchestra forced to rise.

But, by the way, one of the most famous of sopranos appeared in this concert, and we have kept her waiting all this time. Let it not be laid against the Boston public that they preferred a living prima donna to a dead Pilgrim. The self-same thing would have happened in London, Paris or Berlin. Mme. Melba's most florid number was Handel's "Sweet Bird," and as this fowl was not a double-headed eagle, and was charmingly accompanied with a flute obligato by M. Maquarre, it was something to enjoy greatly. The vocalist's floriture were admirable although she showed some caution at times in the matter of high notes, and the final cadence has had a more brilliant ending. But the audience was very enthusiastic and the singer was recalled three times.

We prefer "Voi che Sapete" in a lower key, as Mozart wrote it. It is a true alto or mezzo-soprano song, and loses somewhat when a soprano attempts it, but in this and in "Porgi Amor" Mme. Melba showed that

she has not lost that "bel canto" in which she has been unrivalled.

Little space is left to dwell upon Gluck's dances, or Cherubini's glorious "Anacreon" overture. They are not new, but they were very enjoyable. It was a peculiarity of this concert that from beginning to end it was real music. For almost two hours the auditor could forget that musical anarchists existed or that great length, great ugliness, and a tremendously great orchestra were necessary for any composition that deserved attention in the modern concert-room.

The illness of Dr. Muck brought Mr. Ernst Schmidt again to the conductor's stand. We have already spoken of this conductor in terms of praise. He is possibly the best assistant conductor that we have had in these concerts. His readings were intelligent, his beat sure, and there was an elasticity which showed that he was not merely a substitute but a good conductor in his own right. Nevertheless we wished that Mr. Kelley's remarkable symphony could have had the leadership of our own Dr. Muck, whom we believe to be unrivalled.

"NEW ENGLAND" SYMPHONY PLAYED

Geola — Jan. 15/16
Mme Melba Sings Arias
From Mozart.

Mr Schmidt, in Dr Muck's Illness,
Conducts Concert.

Edgar Stillman Kelley, although born in Wisconsin, is of New England heritage. Gov Bradford, who he has found to be the author of the log book of the Mayflower, was his ancestor. This log book contained "mottoes." They, and an inherited New England subconscientiousness, prompted Mr Kelley to write the symphony played yesterday afternoon for the first time in Boston. The composer has endeavored to crystallize the spirit of the sturdy folk who for a civic and religious principle built the foundations of a Nation on these shores.

Mr Kelley, who has written in an informing and personally interesting

manner upon his purpose and ideals, says he was able to "feel New England." The chief impression derived from this score is that of sincerity and conviction of feeling. There is no evident attempt to display learning, to exploit ideas of invention, development or orchestral treatment for their own sake. There is a direct frankness of expression, even when the mood of music and motto may not seem identical, as in the last act where devoted and spirited resolution would speak through music of a lighter cast, even for the moment that of operetta.

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tion as Messrs. Chadwick, Parker and Foote.

Features of the Work

The symphony is not founded upon negro folksong or cowboy ditty. It harks back to previous generations, but it is music for the young people of today, nevertheless, and it is the music of a man who, regardless of the caprices of fortune and favor, has written that which he felt it incumbent upon him to write. The entire character of the symphony bears witness to this. The introduction, the stern opening theme, the austere harmonies, the coloring which is severe throughout, with the exception of the second movement, where there are some delightful effects—all these things are admirably adapted to and expressive of the purpose of the work.

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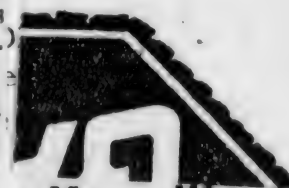
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M. H. Gulesian, president of the association, last night sent a petition to the street commissioners informing that body of the action of the association and asking for a hearing on the suggestion.

3-1004604-3



Money Was for Pro-German paper.

3-1004604-3 Jan. 11/16

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DR MUCK VICTIM OF A FALSE COLLECTOR

Greisheimer Is Given 18 Months in San Quentin.

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Globe Jan. 11/16

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BOSTON HEARS "NEW ENGLAND" IN A SYMPHONY

Monitor Jan. 15/16

SYMPHONY HALL—Eleventh afternoon concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Ernst Schmidt replacing Karl Muck as conductor, Mme. Nellie Melba soloist, afternoon of Jan. 14. The program:

Edgar Stillman Kelley—Symphony No. 2, "New England," in B-flat minor, op. 33, first time in Boston; Handel—Scena, "Sweet Bird That Shun'st the Noise of Folly," from "L'Allegro, il Penseroso, ed il Moderato" (flute obbligato, André Maquarrie); Gluck—Ballet suite, No. 2 (put together by Gevaert): III. tambourin from "Iphigénie en Aulide," IV. gavotte from "Armide," V. chaconne from "Iphigénie en Aulide" and "Orphée"; Mozart—a, cavatina, "Porgi Amor," Act II., Scene 1 of "Le Nozze di Figaro"; b, canzona, "Voi, che sapete," Act II., Scene 3 of "Le Nozze di Figaro"; Cherubini—Overture to "Anacreon."

A glance at Mr. Kelley's achievements in music, both in composition and commentary, reveals a sound career. Careful schooling in methods of writing music, experience in the practical application of various sorts of musical theory, painstaking research into the life and works of a great composer, to say nothing of the excellent training to be got from the urging press of newspaper criticism, have all fitted him to set down musical ideas in scholarly and logical fashion, correct according to the canons of the schools. Not that any apology is needed for Mr. Kelley's musical scholarship. His mastery of his craft is plain, and whatever comes to him to say, he can say, clearly and forcefully.

A hearing of his second symphony is convincing of all this ability. Its thoughtful and careful construction is best described by the word German, which in musical matters has come to be synonymous with thoroughness of scholarship. One feels that Mr. Kelley has said, and said well, all that he can say about his subject.

Statement and development of theme come in well-wrought cadences, and generally recapitulation follows in orderly fashion. Admirable, too, is the instinct that led Mr. Kelley to choose the form of a symphony to express his ideas rather than a symphonic poem. As he conceives the New England spirit, the more rigid the form of its musical expression, the truer. So, too, he has kept away from

the so-called modern idiom and its colorful harmonies.

Having found that Mr. Kelley says most satisfactorily what he has to give out, the listener naturally slips into an examination of what he says, and in so doing learns promptly the difference between an exercise in symphonic writing and a symphony. Admirable as the form may be—the externals, if you please—what really counts, of course, is the idea behind the music; in this case, the estimate of those ideas cognately expressed in New England traits of character and in his music.

Now, judging from this work, Mr. Kelley's conception of characterizing New England traits is an austerity amounting almost to barrenness. With the mottoes by which each movement is designated no one will have any disposition to quarrel. They are New England, written by a first New Englander, William Bradford, and well calculated to inspire eloquent expression.

Over the lento: allegro appassionato is inscribed: "All great and honorable actions are accompanied with great difficulties; and must be both enterprised and overcome with answerable courages."

It is of course futile to speculate on what great actions Mr. Kelley had in mind when he wrote this movement. One might at least surmise, however, that they were not inspired by that glow of human affection which would enterprise a great good to fellowmen.

The allegretto pastorale is described by Governor Bradford's entry, which says: "Warm and fair weather, the birds sang in the woods most pleasantly." However, there has evidently not been enough warm and fair weather to take the chill off the shady side of the rocks in the pasture. If Mr. Kelley had not treated so freely the thematic material he got from the birds, if he had not put their songs through the German mill of counterpoint, the result would have been happier, for even in New England the birds sing joyously.

"Great lamentation and heaviness" introduces the lento, and in this movement Timothy Swan's funeral hymn tune, "China" is utilized. So imbued with his lugubrious notion regarding New England character is the composer, however, that this melancholy movement is really of the four the most in keeping with its designation.

The key to the allegro con fuoco is supposed to be contained in this sentiment: "The fit way to honor and lament

the departed is to be true to one another and to work together bravely for the cause to which living and dead have consecrated themselves." Surely in these words is no repining, but bravery and optimism and a sober joy in living life well,—in short, a description of the true New England traits. Through the conscientious development of Mr. Kelley's themes one seeks fruitlessly for the courage that dares, inspired by the religious faith that brought the first New Englanders, that they might make their worship of God a part of their daily lives.

It was unfortunate that Dr. Muck could not conduct this symphony; he surely would have had a greater appreciation of the meaning of New England than Mr. Schmidt. Too, the first violin section was weakened by the absence of the concert master. Yet making allowance for handicaps the fact remains that the New England portrayed is not the New England that has wrought and achieved gloriously and lives with its full measure of joy.

Mme. Melba had to respond to many recalls because of the pleasure her gratifying voice gave. The fact that her selections were so well known did not militate against the enjoyment in her flawless singing.

**Singer Has Already Earned
\$92,000 for Cause of Britain
and Allies—Giving Concert at
Symphony Hall Tomorrow
Evening, Assisted by Percy
Grainger, Pianist.**

Herald Jan 16/16

By KATHARINE WRIGHT

"Anything to save the empire," said Mme. Melba the other day, speaking of conscription, the problem which has lately been the subject of furious discussion in England. The famous diva will sing at Symphony Hall tomorrow evening. She will be assisted by Mr. Percy Grainger, the Australian pianist and composer.

Mme. Melba is superbly patriotic. Her passionate pride of country, her devotion in its need are akin to that of the women of Greece and Rome. Her eyes glistened as she told the figure of her recent earnings, \$92,000, to be devoted entirely to the cause of England

and her allies; but they as quickly filled with tears when she confessed that the fearful carnage has robbed her of nearly every friend. Looking down at her green dress, she added, "And in England we are not allowed to wear mourning. Isn't it splendid?"

Fortunately her generosity is not passed by unrecognized. Spending Christmas in Canada with the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, the singer was decorated by them and made a lady of grace of the Order of St. John the Divine, a coveted honor possessed by few.

Probably England has not merely to thank the singer for a sum of money amounting to a small fortune, nor for the energy expended in amassing it. Her vitality and enthusiasm are contagious, irresistible. She has no doubt inspired the dilatory to enlist.

Her association with Mr. Grainger tomorrow evening will be peculiarly sympathetic. She has known him always. It seems that their fathers, both architects, have been lifelong friends. Strangely, too, both are now very ill.

Mme. Melba's father is 87. He is a Scotchman richly endowed with national traits of character. She tells this story:

Two years ago he had a serious operation. While on the operating table he asked the surgeon how long he would be laid up. About three months, was the answer. "That's too long," said my father. "I cannot afford to stay in bed three months. Ye'll have to let me off with a fortnight or I'll not take your chloroform." His indomitable will came to the rescue and he was actually about in three weeks.

After a short tour, Mme. Melba will return to pay a farewell visit in Canada to her royal friends and then go back to Australia, where she hopes to find her "dear daddy" alive.

"It's ironical if the Kaiser should be condemned to die," she went on again, reverting to war topics, "but—I should like to have seen him defeated first."

Dr. Muck, well recovered from his recent illness, has picked up his work again. He conducted on Monday evening in a concert of the orchestra in Portland and he is now busy with the rehearsals for the concerts of Friday and Saturday at home.

Late in the season, Dr. Muck intends to revive at the Symphony Concerts the single symphony that Chausson wrote, unplayed here for many years.

in B flat, No. 1, op. 38

104

MELBA IS SINGING FOR HER COUNTRY



Mme. Melba.

105

Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1915--16.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

Dr. KARL MUCK, Conductor.

TWELFTH PROGRAMME

FRIDAY, JANUARY 21, AT 2.30 P. M.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 22, AT 8 P. M.

BERLIOZ,

OVERTURE, to "Rob Roy"

LISZT,

SYMPHONIC POEM, No. 1. (after Victor Hugo.)
"Ce qu'on entend sur la Montagne" ("What one
hears on the Mountain")
(First time at these concerts)

SCHUMANN,

SYMPHONY in B flat, No. 1, op. 38
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III. Scherzo: Molto vivace. Trio I. Molto più vivace.
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There will be no Public Rehearsal and Concert next week.

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FRANZ LISZT.

Silhouette portrait by Dr. Otto Böhrer.

SYMPHONY GIVES SEASON'S 12TH CONCERT

Berlioz's Overture to "Rob Roy," Liszt's "What One Hears on the Mountain," and Symphonic Poem No. 1 and Schumann Composition Make up Program.

Herald Jan. 22/16
By PHILIP HALE.

The 12th concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Muck, conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows: Berlioz, overture to "Rob Roy"; Liszt, "What One Hears on the Mountain," Symphonic Poem No. 1 (after Victor Hugo); Schumann, Symphony in B flat major No. 1.

Some have wondered why Buelow was partial to Berlioz's overture "The Corsair." He praised it in his letters; he delighted in conducting it. It might be asked by those who are so unfortunate as not to appreciate the genius of Berlioz, why do conductors put his overture to "Rob Roy" on programs, especially as it is an early work and Berlioz burned the score, forgetting that he had sent a manuscript copy to the Academy of Fine Arts in Paris. It will be remembered that this overture was not published until 1900 when the second performance took place, and that was in London. The suggestion has been made that Berlioz destroyed the score because he had used one of the themes, the one that resembles curiously Offenbach's "Voici le Sabre," in his "Harold" symphony.

The answer to the questioners is that conductors and many other musicians find that the overture to "Rob Roy" has more than a historical interest. There is a Scottish atmosphere, and not merely by reason of the theme founded on "Scots Wha Hae Wi' Wallace Bled." The horn fanfares, the melody for Eng-

lish horn accompanied by the harp, the suggestion of the bagpipes; in a word, the prevailing mood of the overture is Scottish. We know that Berlioz, as other men of the romantic period were admirers of Sir Walter, whose influence was then great and unmistakable in many ways. Berlioz wrote an overture, "Waverley"; why not one suggested by "Rob Roy"?

There are other reasons for liking this overture. Composed in 1832, it is surprisingly fresh, ingenious, vigorous in its instrumentation. Grant that the themes and some formulas are of an old pattern, they are still expressive, and they are developed and treated for the orchestra by the master of orchestration, from whom all following him have learned and are still learning, though no one has yet succeeded in obtaining such striking effect with apparently simple means.

Liszt's symphonic poem was played here for the first time, although it was remodelled by the composer nearly 60 years ago. The poem of the same title in Hugo's "Autumn Leaves" inspired the music. The poem itself is characteristic of the Hugo described by Mr. George Moore as a cross between an Italian improvisator and a metaphysical German student. In it we find the familiar "splendor of imagery and thunder of syllables." The poet puts himself on a mountain by the sea. He hears two voices: one singing superbly the beauty and the harmony of creation—the voice of Nature; the other, the voice of Humanity, is swollen with sighs, groans, sobs, cries of revolt, blasphemies. The poet then asks, why are we here? What is the end of all this? He hears no answer.

Liszt gives full and varied musical expression to these voices, but does not end with Hugo. He finds the answers in prayer, in the hope, comfort, assurance of religion. After the development of the contrasting themes, with a wealth of subsidiary details, the answer to the terrible doubt and vain questioning, the answer to Nature herself, is the final Hymn of Faith.

No wonder this symphonic poem frightened and appalled conductors, players, critics and audiences 50 years ago. Some today may regard the main contents as bombastic, yet accept and praise the solemn Hymn given first to the trombones. To us the music is remarkable in many ways, remarkable even as coming after the more important achievements of Berlioz. No modern composer, not even Debussy or Rimsky-Korsakoff has been more successful in suggesting the murmur of waves, the surge of the ocean. No ultra-modern composer, not even the Strauss of the later years, has expressed more dramatically and convincingly in music cries of anguish and despair. Liszt's use of dissonances is a revelation even in these days of dissonances, when common chords have a certain piquancy.

It is true that there are pages that

might be spared. The final section is too long-drawn out. There is repetition that lessens the effect. Yet this section as a whole has majestic beauty and in it we observe Wagner gaily appropriating music for his "Parsifal," as elsewhere in the poem he found measures for his "Ring." How he and others after him have plundered the storehouse of Liszt!

The performance was impressive. After this music the Symphony of Schumann seemed respectable in its romantic intentions.

The concert will be repeated tonight. There will be no concerts next week, for the orchestra will make a western trip. The program for Feb. 4-5 will include Beethoven's Symphony No. 2; Carpenter's "Adventures in a Perambulator" (repeated by request), and a short piece to be announced. Miss Geraldine Farrar will sing Elsa's Dream from "Lohengrin" and the Romance from "The Damnation of Faust."

REMARKABLE "NEW" LISZT TONE POEM

Amazingly Prophetic Work
68 Years Old.

Globe — Jan. 22/16

A symphonic poem by Liszt performed for the first time in Boston! The thought might seem anomalous as that of a man born too late, strangely out of tune with his time, a sere page of the past, uncovered to be forgotten.

But not so with the "Ce qu'on entend sur la Montagne" of Liszt after one of Victor Hugo's poems in his "Leaves of Autumn." Here is an amazingly prophetic work. The chief interest is not that now, at a symphony concert 68 years after its composition, the Orchestra plays it for the first time. Irrespective of time or period the score arrests the mind and stimulates feeling by its freshness, vigor, dramatic force, by the resourceful, and to modern ears, remarkable anticipation of modern methods of large dramatic expression—in invention of characterizing themes, in harmonic color apt and eloquent, in the contrast of ideas and moods as of orchestral choirs, to all of which the element of personality and identity attaches, and finally in the interpretative and seizing use of dissonance.

Where was its model in the year 1848? Wagner shortly before had produced his "Tannhauser" in Dresden, and was soon to be expelled, not as an iconoclast in tones but in politics. Weber had completed his operas in a new romantic

vein, and his life, a score of years before, but he had little to offer as inspiration.

The only likely name is not to be found in the German side of the house. It was a historically significant, as well as a gracious and courteous, act upon Dr. Muck's part to precede the Liszt tone poem with a work by Berlioz. Remarkable seer of things to come was this turbulent, frenetic, morbidly sensitive Frenchman. The debt which the whole line of tonal romanticists, colorists, verists, dramatists from Liszt and Wagner down to Strauss and the new apostle of life in tone—Strawinsky—owe to Berlioz probably never can be wholly measured. It is true that music far more worthy of Berlioz and more fairly representative could be found than this "Rob Roy" overture. But in such a score as the Fantastic Symphony upon phases of an artist's life, he could have found the principle which was to evolve into a new art form, at once as precise and elastic if less composite than that new force in romanticism soon to be disclosed to the eye and ear by the Diaghileff ballet.

Liszt prefaced his score with this argument: "The poet hears two voices; one immense, magnificent, ineffable, singing the beauty and the harmony of creation; the other swollen with sighs, groans, sobs, cries of revolt and blasphemies. The one said Nature and the other Humanity." As in Hugo's poem "The one came from the sea, song of glory! a happy hymn! The other that came up from our earth was sad. 'Twas the murmur of mankind. Hid in this grand concert of song, day and night, each wave, each man, had a voice."

With the world in groans and tears in the vortex of this atrocious war, there is again a significance, grim and timely, in the present performance of this music, until now passed by, which no hour since Hugo penned his poem or Liszt his music could have supplied with such terrible emphasis.

There were obvious reasons why this old work, strangely new, would not have been undertaken by an orchestra without cool calculation and perhaps enlightening attempts. It is formidable and difficult. The demands upon the brass and particularly the first trumpet are Herculean. They were met triumphantly yesterday. Liszt's use of the brass choir in glorifying hymnology were transporting. The entire orchestra reveled in the making of a flood of gorgeous, golden tone, a sonority which would transfigure far less worthy pages. None can deny passages of conventional Lisztian clap-trap, the melodramatic flourishes and sensational recourse to rhythm as a last resort. These places were made to sound. The noble pages of the beneficent song of nature and of the troubled and tragic song of man—and they far predominate—were played superbly.

The first symphony of Schumann continued the dramatic scheme. It carried on a chapter of less daring, if more minutely imaginative, development of the romantic thought, an unfolding in idea and in feeling to the eclipse of the manner merely. It was a performance executed with love and appreciation.

Dr. Muck was given a welcome at his return. There will be no concerts next week.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT Jan. — Jan. 22/16 A FULL PROGRAMME OF ROMANTIC MUSIC

Orchestra and Conductor at the Top of
Their Bent Through a Stirring After-
noon—The Resurrection of Liszt's Pui-
sant Tone-Poem of the Mountain—
Schumann's "Spring" Symphony and an
Overture of Berlioz

ROMANTIC music filled the programme of the Symphony Concert yesterday afternoon—all written in the full tide of the ardent years that drew Berlioz to Scott; Liszt to Hugo; and Schumann to the poetized sights and sounds and moods of the German spring. As it was written in the overture to "Rob Roy," in the tone-poem, "Ce qu'on entend sur la Montagne," and in the symphony in B-flat major No. 1, as the formal titles go, so Dr. Muck and the orchestra played it. There are occasional and also inevitable days when the band falls away into relatively dull routine as it did a week ago; there are many more when it holds to the level of its alert and eloquent self; and there are surprisingly many—if memory runs back over the long course of the concerts—when it mounts well above that plane and sustains itself in this higher flight. Of such was the concert of Friday, and the audience unmistakably thrilled to it and by more and subtler tokens than outpoured applause. Seldom has the tone of the orchestra been more rich, warm and glowing than it was in Berlioz's overture, more songful of instrumental melody, more vivid of rhythm, more graphic of contrast. Seldom has the band gained such force and variety of characterizing and significant voice as it sustained through the manifold delineation and suggestion of Liszt's tone-poem; and seldom has it irradiated and vitalized music, as though it were playing it in re-creative rhapsody—yet with what control of means!—as it did Schumann's symphony of the spring. Strange that there are those, especially in the West, who believe that the orchestra lets fire wait upon finesse. Rather, when ardor and energy are the word, as they are in much of this romantic music, it can summon them as readily and truly as it does the elegance it bestows upon Mozart or Mendelssohn or the felicities of detail and implication with which it graces Debussy or Ravel. There are times when the Symphony Orchestra is a glorious orchestra and when the audience—often more routine than the players—feels and knows it as such. It was so yesterday.

The source and cause of these things was not far to seek. Dr. Muck was again in his place and in the full usage of his familiar powers upon his music, his forces and his audience. Upon the music, he exercised that sense of characterizing differentiation that gave to all three pieces the romantic ardor of invention, creation and final accomplishment, the romantic fulness and richness of speech, the romantic freedom of voice, the romantic intensity of mood and purpose that are life and soul within them. At the same time he distinguished the large rhetoric of Berlioz—for the overture to "Rob Roy" is or ought to be music of the theatre—from the warm and relatively intimate tonal poetry of Schumann; seized the significance within the spectacle of Liszt's tone-poem; drew from it that quality of excitement upon those that hear, which again is intrinsic in romantic music. Upon his forces, he exercised simultaneously the control that leaves not to chance so much as one progression, one modulation, one accent or one shading; while at the same time he infused into them his own sense of that which vitalized and characterized the music in hand and which the imagination and the projection of the conductor must discover and enforce beyond any indication of the engraved page. His audience in turn felt that power of transmitting and stimulating personality of which Dr. Muck seems the more unconscious the more his hearers know its spell. A great conductor in more than the usual flush of his abilities led a glorious orchestra through as exciting a concert as the season has brought.

Yet to the composers—dead and gone these many years but more alive in their music than many a writer of the day before yesterday—belongs the lion's share of the reward, since the conductor and the orchestra did but serve them, and most of all to the Liszt of the tone-poem, hitherto unheard in Boston, though it was put to paper more than sixty years ago. It is quite true that more than one of Liszt's symphonic poems that has no place in current orchestral repertoires, hardly deserves re-discovery and restoration to it. They are an uneven succession of pieces; there is one and another of them in which there is little body thinly clad. It is also quite true that it is much easier to play "Tasso" one year; "The Preludes" the next; maybe "Orpheus" the third and then make the round again than to go questing through the scores of the rest as Dr. Muck insistently does. If one of his discoveries among them, "Hungaria," hardly repaid revival, "Mazeppa" of a season or two back and especially "The Mountain Symphony" of yesterday richly deserved it. The wonder was that it had been overlooked for so long and that the conductor himself had sometimes hesitated over the resurrection of it—not from regard for convention, a consideration that little sways him—but

from fear lest music so much of its own romantic time and fashion might not fall sixty years after upon responsive ears.

"Ce qu' on Entend sur la Montagne" is indeed romantic in the full blaze of the adjective that is presumed to illuminate Hugo when his voice and vision are biggest and most resounding; Hoffmann when he is most fantastic; Berlioz when he is at once grandiose and graphic, and Delacroix and his fellow-painters when they stretch their broadest canvas and heap it with bold design, flaming color and sombre shadow. That is to say, Liszt's music has the shortcomings—or what another generation has elected to call the shortcomings—of its species and of the talents and the temperament that wrought in it. There are passages in the tone-poem that seem to many ears superfluous repetition that Liszt wrote in excess of ardor for his vision and for the musical means by which he was bodying it forth; but these are the inevitable complement of the intensity of imagination and spirit that conceived the one and gave it voice, vitality and illusion with the other. There are passages that the reticent and the adroit in music call turgid; but they are of the grandiose style which was of Liszt's temperament and which was the unquestioned manner of romanticism in all the arts in his time. There are occasional passages—but much fewer than in many another of the symphonic poems—in which the music merely fills a halt until imagination and ardor glow again, but the compensation is disproportionately abundant in the ease of invention, the readiness of means and the fulness of illusion with which Liszt writes the music in which the two voices of Nature and of Man are in simultaneous play, or in which he blends them in the Andante designed to reconcile and to fuse their conflict and their questionings.

On the other hand, "The Mountain Symphony" is richly and glowingly alive with not a few of the virtues of such romantic music and of the composer who burned with an unquenchable desire to write it to the full and who left time to bear testimony to the delineative, the psychological and the tonal power of his music. It has borne two: the testimony whereby the best of the symphonic poems of Liszt have added a new and established form to music and seem now part and parcel of the music that endures from generation to generation and the testimony whereby he seems often to be anticipating the composers of our time not only when they deliberately imitate him but when his visioning, his purpose and his means seem at one with theirs.

Liszt in this very music was questioning poignantly in tones and leaving the riddle of destiny, of man and of the material world unsolved in empty and dissonant intervals before the Strauss, who does likewise in "Zarathustra" to the general admiration, was born into that same world. Even the Wagner of "Par-

sifal" does not hesitate to borrow from the instrumental panoply of "Ce qu' on Entend sur la Montagne." Our contemporary music is much concerned with delineation; but who that writes it has surpassed Liszt in the tonal suggestion of the outspread and slowly swaying sea. Composers to right of us and composers to left of us would carry music to higher intensities; yet when Liszt sets the suffering and the frenzies of man over against the calm and the strength of nature, the music agonizes with the sharp stress of the conflict and the contrast. Those same composers search their minds and spirits for music of atmosphere. In relatively few measures at the beginning of "The Mountain Symphony," Liszt leads his poet to the mountain top, sets his voices of vision vibrating and stirs his hearers to excited and suspensive interest.

These pictorial and atmospheric qualities; that high heat of mood; that largeness and intensity of vision and answering emotion; that impinging suggestion of strangeness and suspense; that commanding voice, that mingling of exaltation and actuality, of the ideal, the natural and the human in one transporting illusion are the very life and soul of romantic music that makes it search and thrill when the mere superficial aspects of it are no more than a vanished fashion. Of such is "Ce qu' on Entend sur la Montagne," not merely resurrected yesterday, but in this unheeding Boston and among conventionally neglectful conductors, actually buried alive for more than sixty years.

Berlioz's overture, so far as it goes in frank and animated employ of a familiar Scotsmen's tune in warm harmonic vesture and spirited rhythmic march seems no more than well-developed romantic music from a happily chosen source beside such a piece as Liszt's "Mountain Symphony." Indeed the overture becomes a work of the imagination only when it summons and develops a melody that is all Berlioz's own and yet is curiously suggestive of the wistful and melancholy mood that Scottish landscape, Scottish light, air and solitude and maybe the Scottish temperament, when it sets to folk-poetry or folk-song, stirs in them that see and hear. Perhaps much reading and much joy of Sir Walter, then at the zenith of romantic fashion, gave Berlioz this divination; but more plausibly imagination in music knows no borders and Berlioz, as it afterward happened, was quite ready to shift that same motive to his melancholy Harold when he bore that wanderer into Italian solitudes.

By the same token Schumann's symphony of the spring is universal in appeal, even if it evokes that quick-coming spring which the more fortunate North knows in annual and shining flood and that is strange to our middle—and mediocre—latitudes. Moreover, it is the sights and sounds of the spring in Germany, in the Rhine coun-

ry, and the mood and the delight of human beings—German or any other—under them that stirred Schumann to his music and gave it ardor, beauty and enduring freshness of instrumental song. Now all the world—except the dull-witted English who have long disliked the symphony—hears it gladly, and might even hear it each year because it is music that quickens the ear, enlivens the fancy and awakes cheerful emotion even as do the stirrings and the glamors of the spring itself.

The very ardor of Schumann made him break the bonds that usually chafed him when he worked in the symphonic form. The very inspiration that possessed him made him modulate, harmonize and lay on his instrumental color as by effective intuition. The call of the trumpets and the horns at the beginning and all that flows out of this motive through the first movement are the sparks of genius rather than the mere strokes of invention and imagination. The fancy of the Scherzo shines hardly less brightly. The song of the Andante runs deep with the tranquil joy of the spring and then sets the restlessness that it breeds to gentle ruffling of the music. And the dance-tune of the end is a dance of nature with the poet's spirit rhythmized to it. No wonder Schumann wrote his symphony in four days when such flowing inspiration possessed him. As the outcome in Liszt's tone-poem was the power of romantic music so the outcome in Schumann's symphony is its beauty. The power intensifies human sensations and emotions, giving them new and strange exaltation and poignancy; the beauty clothes them in as novel and rare a loveliness. Because romantic music loved external pomps, some have believed it superficial. By the universal answer to it, it really goes deep.

H. T. P.

Novel Music Now Sixty Years Old

Liszt's "Mountain Symphony" to Be Heard
This Week for the First Times

in Boston
Trans. — Jan. 20/16

TOMORROW afternoon and Saturday evening in the regular course of the Symphony Concerts, a symphonic poem by Liszt will be heard for the first times in Boston, more than sixty years after it was originally produced at Weimar—"Ce qu' on Entend sur la Montagne," the first of the series and suggested, like more than one of the rest, by verses of Hugo of like title. The subject, according to Mr. Huneker, in the miscellaneous chapters about Liszt and his music that the Scribners published for him in 1911 is the contrast of the perfection of nature with the misery of man. Only when one withdraws from the hurdy-gurdy trend

of life, only from the height of mountains does one see truth in perspective. This is "What One Hears on the Mountain," and the keynote to the introductory measures of Liszt's music. Out of the sombre roll of the drum—which continues as a ground tone—the different instruments assert themselves. Muted strings imitate the rush of the sea; horns and woodwind hint at the battling of elements in chaos, while the violins and harp swerve peacefully aloft in arpeggios. The oboe chants the beautiful melody of peaceful idyllic nature. After this impression becomes a mood, Liszt resumes the poetic narrative and individualizes the two voices.

The voice of man is the first to be heard. It obtrudes itself even while the violins are preaching earthly peace, and eventually embroils them in its cry of discontent—all this over the pedal point of worldly noises. There is a sudden pause, and in the succeeding *maestoso* episode the second voice is heard—the hymn of nature. Here there is composure and serenity, which diminishes to a tender piano in string harmonies. But in the woodwind a dissenting theme appears from time to time; man and his torments invade this sanctuary of peace. His cry grows louder, and one hears in it the anguish of the pursued one. The strings forsake their tranquil harmonies and resolve themselves into a troublous tremolo, while the clarinets, in a new theme, question this intrusion. Meanwhile the misery of man gains the upper hand, and in the following *Allegro Con Moto* there sounds all the fury of a wild chase: The orchestra is in tumult, relieved only by a cry of agony coming from man; even the sea theme is tossed about, and the motive of nature appears in mangled form. This fury lashes itself out by its own violence, and after the strings once more echo the cry of despair all is silent.

Two light blows of the tam-tam suggest the questioning fear which follows upon such a display of tempestuous terror, and as an answer the theme of nature reappears in its brightest garb. Question and answer succeed each other, and are stilled by the recurring cry of man until a final Why is followed by a full stop. The poet, weary of this restlessness, is searching for the consolation of quietude; and here—as might be expected of Liszt—comes the thought of religion shown by the Andante religioso. It is here, too, in the realm of religious peace that the two antagonistic voices are reconciled; they interweave, cross and are melted, one into the other. This, the most intricate and longest part of the score, was employed by Liszt to show his instrumental mastery. The two principal themes—the two voices—are made to adjust with great skill, and are then sounded simultaneously to prove their striving after unity.

The poet is almost convinced of this equalization, when, without warning and with the force of the full orchestra, brilliantly employed, a new theme appears.

This is repeated with even greater frenzy of utterance and usurps the theme of man and that of nature. The whole is the idea of faith, at which the poet now has arrived. A deep satisfaction silences every sound—the clashing of the elements ceases and the last sigh breathes itself out. Once more the plaintive Why is heard, and resolves itself in a reminiscence of man's fury. The trumpets quiet all by intoning that sacrosanct Andante Religioso, which concludes in a mysterious chord through which the notes of the harp thread themselves. The theme of the hymn of nature returns to pizzicato in the basses, and is answered by harp arpeggios and chords in the brass. A few taps of the tympani, with which the composition ends, give the ring of finality.

LISZT NOVELTY AT SYMPHONY CONCERT

Boston Am. Jan. 22/16
By FRED J. McISAAC.

Berlioz's overture to "Rob Roy," Liszt's tone poem, "What One Hears on a Mountain," and Schumann's symphony in B-flat major No. 1, op. 39, composed the program at the Boston Symphony concert yesterday.

Berlioz's overture was inspired by Scott's novels. Its chief theme is "Scots wha hea," an ancient melody to which Robert Burns set inspiring words. After hearing the first performance of his overture Berlioz went home and burned the manuscript. He used much of its thematic material in "Childe Harold" afterwards. Nevertheless it is agreeable music to those of us who have Scottish sympathies.

Liszt's tone poem received its first Boston performance yesterday, although it is nearly seventy years old. It was inspired by a poem by Victor Hugo, whom Liszt greatly admired. It is a musical description of the conflict between the forces of nature and humanity. It is couched in the sonorous and impressive phraseology of Liszt, but it falls far behind his other tone poems in inspiration and descriptive powers. Much of it is tedious, and much only noisy. It is easy to understand why no conductor felt moved to produce it here until Dr. Muck put it on as a novelty.

The Schumann Spring symphony is always gay, happy and charming, and it was delightfully played. The orchestra will be on tour next week. The soloist at the concert two weeks hence will be Geraldine Farrar.

SYMPHONY TICKETS

FOR SALE—Two fine seats for the remaining 12 concerts, located Row J on floor. Bids desired. Address M.M.J., Boston Transcript.

WANTED—One Desirable Friday Afternoon SYMPHONY TICKET, First Balcony preferred; state location and price. Address O.A.M., Boston Transcript. (A):

UNUSUAL APPLAUSE FALLS TO MR. MUCK

An Exceptional Incident or Two at the Symphony Concert:

HOWEVER the bystander might interpret it, the heartiness and the duration of the applause that greeted Dr. Muck when he came to his place in Symphony Hall on Saturday evening was unusual enough to deserve passing record. Nearly the whole house joined spontaneously in it; for nearly two minutes it continued; and the conductor himself was plainly touched by it. Perhaps the clapping merely signified the pleasure of the audience in his return to his work and altogether recovered after the illness that had kept him from the previous pair of concerts. Perhaps also it was the retort courteous of a notable assembly to all the mischievous gossip of a month past that has sought to set Dr. Muck in a false light in his treatment of composers and singers not of one mind with him as to matters wholly outside the range of music, the Symphony Concerts and his part and theirs in them. Anyhow no such applause has fallen to the conductor at the beginning of a concert in the whole course of the season. At the end, moreover,—and again unusually—the audience lingered to call and recall Dr. Muck and at last bring the orchestra to its feet around him.

Thus stimulated, the conductor and his men fell not a jot below the level of manifold and thrilling accomplishment that had made the concert of Friday, one of the most remarkable of the year. As for Dr. Muck, there was reason to note afresh the discerning sense of tonal mass and tonal color with which he reinforced and even doubled many of the groups of wind instruments in Liszt's tone-poem of the mountain, so that the music should seem as full-voiced and richly hued to the ears of 1916 as it did in its original orchestral dress to the ears of 1857. Only such magnificence of tone and such variety of stroke and shade as the conductor and the band gave them make these romantic pomps—a shortcoming and an ear-mark of nearly the whole set of Liszt's symphonic poems—stirring to hear in these post-Wagnerian, Straussian and Russian days. As for the orchestra, there was reason once more to admire the mingled swiftness, elasticity, energy, exactness and songfulness with which they carried through the first movement of the finale of Schumann's symphony of the spring. The conductor had set the pace and marked the accents; the band more than "played up" to him; and the outcome was one of the rarest sensations of the concert-hall—the hearing of familiar music as though it were springing into first life and being before an audience's very ears.

H. T. P.

TRIBUTE TO LISZT THE YOUTH PAID

His First Tone Poem

Performed by
Symphony

Post Jan. 22/16

BY OLIN DOWNES

A programme of uncommon interest was presented by Dr. Muck yesterday afternoon at the 12th concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra in Symphony Hall. Dr. Muck, having recovered from his recent severe indisposition, was again at the helm.

MUSIC OF THE 30S

The first performance at these concerts of the first of the 12 symphonic poems with which Liszt revolutionized modern music, "Ce qu'on entend sur la Montagne," proved a matter of far more than merely historical interest, and the seldom played overture of Berlioz, "Rob Roy," prefaced happily the remarkable score of Liszt. This in spite of inequalities of workmanship and because of the youth and romanticism of the writing. This overture was first performed in 1833. The first sketches of Liszt's symphonic poem were made in the same year. The first performance of Schumann's "Spring" symphony, which brought the concert to an end, took place in 1841. A "romantic" programme, a revival of the gorgeous music of the '30s.

Liszt's symphonic poem is startling in its eloquence, color and impetuosity, and its astonishing prophecy of later scores. Shades of Zarathustra! The famous enigmatical conclusion of Strauss' tone suddenly smote our ears.

Was it with deliberate intent that Dr. Muck thus unmasked a composer whom he is far from admiring in toto? For there in the concluding measures

of Liszt, large as life were the wavering tonalities, the plucking of double basses—Liszt varies the effect, very interestingly, with the kettle-drums—there is the mystic and philosophical mood, so completely depicted that we almost wondered whether the final page of Strauss had been tacked to the score of the early symphonic poem of Liszt. There should be a foot-note in Strauss' score in this place, after the symphonic poem, "Ce qu'on entend sur la Montagne!" A feature of Zarathustra which Strauss' partisans and commentators have ignored! Nor has the composer, apparently, taken the pains to enlighten them.

But this symphonic poem is notable for other things than a forshading of a special effect by Strauss. The writing is exceptionally vigorous and sincere. Few of the scores of Liszt have so much richness of color, although there are scores which present finer tone-color to the ear. Taken as a whole, the work is full of inspiration, and must have seemed at the time of its first performance in 1847 a heaven-storming piece of audacity. The themes are not transformed as freely and as cleverly as they are in other compositions by Liszt; the final section of the tone-poem is too long, and you have the spectacle of a composer endeavoring assiduously to life himself up by the bootstraps. "Ahem, ahem"—somehow, the great roll, the thundering sentence, will not come. But, except this place and workmanship which makes up in directness and audacity what it lacks of mature skill—tolerate, if you can, the bombast of the earlier Liszt, and you have a piece of music aglow with ideas and enthusiasms that seem very young and more than half convincing today.

Berlioz' overture has precisely these same qualities, although the employment of the tune "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled" is rather naive than effectual, but the romantic flavor of that must recompense for occasional weaknesses of workmanship. But it is a brave piece of music, and there is the quotation, the most beautiful page in the work, of the viola solo from Harold in Italy, a theme which obsessed the composer's imagination and haunted him through many years.

These two performances were of exceptional brilliancy, but in no wise more remarkable than the performance of Schumann's symphony. All that a great musician could do to aid a composer who was none too expert with the orchestra was done, until the symphony glowed with unbelievable color and the passion of spring. Symphony or not, as some say of this work, it held a worthy place on the programme yesterday, and at the hands of Dr. Muck, Schumann received his righteous reward.

WELCOME DR. MUCK ON HIS RECOVERY

SYMPHONY CONCERT TERMED CONSERVATIVE

Work Played in Brilliant Man-
ner, Even for Boston
Orchestra

By LOUIS C. ELSON

Programme.

Berlioz—Overture, "Rob Roy."
Liszt—Symphonic poem, "Sur la Mon-
tagne."
Schumann—Symphony No. 1, B-flat.

The time was when Liszt and Berlioz were considered radical, but they belong to the conservatives today. We can recall the paleolithic days of John S. Dwight, when Berlioz, Liszt and Wagner were looked upon as the ascetic looks upon the world, the flesh and—so forth. That has been changed and the extreme left is now occupied by Schoenberg, Stravinsky and possibly Reger. Even Richard Strauss and Debussy have been out-dissonanced.

Dr. Muck was greeted with especial cordiality on his return to the conductor's stand, after his recent illness, of which there was no trace in his work. But we did not find any sufficient reason for the resuscitation of the "Rob Roy" overture, even after its excellent performance. It is one of Berlioz's early works and it joggles with Scottish music. It is a strange thing that Scotland should be brimful of splendid folk-songs and yet never have produced a native composer who could weld these into a symphonic or large orchestral form. But, as if to make up for this, all the other nations have come under the spell of Gaelic music and numerous are the applications of it in European music.

Boieldieu ("La Dame Blanche"), Franz (songs), Beethoven (songs), Volkmann ("Richard III." overture), Schumann (songs), Mendelssohn (symphony), Bruch (cantata and concerto), are but a few of those who have built upon this foundation, and they have all, except Mendelssohn, un-Scotched their themes. And Berlioz has un-Scotched "Scots wha hae," in this overture. We do not mind his dallying with the speed of the melo-

dy, for Scotch themselves did that when they took it very slowly and metamorphosed it into "I'm wearin' awa Jean," but Berlioz frequently serves it up in slices (a phrase at a time) like cold veal. It is very interesting figure treatment, but it kills the spirit of the great old melody.

The subordinate theme of this work is another old friend. It is the expressive "Childe Harold" theme, only given to the English horn instead of the Viola. Both of these are melancholic instruments, so the brooding character of the melody is well-preserved, but the theme is far less impressively treated in this overture than it was handled later on, in the great symphony. There is a great deal of intellectual figure development in this symphony, but nothing really exciting. We cannot imagine Rob Roy settling down as a teacher of counterpoint in Paris, as seems to be the case in this overture.

But possibly Dr. Muck had the idea that he would teach his audience how the modern programme-music, tone-coloring school began, for just as "Rob Roy" is an early work of Berlioz, the "Mountain Symphony" is the very beginning of the symphonic poems of Liszt. It was rather a bit of hill-climbing to go at once from the Scottish highlands to the Lisztian Alps. Another conjecture is that our conductor desired to console us for the fact that we are not to have Strauss' new Alpine Symphony this year, because we cannot supply the extra brasses which the composer calls for, and therefore gave us plenty of other mountain music.

In this connection let us say a word about a very unjust New York criticism of our orchestra. They have boasted over there that they can easily get the extra instruments for the New York performances of the Alpine Symphony, and satirize Boston with being hindered by such a small matter. Is it necessary to tell them that our orchestra is not in the Musicians' Union? If we were within the fold we could get a whole band of extra horns without any trouble whatever, and the new symphony would be given at once.

Liszt's "Bergsymphonie" (as the Germans call it) was well worth resuscitating. Although somewhat fragmentary, it is wholly a different proposition from Berlioz's Parisian Scotchman. Victor Hugo's poem, on which the work is founded, is a lofty picture of the perfection of Nature as contrasted with the troubles of Man. It is lofty, but untrue, since antagonism and war run through all animate

creation as well as through the human race. But the contrast of the calm of the mountain with the fever of the human creature is an effective one.

"The world is perfect everywhere. Whenever feverish man is absent there"

Dr. Muck interpreted the graphic picture nobly. First, the portrayal of Nature in Solitude. Out of the muttering of the kettle-drums (a basso ostinato) there evolve themselves the sounds of rippling waters, the rush of winds and contending elements, and an oboe melody which pictures pastoral calm. Then one hears the voice of the Sea, and then the troubled clamor of Man. After this it is a constant struggle between the peace of Nature and the misery of Man. The latter gains the upper hand and all tranquility is gone. There is now a most tumultuous Allegro, which the orchestra gave with magnificent fury; a gnashing, shrieking, cursing struggle, that went far beyond a similar picture which Beethoven drew in the introduction to the Finale of his Ninth symphony. There were terrific explosions that intimated that the "Mountain" was a Volcano.

Then follows, not Peace but Exhaustion, in an impressive silence broken only (and made more oppressive) by two soft strokes upon the gong, portentously evil.

The trembling question—Why? What Remedy?—is answered at first by the suggestion of Nature's beauty, the former theme, but Man seems not to be satisfied with this, and the question is asked again and again. At last, after an impressive pause, the Abbe Liszt, the devout Catholic (not then an Abbe, however), departs

from Victor Hugo and gives the answer in an Andante Religioso, in which, with great skill, the dissonant and opposing themes are contrapuntally united. The brasses finally give the religious theme with absolute conviction, a new melody of Faith is introduced, and Liszt has solved the entire problem of the Universe!

Whether in this year of disgrace, 1916, the doubts are all thus summarily settled, may be questioned by some, but it is a striking work even if it does not attain the beauty of "Les Preludes," where somewhat similar questions are discussed. But it was followed by a less grandiose but more appealing work, Schumann's first symphony. Love, Spring and Happiness, came as poultices to the tonal wounds that had been inflicted. Less inflated, more sympa-

thetic, it did not astonish as the Liszt work had done, but it went more directly to the heart. All three works were played in an astonishingly brilliant manner, even for our orchestra. The enthusiasm of the audience was continuous, and Dr. Muck and the orchestra reached their highest standard in each number of this memorable concert.

"MOUNTAIN" TONE POEM DISCLOSES LISZT'S METHOD

Monitor Jan. 22/16

SYMPHONY HALL—Twelfth program of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Karl Muck, conductor; afternoon of Jan. 21: Berlioz, "Rob Roy" overture; Liszt, symphonic poem No. 1, "On the Mountain"; Schumann, symphony No. 1 in B-flat major, op. 38.

The present conductor of the Symphony orchestra is the first one to put the "Mountain" symphony into the repertory. In producing the piece he has enlarged his reputation, already great, as a Liszt interpreter and he has widened the public knowledge of a type of composition that is none too generally understood, though it was invented three quarters of a century ago. In seizing the opportunity his predecessors have neglected he has doubtless added more to his influence than he could have by bringing forward any newly-composed work whatsoever. His placing such a number on his program is one of those enterprises by which the conservatism of the institution which he directs is justified.

The music had a genuine effect of novelty. It greatly aroused the attention of the listeners. It could hardly have done so more if instead of being a mid-nineteenth century composition, a document of the maturing romantic period, it had been the latest product of the school of today which discards melodic line and harmonic color and thinks only in terms of cacophonic cubes.

And yet, fresh as was the "Mountain" symphony's sound, and of the morning as were its themes, there was no mistaking the composer. The music was the "Tasso" symphonic poem, the "Faust" symphony and the piano concerto in E flat all over again. For the piece represents, if not in complete and finished manner, at least in essentials, the Liszt

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who in the forties remodeled orchestral writing, making possible the structure of large works from a few simple elements of melody, and making possible the expression of all passions and moods without formal grouping of them into fast and slow movements.

The conductor gave his audience a valuable music lesson and himself a tremendous task in the sorting out of styles when he put together on one program selections by Liszt, Schumann and Berlioz. It must have been hard for many hearers to believe that all three of these composers could have been active at the same time. And it could not have been of much help to them to stop and think that the successors of the three, namely, Strauss, Reger and Debussy, are all influential in the concert world now. Dr. Muck made a conspicuous success of Liszt and Berlioz. The severe beat of his baton seemed requisite to the interpretation of both the "Mountain" symphony and the "Rob Roy" overture; but not so to the interpretation of the Schumann piece. It found, all listeners must admit, the precise value of every syncopation. The players, except with the utmost carelessness, could not have lost their way in any measure of their music. But where was the Schumann sentiment? Where that most cherished thing in romanticism, which Schumann best after Schubert expresses—that pensive gaiety? Missing.

But let nobody imagine that the symphony in B flat was altogether a study in the mechanics of time-beating. Indeed the portrait delineated was nearly three fourths true to the original. The scherzo and not a little that immediately preceded it, and all that followed it was the very speech of the tenderest-hearted of the romanticists.

SYMPHONY SEATS

The management of the Symphony orchestra is this week taking the first step in the promised change of methods for disposing of the season tickets of the Symphony concerts. As announced last September the auctions are given up entirely. Beginning with next fall all the seats in the hall, both for the Friday and Saturday series, will be sold by subscription at fixed prices. The owners of seats for this season will have an option until March 4 on their seats for the coming season.

The first step in this new process is

to have owners of seats for the present season, for both series, register their seats, their names and addresses, so that the management will have a complete record of the seats that are held and no injustice may result from the change.

The registration will be at Symphony Hall between the hours of 10 and 1 on Thursday, Friday and Saturday of each week up to and including March 4, and during the concerts on Friday afternoons and Saturday evenings. Cards have been provided wherein owners of seats may properly register and the data on these cards will be then transferred to books especially prepared for the purpose.

This registration incurs no obligation to subscribe for next year. It merely means that the patrons wish to be identified as owners of their individual seats and to have the opportunity to subscribe for their seats later on. At the end of the registration they will be notified as to prices of the seats and other data. *Herald Jan. 23/16*

The Symphony Orchestra Goes on a Western Journey—

THIS morning the Symphony Orchestra set out upon its journey for a week into various cities of the Middle States. No "assisting artist" accompanied the band, because the public of those cities has shown in the past that the orchestra and the conductor more interest it than does any "soloist" who might diminish their share in the concert. For the programmes, the several cities are to hear the third, fifth and eighth symphonies of Beethoven; the first and the second symphonies of Brahms; Strauss's "Death and Transfiguration"; Rachmaninov's "Isle of the Dead"; Dukas's orchestral ballad of "The Sorcerer's Apprentice"; Händel's concerto for strings and wind choirs; and Mozart's "Concertante Sinfonie" for violin and viola.

Dr. Muck to Resurrect a Neglected Symphonic Poem of Liszt—*Trans. Jan. 15/16*

MORE diligently than any previous conductor of the Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Muck seeks to make known the symphonic poems of Liszt. At his hands the public of the Symphony Concerts has already heard "The Preludes," "Mazeppa," "The Battle of the Huns" and the seldom played "Hungaria," and to these he will add next Friday afternoon and Saturday evening the still less-known "Ce qu'on Entend sur la Montagne." Certainly the piece has never before appeared on the programmes of the Symphony Concerts; in all probability it is new to Boston. Other capitals of music in the United States rarely listen to it; and only in Germany, where it is commonly called "The Mountain Symphony" has it kept place in the active repertory. "Ce qu'on



THE LATE FRANZ LISZT.

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Dr. Muck to Resurrect a Neglected Symphonic Poem of Liszt—*News, Jan. 15/16*

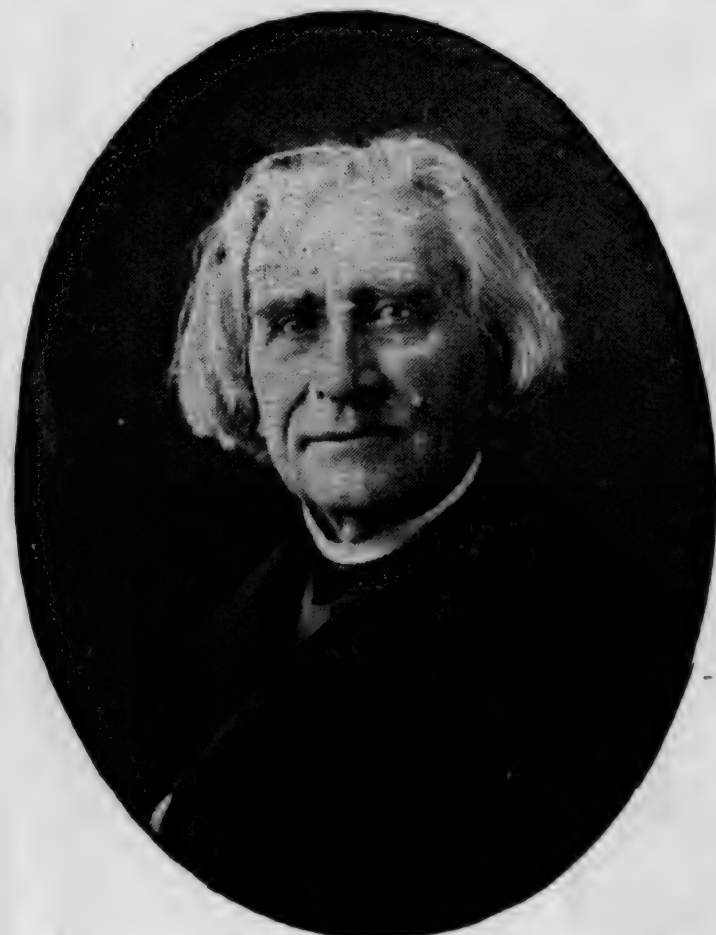
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THE LATE FRANZ LISZT.



LISZT AT FORTY-SEVEN.



FRANZ LISZT.

"Entend sur la Montagne" is the first and one of the longest of Liszt's twelve symphonic poems; like-named verses in Hugo's "Feuilles d'Automne" suggested it. As the poem in words and the poem in tones runs, the poet sits musing by the sea. In imagination he hears two voices. One joyfully celebrates the beauty of the natural world; the other bewails the unhappy lot of man. Hugo ends questioningly, wondering that the Creator should so mingle good and evil in the world; Liszt solves or tries to solve the riddle in a consoling Andante Religioso. So runs not the least interesting, if one of the least known of these symphonic poems about the course and the content of which more will be printed in this place next week. The symphony of the impending programme is that in which Schumann gloriously sings of the coming of the spring in the Rhineland and unusually it will end the concert. The third item of the list is the seldom heard overture that Berlioz wrote to "Rob Roy" when the Waverley Novels were one of the sacred books of the Romantics of France.

Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1915--16.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

Dr. KARL MUCK, Conductor.

TWELFTH PROGRAMME

FRIDAY, JANUARY 21, AT 2.30 P. M.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 22, AT 8 P. M.

BERLIOZ,

OVERTURE, to "Rob Roy"

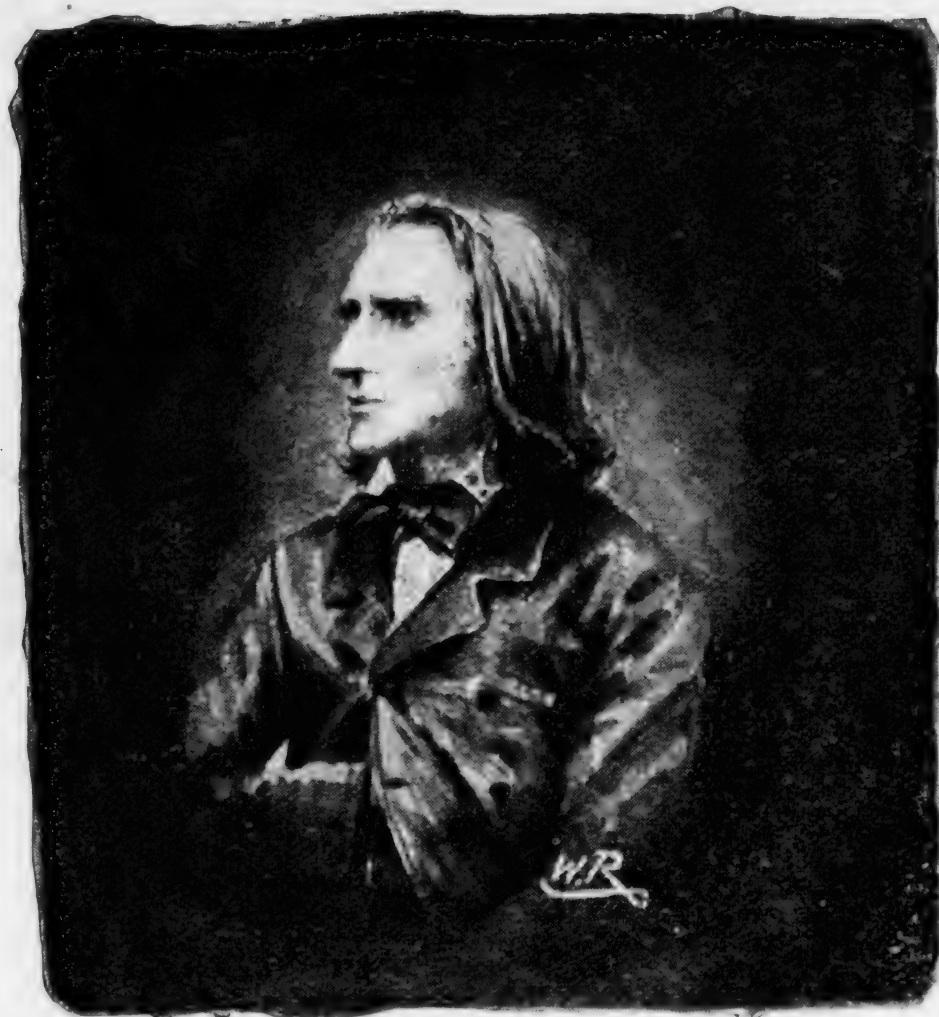
LISZT,

SYMPHONIC POEM, No. 1. (after Victor Hugo.)
"Ce qu'on entend sur la Montagne" ("What one
hears on the Mountain")
(First time at these concerts)

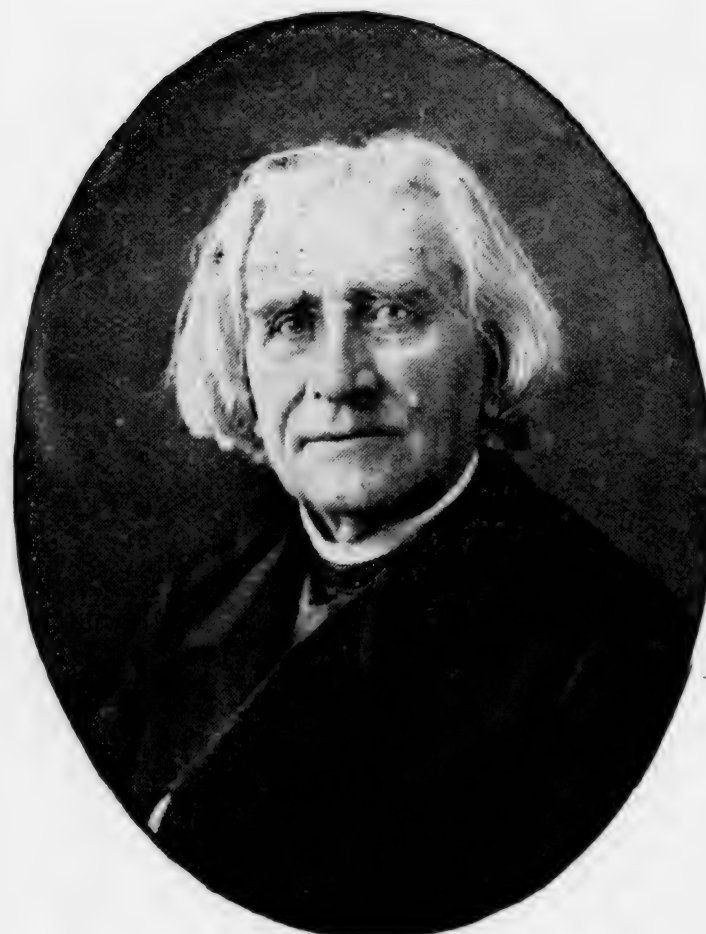
SCHUMANN,

SYMPHONY in B flat, No. 1, op. 38
I. Andante un poco maestoso; Allegro molto vivace.
II. Larghetto.
III. Scherzo: Molto vivace. Trio I. Molto più vivace.
Trio II.
IV. Allegro animato e grazioso.

There will be no Public Rehearsal and Concert next week.



LISZT AT FORTY-SEVEN.



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(First time at these concerts)

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Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1915--16.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

Dr. KARL MUCK, Conductor.

THIRTEENTH PROGRAMME

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 4, AT 2.30 P. M.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 5, AT 8 P. M.

BEETHOVEN.

SYMPHONY No. 2, in D major, op. 36.

I. Adagio molto; Allegro con brio.

II. Larghetto.

III. Scherzo: Allegro; Trio.

IV. Allegro molto.

WAGNER,

"Elsa's Dream," from "Lohengrin."

CARPENTER,

SUITE, "Adventures ia a Perambulator."

I. En Voiture.

II. The Policeman.

III. The Hurdy Gurdy.

IV. The Lake.

V. Dogs.

VI. Dreams.

(Repeated by request.)

BERLIOZ,

"d'Amour l'ardente flamme" from "The Damna-
tion of Faust."

WAGNER,

OVERTURE to the "Flying Dutchman."

Soloist:

GERALDINE FARRAR

Mason & Hamlin Pianoforte

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Geraldine Farrar

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT

MR. CARPENTER'S BABY AND MISS FARRAR

The Composer's Music as Repetition Heightened Its Merits and Distinctions—The Singer as Actress with Tones That in Themselves Were Not Always of Her Best—Familiar Beethoven and Wagner for Beginning and End

THE orchestra had newly returned from a week of journeying and concerts in the Middle States; the preparations for the difficult performance of Strauss's "Don Quixote" a week hence are well under arduous way; Miss Farrar was the "assisting artist" and it was necessary to adjust her two numbers and the other music of the day into something like a coördinated whole. Accordingly for the Symphony Concert of yesterday afternoon Dr. Muck put together a programme that, with a single exception, contained relatively familiar and unexacting pieces for band and audience alike. The exception was Mr. Carpenter's suite, "Adventures in a Perambulator," repeated from the concerts on Christmas Eve and Christmas Day so that those who then failed to hear it might have the pleasure of it, and those who craved further acquaintance with the music be duly gratified. The suite may no more than suggest in tones the sensations of a singularly observant, imaginative, susceptible and generally "psychological" baby in its daily airing. Mr. Carpenter may have recorded these sensations in what it is the custom to call light music; but he has also recorded them in music that does not spare the skill of the orchestra, especially with the instruments of percussion and that asks, as well as rewards the close and responsive attention of the hearer. However intently he may read and remember Mr. Carpenter's ingenious and amusing programme, he can only receive the full content of the music when with ear, mind and fancy he discovers the motives that represent the salient elements in the infant's day of perambulation and follows the transformation according to the shifting circumstance of each adventure.

The motives are clear enough; their transmutations are not difficult of discovery to even the little-practiced ear, but the hearer may not settle back in his chair to listen to the flow of transparent instrumental melody as he does with much of the symphony of Beethoven—the youthful, lusty and rather capricious second—that yesterday began the concert. Nor as yet are the baby's adventures quite so clear as the musical, dramatic and characterizing

scheme of the overture to "The Flying Dutchman" that in its turn ended that same concert. Even the harmonies, the modulations and the play of timbres lay their constant exaction upon the hearer since they lean to the new Parisian manner and seldom lack point on the fanciful and humorous side of the music. Moreover, clear as that music soon seems, it is written almost throughout in the light, sharp and as some say, almost thin and brittle fashion that is the reaction of the hour from a previous excess of over-heavy matter and over-luscious manner.

By so much even the baby's adventures laid their exactions upon players and hearers; but on the auditors' side, at least, there was no lack of reward. Once more the baby stood forth in its bright little motive; the nurse was authority in tones; and the perambulator the most regular or the most restless of vehicles. The bulk of the policeman strode the tonal scene; or the dogs padded across it in that highly impressionistic fugato that has none but canine—and also musical—inspiration; or the hurdy-gurdy ground out its wheezing tunes. More even than at the earlier performance Dr. Muck seemed eager to set clear every detail that points these humors like the "private" and somewhat forceful "signal" in the trumpet of the impatient baby to the nurse, or like occasional catch in the voice of the hurdy-gurdy.

Such light humor in tones—and humor that bears the test of instant effect in the concert-room as well as of amused reading on the engraved page—is, however, the lesser, if the rarer, virtue of Mr. Carpenter's suite. Its greater merit lies in the fragmentary beauty of sound and impression that it gains in such passages as the little waltz in which baby and nurse dance lightly with the whole of a dancing universe, as it were upon the feet of fancy, or in such tonal coloring as that which makes the baby's recollection of his day swim in a haze of dreamy memory. And as Mr. Carpenter is capable of this light imagery in tones, so, for amplification of that merit, he can compass the sustained beauty of his music of the lake and blend in it radiant picture and the thrill of affectionate and personal emotion, or the suffused beauty of the end when veiled and fleeting images of the day melt into a lullaby of nurse softened and brightened into mother, that the wheels of a perambulator of dream still rhythm. Yet to bear home this beauty Dr. Muck puts upon the music all of slow pace that its soft, light, shimmering texture will bear.

The two other orchestral pieces of the afternoon—each also the work of a composer in relative youth—made amends in lusty vigor—the symphony of Beethoven by its intrinsic and ardent energy; the overture to "The Flying Dutchman," in no little degree by Dr. Muck's own eloquence with it. Through and through he knows

this romantic music of the days when it was spreading its wings from Berlioz in Paris to Wagner in Riga. His feeling for it matches his understanding of it. But because he has so penetrated and assimilated it he knows that if it is to sound in our ears in 1916 as it sounded in the imagination of the composer, sixty, seventy and even more years ago, it must be reinforced. He uses not only the obvious means to that end, like the doubling of the horns and of other instruments, that the total mass may be full-bodied, rich and glowing; but he plies also all his transmitting power on the pictorial, the dramatizing and the characterizing side of the music. He lines largely and boldly the sea-music at the beginning; he sets the fated and haunted Dutchman sharp upon the tonal stage; he makes Senta's upsoaring melody sound with many voices; he slips lightly over the mere routine of the sailors' chorus; and doing these things the music speaks still with its voice of romantic illusion and romantic beauty.

Beethoven's symphony, on the other hand, still speaks for itself as in it, for the first time Beethoven spoke for himself. Even after an hundred years and more the music keeps its glow and charm of maturing youth at last finding its voice, rejoicing in the discovery and setting ardently to the profit and the pleasure of the self-expression that it brings. Not yet, of course, is Beethoven expanding and exalting the

symphony; but within the elder model he manipulates his music as impulse and imagination prompt. He is ready with grave instrumental song for his beginning; he swings away in the exuberance of new energy through the first movement; he does not forget to polish the slow song of his *largo* "according to the best models" of Vienna as well as to intensify it; they remind him that he should be light-fingered in his scherzo, but he cannot and will not stay his racing fancies; they race forward even into a finale that Haydn might have envied for its flashing speed and flying accents, but that has—and so lives to this day—an exuberance of spirit as well as an exuberance of music-making. And at will, the resource and the stroke come. After all, this symphony, however hackneyed it may seem as a repertory piece and when it is freshened by such a performance as that of yesterday, is the first and the lasting voice of Beethoven's young maturity.

As for Miss Farrar, she was more interesting and impressive yesterday as the singing-actress who in the coloring of her tones embodies the emotion of her personage at the moment in the music-drama than as the singer, pure, simple or sophisticated, of the concert hall. Of course she is too intelligent to bring gesture or play of face or half-suppressed movement to the stage of Symphony Hall. As obviously she knows that it is by the coloring of tones the singing actress most vividly and exactly defines her character and most moving-

ly imparts the mood or the emotion than for the moment suffuses or stirs it. Accordingly, there was that in her singing from "Lohengrin" of Elsa's vision of her coming champion that summoned all the white glow of it before the princess's eyes and all her devoted self-surrender to it. For the instant not Miss Farrar in a Parisian frock of 1916 stood upon the stage: but an Elsa as romantic to the eye—and the ear—of the imagination as her own visioned knight. It is true that the tones of this Elsa were not always steady, or clear or full; but it was true that the illusion withstood them.

As though, with Dr. Muck beside her, she would unify her numbers, Miss Farrar's second piece was music of romantic vision—the soliloquy in which the Marguerite of Berlioz summons the image of the vanished Faust and caresses it in longing lamenting memories. By this time the singer's voice was freer, warmer, larger and truer and so she was more the singing-actress since she gained the finer illusion of Marguerite's emotion by the coloring of tones that now had of themselves intrinsic beauty. Even when she would summon the illusion of vision rather than of reality, it is her lower and richer tones that serve her best. Some day, since she is clear-minded and self-critical, she will consent to be a mezzo-soprano. H. T. P.

"PERAMBULATOR" SUITE REPEATED

Carpenter's Music Again
Gives Great Pleasure.

Miss Farrar Sings With Emotional
Beauty of Voice.

Carpenter's fanciful suite "Adventures in a Perambulator" were repeated at the Symphony concert yesterday afternoon. Amused enjoyment was evident in its reception, particularly after the movement called "The Hurdy-Gurdy." The humor is gracious and the pictorial composition skillful and imaginative impressionism.

The suite as a whole gives pleasure at a second hearing. There is no attempt at photographic realism, nor is there any effort to spell out a specific idiom of childhood. Laborious naivete would have been boresome to whatever degree in copious psychological observations of the infant are taken as a programmatic basis.

Few adult humans would credit such fertility of brain in offsprings other than their own. Some of these "first impressions of life" are amusing, some clever. Some are stupid nonsense, however allegorically taken, that has little place with the fineness of perception, the graceful imagination, the lightness of touch of the score, all highly expressive of a play spirit without thought of age, which is neither puerile nor affected.

The French influence in Mr Carpenter's workmanship is unquestioned. It has taught him to hear keenly, to listen well to the tints of his woodwinds, to keep his score transparent without being thin. But he has not been unmindful of Puccini. "The Lake" quotes almost verbatim the ascending figure in broken rhythm heard in the orchestra in the first act of "The Girl of the Golden West," beginning Minnie's scene of her Sunday school class, and much is made of it. Meanwhile beside other reminiscences of "La Boheme," Mussetta's brittle, ironical laugh is heard again in the piccolo.

Sang Elsa's Prayer.

Miss Geraldine Farrar sang "Elsa's prayer" from "Lohengrin" and Marguerite's soliloquy in Berlioz' "Damnation of Faust," part 4, beginning "D'amour l'ardente flamme." Berlioz' setting of the Faust legend, although attempted in operatic form by the redoubtable Raoul Gumbs at Monte Carlo, and by Mr Hammerstein with Renaud in New York, has missed the favor which sprang up about that of his successor and countryman a dozen and more years later.

And yet, search the well-worn pages of Gounod's opera, for one scene or passage in which Marguerite confesses the secrets of her soul with the simplicity, the poignancy and depth of feeling that are heard in these pages. The English horn pitches the emotional key in a prelude of haunting, piteous despair and prepares the way for the voice.

The song of the singer is one of quiet grief, of thrills at remembered happiness, at revived rapture, of pretty, pathetic fancies of treasured memories. Those who find Berlioz only a madman, a maker of noise and hysteria, should consider well the calm resignation of the opening measures, the gradations by which they grow and the proportion of the whole dramatic scheme.

Range of Color Remarkable.

Miss Farrar sang with good control of breath, with depth and fullness of tonal beauty, emotional and moving. In the medium and low voice her range of color was remarkable, and scarcely less in the upper in a closed vowel.

Using this beautiful instrument, she sang with quiet conviction, expressing the mystical ecstasy of Wagner's dream- maiden and the suppressed passion of the woman in Berlioz' music who communes with the past.

Dr Muck made the orchestra part of the Berlioz aria a thing of individual beauty—thanks also to Mr Mueller and his solo playing—and again kept the charm and lightness foremost in Carpenter's sento.

Beethoven's second symphony was played in a manner that made due contrast between the scherzo in the Haydn manner and the prophetic finale. Wagner's overture to "The Flying Dutchman" completed the program.

SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA GIVES 13TH CONCERT By PHILIP HALE.

The 13th concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Dr. Muck conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The orchestral pieces were these: Beethoven Symphony No. 2; Carpenter, Suite, "Adventures in a Perambulator" (by request); Wagner, overture to "The Flying Dutchman." Miss Geraldine Farrar sang Elsa's Dream from "Lohengrin" and Marguerite's air, "D'amour l'ardente flamme" from "La Damnation de Faust."

The symphony and overture are familiar. Mr. Carpenter's Suite was played at these concerts late in December and by the New York Symphony Orchestra in the preceding month. There need, then, be no extended comment on these compositions. The performance of the symphony was conspicuous by the manner in which the *Larghetto* was sung—with admirable suavity and euphony; by the elasticity, capriciousness and delicacy with which the Scherzo was interpreted, and by the playfulness of the Finale. Whether it is necessary for the musical salvation of the town that a certain number of Beethoven's symphonies should be heard every year with the three overtures of Weber, and other "standbys" is a question that need not now be discussed.

Mr. Carpenter's Suite again gave pleasure. Again the "Hurdy Gurdy," "The Lake" and "Dreams" seemed the most important of the movements. "The Policeman" is not without humor. It has been suggested that the Policeman here pictured in tones is not distinctively American; least of all a Chicagoan guardian of the peace; that it is French. How the policemen of different nations are to be distinguished musically is a question that should exercise the ingenuity of our young lions of musical periodicals. Would the objectors to Mr. Carpenter's policeman as "un-American" have him whistle "Dixie" or "Yankee Doodle" in the course of his amorous conversation with the nurse?

This Suite is not only an ingenious work; it has true fancy, true humor, pages of truly poetic feeling. Mr. Carpenter displays imagination; witness his glorification of the lake that supplies Chicago with water. But even his imagination was dormant at the thought of the Chicago river. An unflinching realist would have introduced the child's visit to the stockyards and slaughter houses. The composer yesterday was one of the audience.

Miss Farrar sang Elsa's Dream as though she were still under the spell of the vision. Not too ecstatically, not

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too enthusiastically, nor did she at the end explode in passion, as many of her German colleagues on the operatic stage have felt it their duty to do in the effort to be emotional. The singer's conception was romantic, and the interpretation was artistic. Unfortunately the music is too often above the natural voice of this singer.

The pathetic air of Marguerite was more favorable to her. Here the fulness and beauty of her lower and middle tones were revealed. The interpretation, however, was too virginal. Marguerite in this scene is no longer the maiden returning from church. She is in her chamber, remembering the lover and his embraces; longing for his return. The text and the music demand a more passionate expression than Miss Farrar saw fit to give.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The program of the concert next week will be as follows: Beethoven, Overture, "Leonora No. 1"; Joachim, Concerto in the Hungarian style for violin (Mr. Witek, violinist); Strauss, "Don Quixote."

FARRAR IS SOLOIST AT SYMPHONY

Post — Feb. 5/16
Cantatrice in Rare
Voice—"Perambu-
lator" Suite Again

BY OLIN DOWNES

Geraldine Farrar was the soloist at the concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Karl Muck conductor, yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. Miss Farrar sang the music of "Elsa's Dream," from "Lohengrin," and the air of Marguerite from the last part of Berlioz's "Faust."

MISS FARRAR'S ART

This air in itself is one of the most haunting and sensuous melodies that Berlioz, who at the top of his inspiration was one of the greatest melo-

dists the world has seen, ever achieved. It has been objected that the Marguerite of Berlioz is a French cocotte rather than the simple maiden of Goethe's poem. The objection seems misplaced.

Not even Schubert in his "Gretchen and Spinnrade" expressed so wonderfully the sensuousness, the passionate melancholy, the physical longing which is part of Marguerite's passion for her knightly lover.

The passion of Marguerite is at once sensuous and virginal.

This immortal melody of Berlioz was sung with complete appreciation by Farrar. Not only was the melodic line created with rare courtesy, but the tonal nuances were in exceptionally apt accordance with the text. The opening phrase displayed to the fullest advantage that lower register of Miss Farrar's voice which has always been one of its noblest assets.

The music from "Lohengrin" found in the singer a past mistress of its traditions. Invaluable routine in German opera houses stood Miss Farrar in good stead in the early days of her American career, and it stood back of her excellent accomplishment of yesterday. The upper part of her voice has shown to better advantage, but her interpretative art had seldom seemed more admirable.

Carpenter Again

The orchestral pieces were Beethoven's second symphony, John Alden Carpenter's "Adventures in a Perambulator," and Wagner's "Flying Dutchman" overture. Mr. Carpenter was present in the audience, but with the distaste for public attention which is one of his characteristics, refrained from acknowledging in person the applause of his work. In this work the ideas are neatly put down, the scoring is exceptionally skillful and beautiful when sheer beauty is the composer's intention. We have the pleasure of listening to a composer with admirable technical acquirements, good taste, and a saving sense of humor.

Mr. Carpenter does not take himself too seriously. Incidentally he produces a score more than creditable to his talent, and a score that entertains, in spite of the slightness of its material, by reason of its humor, its color qualities and witty manipulation of thematic fragments.

Next week Dr. Muck will conduct a performance of Strauss' "Don Quixote" for the first time in Boston.

SYMPHONY MEN PLAY EARLY WORK OF BEETHOVEN

Monitor — Feb. 5/16

SYMPHONY HALL—Thirteenth program of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Karl

Muck conductor; afternoon of Feb. 1. The program: Beethoven, second symphony, in D major; Wagner, Elsa's dream from "Lohengrin" (Miss Geraldine Farrar, soloist); Carpenter, "Perambulator" suite; Berlioz, romance from "Damnation of Faust" (Miss Farrar); Wagner, overture to "The Flying Dutchman."

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The question might be raised whether Beethoven ever made an essential addition to his orchestral statement of himself after writing the second symphony, unless it was when he wrote the "Leonora" overture, No. 3. Not but that he broadened his style in a conspicuous way in the "Eroica" symphony; not but that, also, he displayed increased power of thematic organization in the fourth; not but that, furthermore, he exercised such mastery of sentiment and satire in the fifth as was never equaled by himself or any other composer before, and as has hardly been matched since. Yet, after all the points are argued, the case for the second symphony, as representing the whole vision of the man, is a pretty good one. For the listener who has grasped this work must find little difficulty in seizing the main idea of everything that follows it up at least to the finale of the ninth symphony. He might, admittedly, be at a loss to account for the "Pastoral" symphony, but only because of his difficulty to understand how the composer's inspiration could have got at so low an ebb. And as for the "Ode to Joy" variations at the end of the ninth symphony, they are a study in vocal expression, detachable, as it were, from their context; and complete in their own effect, if not independent in their purpose.

He who would hold for the preeminence of the second symphony over all that the composer wrote for orchestra after it would, of course, have to be a daring champion. He would have to break spears with so many heroes of criticism that he might never get done with his enterprise. But aggressiveness aside, anybody who would rank this composition first might win a good number of listeners to his opinion. After all, the seed of an idea is, in a way, more interesting and more valuable, too, than the leaf and flower of it. A few notes of a morning song may contain more eloquence than a whole psalm meditated at noon.

Even without argument the majority would perhaps grant that the symphony in D major shows the genius of Beethoven in its best color, if not in its full manifestation. And if a minority re-

mains unpersuaded let them try looking at the work from the backward light of the symphony in C minor. Let them ask themselves where is the cyclic work of any period and of any composer which is such a unit as this one. Let them ask whether in the seventh and eighth symphonies there are to be found moods contrasted as strikingly as here and at the same time with as little premeditation. Let them ask whether it is more natural and agreeable to have developments of theme begin at the beginning and end at the ending, as in this work, or to pursue interminable paths and by-paths, as in the third and fourth symphonies.

The second symphony could conceivably be brought out as a dutiful repertory revival, without exciting any question about its characteristics. But the conductor and the players who presented it on this occasion did so with extraordinary zeal and with uncommon interpretative power. It seems doubtful now whether any other of their performances, when the season's work comes to be summed up, will outshine it. Nothing else on the program could compare with the reading of the Beethoven work in force and charm, even though one of the most brilliant sopranos of the day assisted as soloist. The "Perambulator" suite of Carpenter more than ever before sounded like half a composition, entertaining for its orchestration in the first three divisions and perfunctory in all particulars in the second three. The "Flying Dutchman" overture, whether regarded as meteorological realism or as romantic bombast, was disturbing and unpleasant in the neighborhood of the second symphony.

Miss Farrar brought much beauty of tone and a deeply-considered execution to her task in the "Lohengrin" and the "Damnation of Faust" solos. Like Miss Marcella Craft, she is one of the rare singers who know how to make their voices strike through the instrumental sonorities in a way to enhance the whole symphonic appeal. The playing of a great violinist could have meant no more to the purely musical value of the concert than her singing.

FARRAR SOLOIST WITH SYMPHONY

Adv. Feb. 5/16
PROGRAMME PRESENTED
WAS WITHOUT NOVELTIES

Vocalist Was at Her Best in
Pathetic Song of
Marguerite
By LOUIS C. ELSON

PROGRAMME
Beethoven, Symphony No 2.....D major
Wagner....."Elsa's Dream," "Lohengrin"
Soloist, Miss Geraldine Farrar.
Carpenter, Suite.....
Berlioz....."Adventures of a Perambulator"
"My Heart is Heavy,"
"Damnation de Faust"
Miss Farrar.
Wagner.....
"The Flying Dutchman" overture

There was nothing new in this programme, although by this we do not mean to intimate that Miss Farrar is old. Yet we must reiterate our often-expressed opinion that Miss Farrar is not an entire success upon the concert stage. She is a very intelligent singing actress, but she requires the foot-lights far more than Sembrich, or Gadski, or Schumann-Heink do.

This was made evident in the first number, in which the "voix blanche" which should characterize Wagner's most phlegmatic heroine was not markedly present. Yet one may pay tribute to her breadth and purity of tone.

Miss Farrar was more in her best vein in the pathetic song of Marguerite as Gallicized by Berlioz. This Romance is one of the gems of "The Damnation of Faust," and certainly portrays the brooding sadness of the deserted one more vividly than any other setting. Just as Berlioz heightens the effect of Goethe's work by damning Faust instead of saving him, so he strews adjuncts around this Romance which greatly advance its dramatic flavor. He adds an obbligato upon that instrument of dreamy melancholy, the English Horn, which is in itself a picture, and was nobly played. If one heard this song with its context, the hurly-burly of street life, the 2-4 song of the students

against the 6-8 effects of the singing soldiery, one would have one of the finest and most fitting contrasts of music.

But even without this, the power of the number appealed to Miss Farrar strongly, since she is dramatic to the finger-tips, and all of Berlioz's points were made with artistic acumen. Both in mezzo-voce and in broad passages her work was commendable, and it was self-abnegatory to sing this Romance, since it is rather above the full comprehension of the general public. Yet Miss Farrar was heartily recalled twice after each number.

But there was also an orchestra heard in this concert. We are always a little out of sympathy with a prima donna in these concerts. It seems the right thing in the wrong place. It disturbs the symphonic feeling altogether, when one knows that the crowd is waiting for the singer and the orchestral numbers are regarded as Preludes, Interludes and Postludes to her vocalism. This "Vox et preterea Nihil" feeling is not conducive to the full appreciation of our great band.

Nevertheless the second symphony had a full meed of applause. It is right that Dr. Muck, in making up these programmes, should take cognizance of the fact that there is a new generation growing up which needs to become familiar with the old masterpieces. The chief points to notice in the second symphony, as compared with its sisters, is the fact that here we get the first symphonic Scherzo ever written. Beethoven had grown tired of the everlasting Minuet as third movement, with its undeveloped themes, its dance rhythm, its square-cut style. Nevertheless it is curious to see how close he steered in this innovation, to the Minuet which he intended to replace by it. This Scherzo of the second symphony is more in Minuet spirit than the Minuet of the first symphony.

Another reform which begins in this symphony is the resolute and broad character of the finale, of which Dr. Muck made the utmost. It was customary in the old Cycle forms (Suite, Partita, Symphony) to reward the auditor for long attention by giving him a rollicking and jolly movement as Finale. There is such an one in the Beethoven first symphony. But in this present work the composer perceives that the finale should be a climax, not a recreation, and he sets out on the path which led to the great finales of the fifth, seventh and ninth symphonies.

Therefore, in this second symphony,

the curtain is first lifted upon the symphonic reformer, even if the reforms were not made as sweeping as a modern Conservatory student would feel obliged to make them. The symphony won much appreciation, although the slow movement is too long and exhibits Beethoven as a decided repeater.

We were not sorry to hear Carpenter's Suite again, although there are other American works kept waiting. We need Chadwick's "Tam O'Shanter," and it might have been fairer to have repeated Kelley's "New England Symphony," which might have read differently under Dr. Muck than under Conductor Schmidt. It is very timely that, in the January number of the "Harvard Musical Review," Mr. Robert P. Casey gives an article containing some new facts regarding this American composer. He says, in part:—

"In 1893 he came to Harvard, where he took all the courses offered by the music department under Prof. Paine. While here he composed music for the Hasty Pudding Club, and was president of the Glee Club.

An amusing incident is related of him at this period. Rushing away from a tea, in town, at a Glee Club concert which he was to conduct, Mr. Carpenter discovered, to his dismay, that he had forgotten his evening clothes. A hasty search had to be made through the chorus for a person of Mr. Carpenter's build; and the discomfited man was obliged to strip off his finery and to be clad in the president's afternoon "frock." Mr. Carpenter graduated from Harvard in 1897 with highest honors in music, and the following fall entered his father's firm as vice-president.

His musical education began under the tutelage of his mother when he was eight years old; he studied piano for four years with Miss Amy Fay, sister-in-law of the late Theodore Thomas, and from 1890-93 he was a pupil in piano composition under the late W. C. Seeboeck. Of this instruction Mr. Carpenter modestly remarked, "I had done some pattering in composition before that time, but my first definite instructions were from him."

Shortly after his graduation from Harvard, he went abroad and studied with Sir Edward Elgar in Rome. In 1908 he became acquainted, through Mr. Frederick A. Stock, director of the Chicago Orchestra, with Bernard Ziehn. Mr. Carpenter says of him,

"I studied with Ziehn until his death about three years ago. In the short period that I worked with him I learned more and received more inspiration than from all other previous sources. He was, undoubtedly, a very great figure in the world of theoretical music. He was so recognized in Europe and was just beginning to be appreciated in this country at the time of his death."

There is nothing new to be said about the Carpenter Suite except that it gains on repetition. The obvious points, the wheeling Perambulator, the stolid policeman, the aggressive street-organ, were easily grasped at once, but the delicacy of "The Lake" and "Dreams" unfolded new beauties.

Wagner's "Flying Dutchman" overture is of the salt, salt sea. It was brilliantly played, as Dr. Muck always gives it. But if our conductor wants to give the public a fine object lesson some day, let him play Debussy's "La Mer" and follow it with this composition, and perhaps precede the French work with Mendelssohn's "Hebrides" overture. It would be a useful bit of comparison, even if rather continuously marine, and "La Mer" would be crushed between the upper and the nether millstone.

A SYMPHONY SUGGESTION.

To the Editor of The Herald:

It seems to me that a darkened auditorium adds greatly to the enjoyment of symphonic music. Has this ever been suggested in regard to the Symphony concerts? If not, I take the liberty of making the suggestion now. Judging from the number I see shading their eyes I should think a great many Symphony-goers are of my sentiment. Why not put the question to the seat-holders?

Although I make this suggestion purely from the aesthetic point of view, the management may see something of a practical nature in it, as it ought to mean decreased lighting expenses.

E. B. BENJAMIN.

Cambridge, Jan. 24.

Symphony Orchestra Trip

The Symphony Orchestra will give no concerts in Boston this week, for it is away on its third Southern trip. In every city, except Philadelphia, Mr. Ernest Schelling will be the assisting artist, playing the piano part in his new symphonic variations just heard at our own Symphony concerts. Mme. Melba is to be the soloist in Philadelphia.

FARRAR TO WED A 'MOVIE' STAR

Lou-Tellegen to Become Husband
of Opera Singer in New York
on Tuesday—Younger
Than Singer



LOU-TELLEGEN,
Actor who will be married to Gerald-
ine Farrar, Melrose opera star, Tues-
day.



GERALDINE FARRAR,
Grand opera prima donna, who is soon
to marry Lou-Tellegen, a "movie"
actor.

MISS FARRAR AND LOU-TELLEGEN TO WED TUESDAY

Herald Feb. 6/16
Prima Donna Admits She Is to
Marry Young Actor in New
York—Couple Met in Cali-
fornia Motion Picture Studio
—Groom Is Greek-French
and 29 Years of Age.

Miss Geraldine Farrar, opera singer, admitted last night that she is really and truly going to be married in New York next Tuesday at high noon to Lou-Tellegen, a young actor now playing in New York. They met in a motion picture studio in California six months ago and since then Tellegen has been a persistent wooer. Friends of Miss Farrar in New York stated positively yesterday that the marriage will take place next Tuesday in spite of repeated denials and counter-denials on her part in the past few months that her interest in the actor is more than that of a friend.

SANG HERE LAST NIGHT.

The former prima donna of the Metropolitan Opera House was the soloist at the concert of the Symphony orchestra in Symphony Hall last night and there a reporter for The Herald sought confirmation of the news from New York. C. A. Ellis, manager of the orchestra, said that Miss Farrar could not be seen. "Miss Farrar is never interviewed," said he but was finally persuaded to ask the star if the announcement of her coming marriage was true.

"Tell him, 'Yes'; New York, next Tuesday, high noon," was the laconic message sent back. It was also said that Miss Farrar would leave on the midnight train for New York. No reason for the singer's coyness and sudden aversion to publicity could be learned. Mr. Ellis said that the subject was a very personal one and one that not

even a favorite singer would care to discuss with a reporter. On the other hand Col. Roosevelt, no mean publicity seeker, always makes it his business to be in New York on Sunday when he has something to tell the newspaper men for the Monday papers. Possibly Miss Farrar's New York friends had abused her confidence and given out the joyful tidings too soon. "Quien sabe?" as Mayor Curley may say when he returns from his Cuban trip.

At the Hotel Touraine, where Miss Farrar was stopping, it was stated that she would return at 11 o'clock. At that time word was sent down to the hotel desk by the singer's maid that "Miss Farrar is too tired to see anybody; even the President of the United States."

Lou-Tellegen was born in Holland 29 years ago, the son of a Greek father and a French mother. Miss Farrar was born in Melrose 32 years ago. She is the daughter of Sid Farrar, a former big league baseball player.

The soprano's New York friends in announcing her coming marriage said that she will break two vows in marrying Lou-Tellegen. One was that she would not marry until she was 40 years old. The other vow was that she would marry only an American.

"Ha, ha," is the only comment that one of her Boston friends would make last night when he was told these romantic facts.

RE to "Leonora," No. 1, op. 138

TO in D major, op. 11, (in the Hungarian

ixote," FANTASTIC VARIATIONS on
of Knightly character.

oist:

ON WITEK

Miss Farrar as Herself on Holiday



A New and Hitherto Unpublished Picture

Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1915--16.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

Dr. KARL MUCK, Conductor.

FOURTEENTH PROGRAMME

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 11, AT 2.30 P. M.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 12, AT 8 P. M.

BEETHOVEN.

OVERTURE to "Leonora," No. 1, op. 138

JOACHIM,

CONCERTO (in the Hungarian manner) for VIOLIN and ORCHESTRA, op. 11

I. Allegro un poco Maestoso.

II. Romance.

III. Finale; alla Zingara

STRAUSS,

"Don Quixote," (Introduction, Theme with Variations and Finale): FANTASTIC VARIATIONS on a Theme of Knightly character, op. 35

(Violoncello Solo, Mr. WARNKE: Viola, Mr. FERIR)

Soloist:

Mr. ANTON WITEK

There will be no Public Rehearsal and Concert next week.

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Concert Master of the Orchestra

Anton Witek, next to Dr. Muck, is possibly the best known man in the orchestra, and a masterly musician.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT

Trans. — Feb. 12/16

"DON QUIXOTE" AND A TEDIOUS CONCERTO

Even Mr. Witek Fails to Atone for the Dulness of Joachim's Piece—An Overlooked and Interesting Overture of Beethoven—The Contrasts of Strauss's Tone-Poem and the Moments in Which He Excels Himself

LIKE the wedding-guests in the parable, whenever the violinists play Joachim's Hungarian Concerto, with one accord they begin to make excuse. The "literature" of their instrument offers them so little that is really desirable for symphony concerts. If they alternate Beethoven's and Brahms's concertos from year to year, they are likely to surfeit their audiences. Bruch's and Tchaikovsky's—the next in their favor—will not bear too much repetition. Mendelssohn's is old-fashioned; Goldmark's prolix; and Saint-Saëns's merely elegant. What is a poor violinist to do, especially if he happens to be a violinist who follows German ways and masters, but play Joachim in the Hungarian manner? Mr. Kneisel has played him at the Symphony Concerts; Mr. Hess has played him there, twice over, and so precedent was not lacking for Mr. Witek to do likewise yesterday afternoon. For a week his friends have been making the usual excuses over the revival of the concerto and clinching them with a semi-triumphant "What would you have him play?" At one extreme, Mr. Witek might have played a concerto of the seventeenth or the eighteenth century, as composers like Bach or Mozart, as violinists like Tartini and Vioti, have written them, and on that score both Mr. Kreisler and Mr. Ysaye have set him illustrious example. At the other extreme, he might have made known a novel concerto by a contemporary composer, like Elgar's or Weingartner's. Whatever the shortcomings, they are interesting enough to deserve a single hearing and they tax the powers of the violinist to the utmost.

As it was, Mr. Witek played Joachim in the Hungarian manner, and there is much testimony in print and by word of mouth that it is the true and pure Hungarian manner in the content and the contour of the melodic ideas and in the harmonic and the rhythmic treatment of them. In like fashion and by as much testimony, distilled water is the purest and the truest of water; but how flavorless it is to the palate that pines for the impure admixture to which it has been enjoyably used. Even so upon the ear falls Joachim's concerto.

Liszt's Hungarian pieces may be full of impurities and infidelities, but to this day they are stirring to hear because he has mixed into them imaginative, romantic and transmitting fire. Joachim, on the other hand, makes his music as dry, mechanical, muddling and stupid, as wholly respectable and nearly as wholly dull, as though he was actually born of the Britons who were all that were left in his final years to give him ear. Of course the music tests the violinist's skill—as it also tests forty minutes of his and of the audience's endurance; of course—but in rather less degree than many an ancient piece—it enables him to show his command of many a superfluous and difficult feat of fiddling; and of course Mr. Witek was equal to every exaction that the music laid upon him. Steadily indeed he glorified it by his edgeless, lustrous and undulating tone; by his felicities in transition, emphasis and measured cumulation; by the beauty of his transparent coloring; by the rhythmic deftness and brightness with which he gave a pseudo-life to this moribund musical skeleton. It is a cheering hope that he has preached thus eloquently the funeral sermon at the Symphony Concerts of Joachim in the Hungarian manner.

Fortunately for the audience there were Beethoven and Strauss to save and to heighten the interest of the day, and the piece from Beethoven was almost unknown. Now that the publishers of music in Europe have nearly ceased to publish, and scores already engraved make precarious journeys from Paris and Berlin to New York and Boston, the conductors are discovering under the dust of years on the shelves of their orchestral libraries a new sort of "novelties"—the overlooked but deserving pieces of the eminent composers, with whom they are usually too ready to follow the well-worn routine of repertory. The other day, for example, Dr. Muck so resurrected Liszt's tone-poem, "Ce qu'on Entend sur la Montagne," and music and performance thrilled his hearers. Yesterday he similarly disinterred the least-known of all the four overtures that Beethoven wrote to his opera of "Fidelio," and if it did not stir the audience as did Liszt's rediscovered music, it warmly interested it. The books call the overture "Leonora, No. 1," and they say that it was written for a projected but unaccomplished performance of "Fidelio" at Prague in 1807. By long habit the hearer's standard with these overtures is the familiar "Leonora, No. 3," which epitomizes the dramatic content and course of the opera in a fashion that such preluding, even from Wagner's hand, has still to equal in unfolding and concentrating eloquence. Schooled in it, the average audience before a "Leonora" overture expects the tonal characterization and the tonal suspense of the beginning; the hints of the scene in the prison; the thrill of the saving trumpet call; the wild and reiterated rejoicing of the end.

As it happens, Beethoven was otherwise minded when he wrote the new overture

for Prague. In it he puts the dramatic side of the opera behind him and elects to muse, as it were, over the music that is the tonal and spiritual embodiment of the devoted and high-hearted love of Leonora and the youthful longings of the imprisoned Florestan. There is no trumpet call; no hint of the cruel Pizzaro; little suspense; and beside the great voice of "Leonora No. 3," relatively little climax and rejoicing. The whole impression is of music that would summon for prelude the beauty of illusion in which Beethoven would clothe the loyalties and the perils of Leonora and the longings and the despair of Florestan. He is lyric rather than dramatic in the overture in which he has enshrined this music; he has written it with an ear to flowing loveliness of idea, treatment and detail rather than to large and sharp effect; he sees in imagination an ideal woman, as he saw it when he invented the so-called feminine theme of the overture to "Coriolan"; he feels the charm of wistful youth—that seldom stirred him or that he seldom expressed—in the music of Florestan; the end is the rejoicing of released spirits rather than of thundering choruses of freed and bodily prisoners. By every token of this overture, there are beauty and eloquence yet to be discovered—or to be made familiar—in the overlooked pages of Beethoven. Why, for example, should we not hear from Dr. Muck the ballet of "Prometheus"?

Similarly "Don Quixote" is not of the Strauss to which the average ear has become long habituated in the concert-room. There is no "great climax" in the fantastic variations, like that which upswells, for example, at the end of "Death and Transfiguration." There are no passages of unrolling and over-luscious orchestral song, like that of the creating and impassioned "man" of the "Sinfonia Domestica." There are fewer pages of intricate and arbitrary and not always "sounding" polyphony than in "Zarathustra" and "Ein Heldenleben." There is little of the pictorial and narrating sweep that fills "Don Juan," or of the bitter and mocking grotesquerie of "Til Eulenspiegel." In a word, "Don Quixote" is unique among the tone-poems of Strauss, yet in its very differences from the rest it is highly characteristic of him in the early noon of his powers. It is his cast of mind that chooses to blend in it comic, fantastic, serio-comic and pathetic elements in a fashion strange to music. It is his cast of mind that spares not a musical means in the delineative suggestion of the variations of the adventures, as though a so-called "realism" in tones were his only goal, and then lavishes highly idealistic music upon the episodes in which the knight reasons high of honor and faith, of works and their glory; keeps rapt vigil beside his arms, or makes a good end of this world and this flesh. It is this cast of mind that gives the music its twofold voice, as of a composer objectively fastening his invention and imagination upon Don Quixote and at

the same time writing not a little subjectively out of his own spirit and its susceptibility to the tragic-comedy of men and things. Finally, it is this cast of mind that makes "Don Quixote" often a music of finesse and subtle delineation; whereas when he so chooses Strauss can write, as it were, in outflung tonal fresco. Somehow a hearer can come to believe that when Strauss set to his "fantastic variations on a knightly theme" he looked oftener in his heart than in his mind as he wrote. They say in Munich that he has "a certain fondness" for the piece.

Because Strauss so looked into his own heart, it may be that in the music of Don Quixote's heart, rather than in that of his merely external adventures, the tone-poem gains and sustains a beauty that melts the hearts of those that hear. The "realistic" variations are amusing enough in their graphic fashion. By this time every one takes it for granted that music under the delineative imagination and resource of Strauss can suggest a group of country-folk trooping along the road; the whistling winds of rides in mid-air; the clash of combat; and even those super-celebrated bleatings of the flock of sheep that the Knight of Cervantes saw as "the host of the great Emperor, Alifonfaron." Everyone is also agreed that from such a mind and such a hand as Strauss's, similar music may hint for an instant at the neighboring convent, at Sancho and Don Quixote giving pious thanks, at the motion of the enchanted bark, at the snores even of the esquire—and doing these things, keep its form and continuity as an ordered speech of tones. By this time yet again, Strauss's power of musical design and coordination is well-established enough to leave not a doubt that he makes the motive of Don Quixote in various forms and treatments hold all these episodes and details of episodes in a diversified unity. It is all very ingenious work; it is all work that asks a certain sort of imagination and fecundity; the outcome can be as marvellously graphic in tones as Dr. Muck and the orchestra made it yesterday, studious youth cons these variations with technical profit; audiences hear them entertained and a little wondering. A few fancy that in the music of them Strauss has kept a suggestion of fantastical tones which is a feat of subtle and sustained invention. After the fashion of ironic comedy, they address the mind. They are foil to the beauty that dwells elsewhere in the tone-poem. In them the composer is his full self but not above himself.

The Strauss of "Don Quixote," who, like the Malvolio in the play, "speaks nobly of the soul," is the Strauss who writes the variations of the discourse with Sancho and of the nocturnal vigil and of the finale in which the Knight, illumined, if still haunted by the kindly phantoms of his delusions, dies "so mildly, so quietly, so

Christianly." The Strauss who can still rise to beautiful and moving invention is the Strauss who found the motive that embodies the Knight and the Strauss whose imagination can search out the things of vision until they are more real than the things of reality is the Strauss of the introduction wherein the hallucinations steal upon Don Quixote and possess him. Alike in introduction, finale and the two specified variations, music is doing its unique office in the imparting of spiritual sensations more finely, more fully and more movingly than can any other medium. In similar fashion Strauss rises to the opportunity that he is making. Now may he look into his mind and heart and into the mind and heart of Don Quixote and blend in his music their twofold image and promptings.

What a motive is that which symbolizes the don, but symbolizes him very subtly and illusively as the radiant figure of chivalry, the perfect knight, faring forth in high heart to high adventure, that he imagined himself to be! And is it quite fanciful to catch also in that motive, so bright and warm of color, so clear and direct of substance, a hint of the simple goodness that shone out of Don Quixote's heart or to find in its quick and vivid motion a hint of that unstable and self-deceiving temper that was his bane? Of course, Strauss can fertilize and transform this theme into all sorts of suggestion of mood and feeling and circumstance and equal, if not excel, Wagner in such feats. But when he dwells upon one or another of these transmutations and when he uses them as the exalted medium of high emotion and high illusion, he writes music of a beauty and a power that is little short of genius.

Beside his arms, the knight keeps his vigil and the beauty of the music with which Strauss mantles him is the beauty of the visioned ideal that no man may know but that all men may pursue. With Sancho, the knight discourses of honor and of arms, of full living and full doing, of the glories of conflict and of loyalty, and the music glows with a noble passion and a noble fortitude of the soul—the striving and the devotion that are life against the snug and smug content that is worse than death. The old legends of the saints tell how, when one and another of them made his good end, a radiant light hung over his death-bed and before his eyes floated wisps of radiant vision. So does Strauss's music halo the dying knight and so in it do the old iridescent phantoms flutter and flicker before his spirit. They are idealized now and not as they were when clouding and crowding, whirling and whirling, they descend upon him in the broken measures of the introduction and leave him distraught. But end and beginning are alike of invention and imagination in music, when they run high and deep. They who heed

only the variations of the adventures know little of the real tone-poem in which they are but passing incidents and foil. That is written in the introduction, the theme, the finale and the variations of the discourse and the vigil. These are the days, when no longer marvelling at Strauss, ear and mind dwell upon what may pass for the routine of his music. There is that in it, besides—and in these very parts of "Don Quixote"—that our time may not elsewhere match.

H. T. P.

VARIATIONS OF STRAUSS PLAYED BY ORCHESTRA

Monitor Feb. 12/16

SYMPHONY HALL—Fourteenth program of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Karl Muck, conductor; afternoon of Feb. 11. The program: Beethoven, overture to "Leonora," No. 1, op. 138; Joachim, concerto in Hungarian style for violin and orchestra, op. 11 (Anton Witek, soloist); Strauss, "Don Quixote" variations, op. 35 (Heinrich Warnke, solo violoncellist, and Emil Ferir, solo viola player).

The Beethoven and Strauss numbers were performed with as much care as if the reputation and, one might say, the artistic existence of the orchestra depended on the outcome. Needless to remark, the works repaid all the effort put on them. The fragile beauty of the first "Leonora" overture might well have suffered under the large string choir and the augmented wind choir employed. But no. The reading was light and brilliant to the last degree, notwithstanding the full volume of tone. And it abounded with sentiment too. It was strong, indeed, in all respects; and it surpassed, if possible, the reading given the second symphony a week ago. In the interpretation of Beethoven the conductor and players are reaching a point of eloquence even beyond that touched 15 years ago, when this composer's works were the main consideration in these concerts.

The general accepted opinion is that the three "Leonoras" take artistic rank in inverse order of their numbering. And it is not to be imagined that any performance could change the usual valuation and give No. 1 a look of superiority over Nos. 2 and 3. Rather the tendency was to cause listeners to cease thinking of comparisons. They had to regard No. 1 on its own merits. In what a rare mood of gentleness it represents the composer! It explains the character of

a man whose friends liked him and wanted to be near him, in spite of his inflicting every kind of abuse on them. It is one of those works which make the progress of the romantic movement from Beethoven to Schubert easy to understand. There could, of course, be more contrast in the overture; a little outbreak of egotism here and there would be exhilarating. But there could hardly be more delightful orchestral writing in the range of moods covered.

Some years ago a perfunctory reading of a classic overture would have been condoned on the day a Strauss tone poem was played. But that does not have to be done now. "Leonora" of the pure melodic line and "Don Quixote" of the glowing tone color can be together on a program and can each have its qualities properly shown without harm to the other. Perhaps this is because the two works are not so much unlike as problems of expression and execution as they were formerly thought to be. If the leader insists on his men's performing their parts in a straightforward, musicianly spirit, without too much effort at evoking epochs and realizing styles, the result may take care of itself. The Strauss variations were of course quite different in effect from the Beethoven overture. But they were just the same in one thing, that their notes were played with all the conscience, heart and intelligence of the men.

"Don Quixote," like many other works which the Symphony conductor has brought out of late, assumed more interest as a piece of formal composition than as an exploit in orchestral narration and description. The magic horse and the enchanted boat proved useful for some of the early departing subscribers to get out of the hall on, but except when the audience thus took part, the music was not greatly unlike a concerto of the old school for violoncello. The fantastic variations, op. 35, were presented like any other work in the variation form; and the subject treated in them was the abstract conflict of idealism and realism, with pictures of woful knight, sorry nag and ponderous squire, left out. If any listeners protest that they heard sheep bleat and the wind whistle, they must remember that modern composers are what Samuel Johnson found the Greeks to be, a barbarous people. Let them not suppose that the

charm of this work is in any literary quality or that the hearing of Strauss will do them instead of reading Cervantes. The pleasure of it is in the purely musical handling of the theme by solo instrument and orchestra, in the contrast of colors, in the shading and in the recurring rhythm of serious and humorous moments, all of which would be there in just about the same proportions and in the same sequence, had Strauss taken any other hero of romance or any other subject whatever for his focus of contemplation.

The "Hungarian" concerto of Joachim was just a kind of composition for a concertmaster to present. It is an interesting historic document, an attractive problem for the violin scholar, an invigorating study for an audience. It is a rather dreary work in the first half and a highly pleasing one in the last half. Keeping up appearances as a composer of first movements was a little too much for Joachim here; and cutting a figure as a master of orchestration, altogether too much. He was more in his element as a serenader or when singing the songs of the road. The romance and the finale in gypsy style are the vital portions of his work.

Mr. Witek did not let his solo responsibility interfere with his routine duties of the day in the orchestra. He gave a masterful performance of the concerto and justified anew his important position as leader of the Symphony violins. And while the matter of soloists is up, the playing of Mr. Warnke as violoncello in the Strauss variations deserves the warmest praise. That of Mr. Ferir as solo viola player in that number, less exacting, was of the artist's usual excellence.

14TH SYMPHONY CONCERT OF SEASON GIVEN

Herald Feb. 12/16
Beethoven's "Leonore" Overture
No. 1 and Strauss's "Don

Quixote" Played — Messrs. Warnke and Ferir in Latter's Solo Parts—Mr. Witek Heard in Joachim's Hungarian Con- certo.

By PHILIP HALE.

The 14th concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Muck conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows: Beethoven, overture to "Leonore," No. 1, op. 133; Joachim, Concerto in the Hungarian manner for violin; Strauss, "Don Quixote." Mr. Witek was the solo violinist. The solo cello and violin parts in Strauss's tone poem were played by Mr. Warnke and Mr. Ferir respectively.

Although the "Leonore" overture played yesterday is numbered the first, it was the third in order of composition. Perhaps it is well that it should be heard occasionally, for it not only is interesting as showing how the composer could vary his subject, but it contains a few engrossing passages. As an overture to the opera it has the advantage over the other two of not anticipating the one great dramatic moment in the opera—the trumpet call that announces the governor. Some have said, and justly, that the overture No. 3 is the whole opera in a condensed form, more dramatic, more emotional than the opera itself; for this reason it should never be played in the theatre as a prelude. Viewed merely as a concert overture, No. 1 falls far below the other two. And what possessed Beethoven to write his "Fidelio" overture to the same opera, an overture that is not dramatic and is wholly unconnected with the text?

At long intervals some violinist, greatly daring, plays Joachim's Hungarian concerto. A less audacious person contents himself with the first movement, which is long enough; but by so doing he does not give a sop to the audience by playing the Romanze, with its obvious melody, its obvious embroidery, its obvious sentiment. Mr. Listemann played the whole of the concerto at a Symphony concert in 1881. Mr. Kniesel played the first movement in 1886; Mr. Winternitz did likewise in 1902. The indefatigable Willy Hess, not having the slightest consideration for a well disposed audience, played the whole concerto twice, in 1904 and in 1909.

Joachim was a celebrated violinist and quartet player. He was an impatient conductor, nor do we speak from hearsay. As a composer he had little talent. Nothing can be more labori-

ously contrived than his overtures, except this Hungarian concerto. It is so singularly ungrateful to the violinist that the question comes up: Why does any one take the trouble to play it? Perhaps the inherent difficulty of the task is tempting. A violinist may wish to have the concerto in his repertory to show his technical ability.

With the exception of the Romanze, music of amiable sentiment, the concerto is not one to enlist the sympathy of an audience. To quote the saying of Mozart: "Music should sound." That is, it should be euphonious. This concerto does not sound. It is painfully put together, manufactured. The solo instrument is not favored. If the composer by accident hits upon an agreeable phrase, he at once kills the effect by pitting an oboe, or a horn, against it, without rhyme or reason. Mr. Witek's abilities are well known. It was not necessary for him to utter this challenge. He played the concerto yesterday as though he really liked it. The hearers, recognizing his proficiency, paid him the customary tribute.

There are beautiful and stately things in Strauss's "Don Quixote." The introduction, with its romantic, chivalric spirit, with the whirling thoughts that finally turn the Knight's brain; the matter of fact comments of Sancho Panza as the two are in quest of adventures; the noble measures in which the Knight discourses on honor, glory and the ideal; the music that portrays the death scene—all these pages are of a supreme talent, if they are not the work of a genius. It is to be feared, however, that many hearers are more interested in the eccentricities of the tone-poem, in the sensationalism, as the variations that picture the sheep and the ride through the air. These variations are amusing; they are clever; but they are not the pages that make the composition remarkable. A less gifted composer, with the trick of clever instrumentation, can do surprising things; but his imagination would fall him if he should attempt to carry the hearer with Don Quixote high in the realm of the ideal. The performance was vivid and eloquent. Messrs. Warnke and Ferir played with the finest understanding of the music allotted to Knight and follower. The concert will be repeated tonight.

There will be no concerts next week. The program of the concerts Feb. 25, 26 will be as follows: Goldmark, Overture "Sappho"; Brahms, Concerto in B flat major No. 2 for piano (Mr. Bauer, pianist); MacDowell, Suite op. 42.

Violin Pianoforte

SYMPHONY'S VIRTUOSITY ON PARADE

Post Feb. 12/16
Memorable Performance of Remarkable Programme

BY OLIN DOWNES

The First Leonore overture of Beethoven, which is seldom heard in the concert room, and practically never when the opera, "Fidelio," is performed; the Joachim violin concerto, played by Anton Witek, concertmaster, and Richard Strauss' tone poem, "Don Quixote," made the programme of the concert given by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Karl Muck conductor, yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall.

WITEK'S ARTISTRY

The First Leonore overture, so-called, in reality the third overture that Beethoven wrote for a prelude to his opera, might be oftener played in the theatre. It is by no means such a symphonically complete work as the Third Leonore overture, but it has more the character of a curtain raiser than any of the other of the four overtures Beethoven wrote for his opera. The First Leonore overture is not only dramatic—most of the music Beethoven wrote for "Fidelio" is thrillingly dramatic, yet misses fire in the theatre—but it is theatrical in the best and most effective sense of the word.

But the outstanding features of this memorable concert were Mr. Witek's performance of Joachim's concerto, and the interpretation of Strauss' tone poem. When Mr. Witek first undertook his duties as concertmaster of the Boston Symphony some five seasons ago, and played the Beethoven concerto for his first solo appearance, he proved

himself as great a musician as he was a virtuoso. The Joachim concerto, presenting technical problems far more arresting than those of the concerto of Beethoven, is just as thoroughly in the palm of his hand. Yet it was not the technical quality of this performance which made it so impressive.

Like an Improvisator

The mechanical question is only mentioned because for the first time in the last 15 seasons of Symphony concerts in this city the violinist was such a master of his instrument that physical obstacles did not exist for him, or for the hearer. Interpretation was the only fact of the moment, and in interpreting this admirable work, Mr. Witek surpassed himself. He was no longer the purely objective interpreter of a classic masterpiece, but rather a player who wielded his bow like an improvisator, with an eloquence, authority and romantic fire that made every page of Joachim's masterpiece a joy to the ear and the understanding.

We had before a prodigious respect for this lengthy and admirably-built composition, but the respect was tempered with an awe that was hardly affection. Yesterday afternoon Mr. Witek's engrossing performance, while it did not rob the music of its symphonic proportions and character, gave it a conciseness and directness of emotional appeal, a degree of color and warm emotional expression that it had not had before for the ears of this generation. The concerto was interpreted by one of the few violinists in the world capable of doing it justice. No wonder that the audience applauded Mr. Witek through a good part of the intermission that followed his performance. No wonder that there was affection as well as respect in the recognition extended this concertmaster by Dr. Muck, as he threw an arm over Mr. Witek's shoulder.

Strauss' "Don Quixote"

The fitting climax to all this was the "Don Quixote." If, as Ernest Newman has observed, Strauss, in this perfect flowering of his style, has achieved a nervous, plastic, incisive utterance that is as musical prose, it is also true that he has intensified the meaning and the beauty of his prose in a manner only possible by means of music! Time was when the majority either laughed or sneered at the man who set out to portray in tones the psychology and the adventures of the dreaming idealist, the Knight of the Sorrowful Countenance, the fat and unctuous apostle of the obvious, Sancho Panza. Today we know better, and await the next step in the development of the art of music. After "Don Quixote"—what?

Strauss has produced nothing since "Don Quixote" which equals it, either in finish and subtlety of style, or in emotional intensity. It is undoubtedly music of the very zenith of his pow-

ers. It is the music when his sardonic humor is tempered by his recognition of humanity, by the pity of the strong for the weak. The Strauss of earlier works—the "Don Juan," "Till Eulenspiegel," "Zarathustra," is a man contemptuous and intolerant of the multitude.

Its Grotesque Pathos

The Strauss of "Don Quixote" is a man to whom life has taught the lesson of charity. Where is there a figure equal in its grotesque pathos to his "Don Quixote"? Perhaps one—Stepan Stepanovitch in Dostoevsky's "The Possessed"! As for character drawing, laughter, stupidity in the person of Sancho and the country wench, irony, tragedy, the echoes of the last moment that makes all men, great and small, the doers and failures, of the same stature in the presence of the same terror—it seems that here Strauss has surpassed, even, the idealism and the poignancy of the concluding pages of his "Death and Transfiguration." The transparency of his style, the breath-taking virtuosity with which he writes his most complicated score, and yet subordinates this virtuosity to purely expressive purposes—these things are now recognized.

It is not necessary, any longer, to fight for the recognition of the Strauss of the tone-poems of which "Don Quixote" is unquestionably the climax. What he began in "Till Eulenspiegel" he completed here. And before our very eyes there seems to pass the Don, going mad as he reads his books of chivalry, setting out on his quest of adventure and the ideal, jousting with his windmills, slaying his sheep, keeping his crazy vigil through the night of hallucinations when the vision of Dulcinea descends upon him, finally meeting defeat, disillusion, riding homeward and taking leave of the world in gentleness and humility and understanding. Of what avail to point out this or that passage in the score? Either the music speaks to the hearer, or it does not, according to measure of Don Quixote or Sancho Panza within him.

Bleating of the Sheep

The performance was thrice admirable, in its extravagance and tenderness, in its outrageous humor and fantasy, to say nothing of its technical finish. The episode of the flock of sheep was not passed over lightly. Dr. Muck made his horns bleat more realistically than any of his predecessors, but in so doing he emphasized the extravagance of this episode as the composer would have had it emphasized. Similarly with the ride through the sky. Nothing more preposterous, more hallucinatory, than the imitation of the whirring of the wind and the impossible leaps and flights of the themes of the don and

his squire could possibly have been put on paper or presented to the ear. But these passages did not destroy the perspective of the picture. They, appropriately, were justly considered as graphic and humorous episodes, not as principal features of the score, and episodes which threw into the greater relief the eloquence of the knight's utterances on chivalry and the ideal.

FIDELIO OVERTURE.

Beethoven Work Played by Symphony Orchestra.

Of the four overtures which Beethoven wrote for his opera—originally called "Leonore," revised by "Fidelio"—the No. 1, played by Dr. Muck yesterday afternoon, is the least known. Its history is curious. When the overture known as "Leonore" No. 2 was played at the first performance of the opera, its length and difficult string or wind parts, or both, were criticised. One of the reviews of the day might have served for a modernist of any epoch:

"The most grotesque modulations, in truly ghastly harmony, follow one another throughout the piece. The few trivial ideas that there are, which are carefully guarded from anything like nobility, . . . complete the disagreeable and deafening impression."

Following this No. 2 overture, composed in 1805, Beethoven wrote the more familiar Leonore No. 3, a dramatic poem in itself. To the complaints that this was too difficult and tragic for a prelude to the opera, he wrote the No. 1, begun in 1807, published posthumously as Beethoven's last opus number, 138, and finally the "Fidelio" overture in 1814.

The last two differ greatly from the first in their light and buoyant nature. Out of the material of the two earlier and more serious ones, he kept only the theme from Florestan's air, "In des Lebens Fruelingstagen." The overture in C, played yesterday, touches scarcely at all upon the dramatic, tragic character of the often-heard No. 3. It gives the impression of a prelude to its dramatic character of the opera rather than an independent tonal picture of it.

Mr. Witek, the concert master, relieved Joachim's concerto, op 11 (in the Hungarian manner) of much of its tedium and gave to the more rewarding pages true distinction. The first movement is too often pedantic with formulas of the classroom worn thread bare by sequence, but the romance is warm, emotional, songful with a gypsy flavor, and the last movement rhythmically stimulating. Mr. Witek's treatment of the opening recitative on the G string, his poetic playing of the slow movement, his virile sense of rhythm in the last were features of the musicianship with which he employed his ample technique.

Had a visiting virtuoso given such a performance his fame would have been claimed with sensation. The audience was warmly appreciative.

Strauss' "Don Quixote" does not wear as well as certain other of the tone poems. After Stravinsky's illuminating descriptive powers with musical figures, harmonic grouping and orchestral timbres, this tinny bleating of sheep, the wind machine and all the rest of the ponderous apparatus to say what the Russian probably could say with more economy and also more point—seems obsolete and forced. There are pages of translating beauty, of the Strauss of "Don Juan," but the Quixotic spirit, a delicately fantastical thing, at times is literal and heavily freighted.

WITEK, SOLOIST, WINS TRIUMPH

SYMPHONY CONCERT

OF SPLENDID UNITY

Adv. — Feb. 12/16

Beethoven, Joachim and Strauss,

With "Don Quixote" on

Programme

By LOUIS C. ELSON

PROGRAMME

Beethoven.	Leonora overture, No. 1.
Joachim.	Concerto for viola, D major, Op. 11.
Strauss.	Symphonic variations, "Don Quixote."
	Soloist, Anton Witek.

That is, Anton Witek was nominally the soloist, but there were violoncello and viola solos in "Don Quixote" which are also to be noticed. This is the true way in which the soloist fits in with the scheme of the Symphony Concert. The attention is not diverted from the orchestral score because there is a thread of instrumental solo woven through its warp and woof. Mr. Witek made the Joachim concerto the most attractive feature of the concert. It is virtuoso music written by a violin virtuoso, although Joachim was also something more than that, and it is therefore excellently adapted to the display of its chief instrument.

Mr. Witek is the ideal soloist for such a concerto. There are no technical difficulties for him, and he goes through the most thorny passages with such "aplomb," that many of the auditors do not imagine how dif-

ficult they are. His is the art of concealing art, or most certainly the art of concealing difficulty. Had there been in this programme a vocalist of such great brilliancy the public would have gone frantic with delight and would have little more than tolerated the instrumental numbers. But, in the case of such a concerto, no auditor was taken out of the symphonic mood for a moment.

We were astonished by the amount of dash and abandon displayed by Mr. Witek. Those who have imagined him a phlegmatic artist will be obliged to revise their opinion totally after yesterday's superb performance. The double stoppings, the passages in highest positions, the florid phrases of this herculean work were all perfect, and Mr. Witek made the long, long work interesting in spite of its prolixity. His breadth of bowing was remarkable. Such virtuosity and power have seldom been heard even in the symphony concerts and Mr. Witek aroused a storm of enthusiasm.

It is a proof of how rapidly the auditor is advancing that many who thought the "Don Quixote" variations ugly eleven years ago, now listen to them with equanimity and even pleasure. In this work the violoncello, most expressively played by Mr. Warnke, was the Don, and the viola, played by that valuable artist, Mr. Ferir, was the complaining Sancho Panza. One cannot but be astonished that Strauss did not choose the bassoon for the comical Sancho, but possibly the deep-toned instrument would not have made as good a musical foil against the earnest violoncello.

Various are the attempts made in Variation form in music. Only the other day Mr. Schelling unloaded an entire concert upon us under the guise of "Variations." D'Indy did something new and very fitting in music when he pictured Istar going through the seven gates of the nether world, despoiled of one garment at each gate, until finally she reaches her goal unrobed, by beginning with an ornate theme and simplifying it until at the last it was utterly unadorned.

Something like this, with even more fitness, does Strauss achieve by giving to the mentally disturbed Don a twisted, sometimes incoherent, sometimes fragmentary theme, often falsely modulated, which, however,

becomes logical, coherent and beautiful, as the Don recovers his sanity just before his death. There is a pathos in this which is remarkable. These variations have as impressive and fitting a finale as those which were made by Brahms on the theme which Schumann supposed was sent to him by spirits (and notated down just before his attempt at suicide), where a funeral march ends the variations. Mr. Warnke made the cello obbligato, earnest and beautiful, causing the Don to be dignified even in his madness.

But of some of the variations in "Don Quixote" one cannot become very enthusiastic. The realistic oboe bleatings of the sheep are graphic as need be and the auditor is always delighted when he has identified the flock. But this is not the highest function of music. If the tonal art is to give photographic representations of objects it must necessarily be below Literature, Painting or Sculpture, since these are always far more definite. Nevertheless Dr. Muck gave the bleating passages with fine effect.

Nor can we especially admire the "wind-machine" which is again beyond the domain of real music. Every device of sound is being exploited by the moderns. Strauss tried striking kettle-drums with birch rods. Berlioz once introduced a platoon of musketry in the midst of a martial picture, Tschaikowsky used cannon in his Overture, "1812." Paderewski tries a new noise-producer, in his symphony, called the "toni-truone,"

and here we have an effect like an oboe suffering with Delirium Tremens, to picture wind. Nothing is left for the poor modern composer except to introduce Krupp bombs or possibly fire-crackers. But then he can return to the paths of musical beauty on the regular instruments.

"While the lamp holds out to burn

The vilest sinner may return."

But, after all, in "Don Quixote" there is a fine blending of intellectuality and emotional power. Let no one dare to accuse Richard Strauss of being one of the musical madmen (or humbugs) of the present. He presents the most remarkable blend of learning and poetry that exists at present. He is the greatest living composer, even if we consider "Don Quixote" as by no means his greatest work.

The quaint counterpoint of the bassoons in the 3th variation is an instance of what this composer can do

in the strict forms, and the unexpected modulations of the Quixote theme, showing the hero's false reasoning, was another most graphic point. It required a subtle and poetic composer to think of such things.

Dr. Muck brought out every detail of the work with the best possible effect. It was certainly a better performance than we had, some years ago, under the composer's own direction, but the composition will not, we think, wear as well as "Death and Transfiguration" or "Till Eulenspiegel."

It is a comfort to remember that one school of music does not abolish another, and that amid all the turmoil Beethoven still lives and charms. "Leonore No. 1" (the name has a most prosaic flavor and suggests the title of a fire-engine) is not the strongest of the four overtures which Beethoven wrote for his single opera. It is not nearly as strenuous as "No. 3" in which Beethoven rejoiced, and when Beethoven rejoiced he was like a cow-boy on a rampage, it was a wild, delirious rejoicing that bordered on frenzy. This note is not so prominent in "No. 1," but one can enjoy the portrayal of Florestan and of his faithful wife, the suggestion of dolour and the final deliverance, and the overture is so entirely different in treatment from "Leonore No. 1," and "No. 2," that it becomes interesting even for comparison.

ESTRA, op. 11
poco Maestoso.

It was played for the first time in this city by the Philharmonic Orchestra in 1869, under the direction of Carl Bergmann, and did not attract sufficient notice to warrant frequent repetition. Its performance today was brilliant, for the Boston musicians appeared to be in the best playing form. The strings, in particular, were resonant and noticeably pure in tone and all the choirs played with a precision that was inspiring. But this did not save the work. Rimsky-Korsakoff's second symphony, "Antar," opened the concert, and its oriental beauties were admirably revealed in the colorful interpretation under Dr. Muck's conducting. Wagner's "Flying Dutchman" overture concluded the concert.

Had a visiting virtuoso given such a performance his fame would have acclaimed with sensation. The audience was warmly appreciative.

Strauss' "Don Quixote" does not wear as well as certain other of the tone poems. After Stravinsky's illuminating descriptive powers with musical figures, harmonic grouping and orchestral timbres, this tinny bleating of sheep, the wind machine and all the rest of the ponderous apparatus to say what the Russian probably could say with more economy and also more point—seems obsolete and forced. There are pages of translating beauty, of the Strauss of "Don Juan," but the Quixotic spirit, a delicately fantastical thing, at times is literal and heavily freighted.

WITEK, SOLOIST, WINS TRIUMPH

SYMPHONY CONCERT

OF SPLENDID UNITY

Adv. — Feb. 12/16

Beethoven, Joachim and Strauss,

With "Don Quixote" on
Programme

By LOUIS C. ELSON

PROGRAMME

Beethoven.	Leonora overture, No. 1.
Joachim.	Concerto for viola, D major, Op. 11.
Strauss.	Symphonic variations, "Don Quixote."
Soloist, Anton Witek.	

That is, Anton Witek was nominally the soloist, but there were violoncello and viola solos in "Don Quixote" which are also to be noticed. This is the true way in which the soloist fits in with the scheme of the Symphony Concert. The attention is not diverted from the orchestral score because there is a thread of instrumental solo woven through its warp and woof. Mr. Witek made the Joachim concerto the most attractive feature of the concert. It is virtuoso music written by a violin virtuoso, although Joachim was also something more than that, and it is therefore excellently adapted to the display of its chief instrument.

Mr. Witek is the ideal soloist for such a concerto. There are no technical difficulties for him, and he goes through the most thorny passages with such "aplomb," that many of the auditors do not imagine how dif-

ficult they are. His is the art of concealing art, or most certainly the art of concealing difficulty. Had there been in this programme a vocalist of such great brilliancy the public would have gone frantic with delight and would have little more than tolerated the instrumental numbers. But, in the case of such a concerto, no auditor was taken out of the symphonic mood for a moment.

We were astonished by the amount of dash and abandon displayed by Mr. Witek. Those who have imagined him a phlegmatic artist will be obliged to revise their opinion totally after yesterday's superb performance. The double stoppings, the passages in highest positions, the florid phrases of this herculean work were all perfect, and Mr. Witek made the long, long work interesting in spite of its prolixity. His breadth of bowing was remarkable. Such virtuosity and power have seldom been heard even in the symphony concerts and Mr. Witek aroused a storm of enthusiasm.

It is a proof of how rapidly the auditor is advancing that many who thought the "Don Quixote" variations ugly eleven years ago, now listen to them with equanimity and even pleasure. In this work the violoncello, most expressively played by Mr. Warnke, was the Don, and the viola, played by that valuable artist, Mr. Ferir, was the complaining Sancho Panza. One cannot but be astonished that Strauss did not choose the bassoon for the comical Sancho, but possibly the deep-toned instrument would not have made as good a musical foil against the earnest violoncello.

Various are the attempts made in Variation form in music. Only the other day Mr. Schelling unloaded an entire concert upon us under the guise of "Variations." D'Indy did something new and very fitting in music when he pictured Istar going through the seven gates of the nether world, despoiled of one garment at each gate, until finally she reaches her goal unrobed, by beginning with an ornate theme and simplifying it until at the last it was utterly unadorned.

Something like this, with even more fitness, does Strauss achieve by giving to the mentally disturbed Don a twisted, sometimes incoherent, sometimes fragmentary theme, often falsely modulated, which, however,

becomes logical, coherent and beautiful, as the Don recovers his sanity just before his death. There is a pathos in this which is remarkable. These variations have as impressive and fitting a finale as those which were made by Brahms on the theme which Schumann supposed was sent to him by spirits (and notated down just before his attempt at suicide), where a funeral march ends the variations. Mr. Warnke made the cello obligato, earnest and beautiful, causing the Don to be dignified even in his madness.

But of some of the variations in "Don Quixote" one cannot become very enthusiastic. The realistic oboe bleatings of the sheep are graphic as need be and the auditor is always delighted when he has identified the flock. But this is not the highest function of music. If the tonal art is to give photographic representations of objects it must necessarily be below Literature, Painting or Sculpture, since these are always far more definite. Nevertheless Dr. Muck gave the bleating passages with fine effect.

Nor can we especially admire the "wind-machine" which is again beyond the domain of real music. Every device of sound is being exploited by the moderns. Strauss tried striking kettle-drums with birch rods, Berlioz once introduced a platoon of musketry in the midst of a martial picture, Tschaikowsky used cannon in his Overture, "1812." Paderewski tries a new noise-producer, in his symphony, called the "toni-truone," and here we have an effect like an oboe suffering with Delirium Tremens, to picture wind. Nothing is left for the poor modern composer except to introduce Krupp bombs or possibly fire-crackers. But then he can return to the paths of musical beauty on the regular instruments,—

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But, after all, in "Don Quixote" there is a fine blending of intellectuality and emotional power. Let no one dare to accuse Richard Strauss of being one of the musical madmen (or humbugs) of the present. He presents the most remarkable blend of learning and poetry that exists at present. He is the greatest living composer, even if we consider "Don Quixote" as by no means his greatest work.

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DR MUCK'S BAND IN NEW YORK

Globe — Feb. 20/16
Liszt's Symphonic Poem No. 1 Fails to Please Despite Brilliant Work of Boston Orchestra.

NEW YORK, Feb. 19—Liszt's symphonic poem No. 1, "Ce que'on sur la Montagne," had its first performance by the Boston Symphony Orchestra in Carnegie Hall this afternoon. Why it is not performed oftener becomes apparent at a hearing, for it is heavy and lacking in the excellence the composer put into most of his orchestral works of similar character.

It was played for the first time in this city by the Philharmonic Orchestra in 1869, under the direction of Carl Bergmann, and did not attract sufficient notice to warrant frequent repetition.

Its performance today was brilliant, for the Boston musicians appeared to be in the best playing form. The strings, in particular, were resonant and noticeably pure in tone and all the choirs played with a precision that was inspiring. But this did not save the work.

Rimsky-Korsakoff's second symphony, "Amtar," opened the concert, and its oriental beauties were admirably revealed in the colorful interpretation under Dr. Muck's conducting. Wagner's "Flying Dutchman" overture concluded the concert.

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Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1915--16.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

Dr. KARL MUCK, Conductor.

FIFTEENTH PROGRAMME

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 25, AT 2.30 P. M.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 26, AT 8 P. M.

GOLDMARK

OVERTURE to "Sappho"

BRAHMS

CONCERTO in B flat major, No. 2, for PIANOFORTE
and ORCHESTRA, op. 83

- I. Allegro non troppo.
 - II. Allegro appassionato.
 - III. Andante.
 - IV. Allegretto grazioso.
-

MACDOWELL

SUITE, in A minor, op. 42

- I. In a Haunted Forest.
 - II. Summer Idyl.
 - III. In October.
 - IV. Shepherdess' Song.
 - V. Forest Spirits.
-

Soloist:

Mr. HAROLD BAUER

Mason & Hamlin Pianoforte



HAROLD BAUER.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT

Trans. — Feb. 26/16
MR. BAUER'S HOMAGE TO BRAHMS
SEVERE

After Nine Years the Concerto in B-Flat in All Its Lengths and Exactions—The Endurance of the Beginning for the Sake of the End — A Just Performance by Pianist and Conductor—For the Rest, Sensuous Goldmark and Lyric MacDowell

IF music, as some say, is a poetry of tones, then presumably it is amenable to Matthew Arnold's characterization of true verse as "simple, sensuous or impassioned." Brahms's concerto in B-flat for pianoforte and orchestra, played yesterday afternoon at the Symphony Concerts, is admittedly music; and none but some rabid "anti-Brahmsite," like the departed Hugo Wolf or the still militant Henry Finck would write that it merely "passes for" music. Whether it is poetry in tones is a much more debatable matter. Grant for the moment it is such and then put it to the test of Arnold's transferred saying. Certainly, the concerto is not "simple." A hundred, mayhap a thousand, who have attempted to follow the devious course and the abstruse mutations of the themes of the first movement, with ear or eye or both, will bear unanimous witness to the deliberate intricacy of music that even the lucid Mr. Bauer could not clarify on Friday afternoon. As certainly, the concerto is not "sensuous." Rather it is an austere music, that may have beauty in the slow movement and the finale; but even there a beauty that does not caress the ear and stimulate the senses. If, then, the concerto is at all poetry of tones, according to Arnold's definition, it must be "impassioned." Perhaps it is; but the passion is almost wholly a passion of the intellect—the most difficult of all, even with a Muck and a Bauer aiding, to communicate to a miscellaneous company of variously tempered hearers.

By report of biographers, Brahms invented his musical ideas in travail of mind and spirit. Perhaps, then, he brought a measure of mental passion to the quest and the formulation of the themes of the opening Allegro in the concerto. In themselves, they do interest the ear, even if they neither sway nor charm it. Certainly, that passion, in its kind, is not lacking in his long, abstruse and insatiable development and transformation of them through the length, breadth and thickness of that almost interminable first movement. (A wit of London—Lord Ribblesdale, if memory serves—used to say that it had not only these three dimensions, but also a fourth, tedium.) No one but a composer, mentally impassioned with the possibilities

of thematic elaboration and transmutation, as a mathematician might be impassioned with the possibilities of the calculus, could so have channeled and drained his musical thoughts. Brahms indeed almost forgets the piano of his own choice in his tireless absorption in this development. Enough that he fling it "passage-work," imitation and ornament, while the orchestra does the rest—"the things that matter" as the slang of this war-time might put it. Somehow, the listener can see the big heavy body bent over his writing table, the big bearded head dropped lower and lower on the music paper, while the mind within goes endlessly on with this often dry and seldom imaginative elaboration. The solution of problems with the calculus are not read out in public except at congresses of mathematicians. Why might not the first movement of this concerto of Brahms be reserved for similar congresses of, say, conductors and composers, with a circumambient audience of incorrigible "Brahmsites"?

The ensuing Scherzo leaves the listener in no better, perhaps in even worse, case. It is as dry and labored as the preceding movement and it has no distinction of musical invention. Whatever else that interminable Allegro may be, there is no commonness in it; whereas in the Scherzo there is little else. If Brahms had set the label "Allegro Appassionato" over the first movement, the hearer might agree to the characterization on the intellectual side. Over the dulness, the dryness, the sheer mediocrity of that Scherzo, the much-enduring hearer almost resents it. As any one may guess that reads those letters of Brahms dear to the learned and quoting program-mists, there was a lower-middle-class streak in him, especially when he believed he was writing with fancy and maybe humor. Once and again, it crosses his music as in this very Scherzo—not the commonness that is cheap, tricky and showy, but the less endurable commonness that is merely mediocrity, deadly dull. Again, why should not this Scherzo be left among the things Brahms had better thrust into his dustiest pigeon-hole. No wonder Joachim banished it from the concerto for violin.

At last, at the end of a full thirty minutes, relief comes in the Andante, and the quasi-Hungarian finale. In both Brahms is "impassioned," after his manner and not wholly with the passion of ardent intellectual process; in both he is even "sensuous," again after his manner. There is grave and cool beauty in the melody of the slow movement, of which Dr. Muck and Mr. Bauer—perhaps somewhat relieved themselves—made the most yesterday. The advancing and returning song has the clearness to the ear of autumn light to the eye without its sharpness; the melancholy mood of vague and brooding longing is one of the quieter moods of romance; the coloring seeks the subdued autumnal tint to which Brahms's imagination and hand were temperamentally and often beautifully sensitive; the suffusion of the timbres of orchestra and pianoforte

woos the ear; the workmanship is serene chiselling. In fine the music is a "sensuous" and "impassioned" poetry of tones as Keats's poem of the Grecian urn is a "sensuous" and "impassioned" poetry of words. After all, melancholy and longing, as those know that cultivate such experiences of the spirit, have their sensuous satisfactions. . . . A lighter beauty and a happy fancy permeate the finale. It is scholarly of course, since Brahms could not help such quality when he had three motives in rondo form upon which to exercise it. Of course, again, he keeps himself well in hand—better bridle the zest of the songful and keenly rhythmized Hungarian motive than have it run away with you, Lisztian or modern wise. But somehow again one can see the stout body and the grizzled head, straightening up from the work-table and letting the fancy that was in Brahms with all his austerity and "mentality" have its play. "Dulce est desipere in loco," even if one is a thoughtful composer for the mind; but in this particular concerto, the "loco" is a well-nigh intolerable time a-coming.

Seldom relatively as this concerto of Brahms is played—for nine years it had not been heard at the Symphony Concerts—many a pianist still courts it as he courts no less the other and more interesting concerto in D minor. The presumption is that Mr. Bauer's cup is full; for he alone, seemingly, of the eminent virtuosi of our time, has played both concertos with the Symphony Orchestra and Dr. Muck. As

probably, he plays the concerto of yesterday as well as a pianist may. His exposition of the first movement was as lucid as the nature of the music itself permitted. Like that same music, it was all in black and white, since of color in that opening Allegro there is little. Whenever any rhythmic emphasis, telling modulation or firm-set period could animate the music and make it graphic of Brahms's mental processes, neither Mr. Bauer—nor for that matter Dr. Muck—missed it. Occasionally they planted little oases in the desert of the Scherzo, before the hot wind of Brahms's mediocrity in it could quite dry them.

Seldom has the pianist better proved his analytical mind that searches out his music and rears anew in tones and before other minds the composer's design. As he missed not an implication of the music, so he made no futile effort to lessen the forbidding quality of the Allegro or mask the barrenness of the Scherzo. Always Mr. Bauer sees clear; his mind and his temperament are now the trustiest and readiest of understanding and imparting mechanisms. They were much more when he came to the songful beauty of the slow movement or the playful and ingratiating fancy of the finale. In the one, the quality of Mr. Bauer's tone summoned flawlessly the clear, cool and pensive beauty of the music. Composer and pianist seemed co-equal in their serene chiselling of the contours and the phrases of the song. The ear heard it as in relief upon a clear white

surface and again there was the analogy of Keats's urn. And the tempered zest of the finale under Mr. Bauer's hand was the tempered zest of Brahms himself. At every turn, he and Dr. Muck were as one with the music, even when it is really a symphonic piece with an accessory pianoforte for embroidery and imitation. Dr. Muck and Mr. Bauer know how to differentiate the music of the mind from the music of the senses and to temper the one with the other. There is no better poised conductor and no better poised pianist. Even when the listener resents the matter upon which they are exercising their faculties, he has his rare satisfactions of the artists themselves. By so much, even the concerto in B-flat major, No. 2, for Pianoforte and Orchestra by Johanne Brahms (Opus 83) has its right to, say decennial performance.

For preface to this "work" of Brahms—for one the word deserves a place outside the half-articulate dialect of music—and the forty-five minutes that it consumed, stood Goldmark's overture, "Sappho"; while for finis to the concert came MacDowell's nameless suite that from the sub-titles of the movements, he might plausibly have called "Forest Scenes." Goldmark's tone-poem—for it is really such though he chooses the overture form—may or may not be readily moulded to the legends of Sappho; but in itself, it is music that glows upon the ear in the richness of its melody, harmonies and instrumental coloring, in the passion of tones that fills it. Here was music as opulently sensuous as Brahms's was gravely austere—music that would exhaust not its intellectual, but, as to say, its fleshly, content; music that summoned beside its own enkindled beauty and ardent power, the image of a woman enkindled and impassioned, too, and set her, besides, in the golden light of old legend in the Grecian seas. In some of his oriental music it is as though Goldmark would drug the senses of his hearers and then prick them—quite as sensually—with some stroke of dissonance. In this tone-poem of Sappho he is content to suffuse them in radiant clouds of tone and then part them upon his poetess in impassioned and fated song. For here his dissonance may be the voice of fate as well as sensation. "Sappho" is indeed an opulent music and the richness of tone that the orchestra lavished upon it throbbed upon all the senses. Not for long has a piece by Goldmark been so warmly applauded. It deserved resurrection from the tomb in which routine—grave-digger of interest—had buried it.

Perhaps the interposing forty-five minutes of Brahms, plus a round ten of intermission, did their service to MacDowell's music. Heard too soon, after the sensuous splendor and the golden luminosity of "Sappho," it might have sounded thin and cool of invention and pale of color. For the music of American composers—and even of a MacDowell in these earlier years before he had gained the imagi-

native light and heat of the "Indian Suite" and the final sonatas—is not usually (to return to Arnold's saying) either "sensuous" or "impassioned." Either they have not the passion that releases itself in the self-expression of the arts or, being of a young race, not quite articulate, even when it is most garrulous, know not how to set it free in tones or words. Similarly they lack the sensuousness of voice and mood that in Goldmark almost to excess liberates itself in richness, ardor and glow, alike of emotion and expression; that basks, almost in its own intensities. We are pure souls as yet—as a hundred pulpits may be saying tomorrow—but it may be doubted whether the pure in heart best serve the expressive arts. All of which as to MacDowell's suite of the forest is neither here nor there since he set himself to writing no more than little lyrics in tones of the woodland that he knew and felt with quick and affectionate imagination. He wrote them, moreover, with many a lyric stroke, in tonal coloring, modulation, contrast and rhythm, of happy and artful imagery. This woodland suite deserves a place in the minor poetry of tones, and are not the Symphony Concerts our anthology of music?

H. T. P.

HAROLD BAUER WITH SYMPHONY PLAYS BRAHMS

Monday

Feb. 26/16

SYMPHONY HALL—Fifteenth program of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Dr. Karl Muck, conductor; Harold Bauer, soloist; afternoon of Feb. 25 and evening of Feb. 26: Goldmark, overture to "Sappho"; Brahms, concerto in B flat major, No. 2, for pianoforte and orchestra, op. 83; MacDowell, suite in A minor, op. 42, I, "In a Haunted Forest"; II, "Summer Idyl"; III, "In October"; IV, "The Shepherdess' Song"; V, "Forest Spirits."

Without the Goldmark "Sappho" overture the Friday afternoon audience never would have been able to enjoy the Brahms concerto, and without that in turn it never would have appreciated the MacDowell suite. For the gaiety of the overture was needed to prepare the listeners for the academic profundities of the concerto, and after an hour in these depths a return to the impressionistic days we live in through some such medium as the MacDowell suite was imperative. Thus Dr. Muck, about whose programs there is sometimes complaint, disproved the dicta of the carpers. Granting that a program had to have the sec-

ond Brahms piano concerto included, could it be better surrounded than this?

This concerto, as is the case with the most of Brahms' larger works, was written from the pinnacle of the composer's greatness, with no concessions to those struggling to grasp the meaning. After diligent study one may comprehend the first movement. The study is demanded, however. There are no aids, no ladders of song, no smooth paths of melody. Rough and rugged is the way, and it continues stony until the andante, with its cello solo introduction, although because of the obstacles encountered in the first movement, allegro non troppo, the second, allegro appassionato, does not seem so insurmountable as it might if one came upon it unprepared. One finds at last comparatively good going in the light and wondrously pleasing melodies of the last movement *allegretto grazioso*.

Mr. Bauer, as is his custom,—one, by the way, worthy of frequent emulation—became a member of the orchestra, keeping a careful eye on the baton and even casting a fruitful glance occasionally on the conductor's left hand. Brahms was the business of the hour, greater than conductor, orchestra, or soloist, and both conductor and soloist did their best to make this fact realized. Mr. Bauer played with an unwonted warmth of tone and was rewarded by many recalls.

The habit of applause was started by the "Sappho" overture. This so took the fancy of the audience that Dr. Muck had to call the men to their feet to share the plaudits with him. Its joyousness of phrase and charm of melody betokened no great musical depth, but its tunefulness was most gratifying. The opening measures gave opportunity to realize again the excellent harping of Mr. Holy and Mr. Cella.

As to the MacDowell suit, opinion about it must be largely an individual matter. MacDowell as a pioneer among the moderns is still too close for us to form adequate judgment as to the value of his work. As we study his music, both in relation to the men of his time and those who have gone before, we shall be able to put a juster estimate on its worth. This suite in A minor certainly has not the value of the second suite in E minor, the Indian suite. In the first place it has not the research behind it to give it depth; it is merely a series of impressions gained and recorded by a man who loved nature pas-

sionately. In the second place it is more reminiscent of other of MacDowell's works than is the second suite. In the third place it deals not with human feeling, the ideas common to all mankind, but with a limited field, and so misses the broad application the later work has.

There is no denying the charm both of the ideas and the manner of their setting forth. Latent and patent love of nature is indicated in each of the five impressions set down, though "The Shepherdess' Song" is least successful. The "Forest Spirits" might conceivably be the dancing sunbeams among the branches, set all aquiver by a momentary breeze and then scattered of a sudden by a passing cloud. There is no quarreling with the value of the piece on this program, however. It served to bridge the gap between the awesome Brahms and the meantime of our life here.

15TH SYMPHONY CONCERT OF SEASON GIVEN

Herald—Feb. 26/16
Mr. Bauer, Pianist, Plays
Brahms's Concerto No. 2—
Its First Movement Weary
Work—MacDowell's Beautiful
and Fanciful Suite in A
Minor, op. 42, Heard.

By PHILIP HALE.

The 15th concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Muck conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. Mr. Bauer was the pianist. The program was as follows: Goldmark, overture to "Sappho"; Brahms, Concerto in B flat major, No. 2, for piano and orchestra; MacDowell, Suite in A minor, op. 42.

Goldmark's overture to "Sappho" had not been played here for a dozen years. The neglect is not easily explained. Another overture of Goldmark, "Prometheus," might well have a hearing. The

two are perhaps not so characteristic of the composer's peculiar style as the "Sakuntala," but they are better musically and more effective than later overtures made in Germany which we have been obliged to hear.

It would be interesting to know what Goldmark had in mind when he wrote his "Sappho." The opening, with its solemn phrases for harp and then the oboe with its enchanting phrase, may well invoke the appearance of the Tenth Muse; but why the exulting trumpets with the fiery measures following? Is there the thought of Sappho's glory for all time? Or is there a portrayal of raging and despair? Goldmark might have replied: "I was chiefly concerned with writing an overture. Find in it what you please."

There are, indeed, beautiful and noble thoughts artfully and powerfully expressed. The hearer, however, may miss one great theme for Sappho, "a marvel, made of perfect sound and exceeding passion." The sustained measures that may express her love-longing are eloquent, but there is no supreme expression of sensuousness, except possibly in certain explosions in walling dissonances, that caused Hanslick in 1893 to dub Goldmark "the king of dissonances," sighs and moans that even now seem strangely modern.

Mr. Joseffy after a brilliant performance of Brahms's concerto at a Symphony concert many years ago was enthusiastically applauded, for Mr. Joseffy, a Hungarian, played the last movement in an inimitable and intoxicating manner. Later in the evening, he marvelled at the applause, and kept saying: "And after this concerto of Brahms! After this concerto of Brahms!" Mr. Bauer gave a fine performance yesterday and he, too, was heartily applauded. The hearer might have said: "And after this concerto of Brahms!"

Some day a pianist may have the courage to play only the third and fourth movements of the concerto. The first movement is weary work, as the English malt-worm said after he had drunk twenty or thirty glasses of cider without their producing the expected and desired effect. Mr. Kalbeck, Brahms's adoring biographer, and some other deep-thinking Germans say that this concerto was inspired by Brahms's visits to Italy. But what of Italy is there in this concerto? Is there any blue sky, gorgeous sun, smiling landscape, vineclad hillslope in the first two movements? Is there anything of Italy in the third, charming as it is in its meditative spirit? In the fourth we are surely in Hungary. Even Mr. Bauer could not make the first movement endurable. Here Brahms was not in Venice, Orvieto, Sicily. He was far underground in the bowels of the earth; the only light came through a mine-shaft. The second movement enlarges the first offence, destroys the balance of the concerto, and is altogether super-

fluous.

It was a pleasure to hear MacDowell's Suite again. Not so important as the "Indian" Suite, it contains delightful and fanciful music. While it shows in the manner of instrumentation the influence of Raff, the poetic contents are wholly MacDowell's, as are the mysterious and capricious moments in the first movement, the tricky twists in the last. How clearly the thoughts are expressed! How deftly is that which might easily have been conventional glorified by some harmonic change or unexpected turn in the melodic figure! And MacDowell knew here the value of concise expression. He knew when he had said his effective say.

There is a curious instance of similarity of harmonic and melodic thought between a passage, several times repeated, in Goldmark's overture and a section of Santuzza's aria. The resemblance is striking. "Sappho" was produced in 1893; "Cavalleria Rusticana" 1890.

The concert will be repeated this evening. The program of the concerts next week will be as follows: Tchaikowsky, Symphony No. 4 in F minor; Volkmann, Serenade for Strings No. 2, F major; Ravel, Spanish Rhapsody.

BOSTON SYMPHONY WELCOMED HOME

DR. MUCK RETURNS
TO NEW TRIUMPH
Adv.—Feb. 26/16
Important Event in Popular
Estimation Playing of
Harold Bauer

By ARTHUR ELSON
PROGRAMME

Goldmark.....Overture, "Sappho"
Brahms.....Concerto No. 2 for Piano
MacDowell.....Suite in A-minor, Op. 42
Soloist, Mr. Harold Bauer

We have worshipped at the shrine of other gods, but when our own Dr. Muck returns, with our own orchestra, we number ourselves once more among the faithful. It takes a week or two of absence to make us appreciate thoroughly the marvelous clearness of our own orchestra, and the judicious blend of power and control, as well as the exquisitely detailed shading, that is shown by our great conductor. The limpid purity of tone

that comes from each different instrumental group in our band may still serve as a model for all comers.

Goldmark's "Sappho" overture was one of his fairly recent productions. That ancient lady (or better, that lady of ancient times) kept a school for the daughters of Grecian first families, and was very much shocked when her brother bought a slave-girl to be his bride. But she wrote poetry of the Elinor Glyn variety, and got by the censors because the censors didn't yet exist. One might therefore have expected a fervidly poetic overture, glowing with passion and feeling. But except for a harp introduction, the work seemed rather a picture of somewhat formal festivity, as if Sappho and her pupils had been indulging in a graduation pageant or a suffrage parade. Yet the work was impressive enough. There were vigorous themes, broad sweeps of melody, and inspiring climaxes. The first theme, strong and rapid, showed an almost martial sternness.

Then came passages of dolorous lament, as if Sappho were bewailing that harsh event which drove her from Mitylene, according to Ovid. Perhaps, too, it may have signified the hapless love for Phaon that is attributed to her. Then came more passages of strenuous character. At last it seemed as if the luckless heroine were pushed off the Leucadian rock by trumpets and kettledrum, yet the piece continued, in varying moods, like a woman's postscript. But if the work seemed not wholly in keeping with its subject, it was still successful in its strength, and the clear vigor of its orchestration is a much better model for the student than the thin and somewhat obsolete "Rustic Wedding" music.

But the important event of the day in popular estimation, was undoubtedly Harold Bauer. He came, saw and conquered, as usual, displaying all the well-controlled strength and thorough musicianship that has made him such a leader. The opening Allegro and ensuing Allegro Appassionato showed his leonine qualities clearly, though in solo passages for the most part. The Andante was made appealingly sweet, while the final Allegretto, in which the composer works up from lightness to grandeur, enabled the soloist to arouse all the customary enthusiasm and win frequent recalls.

But the Brahms B-flat concerto has still the fault of separating piano and orchestra too much,—of making them alternate instead of having them

blend as in Beethoven's masterpieces. When piano and orchestra do unite, there is even at times a bit of awkwardness, such as the chain of ascending trills. The musical worth of the themes is great, as always in the larger Brahms works; but at risk of being called an iconoclast, one may wish that the composer had adopted a more purely orchestral style in this work.

MacDowell's Suite, Op. 42, is a woodland affair, an evident echo of his vacation days among the groves of New Hampshire. Its five movements are all outdoor pictures, more or less fanciful in style. The first, "In a Haunted Forest," gave its full quota of weird effects. The forest was evidently haunted by 'cellos and kettle-drums. Occasionally one could perceive the spectre of a bassoon, or the apparition of a muted horn. There were strong tutti passages, serving admirably to emphasize the ghostly effects that preceded and followed them.

The second movement, a Summer Idyl, was not especially characteristic of the heated term. There was nothing of babbling brooks, or shimmering moonlight; but instead there was a soothing pastoral melody, with plenty of woodwind.

October, the third tone-picture, brought a contrast between a vigorous, breezy suggestion of action and a quieter, more lyrical mood.

The Shepherdess' Song, which followed, brought another pastorella, and showed that the shepherdess must have been quite expert on the flute and the English horn.

The finale was another supernatural picture, the Forest Spirits being this time graceful elves and dainty fairies. This was a movement of undeniable charm, as delicately bright as could possibly be imagined. All through the Suite the individual instruments had been earning laurels, but in the final movement the piccolo deserved especial praise. The absolute clearness and accuracy with which the tricky effects of this finale were given would afford another proof, if one were needed, of the superlative excellence of our orchestra.

SYMPHONY AUDIENCE ENTHUSES

Goldmark's "Sappho" and Bauer's Playing Pleases

Post Feb. 26/16

BY OLIN DOWNES

Harold Bauer was soloist at the concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Karl Muck conductor, yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The programme consisted of Goldmark's "Sappho" overture, Brahms' piano concerto in B flat, and MacDowell's Suite in A minor, op. 42. This programme, cunningly contrived, was one of the most interesting of the season. Side by side with the purple and gold of the composer of "Sappho" was the virile, open-air music of Brahms, and while the suite of MacDowell is not a great piece of music, or even the most mature product of the composer's pen, it is a delightful and fanciful composition.

BEAUTIES OF "SAPPHO"

Goldmark's overture is not written for the famous play of Daudet. Mr. Wilhelm Gericke suddenly removed the piece from a Boston symphony programme during the period of fuss about Daudet's drama. He wished to avoid a scandal in Symphony Hall. He need not have troubled himself, for Goldmark has written of the poetess of Lesbos, the tenth muse, the singer of burning verses who smote the harp on the shores of the sea. And indeed, in spite of incongruous elements, Goldmark has written with superb wealth of color, with a noble melodic sweep, and a rapture Swinburnian. The gorgeous coloring which was his dis-

tinctive trait as a composer is here present, but there is also the long line of antiquity. What programme had the composer in mind? The fanfares, the almost martial music which alternates with the lyrical strains may mean anything you like. They are today chiefly valuable as a foil to the lyrical themes, for with the passing of time the fiery passages have become a little cheap and noisy. But later there is the introduction, in the midst of tempestuous passages of the orchestra, of a phrase which carries with it one of the most interesting and characteristic harmonies Goldmark ever devised, a progression that is as the sigh of the passionate and melancholy lover of Phaon, and forms one of the most distinctive details of the score. This progression, and the harmonies of the opening, with their strange flavor of the antique, would in themselves make a composition worth going a long way to hear. The overture pleased the audience greatly. There was long continued applause. Finally the orchestra rose to its feet.

Mr. Bauer gave an ideal performance of Brahms' work, although, for that matter, as much praise is due to Dr. Muck and his men. All took part in a most fortunate manner in a symphonic performance which was farthest from an occasion devised to exalt the personality of a solo performer. Mr. Bauer has long been admired for his interpretations of Brahms. His playing yesterday was a fine balance of virility of feeling and of the most intimate poetic effects. The entire concert was presented with astonishing clearness and force and also beauty.

MacDowell felt nature, too, and in a manner not near to that of Brahms. For that matter, MacDowell had a dog trained to play dead when the name of Brahms was uttered! MacDowell did not write symphonies or operas and only a few suites, but he expressed himself in a characteristic and utterly sincere manner of his own. The suite heard yesterday, which shows very plainly the influence of Raff, is nevertheless a stimulating and individual work, which, like all the other music on the programme, was interpreted with the utmost sympathy by Dr. Muck.

SYMPHONY CONCERT.

Bauer's Playing Redeems
Brahms Concerto.

Dr Muck Gives Poetic Reading of
MacDowell Suite.

Globe Feb. 26/16

The symphony program yesterday consisted of Goldmark's overture, "Sappho," Brahms' second concerto in B flat major for piano and orchestra, Harold Bauer soloist, and MacDowell's suite in A minor. Dr Muck conducted.

Sappho, the classic bardess, the passion and fire of whose songs made men forget that she had not beauty, would have been a likely subject for the modern Frenchman. One may ponder upon what Debussy of 10 years ago would have made of her, an impression by Ravel or Florent Schmitt would be well worth hearing. Had Richard Strauss preferred her above a day's doings in his own household as a theme, the result might have had greater anthropological value. Goldmark can claim little subtlety of expression, but his is honest, melodious music, straightforward and written with a sense of what will "sound." The hearer observed that the poetess had both lyric and imperious moments. The bardic introduction, for the two harps in the set rhythmic sentences gives little warning of the storm about to break, a shrewd commentary upon femininity, whether Teutonic or Hellenic.

Fuller-Maitland, who is thrice eligible to the inner circle of the elect of Brahms, admits that apart from the thematic beauty of the first movement of the second piano concerto, "its unusual structure is apt to puzzle even educated hearers at first." Did Brahms write the fourth and last movement in a vein frankly reminiscent of the Hungarian dances, to cheer the drooping spirits from the other three? Until then, the piano is treated principally as an orchestral instrument. It has a graceful function in embroidering delicately the sustained song in cello and clarinet in the slow movement, but the soloist emerges but little from the ensemble until the final one. Much preceding has been cryptic, dry and pedantic as dust, a work for the student to hear and consider as a text. Mr. Bauer made the most of his opportunities and finished in a brilliant manner, with superb dash and triumph.

When will the visiting virtuosos bring to these concerts the inspired beauty, for example, of a work like MacDowell's second concerto, pages teeming with imagination, music richly rewarding the player, and a stimulation to the audience? The suite was welcomed yesterday. The clear sensitivity, the intimate poetic gift that would never have permitted this man to set down music that in some degree did not give back light and beauty, is instinct in these five numbers. Each needs no other guide to understanding than the captions they bear. The "voices" he heard were those of nature, of a fervid, rich and nimble imagination, and not those of a turgid contrapuntal problem.

Dr Muck revealed his fine sense of mood and of proportion in all that he did—in overture, concerto, in which the orchestra outstrips soloist, and in the suite. The virtuosity of the men was characteristic and the golden euphony of tone that which the ear never forgets.

THE WRONG OF CURRENT GOSSIP ABOUT DR. MUCK

Trans. — Jan. 7/16
Malicious and Wholly Unfounded Tales
That He Declined to Conduct for Mme.
Melba and That He Compelled Mr. Schel-
ling to Alter a Sub-Title of His Varia-
tions—Inventions Without Rhyme, Rea-
son or Justification—New Chamber Pieces
by Ravel and Mr. Hadley—Concerts in
Prospect

WHILE the Symphony Orchestra was making its monthly journey to New York and other cities to the southward in the week before last, Dr. Muck was attacked with the prevailing influenza and with a return of an affection of the throat for which he underwent an operation a few years ago. That operation, it now appears, was not as complete in result as either the patient or the surgeons anticipated. Thus ill, Dr. Muck was unable to conduct in the concert of the orchestra in Brooklyn on Friday evening, Jan. 7 and he led, altogether "on his nerve," in the concert in New York on the following Saturday afternoon. Returning to Boston, he took to his bed and put aside all thoughts of conducting at the concerts of last Thursday in Cambridge and of last Friday and Saturday in Boston. As already set down in this place, Mr. Kelley, the composer of the "New England Symphony," then to be played for the first times here, was notified of the mischance and asked to decide between a performance of the music under Mr. Schmidt on the appointed days or the postponement of production until next season. He preferred immediate performance, even under an assistant conductor. The fact that Mme. Melba was to assist the orchestra at these concerts lessened rather than increased the sense of obligation toward them that haunted Dr. Muck, inasmuch as her numbers filled a considerable space in the programme and would, so to say, go of themselves.

It is necessary to enumerate these petty details, of little concern to the public, because of the equally petty and, in some instances, malignant gossip that for two or three days has traversed the town. According to it, Dr. Muck feigned illness in order that he need not accompany Mme. Melba, a British subject, prone to discourse to all and sundry about the war from her point of view. To attribute such motives and such conduct to Dr. Muck, who sets his obligations to his work above all else, who is honesty and loyalty them-

selves, and who takes no thought of partisanship in all that concerns the Symphony Concerts, is woefully far from the truth and more suggestive of the minds of the fomenters of this gossip than of the conductor's own. He was much concerned because he could not conduct in Mr. Kelley's symphony, which, for a year, he had been holding for performance. He thought of Mme. Melba only as an eminent singer, who would suffice in herself for the audience.

Of a piece with this gossip is yet another potin—as the French call these malicious yarns—as to Mr. Schelling's set of variations played here a fortnight ago and repeated later in New York and in other cities. One of those variations the composer entitled, "August, 1914," and in it pictured troops going forth to "war without its glamor." As the yarn goes, Mr. Schelling intended to label the variation with some reference to the march of the German soldiery into Belgium: but Dr. Muck forbade him to do so, hinting at all sorts of pains and penalties to the music, if he did. It seems extraordinary that any human beings should believe that a conductor would so wreck a piece, virtually inscribed to him and to his orchestra, and that he had himself sought for performance—least of all human beings that for many a year have come to know Dr. Muck's integrity as man and conductor. The simple truth of the matter is that the variation was written as a picture of the beginnings of warfare in any or all of the nations that embarked upon it in the summer of 1914 and that Mr. Schelling, who by temperament, is fain to be all things to all men, was disposed to agree with any interpretation the partisans of any one of the warring countries might put upon it. Dr. Muck, as it happened, was concerned only with the music, but was superfluously sensitive to the alleged implications that certain experts in malignant gossip drew from it and cast at him.

Finally, to cap the climax, New York was entertained last week with the report that for ten days Dr. Muck had been feigning illness because he and Mr. Higginson were at odds, whereas within those same days Mr. Higginson had been authoritatively quoted as saying that so long as Dr. Muck chose to be conductor of the Symphony Orchestra he could remain in his present post. The management of the Symphony Concerts dignifies such preposterous surmise when it formally and sharply denies it; but it is not so well advised when it makes no announcement of Dr. Muck's inability to conduct because of illness until the audience has received the programme books on Friday afternoon, though it has known for days that he could not lead.

For eighteen months past, no man could have striven more zealously than has Dr.



Johannes Brahms.
From a photograph by Brasch, Berlin.

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Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1915--16.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

Dr. KARL MUCK, Conductor.

SIXTEENTH PROGRAMME

FRIDAY, MARCH 3, AT 2.30 P. M.

SATURDAY, MARCH 4, AT 8 P. M.

TSCHAIKOWSKY,

SYMPHONY No. 4, in F minor, op. 36

- I. Andante sostenuto; moderato con anima in movimento di valse.
- II. Andantino in modo di canzona.
- III. Scherzo; Pizzicato ostinato: Allegro.
- IV. Finale: Allegro con fuoco

VOLKMANN,

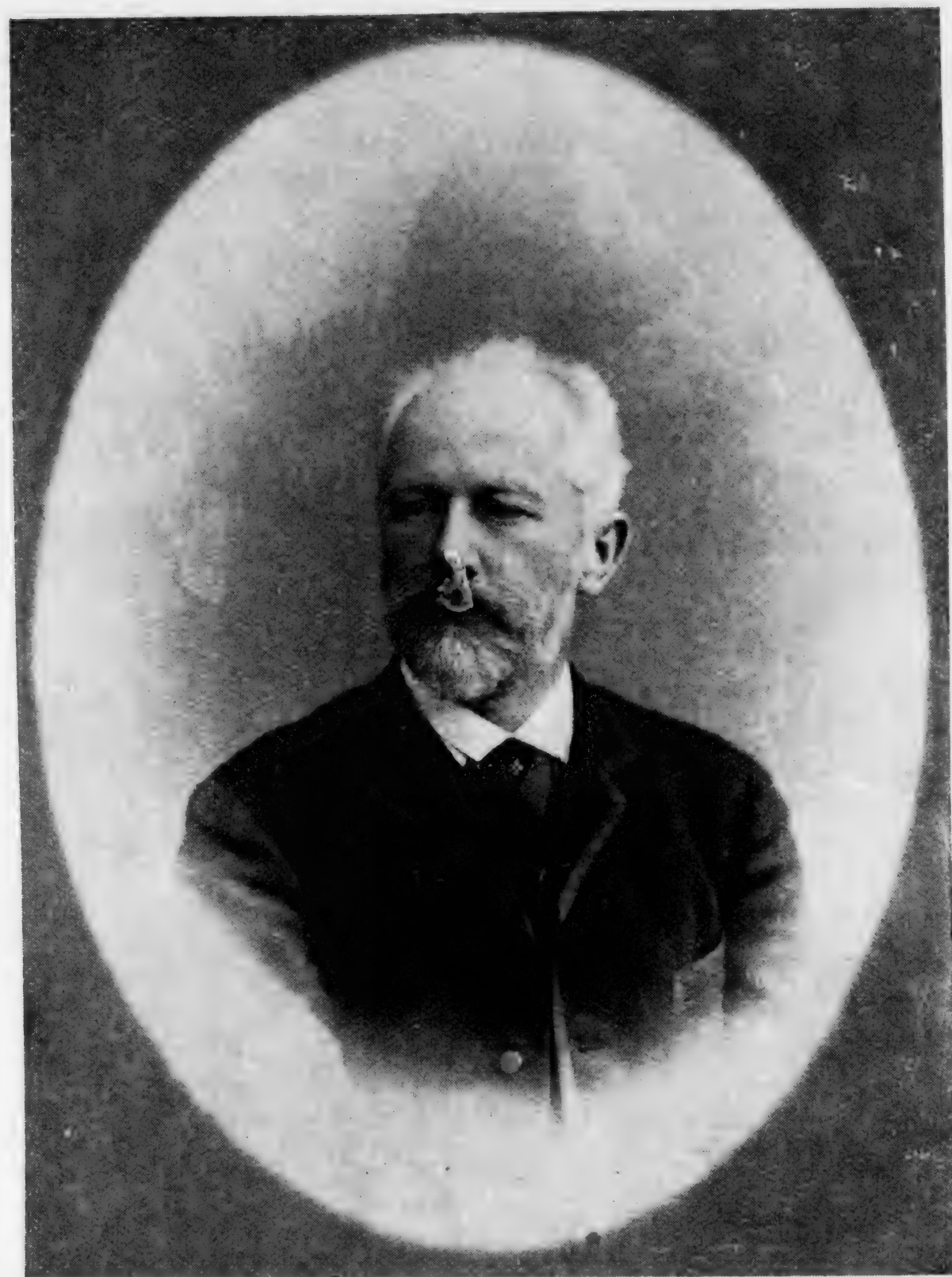
SERENADE for STRING ORCHESTRA, in F major,
op. 63

- I. Allegro moderato.
- II. Molto vivace.
- III. Waltz.
- IV. March.

RAVEL,

SPANISH RHAPSODY

- I. Prelude a la Nuit.
 - II. Malagueña.
 - III. Habanera.
 - IV. Feria (The Fair).
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PETER TSCHAIKOWSKY.

SYMPHONY CONCERT FINE ORCHESTRAL PROGRAMME

adv. Mel. 4. 1916
Enough Melodic Beauty to Satisfy Conservatives and Enough
Orchestral Glow to Fulfil Demands of Modern Radicals

By LOUIS C. ELSON

PROGRAMME

Tschaikowsky. Symphony No. 4, F minor.
Volkmann. Serenade for strings, No. 2.
F major.
Ravel. Spanish Rhapsody.

A good and strongly-contrasted programme, purely orchestral and with enough melodic beauty to satisfy the conservatives, and enough orchestral glow to fulfil the demands of the modern radicals. It is becoming evident that Tschaikowsky's fourth and fifth symphonies are emerging from the temporary eclipse into which the excessive popularity of the sixth symphony threw them. At each hearing they show themselves stronger than their weeping and wailing successor.

The interest began with the introduction. Dr. Muck threw the Motto theme (which begins the work, and forms its chief germ) at the audience, as if it were a cannonade. The contrast with happiness which soon followed was immediately nullified by this remarkable fate-figure, which had the merit of being easily followed and understood. Tschaikowsky here makes use of a waltz rhythm to typify pleasure, but not even he (nor Berlioz either) can persuade us that the waltz can rise to symphonic standards. But this particular waltz gradually leads to frenzy. It begins as a waltz and ends as a sort of Carmagnole. The spasmodic character of the first movement militates against its full success.

In the second movement we have the true Eastern folk-song flavor. It is a brooding and pensive style which is full of charm. And here the oboe and the bassoon deserve praise for the simple and dreamy manner in which their themes were given. And here also we have the promise of the future glory of Russian music. Its chief composers (unless stung by the modern tarantula, as Stravinsky and Scriabine) build on the folk-song as on a rock, and this may give them a supremacy over the German phrase and motive jugglers very soon.

The third movement, although not very definite, was agreeable, with its constant Coda, and it won the most enthusiastic applause so that the orchestra was obliged to rise in acknowledgement. The finale was the most striking movement of all, and it is typically Russian from first to last. It is like a merry-making of the Moujiks. But here, amid the hearty jollity of the peasantry, there still comes the fate motive of the introduction. The whole symphony seems to be a contest between the "joie de vivre" and a grim, pursuing Destiny. The subordinate theme of this Finale is an actual Russian folk-song—"A Birch-tree stood in the Fields"—although Tschaikowsky has somewhat altered its rhythmic structure. Again there was wild applause and again the orchestra arose in response.

Dr. Muck read the work with all that rough vigor that the subject demanded. Only the second movement was a respite from the excitement and abandon of the entire work. Will there ever come a time when some Russian composer will tone down this fury with something of the calmness of a Brahms?

To go from this wild work to the sedate Serenade of Volkmann was like going from Philip drunk to Philip very, very sober. It was a taste of the old Leipsic Conservatory type. Not that it was "Kapellmeister-musik," it was too beautiful for that, but it gave not one unnecessary dissonance, not one resolution that could not be justified by Richter. Many of the audience evidently enjoyed the sedative, it gave sweet repose to the nerves.

And it displayed our string orchestra in mazes of suave counterpoint, in which the ensemble was faultless. In this work, as in the Tschaikowsky symphony there was a waltz movement, but of a much more Chesterfieldian type than the very excited one which the Russian employed. Perhaps the Volkmann work suffered a little in coming after that wild Tschaikowsky finale, but after all

such gentility and serenity in Music, as Volkmann displays, is a respite which one might crave once in a while in these very excitable musical days.

The four short movements of this Serenade were given continuously, without pause, and Dr. Muck adopted the same course with the Ravel Suite which followed. It is a question whether this course does not puzzle some of the audience.

Dr. Muck gave a finesse to the Spanish Rhapsody that would have delighted its composer. There was mystery, and the hush of a tropical night, as well as the floating, and sometimes aggressive, dance rhythms which resounded through it.

How many composers of different nations seek their inspiration in Spain! Chabrier, Debussy, Rimski-Korsakoff, Dvorak, Moszkowski, and many others might be named, who have flavored their music with Garlic. Spain is the country of effective idealized rag-time attracts them. Nevertheless we do not find Ravel as distinctively Spanish as some of the others above-mentioned. He seems more intent upon giving brilliant experiments in tone-coloring than in preserving "local color." Yet Spanish dance rhythms are there. There is a Habanera which does not abolish Bizet's charming idealization of the strong rhythm. There is a Malaguena which is much more furious, and the Suite ends with a picture of a Fair in which all the modern hurly-burly is let loose; xylophone, tambourine, castagnettes, and muted trumpets, heaping one dance rhythm upon another, Fandango, Cachuca, etc., and almost all through the Suite there is a simple figure of four descending diatonic notes.

The Suite, consisting of four movements, has the merit of brevity, and its effective tone-coloring makes it continuously interesting. Of course it was bizarre, but, for all that, we found it to be one of the welcome additions to the repertoires of ultra-modern music. But poor Volkmann's genteel suavity, coming between the frenzy of a Moujik festival and the delirium of a Spanish Fair, was crushed between the upper and the nether mill-stone.

16TH SYMPHONY CONCERT OF THE SEASON GIVEN

Herald — *Mch. 4/16*
Tchaikowsky's Fourth Symphony Played—Shows Composer at His Best, Writing with Honesty and Frankness, His Musical Speech Being in Russian.

By PHILIP HALE.

The 16th concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Muck conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows: Tchaikowsky's Symphony, F minor, No. 4; Volkmann's Serenade for strings, F major; Ravel's Spanish Rhapsody.

The fourth symphony of Tchaikowsky was for a long time thought to be wild and barbaric. Even Mr. Nikisch, who was by no means lacking in courage, put only the two middle movements on a program of a concert here, and the whole symphony was played in Boston for the first time by the visiting New York Symphony Orchestra. The fifth was considered a much more "artistic" work. Then came the "Pathetic," which soon became as popular as a Turkish Patrol and thousands rejoiced in the luxury of woe and called on conductors for frequent hearings of the pessimistic document of the self-torturer.

Years go by. Fancies, likes and dislikes pass with them. If a man changes his skin every seven years, why should he not change his taste in art? Many now think that the Fourth Symphony is the one of the six that is most characteristic of the composer; the one that is also the most Russian in spirit. Only in the Trio of the Pathetic's Scherzo do they find a trace of the Slav-Orientalism with which the Fourth is charged. And for the Fourth, Tchaikowsky wrote a definite program that his friend Mme. von Meck might dilate with the proper emotion. This program, with the picture of the man checked in his pursuit of happiness by Fate; growing old and remembering bygone days when youth found pleasure in life; dreaming fan-

tastical dreams in which he hears gutter-songs of drunkards, in which his imagination plays queer pranks; and then the moral, with the injunction to seek happiness among the simple folk—this program is entertaining; it is instructive to those who wish to know Tchaikowsky, the human being, better; but it is not indispensable to one while the music is playing. Tchaikowsky himself ended his letter to Mme. von Meck with these words: "It is the characteristic feature of instrumental music that it does not allow analysis."

There are certain vexing matters of detail peculiar to Tchaikowsky even in this symphony; as the tossing of a comparatively unimportant phrase from one instrument to another without thus avoiding monotony; ginger-bread ornamentation of a phrase that is impressive by its inherent melancholy or pathetic sentiment. There is also at times, as in the Finale, a rudeness of expression that dangerously approaches vulgarity; but here enters the skill of the conductor, who, when there is reason for it, should glorify vulgarity and give it dramatic intensity. By the way, did Leoncavallo ever hear the circus-phrase, the preliminary flourish in this Finale? It is singularly like a musical sentence in the opening scene of "Pagliacci."

This may be said of the symphony: it shows Tchaikowsky at his best, writing with the utmost honesty and frankness, not searching out dramatic effects, but pouring out his own gloomy thoughts, his own emotions. At the same time there his musical speech is in Russian. In this symphony the composer is not cosmopolitan; he is a Russian whose music makes a universal appeal; nor is he a Russian simply because in the Finale he uses a folk-song.

Ravel's "Spanish Rhapsody" is delightfully impressionistic; a cunning study in rhythm and in orchestral colors. Is this music more faithful to Spain than Chabrier's Gorgeous "España," or Debussy's impression of Grenada? The Spaniards will not have "Carmen." What do they say to Granados or to Laparra with his "Habanera"? Perhaps some day when we visit our castles in Spain we may be able to determine positively this question for ourselves. Until then Ravel's "Rhapsody" is a fascinating work—but yesterday, in spite of the extraordinarily brilliant performance, we were wishing that the music was Chabrier's.

Between the two vivid works Volkmann's Serenade was a mild sedative: old-fashioned music by a composer once thought to be a radical, yet today the Waltz with its folk-spirit has a certain charm.

There were many features in the superb orchestral performance of the two chief compositions. It will be a long time before Mr. Longy's phrasing of the oboe song in Tchaikowsky's Andantino will be forgotten; and this was only one of many memorable mo-

ments.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The program of the concerts next week is as follows: Sibelius, Symphony No. 2; Schumann, piano concerto; Beethoven, Overture to "Coriolanus"; Stojowski, piano concerto, No. 2. Mr. Paderewski will be the pianist.

HONORS TO RAVEL BY SYMPHONY

Post — *Mch. 4/16*
Spanish Rhapsody Is
Brilliantly
Played

BY OLIN DOWNES

Tchaikowsky's fourth symphony, Volkmann's Serenade in F major, op. 63, and Ravel's "Spanish Rhapsody" made the programme of the concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. Tchaikowsky's work was brilliantly performed, and the humanity of the music, its frankness of appeal, its profound melancholy, its desperate gayety, and all the old Tchaikowsky tricks of instrumentation which it is the habit to make fun of, but which say so much in such an undeniably convincing way, stirred the audience. There was so much applause that the orchestra rose to its feet, and Dr. Muck was called back to the stage after the last movement more than once.

RAVEL'S RHAPSODY

Volkmann's serenade music, written without pretension and with only a little of the sadness characteristic of so much of Volkmann's music, likewise entertained. But the triumph of the concert, after which the orchestra should indeed have been called to its feet, was the remarkable performance of Ravel's rhapsody.

Ravel is an impressionist, but his impressionism is not confined to the cord of impressions of merely exterior derivation. There is a quality once grim and sensuous, savage and melancholy, in this music which is indeed tragic, at moments fate-ridden. The "Prelude a la Nuit," with its mournful dance refrain and its persistent figure of four notes which mounts this movement and the succeeding movements, and makes a final appearance in the midst of the madness of the Fair—this prelude, and the gibbering cadenzas of wind instruments which occur near its close—has a fantastical, macabre quality that even in these days of musical articulateness is hard to parallel in any other score. There is unending variety of color, for not confined to that furnished by instrumental combinations, but color, so, which is inherent in the musical eas, in the clashing of chords and intervals. The skill displayed in composition and instrumentation is monumental. It has often seemed that in the beginning Ravel followed Debussy. Today he is certainly his own master, and one of the marvels and enigmas of the modern French school. The music of this suite is sad and cruel, or gay, or hot with color and sunshine, and savage in its rhythmic power. A marvellous score, interpreted with a mastery little short of marvellous by Dr. Muck and his players. But not music for sentimentalism or pink tea, hence not music that found such favor as the reveries of Volkmann or the railing of Tschalkowsky.

SYMPHONY CONCERT.

9:30 ———— Mon. 4/16
Tschalkowsky's Fourth Is
Superbly Played.

Audience Urged Dr Muck to Repeat
Whimsical Scherzo.

It is rare that any demonstration is made for a repetition of a movement of a symphony at the Symphony concerts. Yesterday afternoon the audience would have been gratified had Dr Muck repeated the whimsical scherzo of Tschalkowsky's fourth symphony. Applause continued until the conductor invited the players to stand and share it with him before proceeding to the finale, an unusual occurrence during the progress of a composition of more than one movement.

This fourth symphony is strangely paradoxical. It reflects conflicting elements in the composer's life. Nadejda von Meck, the ministering angel to Tschalkowsky's worldly needs for a period of years, had made him free

from pecuniary worry, yet this was a term of depression, and when was not melancholy his neighbor?

Tschalkowsky's letters contain many allusions to the symphony. To Mrs von Meck he wrote with the candor and ardor as of a man to the source of his inspiration. To another he said there was not a bar which did not reflect some feeling within him. He made the sole exception of certain "labored and artificial" portions of the first movement. He sensed himself the breath-taking, winged exhilaration of the scherzo and wrote to this strange woman, who for a time gave him a priceless friendship only later to withdraw it, with the frankness and simple confidence of a child in his expectation of its success. Its ingenious use of the entire viol family, with plucked strings like whirling gusts of leaves, wind driven, now dropping to a whisper, now fanned into a miniature hurricane, is stimulating as it is distinctive in idea.

Blending the instinctive dramatic sense of the Slav with the acquired appreciation for the grace and sensuous beauty of Italian melody, absorbed under Italian skies, Tschalkowsky wrote, whether to a specific text in his operas, to a program in his symphonic poems, or to a dominating idea as that here of pursuing relentless fate with its motif in the brasses, never unmindful of the close identification of life in some phase with every musical thought. Absolute music did not exist to him for its form alone. His defense of the last act includes, with passages of fine barbaric fury, those of mere bombast and empty sound, but it is a symphony which holds much that is beautiful, if not great.

Volkmann's serenade for string orchestra was distinguished chiefly by the manner in which Dr Muck played its entertaining melodious music giving excellent opportunity to a nice balance of rhythmic precision and elasticity.

Ravel's picture of Spain in his rhapsody is not a flamboyant one of gay colors and animation such as Bizet saw in "Carmen." The prelude to the night, with its lurking, insistent figure, untiring as an organ point, the flaming, sensuous dances concealing more than they reveal, and the varied folk life of the fair are impressionism of indisputable character. The last movement was played with more percussion yesterday than necessary.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT

Trans. ———— Mon. 4/16
Easy and Pleasurable Music, Excellent
Performance and an Applaudive Audience
—The Contrasts of Tschalkovsky and
Ravel

WITH Tschalkovsky's symphony in F minor to begin Dr. Muck's programme and Ravel's Spanish Rhapsody to end it; with an audience variously and amusingly applaudive in the right and the wrong place, contrast, for once, was not lacking in the Symphony Concert of yesterday. Two pieces of music could hardly be further apart than is the Russian's from the Parisian's; while listeners who had applauded the string choir after the pizzicati passages in Tschalkovsky's Scherzo so heartily that the conductor called the musicians to their feet, clapped only scantily and scrappily at the close of Ravel's suite. The Scherzo is a pleasing and well-liked piece; to play stringed instruments with the fingers instead of the bow and to pick them so for some minutes (as Tschalkovsky prescribes) arrests the attention of an audience; and hence, perhaps, the impression abides that these pizzicati measures exact an extraordinary feat of virtuosity. As a matter of fact they do not, either in themselves or in comparison with the demands that Ravel lays upon all the divisions of his orchestra. He takes for granted a technical aptness and imagination in the players which Tschalkovsky hardly suspected; he writes what he will in whatever fashion he may choose for it and bids conductor and band give it vivid voice. They did yesterday with superlative skill and felicity. And a listening audience dismissed them with faint plaudits, whereas it had nearly rent its gloves over as vivid but by no means as exacting a performance of Tschalkovsky's symphony. That piece happens to be familiar and well-liked, while as yet Ravel's Rhapsody is "one of those French things, you know,—modern stuff.

No wonder that the house so rose to the Russian's music. The motives out of which it is to expand may not overpass the dullest ear; on the instant, almost, they become melodies, clear of profile and course, engaging the ear, suggestive to the fancy. There is no mistaking the phrase of relentless fate that begins the symphony to recur through the first movement; as obvious are the contrasting measures of restless or lulled submission. The slow movement is a brooding and changeful music, wistful in itself and melancholy of impression—not passion for all Tschalkovsky's sounding phrases about it, but of a pensive sentiment. His hearers "feel with him." The instrumental whimsies, the play of the light rhythms, the floating phrases of the scherzo give as easy pleas-

ure; and none may withstand the boisterous rushes and the clear folk-tune of the finale. Music with a tang to it, music of immediate and unmistakable suggestion, music that gives something of the pleasure of the theatre when we follow the moods and the voice of a personage clearly set before our eyes, music that is full of pleasing or stimulating diversions along the way. Gladly the listening ears hear the orchestra thrashing about with the motive of fate or lunging and lurching through the finale; as gladly they follow the caprices of the choirs through the scherzo or the appropriate instruments adding their color to the melancholy song. The workmanship is as transparent. To and fro through the orchestra goes a phrase that happens to catch Tschalkovsky's fancy; the arabesques spin themselves; at the due moment back comes the anticipated and easily recognizable melody. It all seems as easy as the pleasure of it and symphonic music does not often wear that guise.

Moreover, the music is full of the self-revelation—the expansive self-revelation—that most of us like to hear and with which Tschalkovsky is as prodigal as though he had a strain of the American temperament mixed with the temperament of the Slav. Reticence he knows not; the music of pure imagination lies not within his powers or even inclination; the music of universal voice speaking the impulses of the universal spirit is as far beyond them; he is little disposed to the music that might record and transfigure his impressions of external things as they reacted upon him. In these last three symphonies there is only one music that he can write—the music of his own individual sensations as he insistently searches out his own spirit. It is he and not the universe of men that endures relentless fate in a sad restlessness or a drugged submission; it is his spirit that broods in vague longing and wistful memories; that tries to play with capricious fancies, that plunges deep and wild into rough and riotous pleasures. In lengthy letters to his friends he may write of all these things as though they were universal moods and sensations, pleasure and pain; but so doing he is busy once more, as in his recording of them in tones, with self examination and self-confession.

The practice is dangerous even for a nature less sensitive, neurotic and introspective than Tschalkovsky's. It narrows mind and spirit to purely individual, closely self-centred and often rather hysterical expression; it tortures nerves, that need not be so bared, that other nerves may tingle; and it comes gradually to take a sensuous and a morbid pleasure in its own brooding. It dulls self-criticism and the mental faculties of control and selection. It relaxes standards. There is less hysteria in this fourth symphony, for example, than there is in the Pathetic; but there is more of this sensuous satisfaction in brooding and introspection to give form.

ly and color to motive and melody. The fourth is not so morbid as the fifth and the sixth symphonies, but there is the same relaxation in the choice of high means to high purpose. This self-revealing Tschalkovsky is as transparent as his music. With pleasure he feels his hearers feasting upon his spirit as well as upon his music. He and they have their sensuous satisfactions. No wonder that those who love pleasing and decently remote exhibits of emotions that they themselves know not, cherish him as a composer. And in his music what a mellifluous and transparent revelation it is.

Ravel's rhapsody seems almost at the opposite pole of music. All his powers of invention, imagination, manipulation and expression he concentrates upon his purpose—the suggestion through his pricking and mysterious prologue, his transmogrified dances, his tonal spectacle of sights and sounds at a fair of the folk, of a Spain that shall not be the Spain of operatic and symphonic, literary and pictorial, convention. He is never subjective; he is always objective; he is entirely occupied with the impressions he received from his Spain and with the projection of them upon his hearers. He does not glorify his rhythms, but keeps them bare and almost cold; he does not make his dances music of fiery impulse, but makes them move gravely and brokenly; he catches the mystery of darkness and distance and the insinuating tremor of them; the din of his folk-fair rises and falls, gathers and mounts always pungently. He writes an objective music; he writes it truthfully and exactly; he writes with means and in fashion that is the closest expression of all that he would convey. It is an old story that the means are the new idiom of French music; but he makes his own and distinguished use of them.

H. T. P.

Twelve Strokes---and Dr. Muck



From an Original Sketch by Gluyas Williams

Symphony Hall.

SYMPHONY HALL, BOSTON
SUNDAY AFTERNOON, MARCH 5, 1916

CONCERT IN AID OF THE
PENSION FUND
OF THE
BOSTON
SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA
DR. KARL MUCK, CONDUCTOR

The receipt of the following donations to the Pension Fund
is gratefully acknowledged:

E. S. C.	\$100.00
Mrs. G. P. S.	6.00

Symphony Hall.

WAGNER PROGRAMME

- I. Overture to "The Flying Dutchman"
- II. A Siegfried Idyll
- III. Selections from "Siegfried" and "Götterdämmerung" (Arranged by Hans Richter)—Siegfried's Passage to Brünnhilde's Rock (Siegfried, Act III.); Morning Dawn and Siegfried's Rhine Journey (Götterdämmerung, Act I.).
- IV. Good Friday Magic, from "Parsifal"
- V. Selection from "Die Meistersinger von Nürnberg" (Introduction to Act III. and Dance of the Apprentices, Procession of the Mastersingers and Homage to Hans Sachs—Act III. Scene II.).
- VI. Overture to "Tannhäuser"

Wagner and Dr. Muck

ANNUAL WAGNER THE USUAL FRAGMENTS UNDER DR. MUCK

The Routine Repertory Once More—Reasons Why It Should Be Widened—The Pleasure of the Audience, the Eloquence of the Conductor and the Response of the Band—The Good-Friday Spell from "Parsifal" for Relative Novelty

IF Wagner's music-dramas were regularly represented in Boston on an operatic stage, as they are in most capitals of music, there would be no occasion for "Wagner Concerts" in which fragments of those same music-dramas are played as quasi-symphonic pieces by an orchestra. As it is, we are dependent upon such performances of Wagner's operas as the Metropolitan Company may bring to us—three or four at most in a fortnight in the spring and seldom of any music-drama of the Ring. Through the rest of the season, if we are to hear Wagner's operatic music at all, we must receive it from the Symphony Orchestra. But Dr. Muck, like most conductors accustomed to Wagner in the theatre, has little inclination toward him in the concert-room. The "Faust Overture" and the "Siegfried Idyl," which are purely symphonic pieces, he puts on his programmes oftener than did most of his predecessors; but he is more sparing than they with the overtures and the preludes, which in the concert-room, may also pass for symphonic music—with a programme. Into the Symphony Concerts, he will obtrude not another measure of Wagner's music; and it was difficult to persuade him to open even the concerts for the Pension Fund to isolated fragments of the music-dramas, like the Apotheosis of Siegfried in "Götterdämmerung" or the Good-Friday Spell in "Parsifal," or to arrangements of more or less interrelated music from them. Now he has so far yielded as not only to admit the self-contained excerpts aforesaid but also such manufactured pieces as the potpourri from the third act of "Die Meistersinger" and Richter's collation of passages at the end of "Siegfried" and the beginning of "Götterdämmerung," that he included in his programme of yesterday as he has once or twice before in concerts for the Pension Fund.

Now, to yield so far is to yield the principle at stake. If fragments of Wagner's music-dramas are to be played at all in the concert-room—and operatic conditions in Boston imperatively require that they be so played, if we are to hear his music often—why confine the excerpts to a narrow routine? The Good Friday spell and the Glorification of Siegfried are not one whit more self-contained music than are the introductions to the third acts of "Tristan" or "Tannhäuser"; yet we never hear these at our "Wagner Concerts." Nay, the curtain has not risen while either is played, whereas the Good Friday spell is music to a visible picture and even occasional speech on the stage. Exactly similar music of picture and atmosphere is that for the Entrance of the Gods into Valhalla at the end of "Rheingold" or of the Forest Scene in "Siegfried," yet Dr. Muck will have none of them. Of course, it is true that the two introductions bear a definite relation to what has preceded them and to what will follow them in the music-drama before the eyes and the ears of the spectator. But is it any more essential to illusion than all that precedes and all that follows the Apotheosis of Siegfried? Yet Dr. Muck willingly plays the one in Pension Fund concerts, but rejects the others. The closing scene of "Rheingold" and the episodes of the sun-lit and whirling forest in "Siegfried" do not differ in their relation to visible sights and audible speech on the stage from the Good Friday music in "Parsifal," but Dr. Muck rejects the two pieces from the Ring operas and accepts the fragment of the "sacred festival play." Beyond peradventure the conductor has a logical mind, but wherein is the logic of these arbitrary distinctions that keep the music of Wagner that we hear from him in the rut of routine.

Admittedly, the collocations of fragments from this or that act of Wagner's music-dramas or from the whole opera itself, do not well bear æsthetic tests. That from the third act of "Die Meistersinger," played yesterday, is for example, no more than the Introduction, the Apprentices' Dance, the Entrance of the Masters and the Acclamation of Sachs set in a row along which orchestra and audience move as before an array of specimens. Richter's arrangement of the music that leads Siegfried to sight of Brünnhilde upon her fire-girt rock, that hymns their great love and that sends him forth along the Rhine does have more symphonic continuity and is more artfully put together; but the whole justification of it is, no less, the measure of Wagner that it preserves to the concert-room. Neither the one nor the other piece is appreciably better or worse by purely æsthetic standards than many

another such arrangement, like Colonne's epitome of "Das Rheingold," for example, or Thomas's of various scenes in the Ring operas that Mr. Stock occasionally uses to this day in Chicago. Collocations from "Die Walküre" or "Siegfried" or "Tristan" are not a whit more divorced from speech, action and picture on the stage and the conditions of the theatre generally than are the pieces from the third act of "Die Meistersinger." Dr. Muck sacrificed his consistency when he admitted two of these arrangements to the Pension Fund concerts. He would be no more inconsistent, he would please his public and he would do service to Wagner, if he now found room for others. Possibly, however, as there is no arguing about tastes, so there is no reasoning about prejudices.

Unquestionably a numerous, eager and dependable public craves these excerpts from Wagner that in the length, breadth and thickness of our musical year (which are considerable) only these concerts for the Pension Fund afford. A "Wagner Programme" is the one "sure thing" in the semi-annual arrangements for them—surer even than Tschalkowsky's "Pathetic Symphony" or cherished pieces of Beethoven. Yesterday, as many times before, the audience filled the concert-room from the highest to the lowest-priced seats, listened intently, applauded warmly and testified to its satisfaction in every way that such a company may do. In it, moreover, was every sort of listener from the connoisseurs of music in this town and the devotees of the Symphony Orchestra down to the hungry seekers after Wagner in any guise and the chance concert-goer for the pleasure he may receive. With all of these, better the overtures and the collocations which they had heard many times than no Wagner at all; they will come to hear them, so long as Dr. Muck elects to play them; but to question them and to note their chance talk in the intermission and between the numbers was to learn quickly that they are hungrier still for music from Wagner than now they never hear. Dr. Muck was scrupulously and persuasively loyal to Wagner, from his point of view, so long as he would admit nothing to the concert-room but the overtures, the preludes and the two symphonic pieces; but having let down the bars to excerpts he is not so loyal when he walks in the present path of routine. In a measure Boston is an operaless city; in still larger measure it is a Wagnerless city outside what of the music-dramas the Pension Fund concerts let fall on us.

Dr. Muck, moreover, is a celebrated conductor of opera—one of the few of the justest and the highest eminence in our time; the chances are that he will never lead in the theatre in Boston or anywhere else in the United States, unless an unbelievable good fortune should some time crown the desire of the Metropolitan to

make him its chief conductor; and Bostonian ears may only "sample" him, as it were, in such capacity when he plays these fragments of Wagner at the Pension Fund concerts. Memory is thick with recollections of his eloquence in them that the concert of yesterday renewed and amplified. We may seldom hear in the opera house such heightening modulation of pace and rhythm as he brought to the folk-dance from "Die Meistersinger," such mellow pomps of striding tone as ushered the masters upon the scene; such suspense and culmination, such illusion of all the assembled throng in song as that with which the orchestra acclaimed Sachs. Through the introduction to the third act, a single voice might have been speaking in soliloquy, such was the beauty of tone, the perfection of melting or pointed phrase, the sensuous suggestion of gentle or animated musing with which Dr. Muck suffused the music. The heroic clangors of Siegfried's ascent stilled themselves into the music of his awed wonder at the sight of the sleeping Valkyr and of the deep-voiced song that broods over them in the dawning. Then, of a sudden—as is the way of these arrangements—he was riding the Rhine in the flow of the Rhine-Daughters' melody. Again the sensuous beauty, the dramatic import and the pictorial quality of the music moved unitedly and thrillingly. It was epical and it was sung in the ears of the audience. The superb rush of the sea music, as in tonal gale, at the beginning of the overture to "The Flying Dutchman," is an old story "at these concerts" under Dr. Muck's hand. The upswelling breadth and depth of the closing measures of the overture to "Tannhäuser," as though all the choirs of all the earth were singing it, is as old. So, too, is the sensual bite and the lustful tang of the Venusberg and the tonal apotheosis—radiance above and darkness beneath—of Senta and her mariner. Yet in Wagner's music and under Dr. Muck's hand, they sound ever new.

As is the conductor, so is the orchestra in these "Wagner Concerts." The frequent-er of them waits in eager anticipation for the violins and then the violoncellos to sing as one man—and with what beauty of tone and what long-drawn loveliness of phrase!—the song of Siegfried and Brünnhilde; for the horns to intone the golden melody of the Rhine; for the rush of the excited strings before the Masters come; for Mr. Sand with the voice of Senta or of Tannhäuser in praise of Venus; for the richness of the brass in the quiring of the Pilgrims. The newcomer hears for the first time and the psychologists may decide whether the thrill of surprised or anticipated sensation is the keener. New to all ears, yesterday, was the Good-Friday Spell from "Parsifal," under Dr. Muck's hands. In San Francisco, last spring he added it to the Wagnerian repertory of the orchestra that the vernal freshness and stir, the soft limpidity and the gentle serenity of the music might exhale from its tones. So

much of the music of "Parsifal" seems the super-refinement in tones of Wagner's visioning. Here his lyric vision of the springtide in the solitary and shining meadows of the grail springs into instant but not less perfect being. It is his lyric of lyrics, even though the "Siegfried Idyll" stood beside it yesterday, with all the familiar wonders of a performance in which the orchestra sings and trills with a voice of shimmering and gossamer tones of which no human throat knows the secret and the conductor opens not only the immediate loveliness of the music but all that it implies of affection so deep and stirred that it must whisper even its joy. And operaless, Wagnerless Boston has barely one such concert in a whole musical year.

H. T. P.

FOURTH SYMPHONY OF TSCHAIKOWSKY HEARD IN BOSTON

Monitor — *Mar. 4/16*
SYMPHONY HALL—Sixteenth program of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Dr. Karl Muck conductor, afternoon of March 3 and evening of March 4. The program: Tschaiowsky, symphony No. 4 in F minor, op. 36; Volkmann, serenade for string orchestra, No. 2 in F major, op. 63; Ravel, "Rapsodie Espagnole," I, "Prélude à la Nuit; II, "Malagueña"; III, "Habanera"; IV, "Feria" ("The Fair").

The Friday afternoon audience liked the Tschaiowsky symphony so well that it insisted on the orchestra rising to receive its applause not only once but twice,—at the end of the scherzo and at the conclusion of the work. Herein did the Friday afternoon audience show its good judgment, for Dr. Muck gave such a reading of this score as ought to move any audience to fervid applause. Formal intellectualism, meticulous phrasing, precise and sardonic attention to the detail of the score were put aside and the warmth and color and intimacy that abound in its pages were brought out in very human fashion.

Tschaiowsky himself outlined a program for this symphony the burden of which seems to be that a certain malevolent fate steps in to thwart any happiness that a man may be about to experience. No matter whether he seek it in dreams and play of fancy or in recollections of the past or in intoxication or in forgetfulness of self in other's happiness, this extraneous power forbids him

to grasp that which he seeks.

Now a man is prone to find fate a convenient scapegoat for his own failures. Often what he calls fate may be simply the failure of existing economic conditions to make for harmony. Again his own moral weakness and consequent failure to meet a crisis is laid to fate. Sometimes just pigheaded blundering is magnified into the workings of fate. Thus it follows that the so-called fate motive in music is a somewhat elastic term. Few hearing the opening bars of Beethoven's fifth symphony could agree that they mean fate, even though this theory has been advanced, nor is it easy to find anything else in that work of transcending genius to indicate helpless man controlled by a sportive destiny.

Tschaiowsky, self-centered, oversensitive, introspective, abnormal in his perspective of human affairs, probably attributed to fate many things which a man of healthier temperament and a sense of humor would not have wasted a second thought upon. For instance, in his diary after conducting a successful concert he records: "My concert. Complete success. Great enjoyment—but still, why always this drop of gall in my honey-pot?"

So although this fourth symphony to the composer represented fate's interference with man's achievement of happiness, it is only natural that we should find it very human and understandable. What Tschaiowsky called fate we should have no trouble at all in finding another and perfectly rational term for, and differing with him thus in definition we are constrained to reject his whole thesis. It is a blessed fact that musical ideas cannot be transferred into words, except those such as a Strauss finds it necessary to express when he scores the baa-ing of a flock of sheep for trombones. Such procedure of course verges perilously near that kind of art involved in sticking real hair on a portrait head.

Dr. Muck, putting aside his usual cold aloofness, read the score as a human document, and the consequent appeal was instant and genuine.

The conductor did not, however, keep to this frame of mind. Such romance as there was in the Volkmann serenade was frozen out of it by the formalism of the rendering. Its poetry was turned

to perfunctory prose. The warmth of its waltz was chilled by overscrupulous beat. The vigor of its march was made mere emphasis. At best the piece cannot boast the beauty of illusive harmony or haunting melody; Dr. Muck seemed to take from it even that which it had.

Likewise with the Ravel number, the conductor seemed to say, "Go to, I will now play for you something modern, and I will play it just as it is written and maybe you will like it and maybe not; it is all one to me." So he played something modern and he played it just as it was written and the chances are that it was not greatly liked.

PENSION CONCERT.

Dr Muck Gives Another
All Wagner Program.

Audience, Filling All Symphony
Hall Seats, Applauds Orchestra.

Globe — *Mar. 6/16*
Dr Muck offered another all Wagner program at the concert for the Pension Fund yesterday afternoon. The numbers were as follows: Overture to "The Flying Dutchman," "A Siegfried Idyll," Hans Richter's arrangement from "Siegfried" and "Götterdämmerung," including Siegfried's passage to Brünnhilde's rock from the third act of the first and "Morning Dawn" and Siegfried's "Rhine Journey" from the first act of the second; "Good Friday Spell" from "Parsifal," selection from "The Mastersingers," including introduction to the scene of Sachs' soliloquy, "Dance of the Apprentices, Procession of the Mastersingers and Homage to Hans Sachs"; Overture to "Tannhäuser."
The incongruity Dr Muck believes to exist in introducing excerpts from the Wagnerian music dramas into the concert room is known to all who follow the ways of the Symphony Orchestra. The absence of Wagner from the usual Friday and Saturday concerts, except as some soloist sings from him, as Miss Farrar recently sang Elsa's first aria from "Lohengrin," whets the public appetite the keener for the once a year concert for the Pension Fund; when, as yesterday, the audience fills all seats. These occasions are more significant than the element of the unusual or the aid to the beneficiary account of the orchestra would indicate. At them Dr Muck appears for the only times in this

country as a conductor of opera, insofar as such performance of excerpts from Wagner without the singers, the equipment and setting of the opera house can be so named. In Europe his fame has been chiefly that of a conductor of opera. In this country he is known solely in symphonic music. The concert yesterday, in which Wagner's scores were played with a virtuosity in detail, a sense of balance, a flood of euphony, is peculiar to these occasions, which well may have prompted in many the desire to see Dr Muck enabled to show his powers as a conductor of opera; made general director here of a season of opera as of Symphony concerts, the latter to be less frequent than now, and to alternate in some manner with performances in the opera house. Taste for neither would become surfeited, for a gorging operatic season of three filled weeks at any time invites surfeit, and some equality for both institutions in basis of artistic direction, equipment and social constituency then could be obtained.

SYMPHONY GIVES PENSION FUND CONCERT

A large audience attended the Pension fund concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra in Symphony Hall yesterday. Dr. Muck conducted. A Wagner program was played, including the following: Overture to "The Flying Dutchman"; Siegfried Idyll; selections from "Siegfried" and "Götterdämmerung," arranged by Hans Richter; Good Friday music from "Parsifal"; selection from "Die Meistersinger," and the overture to "Tannhäuser."

The audience was generous of its applause and the orchestra itself showed that it had caught the spirit of the occasion. Wagner's themes, rich in unconventional contrivance, yet most exacting in demands on the wind and reed instruments, suffice to tax the resources of any well-equipped body of players; for the Symphony Orchestra they have slight terrors, since the instruments, some of them ever so infrequently employed, are at hand, and the men behind them are beyond the criticism which might befall less well trained and tried musicians.

The Good Friday music from "Parsifal" was given with all reverence due to the dignity and melodic richness with which Wagner invested it. Even more effective was the selection from "Die Meistersinger," which included the introduction to Act III, the dance of apprentices, and the procession of the Meistersingers. The concluding number, the always popular overture to "Tannhäuser," and as familiar to the frequenters of the "Pops" in summer as to the possibly more serious patrons of the mid-winter concerts, was given with admirable spirit.

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H. T. P.

FOURTH SYMPHONY OF TSCHAIKOWSKY HEARD IN BOSTON

Monitor

March 4/16

SYMPHONY HALL—Sixteenth program of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Dr. Karl Muck conductor, afternoon of March 4. The program Tschaikowsky, symphony No. 4 in F minor, op. 36; Volkmann, serenade for string orchestra, No. 2 in F major, op. 63; Rave "Rapsodie Espagnole," I, "Prélude à l'Nuit," II, "Malagueña"; III, "Habanera" IV, "Feria" ("The Fair").

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WAGNER BY Part March 4 1916 SYMPHONY

Master Playing at Pension Fund Concert

A large and representative audience gathered in Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon when the Pension Fund concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Karl Muck, conductor, was given, with a Wagner programme. This programme was as follows: Overture to "The Flying Dutchman," "Siegfried Idyll," selections from "Siegfried" and "Gotterdammerung," arranged by Hans Richter; "Good Friday Spell" from "Parsifal," introduction to 3d act of "Die Meistersinger," and overture to "Tannhauser."

The performances were brilliant, authoritative; the performances of a virtuoso orchestra led by a conductor deeply imbued with Wagnerian tradition. A conductor, moreover, who understands well the fact that tonal beauty was not the last consideration with Wagner.

In Dr. Muck's hands any work sounds euphonious, but in reading Wagner his peculiar sensitiveness to tonal values, his esthetic appreciation, goes hand in hand with his dramatic sense. Interpreted with such authority and appreciation these Wagnerian scores, by the side of later compositions, scores that once seemed mad to men, have now a flavor of classic repose and grandeur. The lines are so big and noble; the orchestra is so deep, so fundamental in its tone qualities. Where is the secret? Beside Wagner's orchestra the orchestra of Richard Strauss, for instance, is coarse and vulgar. In some way the secret of this deep tone, these simple and powerful sonorities seemed to have died. No greater master of the orchestra has appeared.

The programme offered a historic resume of Wagner's development as an artist, and further offered testimony to the versatility as well as the greatness of Wagner's expression. The orchestra excelled itself; the conductor, apparently as contained, as alert and master of himself as ever, bowed his thanks in acknowledgment of the most enthusiastic applause.

as there was in the performance was frozen out of it by the formalism of the rendering. Its poetry was turned

to perfunctory prose. The warmth of its waltz was chilled by overscrupulous beat. The vigor of its march was made mere emphasis. At best the piece cannot boast the beauty of illusive harmony or haunting melody; Dr. Muck seemed to take from it even that which it had.

Likewise with the Ravel number, the conductor seemed to say, "Go to, I will now play for you something modern, and I will play it just as it is written and maybe you will like it and maybe not; it is all one to me." So he played something modern and he played it just as it was written and the chances are that it was not greatly liked.

PENSION CONCERT.

Dr Muck Gives Another All Wagner Program.

Audience, Filling All Symphony Hall Seats, Applauds Orchestra.

Globe

March 6/16

Dr. Muck offered another all Wagner program at the concert for the Pension Fund yesterday afternoon. The numbers were as follows: Overture to "The Flying Dutchman," "A Siegfried Idyll," Hans Richter's arrangement from "Siegfried" and "Gotterdammerung," including Siegfried's passage to Bruennhilde's rock from the third act of the first and "Morning Dawn" and Siegfried's "Rhine Journey" from the first act of the second; "Good Friday Spell" from "Parsifal," selection from "The Mastersingers," including introduction to the scene of Sachs' soliloquy, "Dance of the Apprentices, Procession of the Mastersingers and Homage to Hans Sachs"; overture to "Tannhauser."

The incongruity Dr. Muck believes to exist in introducing excerpts from the Wagnerian music dramas into the concert room is known to all who follow the ways of the Symphony Orchestra. The absence of Wagner from the usual Friday and Saturday concerts, except as some soloist sings from him, as Miss Farrar recently sang Elsa's first aria from "Lohengrin," whets the public appetite the keener for the once a year concert for the Pension Fund; when, as yesterday, the audience fills all seats.

These occasions are more significant than the element of the unusual or the orchestra would indicate. At them Dr. Muck appears for the only times in this

country as a conductor of opera, insofar as such performance of excerpts from Wagner without the singers, the equipment and setting of the opera house can be so named. In Europe his fame has been chiefly that of a conductor of opera. In this country he is known solely in symphonic music.

The concert yesterday, in which Wagner's scores were played with a virtuosity in detail, a sense of balance, a flood of euphony, is peculiar to these occasions, which well may have prompted in many the desire to see Dr. Muck enabled to show his powers as a conductor of opera; made general director here of a season of opera as of Symphony concerts, the latter to be less frequent than now, and to alternate in some manner with performances in the opera house. Taste for neither would become surfeited, for a gorging operatic season of three filled weeks at any time invites surfeit, and some equality for both institutions in basis of artistic direction, equipment and social constituency then could be obtained.

SYMPHONY GIVES PENSION FUND CONCERT

Herald

March 7/16

A large audience attended the Pension fund concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra in Symphony Hall yesterday. Dr. Muck conducted. A Wagner program was played, including the following: Overture to "The Flying Dutchman"; Siegfried Idyll; selections from "Siegfried" and "Gotterdammerung," arranged by Hans Richter; Good Friday music from "Parsifal"; selection from "Die Meistersinger," and the overture to "Tannhauser."

The audience was generous of its applause and the orchestra itself showed that it had caught the spirit of the occasion. Wagner's themes, rich in un-conventional contrivance, yet most exacting in demands on the wind and reed instruments, suffice to tax the resources of any well-equipped body of players; for the Symphony Orchestra they have slight terrors, since the instruments, some of them ever so infrequently employed, are at hand, and the men behind them are beyond the criticism which might befall less well trained and tried musicians.

The Good Friday music from "Parsifal" was given with all reverence due to the dignity and melodic richness with which Wagner invested it. Even more effective was the selection from "Die Meistersinger," which included the introduction to Act III., the dance of apprentices, and the procession of the Meistersingers. The concluding number, the always popular overture to "Tannhauser," and as familiar to the frequenters of the "Pops" in summer as to the possibly more serious patrons of the mid-winter concerts, was given with admirable spirit.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA PLAYS FOR PENSION FUND

Monitor—*Mch. 6/16*
SYMPHONY HALL—Boston Symphony orchestra in concert in aid of its Pension Fund, afternoon of March 5. The program from works by Richard Wagner was as follows:

Overture to "The Flying Dutchman"; "A Siegfried Idyll"; selections from "Siegfried" and "Götterdämmerung" (arranged by Hans Richter)—Siegfried's Passage to Brünnhilde's Rock ("Siegfried," Act III.); Morning Dawn and Siegfried's Rhine Journey ("Götterdämmerung," Act I.); "Good Friday Magic," from "Parsifal"; selection from "Die Meistersinger von Nürnberg" (introduction to Act III. and Dance of the Apprentices, Procession of the Mastersingers and Homage to Hans Sachs, Act III. Scene II.); overture to "Tannhäuser."

Symphony hall filled yesterday afternoon, with even some standees, attested again that Boston likes Wagner. Another composer's name on a Pension Fund program sometimes is the cause of empty seats, Wagner's never. This liking for Wagner's music cannot be attributed altogether to the fact that it is seldom heard in the regular concerts of the orchestra. Neither is its popularity because it can be called "light music," easy to hear and understand. There must be some curious affinity between the state of Boston's musical development now and Wagner's music. Possibly we are emerging from the swinish condition that has been described of our musical appreciation. Possibly we should emerge a little faster did Dr. Muck unbend a trifle and give less meticulous and pedantic readings.

The audience was liberal in its applause for conductor and men and thereby indicated its willingness to learn whatever Dr. Muck might choose to teach it regarding Wagner. These Pension Fund concerts are an opportunity such as any conductor might envy, for there is an eager public ready to absorb such ideas as he chooses to give out. It is an opportunity to extend among us the appreciation of music and involve the spirit of service that should make a conductor glad to be able to help formulate musical taste.

Advs Symphony Concert *Mch. 6/16*

A concert was given Sunday afternoon by the Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Muck, conducting, in aid of the Pension Fund, with an all Wagner programme as follows: Overture to "The Flying Dutchman," a Siegfried Idyll, selections from "Siegfried" and "Götterdämmerung" arranged by Hans Richter; "Good Friday Magic," from "Parsifal"; selection from "Die Meistersinger von Nürnberg," Overture to "Tannhäuser."

Although a long programme, the unusually large audience remained seated to the very end, with particularly enthusiastic applause after "The Flying Dutchman" and "Tannhäuser" Overtures. These two well-known compositions never lose their charm and the orchestra played them as if inspired. The remainder of the numbers were not quite as well known as the opening and closing overtures, yet, under Dr. Muck's able leadership they also revealed much of their wonderful meaning. It is only with such an organization as this orchestra that many of the beauties of Wagner can be brought forth, especially in the slow tempos.

Criticism is hardly in keeping with the spirit of the concert, so suffice it to say that the afternoon was thoroughly enjoyed by a large number of people in aid of a most worthy cause.
A. E. W.

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BALCONY

2d BALCONY

1st Hall

Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1915--16.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

Dr. KARL MUCK, Conductor.

SEVENTEENTH PROGRAMME

FRIDAY, MARCH 11, AT 2.30 P. M.
SATURDAY, MARCH 12, AT 8 P. M.

SIBELIUS,

SYMPHONY No. 2, in D major, op. 43

- I. Allegretto.
- II. Tempo andante ma rubato.
- III. Vivacissimo. Lento e suave.
- IV. Finale. Allegro moderato.

BEETHOVEN,

OVERTURE to Collin's Tragedy, "Coriolanus" op. 62

STOJOWSKI,

CONCERTO No. 2, for PIANOFORTE, op. 32

- I. Prologue. Andante con moto
 - II. Scherzo. Presto ma non troppo
 - III. Theme and Variations
- (Played without pauses)
(First time in Boston)

Soloist:

I. J. PADEREWSKI

Steinway Pianoforte used

There will be no Public Rehearsal and Concert next week.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA PLAYS FOR PENSION FUND

Monitor M.H. 6/16
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Adm. Symphony Concert M.H. 6/16

A concert was given Sunday afternoon by the Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Muck, conducting, in aid of the Pension Fund, with an all Wagner programme as follows: Overture to "The Flying Dutchman," a Siegfried Idyll, selections from "Siegfried" and "Götterdämmerung" arranged by Hans Richter; "Good Friday Magic," from "Parsifal"; selection from "Die Meistersinger von Nürnberg," Overture to "Tannhäuser."

Although a long programme, the unusually large audience remained seated to the very end, with particularly enthusiastic applause after "The Flying Dutchman" and "Tannhäuser" Overtures. These two well-known compositions never lose their charm and the orchestra played them as if inspired. The remainder of the numbers were not quite as well known as the opening and closing overtures, yet, under Dr. Muck's able leadership they also revealed much of their wonderful meaning. It is only with such an organization as this orchestra that many of the beauties of Wagner can be brought forth, especially in the slow tempos.

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A. E. W.

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BALCONY
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Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1915-16.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

Dr. KARL MUCK, Conductor.

SEVENTEENTH PROGRAMME

FRIDAY, MARCH 11, AT 2.30 P. M.
SATURDAY, MARCH 12, AT 8 P. M.

SIBELIUS,

SYMPHONY No. 2, in D major, op. 43

- I. Allegretto.
- II. Tempo andante ma rubato.
- III. Vivacissimo. Lento e suave.
- IV. Finale. Allegro moderato.

BEETHOVEN,

OVERTURE to Collin's Tragedy, "Coriolanus" op. 62

STOJOWSKI,

CONCERTO No. 2, for PIANOFORTE, op. 32

- I. Prologue. Andante con moto
- II. Scherzo. Presto ma non troppo
- III. Theme and Variations
(Played without pauses)
(First time in Boston)

Soloist:

I. J. PADEREWSKI

Steinway Pianoforte used

There will be no Public Rehearsal and Concert next week.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA PLAYS FOR PENSION FUND

Monitor Mch. 6/16

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SYMPHONY HALL
Sunday Afternoon, March 5, at 3.30
MAR. Pension Fund Concert
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of the
Boston Symphony Orchestra
ADMIT ONE
2d BALCONY \$1.00

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MAR. Good Only On SUNDAY AFTERNOON
Symphony Hall
2d BALCONY
RIGHT
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Advs Symphony Concert Mch. 6/16

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Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1915--16.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

Dr. KARL MUCK, Conductor.

SEVENTEENTH PROGRAMME

FRIDAY, MARCH 11, AT 2.30 P. M.

SATURDAY, MARCH 12, AT 8 P. M.

SIBELIUS,

BEETHOVEN,

STOJOWSKI,

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III. Theme and Variations
(Played without pauses)
(First time in Boston)

Soloist:

I. J. PADEREWSKI

Steinway Pianoforte used

There will be no Public Rehearsal and Concert next week.

17 - 2

THE SYMPONY CONCERT

Trans. ————— Mel. 11 / 16

PIANIST AND COMPOSER HAND IN HAND

Mr. Paderewski Plays Mr. Stojowski's Concerto, Transfigures It and Almost Persuades the Audience It Has Heard a Remarkable Piece—Beethoven's Overture to "Coriolanus" in Contrast—A Long-Overlooked Symphony of Sibelius

IF there is a twentieth-century Pepys in Boston, it is earnestly to be hoped that he was present and observant in Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon or that being mistakenly absent then he will not fail to be in his place this evening. Already, doubtless he has recorded in his diary the amusing incidents and atmosphere of a Symphony Concert when Mr. Paderewski, appearing as "assisting artist," takes full possession of it, while an excited audience all agog to see and hear, listens and applauds. Yesterday, however, one of these interesting entertainments was raised to a new and higher power. For Mr. Paderewski, as the managers say, was "presenting a protégé"—Mr. Sigismond Stojowski, a fellow Pole, now resident in New York where he is an estimable teacher of the piano, an occasional virtuoso of the concert-room and in his leisure a composer too. In fact it was as a composer that Mr. Paderewski "presented" his friend. The elder Pole was quite willing to play both Schumann's concerto and Mr. Stojowski's but, since the two on one programme would have prolonged the concert into a third hour, he chose between them. Naturally he selected that of his countryman and pupil. The audience would probably have preferred Schumann's, but such a predilection is a detail quite beneath Mr. Paderewski's consideration.

Accordingly Mr. Stojowski's second concerto—or as he sometimes calls it a Prelude, Scherzo and Variations for Pianoforte and Orchestra—filled forty-five minutes of the concert in the ears of an audience that, as sundry acute observers remarked, seemed appreciably disappointed and disillusioned as it ran its course. Some even affirmed that the applause at the end was not so hearty as it used to be when Mr. Paderewski had bestowed the powers that he lavished upon Mr. Stojowski's music upon some classic concerto seemingly more worthy of them. It sufficed, however, to recall him ardently and at a second summons to bring with him the beaming composer. The two Poles saluted the audience and soon drew Dr. Muck, hitherto an interested bystander, over his little platform to share the plaudits. Everybody, except, possibly, the faintly smiling conductor, con-

gratulated everybody else, and the innocent-minded must have believed that they were fortunate enough to be present on a great occasion when a new "master-work" was born to the world, say like the Prize-Song in "Die Meistersinger" that a whole quintet must hymn. Then the concert proceeded, according to ancient custom, which is to say that Mr. Paderewski played extra pieces to his audience, taking a just delight in the beauty and the poetry with which the enkindled pianist glamored them.

So was Mr. Stojowski's concerto graced by his great and good friend; yet even so, the impression does persist that it is not exactly a notably interesting or at all important addition to what the catalogues call "the literature of the piano." Once upon a time Rachmaninov wrote a concerto so difficult that he himself, a long-practised virtuoso, could not play it. Mr. Stojowski has played his; but it is hardly less full of exactions upon the pianist that serve no clear aesthetic purpose and make little impression, even technically, upon the ear. Being a pianist, the composer should have been kindly disposed toward his instrument; yet time and again, he sets it in tonal conflict with the orchestra, while, as often, it comes off second best. Or he seems to count it only one more instrument in the band to be used for rhythmic interruptions, colorful contrasts or garlanding ornament. Very seldom, even in a long set of variations, does he seek its characteristic voice for the beauty or the power with which he would swell his music. If a pianist had not written the concerto it would be safe to say that the piano does not "sound" in it and that his chief pre-occupation was with the orchestra.

As a symphonic piece, the concerto seems no more remarkable. The motives from which it springs and the ten variations fall clearly, though not impressively upon the ear. The workmanship in the development of them is studious and resourceful. Usually the expected happens in play of rhythm, modulation, harmony, progress and climax. When it does not befall, the substitute is more ingenious than quickening. Mr. Stojowski lacks imagination, creative emotion and more than conventional mood in the invention of his motives and his processes with them. Almost never comes the stroke that sets ear, mind and spirit a-tingling; seldom is there sustained or enkindling mood; as rarely comes token of poetic impulse or any other passion than that of workmanship; only in the scherzo is there hint of playful fancy.

Certainly such music needs all the transfiguring that a pianist like Mr. Paderewski may bestow out of himself. He played it as though he believed in the concerto to the last measure, and in such faith and hope was lavishing all his powers upon it. More than once they seemed to give unity to a fragmentary piece; to clothe measures in a beauty that was of his touch, tone, feeling and imagination; to suggest ampli-

tude and ardor where there was really little; to enrich and transform the music into illusion of sound, mood and fancy through his own puissant temper. These powers and many another that the concerto called into play are thrice familiar; but almost always Mr. Paderewski exercises them upon music that in itself makes almost equal return. Yesterday they were in new and rare function—the transfiguring of music that in itself was commonplace.

On the orchestral side, Dr. Muck, whose impressions of the day must have been many and various, did like service to Mr. Stojowski's concerto, steadily animating, warming and, so far as it was possible, characterizing the music. He held the orchestra tense upon it; he kept the balance true and elastic between the band and the pianist; and he made details tell that performance had been no more than filling or ornament as the composer put them to paper. Moreover, unlike Mr. Paderewski, the conductor through the first half of the concert had music worthy of his own and his orchestra's mettle—Beethoven's overture to the forgotten "Coriolanus" of a dull and dry Viennese poet and Sibelius's second symphony that he has hitherto somewhat strangely overlooked for the less mannered and more roundly speaking first and the singular and baffling fourth. Perhaps the overture is almost too familiar a repertory piece. As many a conductor and orchestra play it by routine, so probably most of us listen in as inert a fashion. We hear familiarly the mighty measures of the beginning—how much Beethoven can make of his chords and his orchestra in fullest voice. We hear familiarly the proud and chafing motive called of the masterful Coriolanus—with what vigor Beethoven has invented and fashioned it. We hear familiarly the succeeding motive, called of the gentler moods of the Roman—how readily and fully Beethoven can command this softer and almost pleading beauty in a few measures before even they begin to be melody. And so onward to the end with the usual impressions in our ears and the usual response on our lips.

Yet if Beethoven's overture instead of Mr. Stojowski's concerto had been labelled "first time in Boston" what would not the more sensitive hearers have experienced of it and what might they not have answered to it. Those mighty chords, those grandiose unisons seem still to set the Roman and the tragic scene. Out of music of pride and passion bearing all before them rises the figure of the Roman himself. Out of music that melts the ear and the heart, his spirit softens. The overture speaks in the tones of his implacable pride, his stern rages, his indomitable temper and surges with the strife that they provoke, while within and around that softer motive is persuading him to compassion and even yielding. The strife mutters itself away; the music darkens and is still with the stillness of a spirit that quenches itself rather than submit. Here, we should

say, had a composer of our time written the overture, is tonal tragedy in epitome and here music that calls into vivid, impassioned being the heroic personage whose spirit it would open. Here we should say Beethoven writes as the Greek tragic poets wrote of their heroes whose pride and will is their downfall. We should exhaust our praise over music of such tonal might and such tragic eloquence. But the overture to "Coriolanus" is only a classic—say to bridge the way from Sibelius to Stojowski. H. T. P.

STOJOWSKI WORK SOLO NUMBER OF MR. PADEREWSKI

Monitor — *Mch. 11/16*
SYMPHONY HALL — Seventeenth program of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Karl Muck, conductor; afternoon of March 10. The program: Sibelius, second symphony in D major, op. 43; Beethoven, "Coriolanus" overture, op. 62; Stojowski, piano concerto No. 2, op. 32 (first time in Boston, Ignace J. Paderewski, soloist).

It was the part of friendliness for the Polish pianist to bring with him on his visit a piece written by a fellow-expatriate. Moreover, it was the part of graciousness for him to present the work of a man who has earned leisure to compose through toil as a teacher in an American music school. A Symphony concert soloist could hardly come before the public with better motives. The audience that would not warmly applaud him when he walked on the platform would indeed be lost to all ideas of hospitality.

Concerning the share of the audience in the occasion, anybody might think of more things than applause. One might almost say of the subscribers and others who filled the hall that if they had not stayed in their places, even to the last person, until the program ended, they would have been a churlish gathering. But this would be out of the way of stock comment. For the code of musical aesthetics is one-sided. It expects a pianist to play well. It says nothing as to how he shall be heard. Reviewers note much about what should be and should not be on the further side of the footlights and little about the ought and the ought not on the hither side. They are careful to weigh individual responsibility, careless to mark collective responsibility.

Reason enough why they should be, since it is commonly reckoned more or

less of a condescension for one human being to sit up straight and give heed while another shows off his powers at such a pastime as touching the keys of a piano. No more natural impulse can be conceived than for the hands of the first human being to reach for a door handle when those of the second reach for the keyboard. The æsthetic code, a social expedient doubtless anyway, demands that the artist shall keep that impulse from becoming effective.

Mr. Paderewski can hold the impulse down in 2700 people at once. He is very likely the only performer before the public who can do it with the particular 2700 that assembles Friday afternoons in Symphony hall. With the Stojowski concerto, which is written to be played without pauses, he had an advantage that he would not have had with an old-school work; but, all allowances made, his exploit in keeping the attention of a volatile audience at the end of the day was remarkable.

Necessarily he could not have won this sort of success unless he had something to say to his listeners. He could not have achieved it on the reputation for former playing or on mere brilliance of execution. He must have held his house with a substantial and consecutive message. Nevertheless few listeners will in any likelihood come forward with extended accounts of his communication to them. The day is scarcely to be regarded as one in which the pianist made profound revelations. It could not be so from the nature of his selection. The prelude, scherzo and variations which he played are less than a decade from the composer's pen. And the Polish pianist does not express himself with music of such fresh issue. He speaks at his best only through the old master-works. And this less because of their style than because of their associations. He is one of those interpreters who gather up in their work the thought of all the players of the past. He is little of the contributor, much of the summarizer. That is why he is the most popular pianist of the times. He is the poet of the accepted and the verifiable. Some of his less applauded contemporaries are the poets of the unproved and the problematical. His playing is of unspeakable value because of its conserving qualities. It holds the comment of all the men of the nineteenth century

who pondered over the pages of Beethoven, Liszt, Schumann and Chopin. It is encyclopedic, and it is of indisputable authority but it does not look forward.

The concerto which the artist brought to hearing was no bar to his expression because of any modern feeling it contains but only because traditions have had short time to gather about it. It is a gratifying composition to listen to, having much of the pleasing sonority of Mahler's music and a small amount of the passion of Wagner's. The scherzo has an individual kind of humor and the whole piece moves. The score is compact, clear and vigorous and has no waste pages.

The most interesting number of the program as far as the orchestra was concerned was the Sibelius symphony, which was executed with great brilliancy, the brass instruments being played with especial distinction. So well was the work of the Finnish composer given that a rather improvised reading of the "Coriolanus" overture could be condoned.

17TH SYMPHONY CONCERT OF THE SEASON GIVEN

Herald — *Mch. 11/16*
Paderewski, Soloist, Plays Piano
Concerto No. 2 by Stojowski,
First Time in Boston—Com-
poser Present and Is Led
Upon Stage by Pianist to Ac-
knowledge Plaudits.

By PHILIP HALE.

The 17th concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Dr. Muck, conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows: Sibelius, Symphony No. 2, D major; Beethoven, Overture to "Coriolanus"; Stojowski, Piano Concerto No.

2. Mr. Paderewski was the pianist.

When Mr. Gericke produced this symphony of Sibelius 12 years ago, the music was unintelligible to many in the audience, who could say only this: it was depressing. The composer was classed with Dismal Jemmy. The symphony was not heard again for nearly six years. Dr. Muck had not put it on a program before yesterday. It probably appealed to him as it did to Mr. Fiedler before him.

The music was undoubtedly effective yesterday, but the applause was incited chiefly by the sonorous close. The constant repetition of a short theme with ever increasing force excited the nerves of the hearers. Nearly every "apothecosis," provided it be broad and vigorous—not to say screaming—will put the hearers in a state when they too are eager to make a joyful noise.

The symphony as a whole is a strange work, which in purely musical quality and in dramatic expression, falls below the first symphony of this composer. The themes of the first two movements are vague; they are short walls, or snorts of defiance. The treatment of them is episodic. The Scherzo has more sustained interest and the Finale to which it is joined without a pause is, as we have said, effective, mainly by reason of repetition and the long crescendo.

Here and there are passages of wild beauty and imposing strength, but they are separated by others that are not interesting. The instrumentation is too often thick and muddy. Where the musical thought is clothed in becoming and picturesque orchestral dress Sibelius has a trick of introducing instruments, especially the brass, which are incongruous, damaging to the established mood, and without a really striking contrast. It is as if a garment of garish or vulgar color were suddenly added to those in quiet taste.

Mr. Stojowski's concerto was played for the first time in Boston. Performed for the first time in London in 1913, when the composer was the pianist, it was played by Mr. Stojowski in New York a year ago, and by Mr. Paderewski in New York last week.

It had been announced that Mr. Paderewski at the concert yesterday would play this concerto, also Schumann's, which he has never played, at a subscription concert of the orchestra in Boston. The disappointment was keen. The two concertos, however, would have made the program unreasonably long. Mr. Paderewski preferred, then, to do honor to his fellow-countryman.

Stojowski's concerto has many pages that at once win favor. It is tuneful; the themes are easily grasped; the Scherzo is vivacious and a free use of pulsatile instruments keeps the attention alert. The Prologue is really a first movement. It is, on the whole, the best constructed and the most expressive. The Scherzo contains much that is only agreeable tinkling, but the swiftness, a certain grace, and a sparkling instrumental dress insure immediate popular-

ity. The Finale is a theme with variations. Like nearly all composers who employ the variation form, Mr. Stojowski has no mercy on the endurance of his hearers. If the number in this concerto were reduced to one-half, the whole effect would be greater. There are pleasing pages; there are some that have genuine beauty; others show merely toil and trouble.

It is needless to say that Mr. Paderewski, who was warmly greeted, played the concerto con amore, bestowing on the work of his fellow-countryman the care and attention that he would give to that of any "classic" composer. He brought out all that was inherently fine, and pages that were less interesting had for the moment an excuse for their existence. Fortunate composer, to have such a pianist, such a conductor and such an orchestra to introduce an unfamiliar work before an audience not personally acquainted with him! Stojowski was led upon the stage by Mr. Paderewski, and they, with Dr. Muck, bowed repeatedly. The audience insisted on Mr. Paderewski playing for it after the concert was at an end.

This concert will be repeated tonight. There will be none next week. The program for March 24 and 25 will be as follows: Goetz, overture "Spring"; Volkmann, Concerto in A-minor for 'cello (Mr. Warnke, 'cellist); Hill, symphonic poem, "The Parting of Lancelot and Guinevere" (first time here); Mendelssohn, "Italian" Symphony.

PADEREWSKI PLAYS.

Brings New Concerto of Unequal Value.

Sibelius' Noble Symphony No. 2 Superbly Performed.

For many the presence of Mr Paderewski dominated the Symphony concert yesterday afternoon. He last appeared as soloist with the orchestra two years ago this month. The eminent pianist still fills the public eye. The increasing gray in his hair makes him no less a personage. There well may be the hush of anticipation, of expectancy, for that moment before the burst of applause when the door to the artists' room opens and the familiar figure appears. It is not often that any concert stage holds at one time such a conductor, such an orchestra and such a pianist, with all that he stands for as musician and as patriot.

The three movements of Mr Stojowski's concerto, which was being played for the first time in this city, are without intervening pause, and bring all the resulting applause to the end. The scene yesterday was an unusual one in the

concert course of appearing, performing, applauded and departing soloists. The audience's tribute to Mr. Paderewski was instant, eager and enthusiastic. But he was not too preoccupied to remember his associates with appreciation, bowing to the orchestra, twice seizing Dr Muck's hand and bringing him before the audience. At his second appearance from the retiring room Mr Paderewski came leading out Mr Stojowski, the composer. Both insisted that Dr Muck climb over the conductor's stand, whether he would or no, and take the applause with them. The composer then began to thank the members of the orchestra personally.

Mr Paderewski may have his own reasons for choosing the work of his fellow-countryman and former pupil for this occasion. Mr Stojowski lives in New York, where he gives lessons upon the piano. He has appeared in Boston on several occasions as a pianist, in ensemble and in recital. A pianist himself, he has written a singularly un-pianistic concerto. The solo instrument for the greater part is embroiled with its fellows, struggling to avert being engulfed by them. At other times it is one of them in the general treatment of ideas that have no particular relation to the piano as a means of expression.

There was the fine passage of impassioned song in the orchestra to the sweeping embroideries in the piano and the solo instruments share in the theme to the final variations which are to be remembered with the few lyric moments, but these are rare. For the greater part the pianist sets in the orchestra; he is required to reinforce its dramatic utterances, to punctuate rhythmic accents, to aid in piling up tone in a musical fabric which often is purely orchestral, if it is anything, far more often than it is calculated to offer a medium to a solo instrument with an orchestral frame.

There are some fine thoughts in Mr Stojowski's music, but they are jumbled with much that is irrelevant. The score is cluttered. There is too little definiteness of purpose. There are too many fragmentary ideas. The theme in the finale, together with parts of the first movement, should be excellent material for a work reflecting the composer's ardent spirit and animation, but with greater unity and clearness.

Mr Paderewski of course made the most of the music; displayed the magnetism, authority and fire which long have distinguished him. As the one alone for whom such dispensation exists, he played at the close of the program, and was compelled by the usual demonstration following to add to it.

A performance of unsurpassable nobility and beauty, which is worthy of more consideration, was that of Sibelius' second symphony, which preceded. Dr Muck interpreted in deep sympathy this music in epic mold, heroic in fiber of soul and towering in vision. A no less splendid performance of the Coriolanus overture followed.

MR. HEINRI

PADEREWSKI PLAYS WITH SYMPHONY

Post Mel. 11/16
Pianist and Sibelius'

Work Share the Honors

BY OLIN DOWNES

Ignace Paderewski was the soloist at the concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Karl Muck conductor, yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. Mr. Paderewski played Sigismund Stojowski's second concerto for piano and orchestra, which was heard for the first time here.

Sibelius' second symphony, a mighty work, made scarcely less of an impression on the audience than the remarkable performance of Mr. Paderewski.

PLAYED AS WRITTEN

Performing the second symphony yesterday for the first time since he has been in Boston, Dr. Muck found occasion to restore passages which Mr. Fiedler cut. Mr. Fiedler, as his performances showed, did not lack enthusiasm and understanding of this work, but he feared its length, and he made some substantial shortenings, if memory serves, in the slow movement and in the finale. He also made some minor changes in the instrumentation, although these were few. Dr. Muck restored the passages eliminated by Mr. Fiedler, with advantage. He restored the original instrumentation in some places, but unless our ears were very much at fault yesterday, he doubled the wood-wind instruments in more than one place, with an occasional result of undue heaviness and coarseness of tone.

Aside from this, and certain details of tempo concerning which so distinguished a musician as Dr. Muck has certainly a right to his own conclusions, the performance was stirring in the extreme. The commentator on mu-

is overwhelmed with his own helplessness when he endeavors, if he is so foolish, to try to record in words his impressions of such a work and such a performance as that of yesterday afternoon. The only adequate criticism of music is music. The second symphony of Sibelius, for us, is even finer and more powerful than the first, long a favorite here. As regards distinction and individuality of material, far more pregnant ideas, a greater mastery of instrumental effects, and a much more profound spirit, this symphony leaves its predecessor far behind.

A Lament and Defiance

The slow movement alone would be enough to place the second symphony in a niche by itself. That movement is itself a saga, a noble lament, a Berserker defiance. Music of the days when there were giants in the land, of pagan heroes who saw the gleaming gates swinging asunder as they fell in battle. So passing, they surely heard music, while the winds skirled about them, similar to that of the apotheosis of the last movement of the symphony heard yesterday.

Each performance of this work, and of other representative compositions of Sibelius, strengthens the impression of a talent more powerful in some respects than any other to be met with today. Take the themes of this symphony—the strange theme played by the bassoons and the contrasting lyrical theme of the second movement, the theme, 42 measures in length, which introduces the finale—where is the composer who can equal this breadth and arch in his building material? True, the themes of the first movement are short, but how significant! Especially the second theme, a sort of a wild call, which is developed with unending resources and dramatic power.

Every Instrument Tells

The music has, indeed, a seven-league stride of the music, a primeval force felt in every measure, yet the means employed by the composer are very simple, and his orchestra is small. How much each instrument says! What an arresting physiognomy, as one might say, has this orchestra, come out of the north, and resounding with the harmonies of northern nature! No wonder that the audience was excited, that the symphony swept the listeners from their feet. Would that there were more such works in the repertoire. Would that other composers might arise, with one half the ideas and the spiritual greatness of this man from the Northland.

After the performance of the symphony Dr. Muck was recalled several times and the orchestra rose in response to the applause. The Beethoven overture, which also says so much in a compass much smaller than that of

the vast composition of Sibelius, was the bridge to the concerto of Mr. Stojowski.

Paderewski in Best Mood

Mr. Paderewski had originally intended to play Schumann's concerto as well as that of Stojowski, but on account of the length of the programme the masterpiece was omitted, while the novelty remained. No one will refuse to do Mr. Paderewski honor for his faithful service to a friend. In the hands of another the reception of the work would not have been the same. The concerto is lacking in musical substance, though effectively put together. The themes, curiously enough, have not a Polish character, but savor considerably in two instances, of what is Celtic.

But the composition is far better than the "Phantasy," played by Mr. Stojowski at a concert in the Boston Opera House in 1913. Curiously enough, there is a theme in the former work which reminds one of a theme of the "Phantasy." The concerto is far more concise and effective, and of course has a very brilliantly written piano part.

But the work does not require such careful regard as the performance. In this performance, indeed, Mr. Paderewski again played as only he of living pianists can play if he so chooses, with incomparable fire and elan, with creative mastery, with a tone of unutterable beauty of singing passages, with unlimited power and technical resource.

Virtuosity in Double

With Paderewski and with Dr. Muck in collaboration, the performance for sheer fire and virtuosity would be difficult indeed to parallel. It is a memorable thing to play as Mr. Paderewski played. It is not a small thing to have accompanied him as Dr. Muck accompanied, and we doubt if any musician enjoys himself more than Dr. Muck, with his fine nervousness, when he is driving with two race horses, the one a virtuoso of overwhelming temperament, and the other an orchestra that he has only to think as quietly as very few men save Dr. Karl Muck can think, in order to have it do his bidding.

After this performance the ordinary rule of no encores at the Symphony concerts was again relaxed, as it usually is when Mr. Paderewski is the soloist, and the pianist responded to the joy of those who applauded, and also those who languished and made for the edge of the platform.

PADEREWSKI AND SYMPHONY CONCERT

PIANIST TRIUMPHANT

AND CROWD ADORING

Sibelius and Beethoven Sufficient

Sop to Those With

Orchestral Tastes

By LOUIS C. ELSON

PROGRAMME

Sibelius, Second Symphony, D major.
Beethoven, "Coriolanus" Overture.
Stojowski, Prelude, Scherzo and Variations.
Piano and Orchestra.
Soloist, Ignaz Paderewski.

When Paderewski appears at the Symphony Concerts the orchestra hitches its wagon to a star and consequently becomes a trailer. It was not to hear the Sibelius symphony or the "Coriolanus" overture that a crowd of patient waiters began to gather at the hall door early yesterday morning in the midst of a snow storm. We are afraid that Sibelius and Beethoven, on this occasion, were merely tolerated by many of the audience. Stojowski's work was intrinsically not the least important upon the programme. But if Paderewski chose to play Czerny's "Velocity Studies" he would still draw an adoring crowd. Nevertheless we may voice our regret that the noble Schumann concerto, which was first announced, was withdrawn. That would have given us the king of pianists in a fittingly royal work, even though the Stojowski concerto was astonishingly effective.

Nevertheless Sibelius and Beethoven were a sufficient sop to the Cerberus with orchestral tastes. Sibelius' second symphony is by no means as crabbed as his fourth, yet, possibly on account of its sombre content, it has not often been given here. Gericke introduced it and Fiedler played it, and it was interesting to study Mr. Muck's interpretation yesterday. He made much of its solemnity and gave its sadness as if he were illustrating Longfellow's lines:—

"A feeling of Sadness comes o'er me
That is not akin to Pain,
And resembles Sorrow only
As the Mist resembles Rain."

Hon. Andrew D. White, long our Ambassador to Russia, has told the present writer that the Finns seemed to him the noblest people that he had come in contact with in Europe. It may be that Sibelius is to do for Finland what Chopin did for Poland. May he have a happier history to transmute into tones.

Originality is in every part of the work. Not that St. Vitus kind of originality which is in much modern music, but an originality that is combined with sincerity. The very first movement has a chief theme that is strikingly new without being bizarre. The tone-coloring, too, is effective and Sibelius seems as thorough a master of the wind instruments in deep register as Tchaikowsky himself.

There is an attractive weirdness to the second movement which is emphasized by the basso ostinato of the contra-basses, with pizzicato mystery against a strange theme on the bassoons, excellently played. If the second movement had been shorter it would have been more effective, but when a Scandinavian gets to brooding it is impossible to confine him within reasonable limits.

In the last two movements one found the folk-song flavor of the North. Sibelius has the knack of catching this folk-song spirit so thoroughly that many commentators have imagined that he used the actual songs of the people. All his themes are his own, however. In much of the northern music there is a picturesque monotony of reiteration which has a peculiar charm, but we think that Sibelius drives this too far, so that much becomes mere and meaningless repetition. The ground bass seems a favorite device of Sibelius, for after the long one of the second movement (pizzicato), we found another in the finale. But the climax was very noble and Dr. Muck read it with great breadth. This symphony has moments of genius, even if it is not entirely a masterpiece. It is too fragmentary, however. Dr. Muck read the last portion in King Cambyse's vein and the brasses were often very heavy. The trumpeters fairly blew their lips off. Nevertheless the symphony won two recalls and a stand-up!

What a pity that Beethoven never read Shakespeare! He would have given the most wonderful orchestral pictures of an Othello or a Lear that could be imagined. This "Coriolanus" is Collins not Shakespeare, but none the less the imperious character of

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the hero is drawn as if the composer had read the lines:—

"His nature is too noble for the world:
He would not flatter Neptune for his Tident,
Or Jove for's power to thunder."

To us Beethoven's greatest overtures are those where he depicts such a hero, as in this or in the "Egmont" overture. The massive, broad strokes with which he does this are worth more than the frenzies of the "Leonore No. 2" or "No. 3." Right nobly did Dr. Muck read the three figures which begin the work and reappear in the centre and at the end, and the subordinate theme was given in tender contrast. The graphic picture of death, in the Coda, was also very effectively drawn. But here there was not so much applause, for all were now waiting for the great event.

Then came the magnetic Pole, with his Stojowski offering. If we ventured to regret the Schumann concerto it would still be unjust to imagine Mr. Sigismond Stojowski as an unknown or inferior composer. He won the first prize for composition, as well as piano-playing, at the Paris Conservatoire, and he has been a favorite pupil of Paderewski. We recall hearing him in Boston some 10 years ago, when he gave the impression of being a Jupiter Tonans of the piano, and his compositions left a good impression. This concerto is a composition of real value.

It is the first time that we have heard one of Mr. Stojowski's works in the large forms. We are thankful that he keeps to symmetrical form and is not a disciple of tonal ugliness. It is needless to say that his work was played with all possible effect. Paderewski abundantly proved that he is still the greatest living pianist.

The concerto is a free one, as the title in the above programme may show. It stands to the classical concerto about as the symphonic poem

does to the Symphony. It begins and ends in free Fantasia style. The orchestration is good and the piano well interwoven with it. There are noble climaxes, well worked up, and the great pianist made the most of these.

The Prologue is long for such a prelude, but the work as a whole is of modest dimensions. The contrasts between pastoral and military effects in the Scherzo are finely arranged.

The theme of the finale is a splendid one, both intrinsically and for variation purposes. But we scarcely like the variation form for a concerto finale; it generally puts ingenuity in the fore, and poetry in

the background. Nevertheless, these variations were in excellent contrast of power, rhythm, and general treatment, and the final pianissimo ending came as a surprise.

Altogether then there was a "raison d'estre" for the Stojowski concerto, and when Paderewski brought forth the composer from the green-room there was intense enthusiasm.

The programme was ended, and yet nobody left the hall; in fact, almost everybody remained seated. This was because they knew the Symphony Concert rule: "No artist is allowed to accept an encore—EXCEPT PADEREWSKI!" Therefore, when we left the building the great pianist was giving a supplementary programme, to the frenzied delight of a vast crowd of rapt adorers.

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Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1915--16.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

Dr. KARL MUCK, Conductor.

EIGHTEENTH PROGRAMME

FRIDAY, MARCH 24, AT 2.30 P. M.

SATURDAY, MARCH 25, AT 8 P. M.

GOTZ,

OVERTURE, "Spring"

VOLKMANN,

CONCERTO for Violoncello and Orchestra, in A minor, Op. 33

E. B. HILL,

SYMPHONIC POEM, "The Parting of Lancelot and Guinevere" (After the Poem by Stephen Phillips)
(First time in Boston)

MENDELSSOHN,

SYMPHONY in A major, "Italian"

Soloist:

MR. HEINRICH WARNKE

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Symphony Hall.

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Dr. KARL MUCK, Conductor.

EIGHTEENTH PROGRAMME

FRIDAY, MARCH 24, AT 2.30 P. M.

SATURDAY, MARCH 25, AT 8 P. M.

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OVERTURE, "Spring"

VOLKMANN,

CONCERTO for Violoncello and Orchestra, in A minor, Op. 33

E. B. HILL,

SYMPHONIC POEM, "The Parting of Lancelot and Guinevere" (After the Poem by Stephen Phillips)
(First time in Boston)

MENDELSSOHN,

SYMPHONY in A major, "Italian"

Soloist:

MR. HEINRICH WARNKE

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Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1915--16.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

Dr. KARL MUCK, Conductor.

EIGHTEENTH PROGRAMME

FRIDAY, MARCH 24, AT 2.30 P. M.

SATURDAY, MARCH 25, AT 8 P. M.

CORNELIUS,

OVERTURE to the OPERA "The Barber of Bagdad"

VOLKMANN,

CONCERTO for VIOLONCELLO and ORCHESTRA, in A
minor, op. 33

E. B. HILL,

SYMPHONIC POEM, "The Parting of Lancelot and
Guinevere" (After the Poem by Stephen Phillips)
op. 22.
(First time in Boston)

MENDELSSOHN,

SYMPHONY in A major, "Italian," op. 90
I. Allegro vivace.
II. Andante con moto.
III. Con moto moderato.
IV. Saltarello: Presto.

Soloist:

MR. HEINRICH WARNKE



Leader of the 'Cello Section

Heinrich Warnke, who is noted for his work in this position, is also well known as a soloist.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT

Irano. — Mich. 25/16

ROUTINE RELIEVED BY BAND AND CONDUCTOR

Agreeable Music from Cornelius, Mendelssohn and Volkmann Much Glamored by the Performance—Mr. Warnke as the Poised 'Cellist—For Novelty Mr. Hill's Cerebral Tone-Poem

BETWEEN them, yesterday, Dr. Muck, Mr. Warnke and the orchestra clothed with mild interest a Symphony Concert that might otherwise have been routine. The tradition of occasional "homage" to Mendelssohn by the performance of one of his symphonies still lingers, and it is possible to recall with amusement the excited discovery of Mr. Fiedler that none had been played for many a season and the clapping of "The Scotch" forthwith into almost the final programme of the year. For this intermittent "homage" that same "Scotch" has gradually become the serviceable symphony; no one nowadays thinks twice about "The Reformation"; while, for ten years until yesterday Dr. Muck and Mr. Fiedler had equally overlooked "The Italian." Like much other music, so labelled and written in a day when the pursuit of local color and the impression of place is much keener than it was in Mendelssohn's time, the symphony belies its name. Though he conceived it and worked upon it in Italy, he might seemingly have written it as plausibly in his own Berlin or his cherished London. The Victorian commentators liked to say that the first movement expressed the joy of living; but even in Boston it is possible to feel and—in a measure—release that mood. The second—they affirmed—was akin in sentiment to the recounting in tones of old romantic tales; but they may be retold in any time and place when the impulse possesses the teller. The minuet—they suggested—is a lyric of warm and musing content, a temper that does not necessarily imply local color. The truth is that the only Italian suggestion in Mendelssohn's symphony springs from the saltarello out of which he builds his Finale. He heard the dance that he transmutes into "art-music" in the highways of Naples or Rome; but he might as readily have read it off an engraved page in Berlin and decked and developed it in his father's garden.

In this twentieth century, most of us listen to the "Italian" symphony as so much "absolute" music and find it pretty, pleasing and dexterously made. The melodic ideas are lucid, limpid, flowing, ingratiatingly mellifluous, agreeably touched with sentiment, developed with smiling orthodoxy, ready resource and amiable de-

tail. About it, as about so much of Mendelssohn's music even to this day, hangs the suggestion of high-spirited, sensitive and sentimental youth, very well-bred, very much at ease with itself, with an engaging aptitude for the invention and the manipulation of tones. In spite of "Elijah" and other pieces of his final years, Mendelssohn seems sometimes the composer "who never grew up," and not a little of his music that the twentieth-century likes best to hear—the "Sea-Calm" overture, for example, or the prelude and intermezzi for "A Midsummer Night's Dream"—is fullest of this youthful freshness of impression and eagerness of voice. Yet with all its spirit, the speech is always suave and elegant. Because Mendelssohn's music is so smoothly and skillfully made, and because the symphonies at least are played in these days only as a "fitting homage," the temptation is strong upon conductor and orchestra merely to reel them off and have done. Dr. Muck is too intelligent and conscientious, too resolved to give any and all music vitalizing and characteristic speech, to let even the Mendelssohn of the symphonies merely "slide." The euphonies of the orchestra yesterday might have melted the composer's ear; the zest of the rhythms might have warmed his spirit; the pure and plastic flow of his instrumental song, with little heightening strokes sparkling like ripples upon it, might have seemed the music of his imagination as well as of his pen. The performance did more than reanimate and glamor the symphony. It gave it character and not altogether faded glory.

Conductor and orchestra did like service to Cornelius's overture to his operatic comedy, "The Barber of Bagdad," which somehow gained and has somehow kept—perhaps through illustrious eulogists—a reputation hard to discover in intrinsic deserts. It is all very well to write, as Mr. Weingartner does, of "the poet-musician, Peter Cornelius"; now and then audiences hear one or another of his songs that mildly justifies the designation; but this overture to "The Barber of Bagdad" is no more than happily imagined and skilfully conducted preluding to an amusing light opera that happens to be of Oriental scene and episode—exuberant patter at the beginning; pompous parody at the end; light energy and chortling vivacity throughout, diversified here and there with sentimental, fanciful and tender song. A pleasurable piece but hardly more in the routine of opera house or concert-room, but yesterday sounding like a brilliant little masterpiece of spirited and sparkling improvisation, when the strings raced and twittered through the patter in the lightest of rhythmic stroke; when the brasses paid mellow homage to the barber; when the horns and the wood-winds lent their gentle and colorful song; when the

whole orchestra, glinted with the gaiety of the music and the gaiety of its own virtuosity. Once more as in not a few Symphony Concerts of the year, the performance was more stimulating than the piece.

It was so again with the concerto that Mr. Warnke played, according to the annual lot of the first 'cellist of the band, becomingly rising from his place when his turn came and as becomingly resuming it as soon as the hearty and friendly applause of the audience gave him leave. He chose Volkmann's concerto, again mellifluous, sentimental, dexterous music, easy to scorn yet not displeasing pastime to hear. The piece is not so long as to make the limited speech of the 'cello tedious; it does not waste instrument and virtuoso on dry and tricky passage-work for the expert ear and none other; it keeps songful measures and bravura episodes within the normal voice of the bass of the string choir; unlike most such concertos—and played as it was yesterday—it has a distinct, if faded charm. Over-emphasis would make it saccharine; routine would make it dull; but Mr. Warnke, as his way is when he turns "soloist," played it in perfect poise—with edgeless and lustrous tone, flowing always yet plastic to every impulse of the music; with light ease and sureness in running ornament, displayful interval or artful transition; with agreeable sentiment for the music and much finer feeling for the gentle and grave voice of the violoncello itself. Mr. Warnke is no forthputting and showy virtuoso; those who must have a big thing in a big way would call him ineffective; yet few 'cellists of our day have his sensibility and skill with the subtleties and the suavities of the 'cello. They are quite as interesting as its large and orotund voice and a deal more unusual.

The contrasting piece to these three was Mr. Edward Burlingame Hill's tone-poem, "The Parting of Lancelot and Guinevere," originally heard at St. Louis three months ago, then described in these columns and now deservedly played at the Symphony Concerts. Not that it is remarkable music in itself; probably Mr. Hill himself would not so contend; but it is as interesting and individual in its kind and degree as many a composition from German, French, Russian and English pens that easily gained room in orchestral concerts in the United States when scores and parts came readily over-sea. Confronted by notable music, Dr. Muck, Mr. Stock, Mr. Damrosch, Mr. Stokowski and the other conductors have been quick to play it whatever the hand that fashioned it. Before new music that, so to say, was all in the day's work, they have sometimes seemed—perhaps by unconscious impulse—to prefer the foreign to the native composer. Agreed that not a measure of music should be played because an American has written it, unless it also deserves performance for its own intrinsic sake. But the error of conductors in the past—an error, however,

into which Dr. Muck has seldom fallen—was to prefer the average foreign product to the average American product, half by natural inclination and half because it was usually better made. Not a few pieces by European hands have been played in Boston and in many another American city that were not one whit more interesting and impressive than Mr. Hill's tone-poem. As many have been played that fell far below the accomplishment of Mr. Carpenter in his recent suite of the tone-baby or of Mr. Schelling in his remembered variations. We might not have heard either had not the publishing and the exportation of music nearly ceased in Europe; while, but for that corrective condition, Mr. Hill's piece would hardly have been produced at all. This equalized opportunity for American composers of interest and individuality, even though they be of second and the third rank, is one of the consequences of war-time that deserves to outlast it.

Verses by Stephen Phillips, of like title with the tone-poem, suggested Mr. Hill's music. They record graphically and movingly the final parting of the lovers, in the pale moonlight that makes them and the convent-court shine ghostly against the surrounding darkness. Memories of meetings that were not partings haunt them; they cling together and speak their longing and their ruin, their soft ecstasies and their bitter woe. The queer swoons into the arms of her women. All the May night, distraught, the knight rides the forest. . . . Source and cause for music, surely, and for music best cast into the free body and march of a tone-poem. Mr. Hill has written it in modern and even ultra-modern wise. Short and impinging motives characterize Lancelot, Guinevere and, as it seems in the epilogue, their fate. These motives are not developed and interwoven in intricate polyphony, saturated with harmonic elaboration or drenched in instrumental color in the fashion of which may now be fairly called the Straussian generation. In the newer and current mode, which flows out of Paris rather than Munich, they are wrought, bit by bit, into a fabric of tones that is more sensitive and incisive; that seeks harmonic subtlety rather than opulence; that prefers sharp or shaded instrumental tints to ornate vestiture; that relies more upon adroit modulation and sharp-set juxtaposition than upon large and emphatic manipulation of the musical mass; that addresses itself to the comprehending mind and the sympathetic imagination of the hearer rather than to his nervous excitement.

Mr. Hill is learned and apt in the new manner; he practises it out of warm and sincere conviction. He may even, with all his skill and intelligence, occasionally overdo it. His misfortune in his tone-poem is of another sort. Neither his motives nor the tonal fabric that he thus weaves out of them awakens more than answering comprehension in the hearer. Here and there, it is true, the music for an instant sum-

mons the suggestion that poet and composer would gain; for a moment there is illusion of scene, mood, passion. Then, for long, long intervals, Mr. Hill seems to be mentally working out the emotions of Lancelot and Guinevere, his own sensations from them and the music in which he would embody them. The inevitable result is as cerebral a response from his audience.

H. T. P.

TONE POEM BY BOSTON COMPOSER

Post ———— Mch. 25/16
Symphony Performs

Hill's Work for First Time

BY OLIN DOWNES

Edward Burlingame Hill's symphonic poem, "The Parting of Lancelot and Guinevere," after the poem of Stephen Phillips, was played for the first time anywhere, at the concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Karl Muck conductor, yesterday afternoon, in Symphony Hall. There was more than ordinary curiosity about this work, because of Mr. Hill's already unusual accomplishments as a composer. Few American musicians have become so finely masters of their craft. Mr. Hill, solidly grounded as a musician, has been a curious and earnest student of all modern music. He has investigated with the broadest appreciation. He has acquainted himself with the most significant discoveries of contemporaneous composers of all schools. He has an exceptional mastery of the orchestra, and a native refinement of style. He had chosen a subject which invited musical expression.

ROMANCE AND TRAGEDY

In the poem of Phillips, Lancelot and Guinevere meet once more, after Guinevere has immured herself in a convent. Lancelot rides out of the night—there is momentary suggestion in the music of hoof beats, a suggestion rather fanciful than literal—and in the shadow of the convent walls explores a kiss. It is denied him.

There is the memory of a May night and of the kisses that brought ruin. Guinevere hopes yet to see God. As two trees sway in the night wind, these lovers bend longingly toward each other. But Lancelot departs, weeping, through the forest, and Guinevere, like one dead, is born away.

The music suggests the quivering night, when every flower is a menace to the peace of the soul, and the appearance of Lancelot, whose theme is a fanfare given to trumpets and horns. The music rises and falls in climaxes of emotion. There is the suggestion of the leave taking, the parting of fate that rules with a merciless hand.

Mosaic of Small Motifs

The longing theme of Guinevere, the knightly music of Lancelot, are combined and developed, in modern fashion, with the aid of the myriad colors of the modern orchestra. In this tone-poem there are passages of value, moments when the music takes flight and carries the hearer on its wings. The introduction and the preparation of the Lancelot theme, certain climatic passages which immediately follow, the scene of the farewell—all this is conceived with sincerity and at times with real expressive power. But the work as a whole does not correspond to the best of its component parts. The composer's flight is not sustained. The music, which at times develops a broad line, remains, in the writer's opinion, a mosaic of small motifs, combined in sections, rather than a continuous whole. Mr. Hill has written honorably, sometimes with true and moving eloquence, and with a quality of workmanship which must command the respect of every musician. But we prefer other of Mr. Hill's compositions.

Refuses to Bow

There was prolonged applause after this performance. Dr. Muck returned several times to the stage, but the composer, who was present, did not show himself to the multitude. Many composers have done this at Symphony concerts, and with less occasion for doing so.

The remainder of the programme consisted of Cernelius' overture to "The Barber of Bagdad"; Volkmann's 'cello concerto in A minor, and Mendelssohn's "Italian" Symphony. One suspects Liszt of more than a little editing of Cernelius music, which, in its best estate, is excellent music for a comedy.

It has piquant rhythms and harmonies, and the instrumentation, in which Liszt had a hand, is truly modern, full of brilliancy and color. Dr. Muck conducted an excellent performance.

Mr. Warnke set himself a difficult task. Volkmann's concerto is by now thoroughly a bore, with a pervading monotony of mood and tonality, and many passages of a wholly conventional character. The instrumentation is also dull, relieved by incongruous and a unintentional humor when a flute answers a bassoon or some other instrument of low register and the cello interjects short phrases, also in a low register, as suggestive of the grunting of a dissatisfied porker as of anything else. Mr. Warnke's performance, in itself, was admirable. It was righteous to perform again the genial symphony of Mendelssohn, which found much favor.

SYMPHONY PLAYERS GIVE 18TH CONCERT

Herald *March 24/15*
Performance Is of Highest Order—Dr. Muck Especially Successful in Bringing Out Best Efforts of Hill's Symphonic Poem — Heinrich Warnke Is Soloist.

The 18th concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Muck, conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. Heinrich Warnke, first violoncellist of the orchestra, was the soloist. The program was as follows:

Overture, "The Barber of Bagdad".....Cornelius
Concerto in A minor, for 'cello and orchestra.....Volkmann
"The Parting of Lancelot and Guinevere," Symphonic Poem after Stephen Phillips, First time in Boston.....Hill
Symphony in A major, "Italian,".....Mendelssohn

Mr. Hill's symphonic poem, composed in 1914-15, was performed for the first time in St. Louis by the St. Louis Symphonic Orchestra on the 31st of last December.

Few composers have been fortunate in the treatment of any subject taken

from the Arthurian legends. With the exception of Wagner's "Tristan and Isolde"—what is there? "Merlin," "Elaine," "Le Roi Arthus," Jonciere's "Lancelot," other operas by Germans or Englishmen have at once failed, or have had no long life in the theatre. The purely orchestral pieces inspired by the legends have scarcely had a better fate. Chausson's "Viviane" is at the best a pretty pastel. MacDowell's "Lancelot and Elaine" is not among his more important works, and the composer said to us more than once, that, not satisfied with it, he proposed to re-write it. "All I remember about it is that it was too full of horns." Who now knows Averkamp's symphonic poem or the cantatas by Englishmen? Guinevere, Elaine, Vivien, have been as unfortunate as Joan of Arc in music, whether they appeared in flesh and blood on the stage or were typified by themes in the concert hall.

A poem of Stephen Phillips moved Mr. Hill to write his music. Mr. Hill is known here and in other cities as a musician of pure taste and high ideals. His music for "Pan and the Star" contained pages of true fancy, music that was delicately and dexterously scored. In the symphonic poem played yesterday there are some fine moments, harmonic and orchestral. This was to be expected of a composer who has studied intelligently the compositions of the ultra-modern French. It would have been better if in writing this poem he had resolutely put out of his head any thought of modern French schemes and methods; if he had written boldly and in his own way what was within him and must out. There might then have been crudities in expression, but there might also have been a broader plan, a more virile expression, bold tonal painting instead of tints and demi-tints. The poem as it stands is lacking in line and substance. The music is too vague, too preparatory of something that does not come. There is one charming episode. The one that presumably tells of the past love scene. On the other hand there are vexing repetitions of unimportant phrases, melodic sequences that do not come to an effective climax, and an abuse of figures for horns and trumpets.

The overture of Cornelius is an agreeable pot-porri with pleasing patter, with warm and tender themes. Why did Mr. Warnke exhume the concerto of Volkmann? He had already played it at a Symphony concert, so we all knew it was in his repertoire. This concerto is amiable and weak, now sugary, now groping and dull, dismally sentimental. Mr. Warnke played with a devotion worthy of a better cause.

Nor is the symphony of Mendelssohn an inspiring one. It is known as the "Italian," probably because there is so little of Italy in it. The music is smug, always genteel in Mendelssohn's polished manner. At the Carnival at Rome he was embarrassed because some

young women, whom he hardly knew, threw confetti at him. He summoned up courage to take off his hat to them, and at last, when a "delicate young English woman" pelted him, he "became quite desperate" and, clutching the confetti, he "flung them back bravely." In the same spirit he wrote this symphony. It had not been played here for nearly ten years. Let us hope that it will not be played again until 1936. Then many of us who were at the concert yesterday can say with Barzillai, the Gileadite, to the King inviting him:

"I am this day fourscore years old; and can I discern between good and evil? Can thy servant taste what I eat, or what I drink? Can I hear any more the voice of singing men and singing women?"

The orchestral performance throughout was of a high order. Dr. Muck took great pains with Mr. Hill's Symphonic poem, to bring out all possible effects. American composers owe Dr. Muck a heavy debt of gratitude. No conductor has labored more earnestly to put their works before the public in the most favorable light.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The program of the concerts next week will include Stock's Symphony in C minor and Bizet's first Suite from the music to "L'Arlesienne."

SYMPHONY CONCERT WITH NEW WORK

Adm. *March 25/16*
BOSTON COMPOSER,
E. B. HILL, WINS SUCCESS

Fine — 'Cello Soloist Another
Feature of Unexciting
Program

BY LOUIS C. ELSON
PROGRAM

Cornelius—"Barber of Bagdad" Overture.
Volkmann Concerto, Violoncello and Orchestra.
Soloist, Mr. Heinrich Warnke.
E. B. Hill—"Lancelot and Guinevere," Symphonic Poem.
Mendelssohn—Italian Symphony.

The "Barber of Bagdad" overture is not the one that was originally composed for the opera. The first performance of the opera was a failure, and the overture failed along with the rest of the undramatic work. But in the matter of the overture Liszt agreed with the critics and urged young Cornelius to write

another one introducing typical themes from the work. Liszt himself retouched the orchestration. The result was a work which has held its place upon the repertoire.

The theme which begins the overture and is used freely thereafter as thematic material, is the bombastic song of the barber in which he vaunts all his wonderful accomplishments. That witty Viennese bonehead, Dr. Eduard Hanslick, found this quite unfitting and said: "Such a grandiloquent barber probably shaves with guillotines instead of with ordinary razors." He had probably never read "The Tale of the Tailor" in the Arabian Nights, or he would have found the theme eminently fitting. There were contrasts against this "patter-song" and the wood-wind had some charming work to do and did it well.

Had the "Barber of Bagdad" had more stage action it would have been a great success, for the libretto is witty and the music charming, but the modern opera demands more than this. Nevertheless we do not find sufficient basis for hailing Cornelius as "the German Cherubini," as some of the Lisztians and Wagnerians did.

Volkmann's Violoncello Concerto had more to say for itself than the rather tepid Suite of three weeks ago, and its suave measures suited well to that conservative and sterling artist, Mr. Heinrich Warnke. Mr. Warnke's tone is always pure and sympathetic. His technique is without flaw: his playing never sensational. One feels a sense of security in listening to such an artist, which, in itself, is a delight. Mr. Warnke is evidently in sympathy with Volkmann, for it is not so very long ago since we heard him in the 'cello part of the Serenade by that composer, and he has played this concerto at the concerts once before.

There was much to admire in the work and in the serene manner in which it was played. It transported us to a world where diminished chords of the thirteenth, dissonances resolving into worse dissonances, and 15-8 rhythms were unknown, where the laws laid down by Albrechtsberger or Richter were still observed. Yet we must not give the impression that Volkmann was a case-hardened harmonic martinet; he was too much a disciple of Schumann for that; but his Muse seems very gentle in these modern days. The last section of the concerto (the movements are joined

together) had a few touches of the composer of the "Richard III." overture, but the work as a whole was very self-restrained. Mr. Warnke was twice recalled with very spontaneous enthusiasm and his excellent playing deserves this tribute.

About all that is left of Mendelssohn orchestrally is his overtures, and perhaps his Scotch symphony. His Reformation symphony slumbers upon the shelf, and his Italian symphony is seldom dusted and taken down as it was yesterday afternoon. Yet, there are mighty few men alive who can write such fluent and melodic counterpoint as is found in the slow movement of this work. Its gently saddened measures suit admirably to the violas and these instruments played most exquisitely in this movement, which remains the best part of the symphony. Usually Mendelssohn was the best of Scherzo composers. He caught up the dainty humor of this movement much better than the massive power of other portions of symphonic work, yet, in this symphony the Scherzo is not equal to those of the Reformation or the Scotch symphonies. Perhaps he concentrated his merry-making upon the finale, but this Saltarello is not half as good a picture of a Roman Carnival as that created by Berlioz. Even though the work was applauded, we see no good reason for resuscitating the Italian symphony any more than there would be for reviving Maria Edgeworth's novels. The Saltarello was whipped up to a high speed, which made it seem more spicy than it really is.

Dr. Muck is certainly not neglecting the native composer and we had a pleasant surprise yesterday in hearing a new Symphonic poem by a resident Boston composer, Mr. Edward Burlingame Hill. A student who has been with Chadwick and with the incipient American Bizet, Frederic F. Bullard, could scarcely avoid obtaining some strength of expression and emotional power. But we confess that we did not know that Mr. Hill had such a grasp upon the modern orchestra as he exhibits in this score. The story of "The Parting of Lancelot and Guinevere" is founded upon a poem by Stephen Phillips, the English poet who has scarcely yet won the fame that he deserves.

The work was short, as modern compositions go, and was heavily scored. It dealt with an intense subject, too intense for any but the greatest composer. It has a disadvantage in the fact that the emotions

of the hero and heroine are similar and the composer can only contrast despair against despair, but a contrast is gained by portraying memories of their past happiness:—

"Deep as first love,
And wild with all regret,"

(to quote Tennyson instead of Phillips) and Mr. Hill managed to attain good coherency in his work in spite of much tortuous harmony. There were guiding themes which were afterwards skilfully interwoven and developed. There was dissonance enough to picture all the shrieks, cries and swoonings of the unhappy pair who often shed very chromatic tears. At times the brasses seemed muted permanently.

There is more in this composition than a first hearing can possibly reveal to the average auditor, and we were glad to see Dr. Muck twice recalled at the end of its performance.

SYMPHONY CONCERT

Edw. Burlingame Hill

Offers New Poem

Mrs Warnke Is Soloist in Volkmann
Concerto—"Italian" Symphony

"The Parting of Lancelot and Guinevere," a symphonic poem by Edward Burlingame Hill of Harvard University, played yesterday by Dr. Muck at the Symphony Orchestra concert for the first time in Boston, is based upon the lines by Stephen Phillips, the later poems have not kept the promise made by his "Herod." These empurpled, at times flamboyant lines do not add nobility to the Arthurian legend as related by Tennyson.

Lancelot, whom the older poet saw "rushing out lionlike" on Modred—"feapt on him and hurl'd him headlong"—when he trapped the lovers, is heard by Stephen Phillips to say:

Suffer me, lady, but to kiss thy lips
Once, and to go away for evermore.

Gentle and decorous words, suitable for a parlor drama and musical comedy. Mr. Phillips evidently believed the knight a well-mannered and exemplary person. Mr. Hill has not taken his conception too literally from the text. His theme is the trumpets for Lancelot, the notes daring, animation, considerable boldness, if not sweeping passion, and it must not be forgotten that the hero of Arthur's tournaments failed only in this, that he went back to his own

land and permitted the Queen to go on to a cloister at Almesbury.

The score is laid out on a large scale. The dramatic conflict is kept uppermost in the hearer's mind. It may be said that the periods of stress would be the more intense, if they were balanced in greater degree by those of repose. The plaintive melody of Guinevere in the English horn is feminine in its distress, yet preserves the calmness expected of noble birth. There is romantic if not impassioned ardor in the parting and the gentle accents of grief. Mr. Hill has treated the subject as legend, without apparent desire to emphasize the depths of tragedy.

There are ideas of pleasing, impressive character, but the orchestral treatment, combining harmonic and contrapuntal richness with clarity of scoring, the poetic quality released through the admirable instrumental coloring go farther to establish a romantic atmosphere. The performance was brilliant.

The Volkmann concerto in A minor for cello, a work with songful passages far outnumbered by pages of artificial embellishment, tedious with flourish and decoration, was played by Mr. Warnke. Less given to lapses in intonation than ordinarily he played with breadth of tone and style and won warm applause.

The overture to Peter Cornelius' "The Barber of Bagdad," the opera for which Liszt fought valiantly at Weimar, and Mendelssohn's "Italian" symphony were the remaining numbers of the program.

SATURDAY, APRIL 17
Symphony on Tour

The Boston Symphony Orchestra will leave tonight on its fifth and last Southern trip of the season. It will give its usual concerts in Philadelphia, Washington, Baltimore, Brooklyn and New York. In Philadelphia and Baltimore the soloist will be Mme. Geraldine Farrar, who will sing the same selections she sang at the Symphony concert here in Boston a few weeks ago. Mr. Gabrilowitsch will be the soloist in Washington, playing Mozart's D minor concerto and Weber's concert piece with which he had such extraordinary success at our own Symphony concerts last spring. In New York Thursday evening Mr. Anton Witek will be the soloist, playing the Joachim concerto, and in New York Saturday afternoon Mr. Witek and Mr. Ferir will play the double concerto of Mozart.

With the exception of one concert each in Hartford, Providence and New Bedford, the out-of-town work of the orchestra is finished when it returns from this trip. There are still two concerts to be given in Cambridge.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ENDS ITS NEW YORK SEASON

Mozart Work Feature of Last of
Five Concerts.

[Special Dispatch to the Herald.]

NEW YORK, March 18—The Boston Symphony orchestra finished its doings in New York for the present season at its fifth concert in Carnegie Hall this afternoon. The program was made up mostly of matter well known to musical amateurs, though Mozart's "Con-

certante Symphonie" for violin and viola is not so often played that it can be called well known. It was presented today by Mr. Witek, the concert master, and Mr. Ferir, the first viola; an admirable performance, thoroughly in sympathy with the spirit of this beautiful music, by two players who viewed it eye to eye and were in thorough understanding with each other.

The symphony was Beethoven's second, which Dr. Muck played with much spirit and with an especial beauty in the larghetto. There was humor in Brahms' "Academic Festival Overture." The final number was the prelude to Wagner's comedy, "Die Meistersinger." Dr. Muck took the tempo rather fast, as it seemed, with not much of the moderation and yielding called for in the transitions between the various sections. There was splendor of tone and an unusual clarity in passages where clarity is indispensable to let the listeners feel the force of the combinations of themes.

There was much applause for Dr. Muck and his men, and a prolonged round at the end of the concert, doubtless intended as a farewell.

34 A.T. 2.30 P.M.
DR. MUCK TO HEAR
RADCLIFFE CHORAL
SOCIETY IN SONGS

Karl Muck, conductor of the Boston Symphony orchestra, is making a selection of songs for the Radcliffe Choral Society to sing before him, and if the work meets his approval the society is to be given the opportunity to sing with the Symphony orchestra. Dr. Muck became interested in the society's work last year when it gave "The May Queen," and was further interested in this year's production of "Orpheus."

Dr. Archibald T. Davison, instructor in music at Harvard University, is to train the society in rendering the songs to be produced before the symphony leader. In order to make this chorus as fine as possible, it has been decided to enlarge the membership by taking in past students of Radcliffe and by making a selection of voices from the present members of the society. The final will be a mixed chorus, composed of Radcliffe and Harvard students, present and past. The officers of the society are gratified with this offer, for it will give the society something still higher to work for.

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Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1915--16.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

Dr. KARL MUCK, Conductor.

NINETEENTH PROGRAMME

FRIDAY, MARCH 31, AT 2.30 P. M.

SATURDAY, APRIL 1, AT 8 P. M.

FREDERICK A. STOCK, SYMPHONY in C minor, No. 1, op. 18
(First time in Boston)

BIZET, SUITE, "L'Arlésienne," No. 1

The length of this programme is one hour and thirty-five minutes

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Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1915--16.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

Dr. KARL MUCK, Conductor.

NINETEENTH PROGRAMME

FRIDAY, MARCH 31, AT 2.30 P. M.

SATURDAY, APRIL 1, AT 8 P. M.

STOCK,

SYMPHONY in C minor

- I. Adagio: Allegro ma non troppo
- II. Scherzo: Allegro ma non troppo
- III. Andante cantabile
- IV. Adagio maestoso: Moderato ,
(First time in Boston)

BIZET,

SUITE, No. 1, from the Music for Alphonse Daudet's Play, "L'Arlésienne,"

- I. Prelude
- II. Minuetto
- III. Adagietto
- IV. Carillon.



The Orchestra's Tympanist

S. Neumann produces some glorious drum effects during the progress of the band's symphonic music.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT

REMARKABLE MUSIC ELOQUENTLY PLAYED

The Notable Qualities of Mr. Stock's Symphony—Technical Distinction, Mental Force and Spiritual Passion—The Masculine Note in the Whole—A Performance That Taxed Orchestra and Conductor to the Utmost

NO novel symphony by a composer of our immediate time has been more eloquently played or more warmly applauded than was Mr. Stock's at the Symphony Concert of yesterday afternoon. It is easy to say that this applause was quickened by the nervous excitements of mounting pace, up-piled sonorities and all the intensifying devices that fill the Finale. The superlative feats of virtuosity that Mr. Neumann did then and there in a fanfare upon four kettledrums may also have contributed to the clapping that was not content till it had recalled the conductor, set the orchestra on its feet, singled out the drummer and waited expectantly for a Stock who happened to be busy at the very hour with his own concert in Chicago. All this may pass, if the bystander chooses, as the shallow impulse of a self-stimulating company; but the fact remains that the applause was proportionally as hearty, general and spontaneous at the close of the first and the second movements of the symphony, while it was only a little less after the slow song. Moreover, even the usual entertainment of the programme-book did not lure the audience from rapt attention to the music.

Much as the public of the Symphony Concerts takes conductor and orchestra for granted, the performance may well have stirred it hardly less than did the piece. Since the distant days of Strauss's "Sinfonia Domestica," Dr. Muck and his forces have not undertaken a more taxing music. Mr. Stock not only exacts frequent feats of virtuosity, like that already specified with the tympani, from the principal instruments and from whole groups and choirs, but he has so written his music that it requires unrelaxing concentration of mind, unwearying quickness of spirit and unsparing technical skill from nearly all the players through a symphony nearly sixty minutes long. The strain told even upon the Symphony Orchestra, after ten days of rehearsal and unusual private study of parts that even the "old hands" of the band did not disdain. Not once from the first measure to the last did the orchestra audibly flag; but the perceptible

difference from the usual was the clear reliance of the men upon Dr. Muck to carry them through. Usually they do but work his fore-ordained will, as for the hour he may enforce and shade it, upon music in which he and they are equally secure. Yesterday, they not merely hung upon his beat and all his promptings, but they seemed to draw from him the impulse that kept them at their utmost, the confidence that sustained their eloquence. The conductor gave himself equally to music and men. Since he began, last autumn, his study of the symphony, he has made no secret of his waxing admiration for it. He lavished upon it his usual powers of exposition and characterization; marshalled it with all his faculty for musical design, progress and cumulation; heated and exalted it with the passion of mind and spirit that the music in its turn curiously blends; and added his own propulsive force to that with which Mr. Stock had winged it. The voice was the voice of Stock, but the transmitting power that held the audience fast from the first measures onward, was the power of Muck. He leads in all his music with high and controlled intensity of feeling; he led in Mr. Stock's symphony with a personal passion of communication that he rarely shows—as though the music meant much to him and took much from him.

The music in itself deserved and rewarded such performance. It is not for a moment to be waved aside as one of the exercises in virtuosity and rhetoric, with which conductors sometimes amuse—and deceive—themselves out of daily experience with the inventions and the procedures, harmonic, instrumental and melodic, of other men. In such experience Mr. Stock has studied the capabilities of each component voice in his band; he does not lack imagination and resources of his own with them; but almost always he uses both in the service of his musical thought and his spiritual passion. No more than many a composer who has never in all his life led an orchestra—less indeed than several such—does he devise little instrumental and harmonic strokes, rarefied and esoteric, existing chiefly for their own momentary sake, like those readily recognizable at the end of the Scherzo. Nearly as seldom is the music all sounding pomp without and mental and spiritual emptiness within. Of course Mr. Stock knows the sonorous might and the pulsing magnificence of the modern orchestra in impassioned declamation or deeply glowing song. He knows also its power to intensify and cumulate a musical thought, a mood, a progress, until the hearer is bathed in the flood of tone, feeling and also rhetoric. No doubt the Satan of sonority tempts him, as he does many a composer of our day, to over-use of all this puissance. Oftener than most Mr. Stock withstands him, and keeps his might for the moments when the magnitude of his design and the force of his passion inevitably summon it.

With as little reason is the symphony to be dismissed as merely Straussian. Mr. Stock speaks in the tonal speech of much contemporary music in Germany and elsewhere, even if it be not the new idiom that Ravel and Mr. Carpenter for ready instances, have exemplified in our ears of late. Strauss contributed not a little to this speech, but those contributions are now the common property of composers to utilize each according to his own idiosyncrasy. Very rarely—perhaps only in a few measures of the Scherzo—does Mr. Stock seem, like Korngold, consciously or spontaneously imitative of Strauss. Elsewhere in his own way he uses Straussian expedients, while his own invention of melodic thoughts and of less expansive motives sometimes excels considerably that of "the master" whom he is presumed to follow. The truth is that the grave and reflective mood that fills the symphony and the mental power and ordinance that accomplish much of the purely musical development hark back to Brahms more than Strauss. It is also possible in these days to be chromatic without a master.

Perhaps by this very token, Mr. Stock is orthodox in the musical design of his symphony and conventional in the emotional and spiritual scheme. There are the usual four movements in a normal order; the usual formal procedure in themes and "subsidiaries," contrasts and recapitulations, but all this orthodoxy in the trail of the sonata does not lessen the elasticity of the music, the composer's free handling of it or the unity that he gives it by the return of motives in movements subsequent to those in which they first appeared. As the parsons interpret old theologies in the light of new freedoms so Mr. Stock applies his formal procedure. As he himself sets down in a programme note for the symphony, the first movement has to do with man's spiritual striving with himself and with the world; the scherzo with glad relaxations of this struggle and scrutiny; the Andante with the soothing of content and happiness; the Finale with the joy of conflict and the inexhaustible impulse that drives him forward to fight the good fight for life in his own way according to his own ideals. Admittedly a conventional design, but so the more one that the composer must revivify by the intensity of his individual thought and the force of his individual passion. Sometimes it takes more courage so to individualize the conventional than merely to thrust it away.

So conceiving his symphony and so proceeding with it, Mr. Stock has evolved it from musical ideas of full voice and long span, that are born of thought when emotion warms and passions it, that have character in themselves sufficient to stir and hold the hearer. From them, to do their office in the evolution of the symphony, he has germinated lesser musical

ideas, bearing witness to the fecundity of his invention and the variety of his impulses. They are seldom scraps tossed about by the composer for the sake of mere "working" and modulation. They have place in the two schemes of the symphony and they are not uninteresting to follow. The progress of these themes and motives through the music abounds in imagination and vitality, in sense of design and detail, coordination and cumulation—in all the intellectual faculties of music-making. It seems no less with harmonic and instrumental color that engages and stimulates the ear. Seldom is there mere workmanship for the sake of workmanship; mere calculation instead of warm impulse. As seldom does excess of zeal unduly lengthen or unduly thicken the music, according to the standards of its kind, if not to those of the thinner and opener tonal speech that is succeeding it. Mr. Stock may have reflected long over his symphony; there is no mistaking the force of mind that went Brahmswise into it; there is no hiding the occasional moments when he says too much; but always a clear passion of creation animates and impels him.

As Mr. Stock adds mental to technical fecundity and command in his music, so he vitalizes both—the more because they exist so clearly in the music—with spiritual passion. For the symphony is a human symphony that misses neither beauty nor power; no work of the study for scholars but of large and kindling voice and of wide and answering appeal. All the pattern-weaving, all the procedure and vesture of the first movement are but the means to the puissant expression of the spiritual conflict that it bears and intensifies. Large emotion and large power fill it, incarnate and inseparable in the tones that give them voice and so achieving the spiritual and the musical unity which is the crown of a symphony, if it is to be more than a fresco in sound with no passion outside that of creation in the chosen medium. The glad mood of the Scherzo, yet still with a measure of underlying gravity, flowers in the fancies of music like opening blooms upon a sappy stem. The mood, the voice, the imaginings that summon them have beauty. A happy felicity seems born of spontaneous joy. The song of the slow movement, though it falls below the other three, has beauty too, the deeply glowing beauty from within outward, the grave intensities of feeling that are more of the meditative Brahms than of the more outspoken and opulent Strauss. The Finale, in turn, sings high with the zest of renewed striving and faith, conflict and conquest. "Quit you like men," Mr. Stock might as readily have set over it as his German motto. Once more he is writing a music in which passion of mood and passion of means unite to power. Perhaps, it would

be truest to call the symphony, from end to end a man's music for men in whom life is neither over-subtilized or spent or calloused. For that reason, perhaps, an audience, three-quarters feminine at least were so stirred by it. H. T. P.

FIRST SYMPHONY OF STOCK GIVEN BY KARL MUCK

Monitors

Apr. 1/16

SYMPHONY HALL—Nineteenth program of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Karl Muck, conductor; afternoon of March 31: Frederick A. Stock, symphony in C minor, op. 18 (first time in Boston); Bizet, "L'Arlesienne," suite No. 1.

Once there were architects. They designed government offices, art museums, academic halls and other buildings for the decoration and dignifying of public life. There are still architects of a minor sort, who confine themselves chiefly to drawing plans and elevations of dwelling houses; or, if they ever get a chance at anything big, it is only to sketch the facade which masks and disguises the real work. They put in the Corinthian columns and the Gothic windows which give a building its apparent style and lend it a show of historical classification. They have nothing to do, however, with the inner organization of the structure. No; the men who build today are engineers.

Now the striking difference between the two types is that the worker in stone and mortar was engaged with a problem of adapting his material to his form, while the worker in steel and cement thinks in terms of pure form and bothers himself not at all about the medium in which he builds. The first weighed and balanced everything and erected a self-sustaining, economically proportioned edifice. The second, forsooth, conceives his outlines as large as he happens to want to and proceeds to fill them, confident that whatever he puts up will stand as long as the foundations of the earth remain steady.

Once there were architects in tone. But they, too, have been for the most part supplanted. The orchestral composer of today keeps his old character of architect only in the small forms, like the overture and the variation. In the symphonic form he is, with an exception here and there, an exalted

mechanician. In the architectural days, the composer of a symphony, after plotting his four movements and parceling out his themes, was conscious at once of definite limits for his ground space and his height. In these engineering days, on the contrary, the symphony composer takes all the area he wishes and goes into the air as far as he likes.

Now the modern engineer may be just as much of an artist as the former-time architect. He is, without dispute, far the franker person. And to be frank, even egotistic, is undoubtedly to be expressive. The future must decide the question, though the present must ponder it. Gustav Mahler, the most ingenious, no doubt, in workmanship and the most magnificent in idea of all tone engineers, seems likely to be accepted within a short time as one who composed from as great a necessity to say something to the world as Beethoven or Brahms. So, likewise, Mr. Stock, the very leader of the tone engineers of the United States, according to the evidence of his symphony in C minor, may win ready recognition.

In approving the Mahler-Stock kind of composition, the twentieth century listener will be obliged to shift musical emphasis to a far different place from where the nineteenth century listener had it. He will have to be persuaded into putting symphonic expression on a wholly intellectual basis. For the tone engineers are relentlessly serious in all they say. They proclaim the complete supremacy of thought over feeling. They will have nothing to do with humor, except in the most calculating and ironical way. And they will not tolerate any manifestation of that which the world used to know as sentiment. They let the head rule and they give notice that the heart must keep out.

To a conservative listener, the saving quality of a work like the Mahler symphony in C sharp minor, which was on the Boston programs two years ago, and the Stock symphony in C minor is a kind of good-nature which pervades them. Plainly the writers rejoiced in their ability to turn out works of larger sonority and of greater amplitude of form than their predecessors could execute. And men enjoying their work are always a refreshment. But many will find it hard to understand how anybody could take

pleasure in such heavy scoring as that which the conductor of the Chicago orchestra put into the pages of his composition. Perhaps the French critic was right who said that a man who conducts all the time does not write with genuine inspiration, but only gives out what he has heard. In this work the composer seems determined to give out all he has ever heard. For the amount of sound which he develops is simply unprecedented. No symphonist before, not even Bruckner, has piled up so much tone and kept it harmonically plausible.

The piece might be described as all climax, so little cessation is there to the full orchestral volume. But this would be somewhat of an exaggeration, since the scherzo and the slow movement do have moments of comparative calm. All parts of the composition are held firmly together. Long as it is, there are no irrelevant passages. The first movement is the most interesting, because its mood is appropriate to an opening allegro, and because its thematic unity is absolutely unbroken. A motive of three notes runs through it all and never exhausts its expressiveness and appeal. The scherzo has some admirable touches of color at the beginning and the end, but its humor is not well sustained. The andante, as has been indicated, wants sentiment. The finale is overcharged, almost absurdly, with loud-voiced moments.

The reading of the score by Dr. Muck was in every respect masterly and the playing by the men was enthusiastic and brilliant.

NEW SYMPHONY BY FREDERICK STOCK

First Two Movements
Outclass the Last

Virtuoso Performance by Dr Muck,
Orchestra and Tympanist

Frederick Stock, the admirable conductor of the Chicago Symphony Or-

chestra, may become known to history for developing celerity in the mechanism of the kettle drum. For the present his tympanist must be an acrobat in full training. Mr Stock relieves the tedium of the final movement of his symphony in C minor, op 18, played by Dr Muck yesterday for the first time in Boston, with an amazing fanfare upon the kettle drums. The tympanist is obliged to brandish his drum sticks menacingly in the air as a savage of the Australian bush might have displayed his weapons. The effect is electrical as Mr Neumann accomplished yesterday what was a startling feat of virtuosity, rather than any emotional or rhetorical aid to musical expression.

It is unfortunate that the composer has not considered the adagio and the finale more carefully before allowing public performance of the work. The symphony as a whole is too long, something over an hour is required, and the final memories of it are sadly prejudicial to those which preceded.

The decline of the latter half of the work in inspiration is the more to be remarked because of the vitality and brilliance of what goes before. The adagio is swollen and labored. Until a calm spreads grateful wings over the close, there is little that moves, or appeals by any inherent power. The finale attempts to provide an apotheosis pitched in too high an emotional key. The flight falters and what was a vein of true inspirational character earlier in the work gives way to the commonplace and prolix.

There are passages, such as the twice repeated sequence in the brasses and an over worked trumpet, that are filled with noise rather than epic expression of the motto: "Forward! Upward." The trumpeter should be supremely conscious of the latter injunction. The opening proclamation for full orchestra is not without majesty and its aspiration. Some may cite the hymn for strings as a reminiscence of Brahms' similar device in his symphony in C minor. The fugal subject is somewhat broken in line to be most effective.

It is to be regretted that the first two movements could not have prompted a more fitting conclusion. They are laid out upon a large scale. Is it possible that they exhausted the composer's invention? There are in these, as throughout all, certain mannerisms, as the fondness for quickly developed dramatic outbursts, followed by periods of reflection or reorganization of forces. There is, however, a well balanced division between periods of stress and of repose. There are passages of sustained song, emotional, at times impassioned, rich in harmonic color and contrapuntal texture. There are instances of effective and striking bits of instrumentation.

There is lively characterization as in the lightness and play in the opening idea of the scherzo, a lightness which makes ensuing and contrasting episodes appear bolsterous, but which returns winged as before. There are deft touches of humor and true charm in the treatment of fanciful and beguiling ideas. The latter part of the movement here as in the first, delays the end, yet is not in need of variety or resource to add another telling idea. Anticipa-

tion is developed to a sweeping and intensive degree in the conclusion of the first, in a striking and dramatic manner. The fair beginning shows the large calibre of Mr Stock's gifts. At some future time it is to be hoped he will add a slow and final movement, less long and less laborious.

The performance was one of supreme and noteworthy virtuosity for Dr Muck and his players. Bizet's first "L'Arlesienne" suite completed the program.

SYMPHONY PLAYERS GIVE 19TH CONCERT

Audience Warmly Receives Performance of Stock's Symphony in C Minor, Which Occupied Nearly an Hour—Program Is to Be Repeated This Evening.

By PHILIP HALE.

The 19th concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Dr. Muck conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows: Stock, Symphony in C-Minor; Bizet, Suite No. 1 from the music for Daudet's "L'Arlesienne."

Mr. Stock, conductor of the Chicago Symphony orchestra, visited this city with his band in December, 1911, and with the Mendelssohn choir of Toronto in February of the next year. At the second concert his Symphonic Waltz was played by the orchestra. His string quartet was heard in 1911 at a Knelsel concert. The Knelsels had played a movement of this quartet late in 1905. The composer of the Symphony in C-Minor, played here yesterday for the first time, was therefore not a stranger in Boston.

This symphony is long. It lasted yesterday, with the pauses between the movements, about an hour. The length is prejudicial to the value of the work, for there is much said that is not worth saying. More than once a fine effect is frittered away or at once destroyed by

Mr. Stock's inability to stop, by his insatiable desire to add something from fear lest he has not already made his point. There is overdevelopment. Anxiety lest little figures, fragments of phrases, should pass unnoticed leads him to give them undue importance by endless repetition. This anxiety is also observed at the end of the scherzo. The natural ending is here and in another instance effective. But there must needs be a postscript, and this postscript, unlike the traditional one of a woman's letter, does not contain the vital statement.

Mr. Stock has said that his symphony is meant to describe "human life, its sorrows as well as joys," the struggle of mortal man against fate, the spiritual trials to which he is subjected. The first movement represents various phases of this struggle; the Scherzo speaks of life's joys in a more or less humorous fashion; the third depicts reminiscences of happy moments; while the finale "explains itself when it is made known that it bears the motto which has become the 'motive of life' of the German nation: Forward! Upward!" This was written in 1910. Reprinted, it is ironical today. Yet some, finding the finale brutally noisy, might admit that the choice of these mottoes is appropriate.

We have said that the symphony is too long; that there is over-elaboration, too much detail. It may also be said that the music is too often deafening. A common theme—for Mr. Stock's thematic material is at times common—is swollen preposterously that it may seem heroic. Let it not be said that the din was in any way the fault of the conductor. Dr. Muck, who had taken great pains in preparation and held many rehearsals gave a brilliant reading of the work. The noise—for sound often became noise—is in the music itself, as any one can see by examining the score. The composer employs a very large orchestra, and he goads it to fury. His instrumentation, as a rule, is thick and heavy. When it is in lighter mood it is experimentally fanciful.

There is the influence of Strauss throughout the work, and it is seldom that of the better Strauss. There is very little that has individual flavor. The scheme of his work as he has stated it, the program side of it, has been adopted by many before him. This is a matter of trifling importance; but in the music we find little originality. There is a following of old devices Straussized. There is indisputable technical skill; there is infinite labor.

The symphony was warmly received. This is not surprising. Any work, new or old, that has a sonorous, heaven-defying "apotheosis," excites the audience to vie in noise. Furthermore the agility of the kettledrum player at the end of the Finale no doubt had something to do with the degree of applause. The orchestral performance, however, deserved tribute.

It is to be regretted that the saxophone was not used in Bizet's Prelude and Minuetto. In the former it is peculiarly characteristic of the "Innocent." The cold, unearthly tones do not belong to the replacing instrument. It is said that the Boston Symphony Orchestra has no saxophone. Yet we remember Mr. Strasser playing one in Bizet's suite, and on one occasion Mrs. Hall with the instrument was added to the players.

This concert will be repeated tonight. The program of the concerts next week will be as follows: Beethoven, Symphony No. 1; Hadley, "Lucifer," a symphonic poem (first time here); Stibelius, suite, "King Christian II."

NEW NATIVE WORK AT SYMPHONY

Mr. Stock's Work Holds to
True Symphonic

Form

Adv. Apr. 1/16
DR. MUCK GIVES SCORE
A SPLENDID READING

Melodic Simplicity and Beauty
in Bizet's Work
Follows

By LOUIS C. ELSON
PROGRAM

Stock.....Symphony No. 1, C minor
Bizet.....Suite Arlesienne, No. 1

The brevity of the program, printed above, need not be taken as an indication that there was a short concert. All moderns when composing a symphony go much beyond the length of Beethoven's first eight. But when, as in the present instance, they have something to say, this need not be considered a great fault. We have known Mr. Frederick A. Stock, in the classical forms, through an excellent string quartette, and we were, therefore, prepared to find a musicianly composition in his symphony, even if the demon of figure development should lead him to excessive length.

It is a pleasure to find a good composer in these days, who holds to the

true symphonic form. Mr. Stock's work is not in the free and vague style, which too often replaces the classical form nowadays. The four regular movements are there, and each of these leans toward the Sonata-Allegro form, the strictest of the symphonic shapes. There is figure development, the intellectual side of classical music, in much profusion, so that the work will probably be more appreciated by the trained musician than the layman.

The true ideal of classical music is to combine intellectuality with emotion, and this is done in the Stock symphony, although it leans more toward the former than the latter quality. There is thematic transference also, which gives homogeneity; that is, the chief thoughts of the first movement reappear and are finely developed in the finale.

The symphony is "absolute music"; it does not tell a story, nor give definite pictures; it is subjective, not objective. Yet there are certain definite thoughts worked out, which can be readily recognized and have the composer's sanction. Thus the first movement (which is rather too long) pictures storm and stress, somewhat after the ideal of Tchaikowsky in the first movement of his fourth symphony. Life's lighter phases are daintily portrayed in the second movement, which is the Scherzo, although it is not in the conventional "Scherzo and Trio" shape, and has more development of themes than is often found in this movement. The third is the slow movement and deals with memories and reminiscences, while the finale is triumph, accented by the words "Vorwaerts" and "Aufwaerts"—"Forward" and "Upward."

The worth of the work has been recognized and it has already been performed not only by Mr. Stock's own Chicago orchestra, but by the New York (Damrosch) orchestra and the Philadelphia one. It is scored with all the resources of the largest modern orchestra; indeed it goes a little beyond most of the modern scores in demanding two English horns, a tenor tuba in addition to the bass one, a xylophone, four kettle-drums, a side drum, etc.

The chief theme of the first movement is rather wide and disjunct, but, like Max Reger, Mr. Stock seems to enjoy taking unpromising and unmelodic themes and giving most in-

genious and unexpected development of them. This theme, however, lends itself excellently to triumphant effects, and it is thus used in the first movement, while it comes in with ingenious contrapuntal treatment in the finale. The subordinate theme is in good contrast, not quite as lyrical as some subordinate themes, but afterwards also developed, and in fact it ends the symphony, in the coda of the Finale. Throughout the first movement a figure of three notes is developed, a figure that is somewhat like the Wagner "Fate Figure" inverted.

Most ingenious is the development of the first movement, with its stationary tone on the violins with treatment of figures going on below, and then the inversion of this process, with an organ point on the deep instruments. There is a fine Coda here.

In the Scherzo the claripette plays an important part and a subordinate theme is given on solo violin. This and the next movement are the least complex and likely to be the most appreciated. Yet the Finale is the really great movement of the work. There are two strong motives picturing the "Forward" and "Upward" mottoes and these are skilfully interwoven with the chief theme of the first movement, while in the Coda these two important phrases are again united. There is something of Brahms' ingenuity here, but the complexity does not obscure the triumphant character of the end. The two "motto" themes here are more shapely and melodic than some of the themes of the preceding movements.

Dr. Muck gave this large and difficult score a splendid reading and the men played it in a manner that brought out all its beauties. Mr. Stock evidently does not believe that the regular symphonic form is a lemon that is utterly squeezed dry, for he has here shown that it can be used in most modern fashion.

The symphony is decidedly dramatic in the Mahler vein of strong contrasts. These were fortissimo effects that almost blew in the eardrums of the auditors. The kettle-drummer came to the front many times and his batting average was very high; his part was at times almost a solo.

The exciting character of the work and particularly the triumphant end aroused the audience to great enthusiasm and the work, in spite of its

complexity, won a success.

After this intellectual work came melodic simplicity and beauty in the shape of Bizet's "Suite Arlesienne" No. 1. That work never loses its charm, in spite of all the ambitious music that has been achieved since it

was written. It was a good contrast to turn from Stock's presentation of "Life's endless toil and endeavor" to the hearty country life depicted by Bizet. The variations of the first movement, the pathos of the Innocent as portrayed upon the saxophone, the clangor of the bells at the village festival, appealed to every auditor, musician and non-musician alike, and showed that sometimes Music can really become an "Art Universal," a position from which it is rapidly departing in its most modern, complicated phases.

SYMPHONY CREATES A SENSATION

Stock's Immense Work
Given Superb Performance

BY OLIN DOWNES

An immense symphony, a work which may fairly be called monumental, the symphony in C minor, op. 18, of Frederick Stock, the present conductor of the Chicago Symphony Orchestra, was heard for the first time in this city, and was the sensation of the 19th concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Carl Muck, conductor, yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The audience applauded for nearly half of the intermission after the performance, and probably

for the first time in the history of symphony concerts in this country, the kettle-drummer was called to the front of the stage, while the applause continued, and some even whistled.

DESERVES OVATION

In truth, Mr. Neumann, whose name must be preserved to fame, deserved his ovation. He has labored long and hard under Dr. Muck, who seems to have a penchant for his kettle-drums, anyhow, and yesterday, in the concluding measures of the symphony, Mr. Neumann was seen bending and swaying athletically and with unerring speed and accuracy, from one to another of the four kettle-drums with which he was contending. He had endured nerve-racking suspense, waiting for the last six measures of the symphony, nearly breaking, it was said, under the strain preliminary to that last cataclysmic entrance. He executed a difficult and dangerous task with fidelity and despatch.

Indeed, this symphony taxed the physical abilities of most of the members of the orchestra. Mr. Stock has employed all the instruments that even a modern orchestra affords the composers, and employed them without stint, and with very brilliant effect. Not only is it effectively, if heavily scored, but Dr. Muck gave a superb performance. Too much praise could not be given this remarkable conductor for the sympathetic intuition and the contagious enthusiasm of his reading. It was a pity that Mr. Stock, who also knows something about conducting, could not have been present to hear this performance.

Skill Never-Failing

But now that the shouting is over, what about Mr. Stock's work? It is admirably made, in accordance with modern German standards. The form is traditional, and the frame is very large, but it is not filled with purposeless writing. Mr. Stock has a firm grip on his ideas and his proportions. Many of his contrapuntal feats are worthy of especial admiration. The very chromatic character of his first subject demands especial skill in its manipulation. This skill is never-failing, and despite the chromaticism characteristic of many pages of the first movement of the symphony it is based on a rock-ribbed foundation of clearly defined and closely related tonalities. Mr. Stock gives conclusive evidence of his mastery of all the practical problems of the composing musician.

Struggle With Destiny

He has also admitted that the work, like almost every sincere composition, has a "programme." The symphony treats of the theme which has engaged the attention of poets and artists for many centuries, as it will engage the attention of thousands of artists to come: Man's struggles with destiny, his doubts, defeats, his triumphant faith.

But the pity of it is, that this symphony is so utterly conventional. The conventions of Mr. Stock's symphony are not the conventions of Mozart or Brahms. They are the conventions of the German school of today, and it is strange that so few contemporaneous German composers have been able to escape them. They are the conventional contrapuntal combinations and sequences, the continual presence of a theme of three notes, taken from the first them, as a sort of a motto—a theme possibly intended to be associated with the idea of struggle.

Plethora of Sound

There is the regular and inevitable final apotheosis of a triumphant theme with other themes in counterpoint. There is the plethoric German orchestra, with almost all of the instruments going almost all of the time, swollen climax after climax, till the ear is simply dulled to the point of being unable to respond to any more noise, however exciting that noise may be. And there is the all too obvious moralizing of the composer. The sermon of this symphony is rammed down the listener's throat, and delivered in what is too often a prosy manner.

No Room for Climax

We believe great art will unconsciously and in an irresistibly beautiful manner communicate its lesson, and so, the presence of sign-posts do not necessarily infer the arrival of a great painter. And the final movement of the symphony suffers from gratuitous length. At the last there is no room for climax, and the ending of Mr. Stock's symphony is an anti-climax of the most banal kind.

The 1st "L'Arlesienne" suite of Bizet brought the concert to an end.

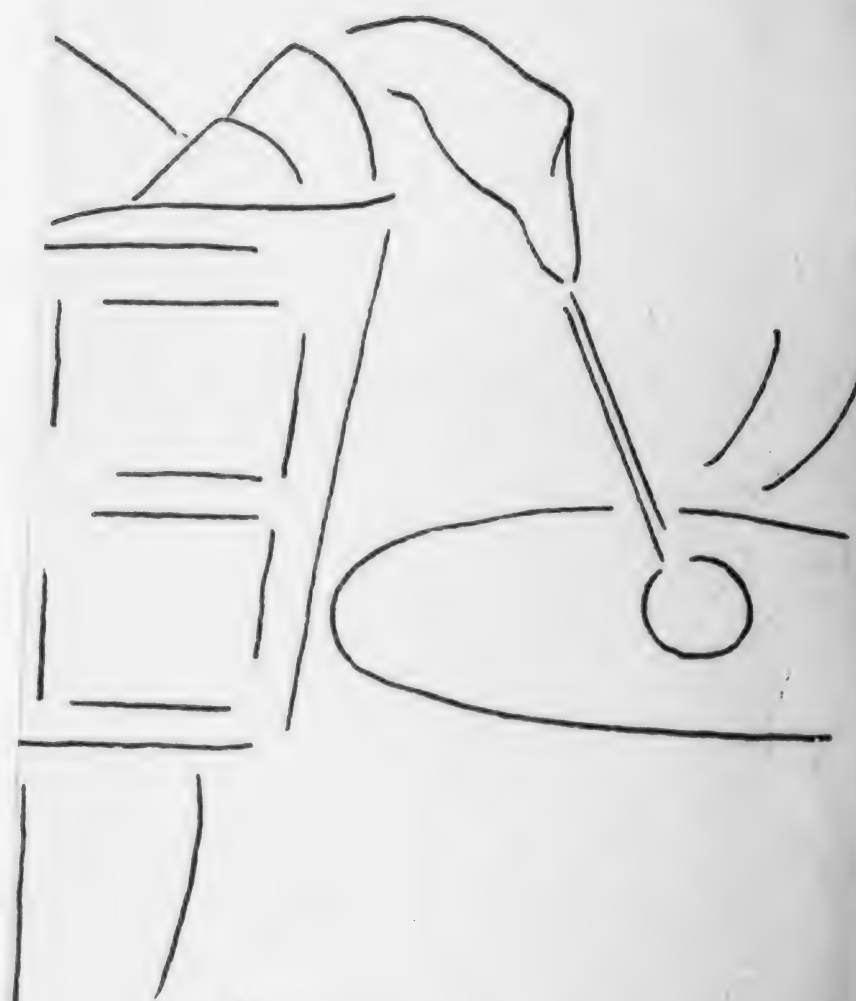
MAY SING WITH SYMPHONY.

Dr Muck Giving Music Scores to Harvard and Radcliffe Students.

There is a possibility of a Harvard and Radcliffe chorus singing with the Boston Symphony Orchestra next year. Dr Muck has given out some music for the students to work on, and if they come up to the standard he will accompany them.

Mrs Gallison is trying out the Radcliffe voices now, to find the best one for the undertaking.

rgy



GLUYAS
WILLIAMS

Symphony Orchestra

Williams

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Indeed, this symphony taxed the physical abilities of most of the members of the orchestra. Mr. Stock has employed all the instruments that even a modern orchestra affords the composers, and employed them without stint, and with very brilliant effect. Not only is it effectively, if heavily scored, but Dr. Muck gave a superb performance. Too much praise could not be given this remarkable conductor for the sympathetic intuition and the contagious enthusiasm of his reading. It was a pity that Mr. Stock, who also knows something about conducting, could not have been present to hear this performance.

Skill Never-Failing

But now that the shouting is over, what about Mr. Stock's work? It is admirably made, in accordance with modern German standards. The form is traditional, and the frame is very large, but it is not filled with purposeless writing. Mr. Stock has a firm grip on his ideas and his proportions. Many of his contrapuntal feats are worthy of especial admiration. The very chromatic character of his first subject demands especial skill in its manipulation. This skill is never-failing, and despite the chromaticism characteristic of many pages of the first movement of the symphony it is based on a rock-ribbed foundation of clearly defined and closely related tonalities. Mr. Stock gives conclusive evidence of his mastery of all the practical problems of the composing musician.

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Ecstasy and Energy



S. Neumann: The Master-Drummer of the Symphony Orchestra
From an Original Drawing by Gluyas Williams

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Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1915--16.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

Dr. KARL MUCK, Conductor.

TWENTIETH PROGRAMME

FRIDAY, APRIL 7, AT 2.30 P. M.

SATURDAY, APRIL 8, AT 8 P. M.

BRETHOVEN,

SYMPHONY No. 1, in C major, op. 21.

- I. Adagio molto; Allegro con brio.
 - II. Andante cantabile con moto.
 - III. Menuetto: Allegro molto e vivace; Trio.
 - IV. Finale: Adagio; Allegro molto e vivace.
-

HADLEY,

TONE POEM for GRAND ORCHESTRA, "Lucifer"
after a Poem by Vondel, op. 66,
(The Composer will conduct.)
(First time in Boston)

SIBELIUS,

SUITE, taken from the Incidental Music to Adolf
Paul's Tragedy, "King Christian II," op. 27,
I. Nocturne. (First time in Boston.)
II. Elégie et Musette.
III. Serenade. (First time in Boston.)
IV. Ballade. (First time in Boston.)

A New Artist and a Familiar Musician



Henry Hadley, the Composer and Conductor
From a Portrait Sketch. Hitherto Unpublished, By Margaret Fitzhugh Browne

HADLEY POEM NEW WORK BY NY HADLEY PRESENTED

Adv. Apr. 8/16
First POINTS OF GREAT BEAUTY
AND MUCH MAJESTY

Symphony Concert Provides
Contrast to Opera Being
Presented

By LOUIS C. ELSON

PROGRAM

Beethoven.....First Symphony
Hadley....."Lucifer," Symphonic Poem
Sibelius.....Suite, "King Christian II."

Dr. Muck is certainly taking the American Muse under his protection, for at each recent concert he has given us some work by a native composer. It was well to have a purely orchestral concert, for we are getting all the vocal music necessary, a block further up the avenue, and we have had violinists and pianists enough in the recent programs. Many of the Symphony concert auditors attend the opera, and they must have felt how refreshing it was to come back to a more purely intellectual musical feast.

Beethoven's first symphony is more like the Haydn works than any of the later eight. When he wrote it he was directly under the influence and tutelage of Haydn and followed in his master's footsteps, although he displays more virility and power than the latter. The points of resemblance are, first, the clear shape of every movement (three Sonata-allegros and a Minuet), and second, the Haydn-like character of the finale. Haydn always made the finale of a cycle form genial and jolly, like the finale of this symphony.

But one can find the true Beethoven peeping out of this clear-cut symphony none-the-less. Haydn insisted that the third movement of the symphonic form should be a Minuet—

A New Art



Henry Hadley
From a Portrait Sketch

HADLEY POEM NEW WORK BY AT SYMPHONY HADLEY PRESENTED

First ——— *Apr. 8/16*
"Lucifer" Played for First
Time in Boston

Adv. ——— *Apr. 8/16*
POINTS OF GREAT BEAUTY
AND MUCH MAJESTY

BY OLIN DOWNES

Henry Hadley's symphonic poem, "Lucifer," after the work of the Dutch poet, Vondel, was performed for the first time in Boston yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall at the concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Karl Muck, conductor. This poem treats of the conflict between Satan and Gabriel, the preparation for the battle, the battle itself, the ultimate joy of the righteous conquerors.

We do not like this music. We think it the epitome of all that is theatrical and commonplace. We know of little music by Mr. Hadley which stands by its side when worthlessness is concerned. There are conventional German tricks of composition and instrumentation. There is a flourish of the brass suggestive of France. There is nothing which appears as the inevitable, spontaneous idea of the composer. An immense orchestra which includes the organ and many pulsatile instruments is used. But the best description of this tone poem is contained in one sentence by the distinguished editor of the Symphony programmes: "A heaven with complicated apparatus was elected at a large expense."

The Beethoven symphony gave pleasure to the audience. Five small pieces of Sibelius, from his "King Christian" music—music written for a drama representing, presumably "King Christian," were played, three for the first time here. These pieces are frankly theatre music. Each piece has a melodic idea, charmingly worked out, and eloquent in a manner not so sophisticated that no one can discover the meaning of the speaker. The mastery of form shown in these little pieces for the stage is a thing which also testifies to the talent of Sibelius, one of the greatest figures in modern music.

Symphony Concert Provides
Contrast to Opera Being
Presented

By LOUIS C. ELSON

PROGRAM

Beethoven.....First Symphony
Hadley....."Lucifer," Symphonic Poem
Sibelius.....Suite, "King Christian II."

Dr. Muck is certainly taking the American Muse under his protection, for at each recent concert he has given us some work by a native composer. It was well to have a purely orchestral concert, for we are getting all the vocal music necessary, a block further up the avenue, and we have had violinists and pianists enough in the recent programs. Many of the Symphony concert auditors attend the opera, and they must have felt how refreshing it was to come back to a more purely intellectual musical feast.

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dance themes in contrast with each other and with little or no development. Beethoven complied with this, but listen to the Minuet that he wrote! It is as free as a Scherzo. It is a fact to be noted that the very first chord of the introduction of this very first of the nine symphonies should show the pioneer. The dominant chord of F to begin a symphony in C major! That set all the critics shaking their heads. Today we think it a very simple matter.

The symphony was read in a good straightforward manner, without any attempt to swell it up into something bigger than it really was. The Minuet was made sufficiently broad and the Finale sufficiently dainty. The charming archness of the slow movement was very attractive, and the audience proved by enthusiastic applause that they had not been educated out of the appreciation of melody by all the modern music they have gone through. But what will the latter-day composers say? Here is a symphony with a small score and lasting about half an hour. They will probably call it a Sinfonietta!

Many a modern composer, if he had created a symphonic poem on "Lucifer," would have made his music sound like—Lucifer. But Mr. Hadley holds to Beethoven's apothegm—"Music, even in picturing something ugly, must in itself remain beautiful"—and does not assail the auditor with needless cacophony. There are points of great beauty and much majesty in the score; fine guiding themes—Gabriel's trumpet call, Lucifer, The Angels, Peace and Triumph—which are most skilfully interwoven. There is much development. Possibly the contrasts are too sharp and too constant, and brassy, piccolo and kettledrum effects too often repeated (especially the pedal point on the kettledrum), but the tone-coloring of the large score is effective and shows that Mr. Hadley can thoroughly handle the great modern orchestra.

The fanfares of brass and the rolls of the side drum suggested the trenches of Verdun rather than celestial warfare, but were exciting, nevertheless. The march effects were a good point (excepting the pedal point aforesaid) and the work was stronger in its combative than in its celestial effects, but it led up to a final climax that was overwhelmingly grand, and which caused great enthusiasm. The composer was recalled over and over

again, and this powerful work by an American composer certainly deserved the tribute. Mr. Hadley conducted his own work, and his decisive beat and elastic reading proved that the West lost a very good conductor when they allowed him to leave San Francisco.

The end of the program was its Finnish. Sibelius' Suite was heard here complete for the first time. It is not the composer's greatest work, but it is nevertheless interesting and tuneful. It does not make such a universal appeal as that other Northern Suite—the "Peer Gynt" (No. 1) by Grieg. It is founded on music written for Paul's tragedy. The opening, as well as the closing, movement, deals largely in dance rhythms; in fact, parts of this Nocturne might be an Oriental dance. Its second part is less terpsichorean, but the music is not very distinguished. Perhaps if we knew the text we might appreciate it more highly.

The Elegie, for strings, was a direct and simple affair, in which the violoncellos were prominent, and did good work. The Musette was more striking. The Musette, being a rustic work, one expected the oboes to be prominent, but Sibelius gives the leading part here to the clarinettes. The rustic character is, however, thoroughly maintained, and the pastoral pipings won hearty appreciation. Both clarinettes and bassoons did commendable work in this movement.

The Valse Triste is a weird application of this dance rhythm, which pictures a dying mother hearing spirit strains and rising from her bed to dance to them. Other dancers join in, but when the dance is in full swing Death knocks at the door and ends the terpsichorean proceedings. The waltz suits better to such mournful development than to the symphonic treatment of Tchaikowsky or Berlioz, as witness also Moszkowski's lugubrious Op. 8, No. 2.

The Serenade was melodic, as was almost the entire composition, while in the finale there were again catchy dance tunes interrupted by sinister effects as if a festival were broken up by a tragedy. One must not judge a suite as one would a symphony, but one longed for some clue to the contrasts which Sibelius has used in this work and why the dances led to disaster.

"LUCIFER" TONE POEM CONDUCTED BY COMPOSER

SYMPHONY HALL—Twentieth program of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Karl Muck, conductor, presented on the afternoon of April 7. The program: Beethoven, symphony No. 1, in C major, op. 21; Henry K. Hadley, "Lucifer" tone poem for orchestra after Vondel, op. 66 (conducted by the composer, first performance in Boston); Sibelius suite from music to Adolf Paul's tragedy, "King Christian II," op. 27.

The program had a generally low level of interest. It contained in the first place a formal work by Beethoven, written before the master had found himself as a symphonist; in the second place a descriptive piece by an American composer, done in general imitation of all the recent grand and flamboyant styles of Europe; and in the third place a set of rhapsodies by a brilliant Finn who, though as a rule individual in his writing, can on occasion be perfunctory. The opening and closing numbers, being interpreted by the regular conductor, were neatly and vigorously executed and therefore had agreeable sonority and appealing rhythm. But the middle number, being directed by a visitor, had an uncontrolled and disjointed effect that was quite out of keeping with Symphony concert tradition.

When an American composer is invited to take the baton in the presentation of his music at these concerts, the question always arises whether the head of the orchestra cares nothing about the piece and wants to escape responsibility for its performance, or whether he wishes to pay native ability a compliment. Whatever the motives of the situation, the truth is that American music sounds better and makes a more favorable impression when handled in the ordinary way. Broadly speaking, it fares well only when it competes on its own merits for a place in the repertory. It has a more satisfactory hearing under the conductor of the orchestra himself.

Like the symphony in C minor by Frederick Stock, which was performed last week, the "Lucifer" tone poem represents the United States in the prac-

tice period of its orchestral expression. Like the work by the Chicago conductor, too, the one by the former San Francisco conductor is a transcript of recent German, Austrian and British symphonic formulas. It is written after the manner of Strauss, Mahler, Reznicek, Elgar, Delius and Bantock and it restates the impressions the composer got while studying the scores of these men. Stock rather likes to convey his ideas through melodic line, whereas Hadley prefers to set his forth in terms of color. But both have a fondness for full instrumentation and for big climax.

Five representatives of the musical life of the United States, Messrs. Converse, Clapp, Hill, Stock and Hadley, have proved themselves masters of the modern art of orchestration by works which they have produced under the auspices of the Boston orchestra in recent seasons. Two others, Chadwick and Gilbert, have not attempted the grand style but have written short pieces and have scored them with restraint. The group that has used a large symphonic plan and a heavy scheme of instrumentation can scarcely be said to have added much to what has already been well said in Europe. But the two who have used a small structural plan and have been sparing in their use of tone, have without doubt proved the better masters of self-expression. They have managed to get some national sentiment on record when their louder-speaking contemporaries have but repeated sounds from across the seas.

SYMPHONY CONCERT

Gracious Suite of Sibelius

Gives Pleasure

Gracie — *a/w. 8/16*
Henry Hadley Conducts New Tone
Poem, "Lucifer"

Sibelius' suite from his incidental music to Adolf Paul's tragedy "King Christian II," played yesterday, Dr. Muck and the orchestra, to the great pleasure of the audience, provokes in-

terest in the other works of the Finn of this period. The suite was published in 1899 when the composer was 34. Its period is that of the first symphony, "The Maid in the Tower" (the first Finnish opera produced in 1896 at Helsingfors), a piece for solo, voice and orchestra. "The Ferryman's Bride," three cantatas and two other orchestral suites.

The style is more pastoral, more that of folk character, less epic and austere than is to be found in the Sibelius of the later symphonies and tone poems. Mr Fiedler had played the second movement, "Elegie et Musette." The others had not been performed in Boston. There is poetic expression of simplicity and directness. There is no laborious or pretentious dramatic scheme; the melodic invention is obvious, colloquial, but not commonplace, the simplicity which refreshes. The harmonic color is spontaneous, rich, but not contrived or incongruous. The musette reawakens the spirit of the pastoral dance of Louis XIV and XV, the ladies of whose courts played upon musettes of costly manufacture, airs which Weckerlin since compiled with drone bass figures in the accompaniments for piano.

The Elegie is a plaint of shepherds rather than of National grief. In all the suite the sterner face of the later Sibelius is not yet seen. The nocturne is gracious, and the serenade suggests the dance of Old World charm. There is piquancy of rhythm, suavity of line and delicacy of sentiment, with through all a fiber of the northland. The music was played with the art expected of the orchestra and of its virtuosi of wood-wind instruments.

Hadley's "Lucifer"

Henry Hadley, whose rising career has been followed with interest in this city of his early home, conducted for its first performance in Boston his "Lucifer," a tone poem for grand orchestra after a poem by Vondel, op. 66. Vondel was a Dutch poet and dramatist of the 16th and 17th centuries, whom some suppose was an inspiration through his drama "Lucifer" of Milton's "Paradise Lost."

The downfall of Satan and the infernal haste from the gates of Heaven has tempted many an intrepid composer. A less cyclopean subject, such as a shepherd piping gentle airs to his mistress, would, generally speaking, be more grateful, and perhaps no less edifying.

Enrico Bossi made a setting of the "Paradise Lost" for chorus which was sung here by the Handel and Haydn Society. Being a cathedral organist he composed heavenly music of a very fair and inviting quality, but showed very little acquaintance with the nether regions. Mr Converse, a man of kind heart and good works, albeit of learning; nevertheless wrote more persuasively of the powers of light in his "Ormazd." So also Cesar Franck.

Much Work for the Brass

What then is a composer to do? Mr Hadley chose a formula on which most books upon how to write symphonic poems probably would agree—trumpet calls ringing through the heavens, other depiction of heaven in high strings in modal harmonies, suggestion of the devil in short, disgruntled and ejaculatory phrases plied with much energy, cumulating with turbulence, and in the battle, active trombones, tuba and tympani.

Mr Hadley has called loudly upon the modern orchestra today in a rhetorical matter material which cannot be called impressive in thought. At times color of sounds conceals paucity of invention. There is some facility in a conventional ecclesiastical suggestion. As to any presentation of the great world struggle which may in any epoch or time destroy a Nation or a soul, Mr Hadley himself would have to listen with highly imaginative ears to hear it.

The brass section of the Boston Symphony Orchestra has labored valiantly for two weeks. If next Friday Humperdinck kindly spares these gentlemen in his "Forced Marriage" overtures, which is not particularly reassuring in title, there is hope for relief in Dvorak's violin concerto and Haydn's symphony. Beethoven's symphony began the program yesterday.

COMPOSER OF 'LUCIFER' LEADS AT SYMPHONY

Herald—Apr. 8/16
Orchestra Gives Boston Its Initial Performance of Hadley's Tone-Poem—Absence of Continuity Noted—Has Some Pretty Orchestral Effects, However.

By PHILIP HALE.

The 20th concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Karl Muck conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows: Beethoven, Symphony No. 1; Hadley, "Lucifer," Tone-Poem; Sibelius, Suite from the music to Paul's tragedy,

"King Christian II." The concert will be repeated tonight.

Mr. Hadley's "Lucifer" was played here for the first time. He conducted the performance. He was inspired to write his music by the drama of Joost van den Vondel, whose tragedy "Lucifer" is now remembered, because some think that Milton was greatly indebted to it for his "Paradise Lost." Mr. Hadley's tone-poem was first performed at a festival of the Litchfield County Choral Union, Norfolk, Ct., in June, 1914. In November of the same year it was performed by the Philharmonic Society of New York.

There are five principal themes: Gabriel blows his trumpet, "announcing God's message proclaiming love and goodness to all his subjects"; the Lucifer theme, described as sinister in the composer's preface; a choral-like theme "suggesting angelic voices"; a "calm theme personifying peace and happiness"; the theme of joy and victory during the battle.

Two of Mr. Hadley's symphonies have been played at these concerts, and his tone poem, "Salome," and his rhapsody, "The Culprit Fay," have also been performed. "Lucifer" is inferior to them. As in the works already named, there is the same facility, the same knowing routine, but the musical contents are of slight importance.

The subject—the revolt of Lucifer and his host, the battle with the celestial army, the portraiture of heavenly peace—this would tax the invention and the imagination of a great genius. Cesar Franck failed dismally in his "Beatitudes" when he wrote music in Meyerbeerian vein for Satan. Liszt's music for Mephistopheles is successful only in parodying the themes that picture Faust. Boito presents Mephistopheles as a startling figure in the prologue to his opera, but in the Walpurgis Night he is a devilish bore. The few chords typical of Samiel in "Der Freischuetz" are more demoniacal than all the music invented by Gounod and even Berlioz, for the latter's wonderful "Ride to Hell" does not depend for its effect on the ejaculations of the fiend.

Mr. Hadley's themes are not significant. Gabriel's trumpet call is as any earthly fanfare. The Lucifer theme is only mildly melodramatic; the themes expressive of heavenly voices and peace and happiness have a gentle, soothing character suggestive of psalmody for female voices. The five themes are exposed in due order as though ticketed for a museum, but there is little true development. The tone-poem, suffers from an absence of continuity, a lack of close relationship. There are some pretty orchestral effects in the suaver episodes; there is a brave attempt at grandeur with a pedal point as the foundation; but when it comes to the

dramatic pages, the painting of Lucifer in tones, the battle in the sky, the rejoicing of the angelic hosts, this music is conventional and ineffective. The subject would daunt a Richard Strauss. Few composers among the greatest have been Miltonic.

The Suite of Sibelius is derived from incidental music to a tragedy by Adolf Paul. Mr. Fiedler brought out the Elegy and Musette six years ago, and this movement of the suite is more interesting than the other movements played here yesterday for the first time, the Nocturne, Serenade, Ballade. The Suite is not among the important works of Sibelius. The music, no doubt, has more significance when it is heard in connection with the tragedy. Those who object to incidental music say that if it is good it calls attention from the play and players. If it is poor, it is the more impertinent. In this suite there is constant evidence of the practised composer, but with the exception of the Elegy and Musette, the music strikes us as perfunctory.

It is interesting to note that when Beethoven's symphony in C-major was first performed at Leipsic, it was described by a local critic—no doubt a man who had his admiring readers—as "the confused explosions of the outrageous effrontery of a young man." There were stand-patters in the Leipsic of 1801; lineal descendants are found there today.

The program of the concerts next week are as follows: Humperdinck, overture to "The Forced Marriage"; Dvorak, Concerto for violin (Mr. Noack, violinist); Haydn, Symphony, D-major (B. & H. No. 2).

Dr. Muck's Programmes for the Rest of the Season—Liszt's "Dante" Symphony, Strauss's "Zarathustra" and a Shakspearean Concert—Mr. Bauer to Return—The "Alpine Symphony" in Cincinnati

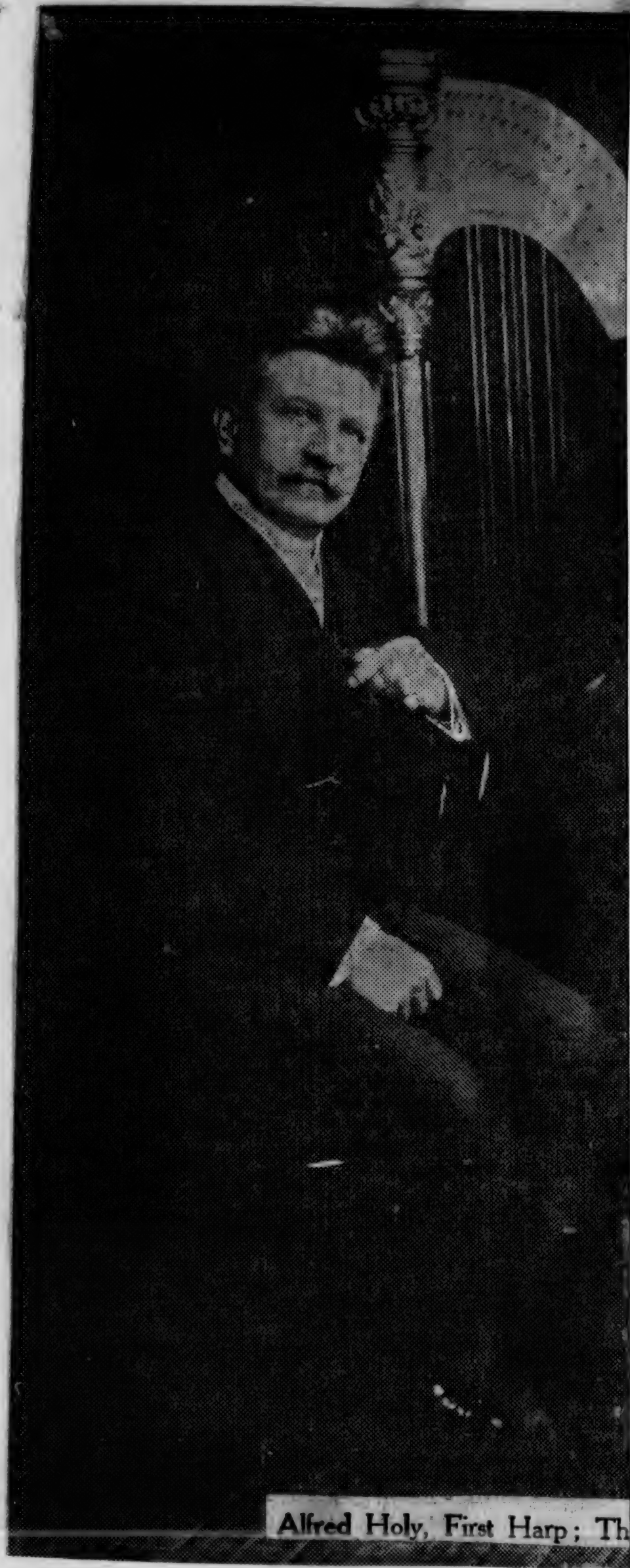
R. MUCK has put together his programmes for the four pairs of Symphony Concerts that remain for the end of the season. One pair, on April 21 and 22, he will devote to music that various composers have written under suggestion from the plays of Shakspeare. At another pair, on April 28 and 29, he will divide his list practically between "Tam o' Shanter" and Strauss's tone poem, "Zarathustra." At the final pair, he will revive Liszt's "Dante" symphony and supplement it with three fragments from Wagner's later music-drama. In detail, the programmes stand:

April 14 and 15:

Humperdinck—Overture to the Opera, "The Forced Marriage."
Dvorak—Concerto for Violin and Orchestra (solo violin, Mr. Noack).

Haydn—Symphony in D Major, No. 2.

April 21 and 22:



Alfred Holy, First Harp; Th

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Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1915--16.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

Dr. KARL MUCK, Conductor.

TWENTY-FIRST PROGRAMME

FRIDAY, APRIL 14, AT 2.30 P. M.

SATURDAY, APRIL 15, AT 8 P. M.

HUMPERDINCK,

OVERTURE to "The Forced Marriage"

DVOŘÁK,

CONCERTO for VIOLIN and ORCHESTRA

HAYDN,

SYMPHONY in D major, No. 2

The length of this Programme is one hour and forty-five minutes.

Soloist:

Mr. SYLVAIN NOACK



Alfred Holy, First Harp; Theodore Cella, Second Harp

Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1915--16.

N SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

Dr. KARL MUCK, Conductor.

VENTY-FIRST PROGRAMME

DAY, APRIL 14, AT 2.30 P. M.

TURDAY, APRIL 15, AT 8 P. M.

K. OVERTURE to "The Forced Marriage"

CONCERTO for VIOLIN and ORCHESTRA

SYMPHONY in D major, No. 2

of this Programme is one hour and forty-five minutes.

Soloist:

Mr. SYLVAIN NOACK

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Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1915--16.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

Dr. KARL MUCK, Conductor.

TWENTY-FIRST PROGRAMME

FRIDAY, APRIL 14, AT 2.30 P. M.

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OVERTURE to "The Forced Marriage"

DVOŘÁK,

CONCERTO for VIOLIN and ORCHESTRA

HAYDN,

SYMPHONY in D major, No. 2

The length of this Programme is one hour and forty-five minutes.

Soloist:

Mr. SYLVAIN NOACK

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Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1915--16.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

Dr. KARL MUCK, Conductor.

TWENTY-FIRST PROGRAMME

FRIDAY, APRIL 14, AT 2.30 P. M.

SATURDAY, APRIL 15, AT 8 P. M.

HUMPERDINCK,

OVERTURE to the Opera "Die Heirat Wider Willen," "The Forced Marriage"

DVOŘÁK,

CONCERTO in A minor, for VIOLIN, op. 53.
I. Allegro ma non troppo
II. Adagio ma non troppo
II. Finale: Allegro giocoso, ma non troppo

HAYDN,

SYMPHONY in D major, (B. & H., No. 2)
I. Adagio; Allegro
II. Andante
III. Menuetto: Trio
IV. Allegro spiritoso

Soloist:

Mr. SYLVAIN NOACK

SYMPHONY CONCERT

Curiously Dull Program—

Mr Noack Soloist

Globe — *Apr. 15/16*
Orchestral Performance of Symphony

by Haydn the Feature

Humperdinck's overture to his opera, "The Forced Marriage," Dvorak's A minor concerto for violin, Haydn's Symphony in D major (B. and H. No. 2)—not a promising list for the Symphony Concert yesterday. Dr Muck hardly has hit upon so dull and uninteresting a program all Winter. Humperdinck's is an orthodox, conventional German overture in the accepted manner, written at a time when the composer was considerably past his prime, considerably beyond "Haensel and Gretel" in point of years, but not in recurring and reminiscent ideas from it.

The subject matter is clearly enough arranged, well laid out and effectively orchestrated, not forgetful of Wagner, and doubtless when listened to by a respectable German audience, about to view Humperdinck's opera, now 10 years old, it provokes a receptive mood. The orchestra played it spiritedly and there was warm applause.

That any violinist could have the fortitude, even having settled upon such a work as Dvorak's concerto, to rehearse it sufficiently for a performance, is not easily credible. What is there in this stupid doggerel to engage a serious musician of Mr Noack's proficiency and taste? Childish prattle, repeated and reiterated to insufferable boredom. Was any man ever a more supine slave to sequence? Having said a commonplace, Dvorak must drill it into the benumbed brain of a hearer by saying it again with a faith serene and sublime. Some may fancy the music is naive, childlike. It is childish, prattling, full of nameless inconsequentialities and repetitions, for that which is naive is not rapid. In the last movement there is a slight rhythmic awakening and there is a counterpoint in the horn which gives short-lived hope. Mr Noack played as though trying to make something out of it.

The feature of the concert was the orchestral performance of the Symphony. What had preceded would have given a stranger within the gates but little idea of the virtuosity or euphony of the orchestra, nor did this, but the transparent beauty, the warmth and precision of the strings was revealed. The opening adagio was played with due elegance and with the sentiment which was not wholly of the surface.

The program next week promises to be one of unusual interest. Chosen to commemorate the 300th anniversary of the death of William Shakespeare, it is an

follows: Smetana, overture, "Richard III"; Berlioz, three movements (Green Mab, Garden Scene and the Ball at Capulets), from "Romeo and Juliet"; Tchaikowsky, symphonic poem, "Hamlet"; Mendelssohn, overture, nocturne and scherzo from the music to "A Midsummer Night's Dream"; Dvorak, overture, "Othello."

21ST CONCERT BY SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

Herald — *Apr. 15/16*

Dvorak Violin Concerto with Mr. Noack as Soloist, Overture by Humperdinck to "The Forced Marriage" and Haydn's Symphony in D Major Played.

By PHILIP HALE.

The 21st concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Dr. Muck conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows: Humperdinck, Overture to "The Forced Marriage"; Dvorak, Concerto in A minor for violin; Haydn, Symphony in D major (B. & No. 2).

Dvorak's concerto is not apparently a favorite with violinists. Franz Ondricek, we believe, was the first to play it. Published in 1883, it was played by Mr. Bendix in Chicago eight years later; Maud Powell played it in New York in 1893, the year that Mr. Listemann gave it with piano accompaniment in Boston. It has been performed at Symphony concerts in this city by Mr. Adamowski (1900) and by Mr. Elman (1910). On the whole, it is perhaps not an ingratiating work. When the composer is himself, characteristically naive, delighting in color and sharply defined rhythms, he is heard with pleasure. But there are pages when he is revealed saying to himself, "Now I must be scholarly. I must show them that I am something more than a simple child of nature." This ambition is disclosed especially in the first movement, where there is a mass of detail laboriously ingenious. Yet even here there are some charming effects of orchestral color. The Romanza is more easily appreciated by an audience, on

account of its frankly exposed sentiment. In the final movement, the Rondo, Dvorak is safely on Bohemian soil. There is rhythmic piquancy, out-of-door melody. The wonder is, however, that he did not go on for another 15 minutes as one intoxicated by his own verbosity.

What would have happened to Dvorak, if he had not been praised by Hanslick, who urged him to study Brahms; made much of in England as a glory of provincial music festivals? Left to himself, he had a barbarian's pleasure in gorgeous color and rhythmic repetitions. More than this, there was a genuine emotional appeal, as in his gypsy songs. The sophisticated Dvorak was an inferior being, uncomfortable, inwardly fretting at academic restraint, writing in an alien tongue.

Mr. Noack played the concerto in a more spirited manner and with more emotional feeling than has been his wont with other concertos, in which he has distinguished himself chiefly by accuracy, a certain smoothness approaching elegance, and fine musical taste. Yesterday his performance was spirited, at times brilliant, and expressive throughout. It was an interesting performance that deserved the hearty applause that followed. It is needless to say that Dr. Muck and the orchestra gave him a most sympathetic accompaniment.

Humperdinck's overture was played here late in 1907. It is the overture to an opera based on "Les Demoiselles de Saint-Cyr," by the elder Dumas, who fought a duel with Glradin about it. The overture was composed for a performance in Munich. At the production in Berlin there was only a short introduction. Humperdinck wrote one opera that has given many pleasure, "Hansel and Gretel," a work that reminds one of Goldsmith's remark to Dr. Johnson, that in a certain event he would make little fishes talk like whales. In the overture to "The Forced Marriage" there is solid workmanship, contrapuntal ingenuity, everything that should excite the respect of his professorial colleagues; but there is not the light touch appropriate to high comedy, and melodic invention is not conspicuous. There is one dramatic stroke, that is in the nature of a brilliant surprise—at the very end.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The program of the concerts next week is in commemoration of the 300th anniversary of the death of Shakespeare: Smetana, "Richard III.," symphonic poem; Berlioz, "Queen Mab," "Garden Scene," and "The Ball at Capulet's," from "Romeo and Juliet"; Tschalkowsky, "Hamlet," overture-fantasia; Mendelssohn, overture, nocturne, and scherzo from music to "Midsummer Night's Dream"; Dvorak, overture "Othello."

SYMPHONY CONCERT PROGRAM TEPID

Adv. — *Apr. 15/16*

HUMPERDINCK, DVORAK
AND HAYDN REPRESENTED

Symphony in D Major One of
Most Interesting in
Haydn Set

By LOUIS C. ELSON
PROGRAM

Humperdinck—Overture. "The Forced Marriage."

Dvorak—Violin Concerto.

Soloist, Mr. Sylvain Noack.

Haydn—Symphony in D major.

"There was a Conservatory pupil who, on being asked in examination 'How many symphonies did Beethoven write?' responded—'Three. The Heroic, the fifth and the ninth.' In like manner we would respond to a question as to how many overtures Humperdinck wrote, by answering—One. The Prelude to 'Hansel and Gretel.' For Humperdinck was something of a 'single-speech Hamilton'; his one great success dwarfs all his other work. The 'Spielmann's Lied' in 'Koningskinder' is the only memorable thing that he achieved outside of his one famous opera.

This overture has very little to say for itself. It is conventional and artificial. It is "Kapellmeistermusik" such as trained composers reel off by the yard, stopping when they have filled a sufficient number of pages. The subordinate theme of this work has a melody not unlike "Yankee Doodle." But this American tune (which is of English origin) resembles many melodies of other lands, as simple tunes often bear a kinship to each other. There is a Hungarian melody, and a Dutch nursery song, and the chief theme of Beethoven's ninth symphony, which are all first cousins to "Yankee Doodle."

Possibly this theme aroused the audience to the applause which was won by the work. There was nothing in the overture to grow excited over, except the perfect performance. Even

Dr. Muck's strong contrasts and breadth of style could not make this overture eloquent.

Dvorak's violin concerto was more powerful, although it is a question whether the tooth of Time is not gnawing at some of his compositions. He was an excellent master of scoring, in his time, but in this field the growth has been enormous in a single generation, and his orchestration seems simple enough nowadays. The musical ideas of the first movement did not seem very remarkable. There was considerable antiphonal work, the orchestra and the violin indulging in quite long stretches of dialogue, but the conversation did not rise much above the sewing-circle standard. Some of the short phrases were vehement enough, but none of them were impressive.

But now matters began to mend, and the slow movement had that Czech melancholy which is always impressive. The slow movement is here attached to the opening Allegro, a rather unusual proceeding. Mr. Sylvain Noack was the soloist, and in this second movement his nobility of tone carried the work to great popular success. He was broad in his bowing, sympathetic in tone quality, sure in intonation. It means a great deal for a symphony orchestra to have such artists as Noack, Witek, Malkin, Warnke, Ferir, Barth, among its string players, and fully as eminent talent among its wood-wind players.

The final Rondo of the concerto was played by Mr. Noack with consummate ease yet with great brilliancy, too. The playing was better than the music itself, which we found rather short-breathed and spasmodic. The tone-coloring of the finale was quite effective, although there was some bassoon work (excellently played) which proved that Dvorak was familiar with Beethoven's eighth symphony. At the close Mr. Noack was recalled with much fervor, again and again, and his artistic playing certainly deserved such homage, yet we cannot rank Dvorak's violin concerto with the masterpieces of this form.

Dr. Muck is quite right to put Haydn and Mozart frequently upon his programs. There are many new auditors each year at these concerts and they should have a chance to hear what to the old attendants is an oft-told tale. Nor was there injustice in the remark once made to the present writer by Dr. Hiller—"We in Germany have grown into the modern

school through Haydn, Mozart and Beethoven. You in America begin with the most highly spiced modern music. That is dangerous."

The symphony in D major is one of the most interesting of the Haydn set and one ought not to tire of its melodious symmetry. But, for all that, in this concert, we began to long for some of the modern intensity and force. The music of the program had been too continuously tepid, in spite of the charming rusticity of the Haydn Symphony.

SYLVAIN NOACK IS THE SOLOIST WITH BOSTON SYMPHONY

Monitor — *Apr. 15/16*

SYMPHONY HALL — Twenty-first program of Boston Symphony orchestra, Karl Muck conductor, afternoon of Friday, April 14, Sylvain Noack, violinist, soloist. The program: Humperdinck, overture to opera, "The Forced Marriage"; Dvorak, concerto in A minor, for violin, op. 53; Haydn, symphony in D major (B. & H. No. 2).

Dr. Muck lifted this symphony in D out of the rank of routine performances and glorified and transformed it into a glittering gem to scintillate in the memory of a whole season. It was a glorified performance in which the conductor achieved that note of joy he so seldom reaches in his work. True, it would be a wooden conductor indeed who could not be touched by the happiness that shines through Haydn's music, but what made this performance notable especially was the fact that Dr. Muck compassed not only the joy and brightness of the score but dug deeper and discovered dramatic possibilities only suspected as lurking there. He clothed the climaxes with a majesty not usually attributed to Haydn. He invested the delicacy of andante and minuet with a lightness and charm to enhance even the composer's dream. He even turned Haydn's love of a prank to account and drove the violins at a furious scamper through the allegro.

Careful, earnest preparation was evident in this symphony. Not an expression mark was overlooked; not a chance to emphasize a point in interpretation was allowed to pass. Even the first violins almost bowed together. Such a reading as Dr. Muck gave postulated an undercurrent thought of Brahms lying

close to the surface. Certain qualities we are accustomed to associate with the later giant appeared in this symphony of the earlier. Brahms, we are coming to understand, had also a note of joy running through his work, not the simple gladness of Haydn, but an all-consuming, glorified and complex emotion. This is more what Dr. Muck grasped and read into the Haydn score.

Mr. Noack, leaving his seat at the first desk of the violins to play the Dvorak concerto, acquitted himself well. It has come to be customary that the members of the orchestra when they appear as soloists do not make of it the event that they once did. They come from their places, play their solos and return to the work of the day. Which may be taken as a commentary on the abilities of the orchestra. So Mr. Noack, stepping out from beside the concertmaster, gave an excellent technical performance of a seldom heard work, which puts in order the question why this concerto is not more often played.

It was written long before Dvorak visited America, even before he went to England, and is of the period when he composed much but had comparatively small chance for revision. Because his works were sometimes long in gaining a hearing. It is quite possible that he would have wished to alter some passages in this concerto, for all his ingenuity in development did not prevent parts of it from being almost banal. However, it is a pleasing composition to hear, and offers sufficient technical difficulties to make it worth any violinist's pains in learning.

Mr. Noack's abilities have become known and admired since his residence in Boston. His tone is not large, but is sweet and flexible, and his intonation sure. He has yet to acquire the faculty of putting himself into the music he is playing, of making it a part of himself as he gives it out.

RAINY DAY MUSIC BY SYMPHONY

Dull Programme Is Performed Per- functorily

BY OLIN DOWNES

The 21st concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Karl Muck conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. Sylvain Noack, second concertmaster, was soloist. He played the Dvorak violin concerto in A minor.

This performance was prefaced by Humperdinck's overture to "The Forced Marriage," and followed by Haydn's symphony in D major, B and H.

DULLEST OF PROGRAMMES

The marriage was not more forced than the overture, which is poor stuff, heavy footed, lumbering, scholastic. A theme at the beginning given to the horns, a theme which is an inferior edition of Hansel and Gretel; a passage for the wood wind accompanied by the strings of a sprightly and rhythmic character, afford flashes of light in the gloom. But it would be harder to imagine a composition, as a whole, much poorer, much more labored than this overture.

The programme, in fact, was one of the dullest that Dr. Muck has given here. For such a programme it is hard to find an excuse, with an orchestra capable of playing any music composed, and a library so rich as the library of the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

Concerto Admirably Played

Dvorak's concerto may be admitted on the grounds of the small number of available concertos for the violin, and the needs of a soloist. Yet, again, it is a pity that Mr. Noack, an admirable musician, an excellent violinist, should have wasted his powers on this composition. His performance was distinguished by wholly adequate virtuosity, musicianly balance and finish of detail, beauty of tone—by all of the qualities of first-class violin playing, and the audience recalled Mr. Noack with enthusiasm. Let us hope that it will be a long time to come before any

soloist recalls this concerto, a work weak in thematic material, flimsily constructed, and among the most uninteresting of Dvorak's compositions.

A Boston Eymphony audience has a right to better music and a better succession of compositions than that offered yesterday afternoon.

The finale of Haydn's symphony, a rollicking finale, was played with that overflowing wit and exuberance that are its properties, which are seldom done complete justice by other conductors than Dr. Muck. For the rest the performance had much of the character of routine. The orchestra played a symphony with which it was thrice familiar with all propriety and despatch. There was a lack of delicate values in the exquisite slow movement. Only in the minuet and the finale did the performance equal the best traditions of these concerts.

At the concerts of next week a programme of music inspired by the works of William Shakspeare will be played, including Volkmann's "Richard Third" overture; movements from Berlioz "Romeo and Juliet" symphony; Tchaikowsky "Hamlet" overture; music from Mendelssohn's incidental music to "A Midsummer Night's Dream" and Dvorak's overture, "Otello."

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT Trans. — Apr. 15/16 MORE COMPLAINT OVER DR. MUCK'S PROGRAMMES

The Dull or Routine Pieces That for Two Weeks Have Filled Them, While Many Another of More Interest Lies Neglected on the Library Shelves—For the Most Part, Also, No More Than the Average of Performance

IT is no more necessary to dwell upon the Symphony Concert of yesterday than it was upon that of the preceding Friday. Those that keep on their shelves the long rank of the bound programme-books may search in vain through the thirty-odd years of them for two less interesting programmes than Dr. Muck has for a fortnight imposed upon audiences on both occasions preceptibly smaller than the conductor, the orchestra and their music usually attract even when opera from New York takes possession of the town or the weather is forbidding. A week ago the conductor bestowed upon his public the first symphony of Beethoven in the biennial performance that has become a rite in virtue of the later symphonies and of the exalted place of the composer, but which in itself no more deserves such frequent repetition than a dozen other symphonies written in the Mozartean or the

Haydnesque manner: in the Vienna of a century ago. It is a pretty enough little piece in its imitative way, and it was played with due elegance by the conductor and his men. It served in a perfunctory programme—while twenty, thirty, forty pieces from ancient or modern, classic or experimenting, hands lie neglected in the ample library of the orchestra for no reason that the many who long for them can fathom.

To this symphony succeeded a tone-poem, "Lucifer" by Mr. Henry Hadley—music that set the thematic material in order as though it was a five-fold collection on view in a museum; that proceeded in routine workmanship, little relieved by any sort of imagination in tones; that followed a poetic scheme (as the phrase is) about the fallen Archangel and his warfare upon the Almighty that belonged to what one listener aptly called "Hall-Caine Christianity"; and that was controlled by so scanty a critical sense that the angelic hosts actually marched forth to the beat of a snare drum! It is indeed the obligation of a conductor of symphony concerts like ours, to foster American composers, by the performance of their music when it is deserving, exactly as he would encourage the younger writers of music in other lands. The only excuse for the performance of such trite and sterile tonal prose as "Lucifer" is the fact that it was neither better nor worse than other pieces not a whit more deserving that have strangely appeared from time to time on the programmes of the Symphony Orchestra. Meanwhile, the overlooked classics, semi-classics and novelties may gather dust in the library—and there is no explanation. The final piece was a suite that Sibelius put together from his incidental music to a Danish play about "King Christian II." In the vernacular of commerce it was no more than "high-grade" theatre-music written by a composer of individuality, imagination and characteristic idiom, who occasionally deigned to apply all three to the job in hand. But Sibelius's new tone-poem of "The Daughters of Ocean"—a much more interesting piece—has been thrust into the pile of abandoned novelties.

Even less interesting—in fact downright dull—were two of the members on the programme of yesterday. We may not bear Debussy's "Iberia" or d'Indy's second symphony or Ravel's suites from "Daphnis and Chloe"; or a symphony by Mahler, or Schumann's Rhenish symphony; or Reger's Romantic Suite; or Mottl's orchestral version of Chabrier's "Bourrée Fantasque"; or this or that overture of Beethoven revived for years; we may not have more Bach or more Händel; Rimsky-Korsakov's "Scheherazade," Balakirev's "Thamar," Moussorgsky's "Night on the Bald Mountain"; the suites from Stravinsky's ballets—and so on through random citation, which is plentiful enough; but we must listen to Humperdinck's dead and buried overture to

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his operatic comedy, "Die Heirat wider Willen"—mere ingenious counterpoint, dry and labored melody and a calculated "theatre-stroke" at the end.

More; though here the choice may have been rather of the violinist than of the conductor, the audience must sit under the tedious lengths of Dvorák's concerto for violin, wherein he is "scholarly," mechanical, "violinistic," what you will—anything but interesting save only in the few passages where in spite of himself he writes with his native zest of rhythm, brightness of color or melancholy mood, as the Czech that he was who also made music. Contemporary concertos for the violin may be nothing remarkable—we hear too few of them to judge; but they could hardly be more dull than Joachim "in the Hungarian manner" and Dvorák academic that Mr. Witek and Mr. Noack have respectively imposed upon their audiences this season. Then, for ending, ensued a pleasurable symphony of Haydn. It would be in place or any programme with which it accorded, for the enjoyment it affords the audience and for the light, sure running and polished skill with which orchestra and conductor take it. One or two of Haydn's symphonies may reasonably be played at the Symphony Concerts in a musical year; but hardly at the end of so tedious and sterile a programme as that of yesterday.

Better days are indeed dawning in the programmes that Dr. Muck proposes for the remaining pairs of Symphony Concerts before the season ends in May. From the time in which he first came to lead the orchestra his programmes have often been unfavorably criticised, but less for the musical matter that they contained than for the manner in which he assembled and disposed it. Until this present season, very seldom has it been fair to call his programmes uninteresting. Once and again, since last October they have seemed to be needlessly so, in view of the wealth of music at his command in the library of the orchestra, on American publishers' shelves and even still obtainable from Amsterdam, Paris and London. None, however, has descended to the scantily relieved and the generally felt dullness of those of yesterday and the Friday preceding. They were of a conductor, an orchestra, and series of concerts stuck for the moment in the worst of all ruts—the rut of complaisant routine. They were even "institutional." Not a few of the audience, who are usually a well-pleased folk, repined under them. The more eager and exacting, especially among the younger generation, upon whom the future of the concerts depends, clamored openly and scornfully against them.

Of course the ready retort was that the appropriate eloquence of the performance for beauty or charm or power or skill made sufficient compensation. It was indeed a delight to hear in Beethoven's sym-

phony; able with Sibelius's music; but no more than routine, except in little adroit or vivid spots, in Haydn's symphony. Moreover, the best of performances can make Humperdinck's overture, Dvorák's concerto or Hadley's tone-poem only a little less tedious and sterile than as music, each and all of them intrinsically is. As with Mr. Witek before him, the admirable abilities of Mr. Noack as a virtuoso and a musician of the violin were nearly buried in an ill-chosen concerto. The first desk of the violins has shone most this winter in the work of the day.
H. T. P.

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Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1915-16.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

Dr. KARL MUCK, Conductor.

TWENTY-SECOND PROGRAMME

FRIDAY, APRIL 21, AT 2.30 P. M.

SATURDAY, APRIL 22, AT 8 P. M.

IN COMMEMORATION OF THE THREE HUNDRETH ANNIVERSARY
OF THE DEATH OF WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

SMETANA,

OVERTURE to "Richard III"

BERLIOZ,

THREE MOVEMENTS from "Romeo and Juliet"

- a) Queen Mab
- b) Garden Scene
- c) The Ball at Capulet's

TSCHAIKOWSKY,

SYMPHONIC POEM, "Hamlet"

MENDELSSOHN,

THREE PIECES from the music of "A Midsummer Night's Dream"

- a) Overture
- b) Nocturne
- c) Scherzo

DVOŘÁK

OVERTURE to "Othello"

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DVOŘÁK	OVERTURE to "Othello"

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DVOŘÁK

OVERTURE to "Othello"

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SMETANA,

SYMPHONIC POEM, "Richard III" op. 11.

BERLIOZ,

"Romeo and Juliet," DRAMATIC SYMPHONY
with Chorus, Solo Voices and Prologue in Choral
Recitative, after Shakespeare's tragedy, op. 17
a) Queen Mab; Scherzo
b) Garden Scene
c) The Ball at Capulet's

TSCHAIKOWSKY,

OVERTURE FANTASIA, "Hamlet," op. 67 A

MENDELSSOHN,

MUSIC to Shakespeare's "A Midsummer Night's
Dream" for Orchestra, Soprano Solos and Female
Chorus, op. 61
a) Overture
b) Nocturne
c) Scherzo

DVOŘÁK

OVERTURE to "Othello," op. 93



The Engraved Portrait of William Shakespeare Which Appears on the Title Page of the First Folio Edition of the Plays, Issued in London in 1623, Seven Years After the Poet's Death. This Likeness Is One of the Two Which Are Generally Accepted as the Most Valuable Portraits of the Dramatist.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT

Jeans. — Apr. 22/16

MUSIC FOR COMMEMORATION OF SHAKSPEARE

Dr. Muck's Wide and Interesting Choice
—Smetana's "Richard III.," Berlioz's
"Romeo and Juliet" and Tschai-kovsky's
"Hamlet" for the First Times in Years
—The Other Pieces—Contrasts and Com-
parisons—Orchestra and Conductor on
Their Mettle Again

FOR the first time, if memory does not falter, the Symphony Concerts have commemorated—as the programme of yesterday ran—an anniversary other than that of the birth or the death of a composer and honored the name and fame of one who wrote no music, except that of words, but suggested much music-making to others. The three hundredth anniversary of the death of Shakspeare befalls on Sunday; the actual day or an approximation of it would have passed uncelebrated in Boston, except by the wrangling municipal mummery at the Opera House, had not Dr. Muck chosen to fill the Symphony Concerts of yesterday and today with music that sundry composers wrote when Shakspeare's fires set sparks to theirs. The playwright used an English speech to English-speaking folk; but the conductor could find no music from English or American hands that harked back to Shakspeare's plays; that was worthy of them and that in itself deserved inclusion in a commemorative programme. Of course, there are English settings of songs from the comedies and the tragedies that might becomingly serve such a purpose; but they were out of the question in a concert that must, perforce, be wholly orchestral. Shakspeare, after all, is universal and Continental Europe has been much more prolific of music born of his drama than has his own England or the kindred America.

To the Continental composers accordingly Dr. Muck turned. From a very wide field of choice Smetana yielded him the tone-poem, "Richard III.," Berlioz the purely orchestral parts of the symphony inspired by "Romeo and Juliet"; Tschai-kowsky a fantasia upon "Hamlet"; Mendelssohn, the overture to "A Midsummer Night's Dream" and two fragments of music of the scene; Dvorák, the overture, "Othello." In all, music suggested by a comedy, three diverse tragedies and a chronicle-play of Shakspeare; music written by composers of four distinct nationalities, Czech, French, Russian and Prussian; in itself music that deserved to be heard

and that, with the exception of Mendelssohn's pieces, has been seldom heard of late at the Symphony Concerts. The assembled numbers made as long a programme as any conductor has ever set for Symphony Hall; but it had novel and diversified interest; neither conductor nor orchestra flagged with it; while as much of the audience as dares to be independent of "suburban schedules" held intent and applause to the end. An exacting programme to prepare, since each piece, except again Mendelssohn's, must be restudied and repractised thoroughly; but one that after those strange two weeks of perfunctory routine, restored the orchestra to its wonted mettle and renewed the wonted interest and exhilaration of the concerts.

So various a concert set in wide scope and vivid contrast the powers of orchestra and conductor. At their hands Berlioz's scherzo of "Queen Mab" was a filigree web of swiftly running and highly rhythmed tones, touched in adroit proportion with as light contrasting strokes in the trios of the echoing wind-choir and the fanfares of fantasy—a gossamer and shimmering poetry of music as the composer wrote it, as the band played it and with the mystery of night-vision permeating almost every bar. Then to the gradual efflorescence in more and more ardent tones and larger and larger utterance of the music of the lovers in the garden—music charged with the sensuous thrill of the soft and glowing Italian night that Berlioz had known at Rome quite as much as with the passion of the fired yet fearing pair. Indeed, so far as it is speech of their passion, it becomes toward the end a rather self-conscious speech of the composer who in true romantic fashion has lingered overlong with his imaginings—especially when a conductor takes them at so slow a pace as Dr. Muck used yesterday. Yet it still keeps the strangeness, the beauty, the young rapture which are everlasting romance.

True compliment in itself and as the orchestra played it is the succeeding music of Romeo's troubled, amorous musing with its high, thin intensity, the voice to this day of Parisian composers for such mood and of the expert oboist who usually speaks for them. Next the music of the dance within the Capulets' house—a brilliant music, a music of romantic pomp as the generation of Berlioz and Liszt imagined, wrote and judged it. The changes of time and taste have made it seem nowadays rather empty and common unless we can hear it with the readjusted ear that in similar fashion "Ce qu'on Entend sur la Montagne" this very season demanded. Yet the gradual shadowing and the final smothering of the music of fete and of longing by the music of the feud remains even now a well-imagined and well-accomplished stroke. Given the conductor, the orchestra, the

willing ear and imagination, Berlioz's romantic music still holds its own—quite as surely as does Liszt's. Maybe romance in tones, like romance in every other medium, is an enduring thing.

For Berlioz and this music of "Romeo and Juliet," Tchaikovsky's "Hamlet" and Dvorák's "Othello" made exalting contrast. The romantic glory of Berlioz's symphony reflects the glory of Shakspeare's romantic tragedy. Tchaikovsky's fantasia and Dvorák's overture take cue from his plays but the voice that speaks out of them is far from his. Tchaikovsky's Hamlet is Tchaikovsky himself in many an idiosyncrasy of his own peculiar and limited idiom. Even the songful motive that is presumed to suggest Ophelia has the lushness, only a little tempered, of the Russian's melody that nowadays seems somehow to vulgarize it. White and dreaming Ophelia, after all, did not stray out of Bellini's transparent southern operas; she was of Shakspeare's more mysterious north. The black and feverish agitation that fills so much of the music developed from the motives of Hamlet himself is only Tchaikovsky neurotic and self-tortured as he had been many times in tones before and was to be many times thereafter. Even when the tragedy and fantasia end, the lament for the dead and fated Hamlet is an intrinsically Russian lament—a wild fury of mourning fitter for Tsarewitch or boyar than for Shakspeare's subtly tempered prince. Almost certainly Tchaikovsky read himself into "Hamlet"; perhaps he felt the tragedy as a dramatic narrative that, de-poetized and de-intellectualized, is no more than a melodrama of suspicion and revenge. So reacting to it, may be, he wrote the sharp music of his introduction as though he visioned the suspense and the awe of the scenes on the battlement, the uncanny promptings of nocturnal sound, the sharp cut of inner sensation; midnight, the ghost and the turbid flood of emotion in Hamlet and the other watchers. There and only there, he writes music that becomes its Shakspearean origin.

Nowhere, as it happens, does Dvorák do as much in his overture to "Othello," which might better, perhaps, be prelude to the final scenes it would epitomize. For the prayerful, remembering and foreboding Desdemona he can find no more than a gently suave and intrinsically commonplace melody. Music-making rather than the tragic voice of tones brings the Moor. The ominous dialogue is merely sharp-cut by a ready hand. The heavy climax of the sacrifice and the suicide, the lyric and elegiac close, half-lament and half-apotheosis are no more than Dvorák's simple-hearted and rather pedestrian imaginings over that which kindled Verdi in his opera to a music of genius. The mere memory of it yesterday smothered Dvorák, Desdemona-like, into silence and oblivion.

Smetana was in better case. He, too, has

written a relatively simple-minded and simply conducted music as Gloster and the course of "Richard III." prompted him to imagination and expression in tones. Like all Smetana's symphonic poems, the evolution of the music, the mating of it with what the books call the "poetic content," is transparently clear. The composer's reactions to play and personage are as obvious. None the less, he has written a finely stark and rugged music; now grim and grave, now turbulent and martial, again of suspense march and once at least of gaunt suggestion of the swarming phantoms of Gloster's tent. There are piercing phrases, heavy tutti, bleak progressions, clashing dissonances, ghostly modulations, broken trumpets and trumpets sounding in long fanfare down the wind and down the world over a stricken field. Not so much a music of Gloster and of "Richard III." as a music of all the line of Shakspeare's historical plays that stretches from "Richard II." through "Henry V." of the warlike and desolate time that sets them, of the Hotspurs, the Bolingbrokes, the young king of Agincourt, the Welsh rebels, the loyal lords that go to and fro, big of stride and voice, within them. Bohemian though he was, Smetana has written as true and worthy a Shakspearean music as the Berlioz of "Romeo and Juliet," as the Mendelssohn of the overture and the incidental pieces to "A Midsummer Night's Dream." Once more out of that thrice-familiar but still unhackneyed prelude from the suffusing loveliness of the chords of the entering and the vanishing fairies, through the lovers' sighs and the stampings of Bottom and his crew, through Nocturne and Scherzo spoke, albeit in another voice and medium, the Shakspeare of youthful fantasy, humors and poetry, not the most illustrious but the most seductive and—to some of us—the most cherished Shakspeare of them all.

H. T. P.

SYMPHONY'S TRIBUTE TO SHAKSPERE

Post — Apr. 22/16
Programme of Music
Inspired by Great
Dramatist

The programme of the 22nd concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Muck, conductor, yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall, was given in observance of the Shakspearean tercentenary, and was devoted entirely to music inspired by the English dramatist. Overture, Richard III., Volkmann; three movements, "Queen Mab," the garden scene and the ball, from Berlioz' dramatic symphony, "Romeo and Juliette"; symphonic poem, "Hamlet," Tchaikowsky; overture, Nocturne, and Scherzo, from Mendelssohn's music to "A Midsummer Night's Dream," and Dvorak's overture, "Othello."

INSTRUCTIVE MUSIC

The programme was instructive, as well as entertaining, for it brought before the audience many musical personalities, and a wide divergency of styles. The two compositions which showed out above the others, of course, were the movements from Berlioz's great symphony, which is practically a series of musical tableaux, illustrative of the most significant moments of the drama, and Mendelssohn's music, which does not age, which is perennially youthful and poetic in the highest degree.

Volkmann's overture makes its mark as an effective concert piece, but is, after all, becoming rapidly outmoded, in spite of the modernity of its form, which is not matched by true modernity of spirit. Dvorak's music is not so poignant or so heroic that it need detain the hearer for any great length

of time, but Tchaikowsky's "Hamlet," in spite of its mannerisms and its bombast, its furious brilliancy, or melting melody, its dark and sepulchral effects, in certain places, has much that strikes home. This may be a Russian Hamlet, influenced by vodka, as well as congenital indecision. It is nevertheless an aspect of the Hamlet character, in so much as Tchaikowsky, an irredeemably subjective composer, touched hands at certain points with the temperament of the Prince of Denmark.

The performances were brilliant and characteristic of the composers presented. There was much applause.

SHAKESPEARE PROGRAM BY SYMPHONY

Herald — Apr. 22/16

Orchestra's 22d Concert Program Selected in Commemoration of 300th Anniversary of Death of Dramatist—Brilliant Performance Throughout — Dr. Muck Conducts.

By PHILIP HALE.

The 22d concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Muck, conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program, selected in commemoration of the 300th anniversary of the death of Shakespeare, was as follows:

Symphonic Poem "Richard III.".....Smetana
Queen Mab, Garden Scene and Ball at Capulet's from "Romeo and Juliet".....Berlioz
"Hamlet," overture Fantasia.....Tchaikowsky
Overture, Nocturne and Scherzo from music to "A Midsummer Night's Dream".....Mendelssohn

Overture "Othello".....Dvorak

For the commemoration there was a mass of music at hand. Take "Richard III." for example. There was Volkmann's overture with the anachronistic introduction of "The Campbells Are Coming," performed here nine years ago, not to mention the overtures by Rosenfeld and Titi.

Tchaikowsky's "Romeo and Juliet," familiar here, is among his most imaginative compositions, but there are overtures by Freudenberg, Schottman, Pierson, Raff, Svendsen, not to mention introductions to operas founded on the tragic story.

And "Hamlet." There is Liszt's symphonic poem, which, we believe, has not been performed in Boston. There are overtures by Joachim, Gade, Emanuel Bach (not the son of Johann Sebastian, it is needless to say), Henschel; Mathias;

there is the wonderful funeral march for Hamlet by Berlioz, which has been performed here, led by Mr. Longy; there is the symphonic poem of Lekeu; there is MacDowell's "Hamlet and Ophelia."

Fibich wrote a symphonic poem "Othello"; Krug is the composer of a symphonic prologue to the tragedy; there is an overture by Raff.

Other tragedies and comedies of Shakespeare have incited many composers to gird up their loins for the task. The late John K. Paine wrote a symphonic poem "The Tempest"; he also composed an overture to "As You Like It." Nicolai's overture to "The Merry Wives of Windsor" might well have tempted Dr. Muck. We should have preferred it to Dvorak's "Othello." We were spared Richard Strauss's "Macbeth," also Rheinberger's overture to "The Taming of the Shrew," also Rubinstein's overture to "Antony and Cleopatra."

The list of purely orchestral works inspired by Shakespeare is a formidable one. What has become of Eberlein's overture to "Macbeth," once very popular; or Bruell's overture to the same tragedy—it has been played here. Does any one remember the overtures to "Julius Caesar" by Schumann and Hans von Buelow? The "King Lear" overture of Berlioz still has vitality, but where is Radecke's overture to "King John," once applauded in Berlin and in the Gewandhaus of Leipzig? Louis Ehlert was not contented with being a critic; he wrote an overture to "Cymbeline." Balakireff's overture to "King Lear" might be worth hearing. We doubt if this could be said of Albert Schaefer's overture to "The Winter's Tale."

Building his program on the music of Berlioz, Dr. Muck, passing over Tschai-kowsky's "Romeo and Juliet," was obliged to choose between his "Hamlet" and "The Tempest" if the Russian was to be represented. Neither of these works shows Tschai-kowsky at his best. There are only a few impressive moments in "Hamlet," which had not been heard here since 1900. The appearance of the Ghost at midnight is well conceived; the themes associated with Ophelia have a decided profile, and the march measures—do they refer to Fortinbras?—are out of the common. The introduction is labored; the thematic development is for the most part uninteresting; the instrumentation seldom attracts attention by originality or color.

Smetana's "Richard III" had not been played here for many years. It was composed when he was in Sweden (in 1858), and evidently impressed by Liszt's symphonic poems. In a letter to Liszt, enclosing the beginning of "Richard III," he said that the emphasis of his music fitted the action of the tragedy; the attainment of the goal, the overthrowing of all obstacles, the triumph, and then the monarch's fall. The earnestness and directness of this music, its energetic quality, the abstinence from everything extraneous even in the way of ornamentation that might be

legitimate, command respect; more than this, there are strokes of vivid imagination. Some passages might be considered naive, if not awkwardly expressed, but the virility of the musical spirit carries the composer safely to the end, which is peculiarly effective.

It is a pity that we cannot hear the whole of Berlioz's "Romeo and Juliet," or at least all the nobler pages. It would be impertinent at this late day to expatiate on the exquisite Sherzo, the wondrously beautiful love music, or Romeo's pathetic theme so finely played yesterday by Mr. Longy. Only the ball music reminds us of 1839. It suggests the engagement of the Verona brass band by Capulet for the coming-out of his daughter. No composer, to our knowledge, has written music suitable to this festival. That of Berlioz, as that of Gounod, might be compared to the supper of the evening as characterized by Capulet: "We have a trifling foolish banquet towards."

The performance of the orchestra throughout was brilliant.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The program of the concerts next week is as follows: Rimsky-Korsakoff, overture to "The Betrothed of the Tsar"; Chadwick, "Tam O' Shanter" (first time here); Strauss, "Thus Spake Zarathustra."

SYMPHONIC TRIBUTE TO SHAKESPEARE

Adv. — Apr. 22/16
Best Technical Musician Among

Great Poets Honored on
Tercentenary

TSCHAIKOWSKY'S "HAM-
LET" IMPRESSIVE WORK

Berlioz and Mendelssohn Seem
Truest Translators of Great
Poet Into Music

BY LOUIS C. ELSON

PROGRAM.

Smetana—"Richard III" Overture.
Berlioz—"Romeo and Juliet" Symphony.
Three movements.
Tschai-kowsky—"Hamlet" Symphonic Poem.
Mendelssohn—"Midsummernight's Dream."
Three Pieces.
Dvorak—"Othello" Overture.

It was very proper that our Sym-phony Orchestra should take cogniz-ance of the tercentenary of Shake-

speare's death, as they did yesterday afternoon, in a program of somewhat greater length than usual, for that poet has done more for our art than any other writer outside of the musical profession. Every one of his plays has been used as a libretto for opera; his short poems have inspired songs innumerable, and overtures, symphonies, symphonic poems, etc., have grown out of his works. As all the world loves a lover, "Romeo and Juliet" naturally has inspired the most music, but "Hamlet," "Othello," "The Merry Wives of Windsor," "Macbeth," and all the rest, have music to their credit.

More than this, Shakespeare was the best technical musician among the poets. Shakespeare, Milton and Browning, are the three who stand apart in this from the rank and file of even great poets, who have generally made a mess of it when they dabbled much in musical metaphor. Tennyson, Coleridge, and a number of others might be cited as warning examples. The reader who wishes to study Shakespeare's musical trend at its best should carefully analyze "Twelfth Night," as the play where musical allusions, poetic, playful, laudatory and ironical are thickest.

It was a pity this concert should have taken place on the same afternoon that Wagner's great opera was given a couple of blocks further up the avenue. Many a musical auditor must have wailed:—

"How happy could I be with either
Were I other dear charmer away."

But the reviewer determined to foster home industries, and, after all, a Shakespearian tercentenary does not happen very frequently.

Some of the music was not as inspiring as its topic. We would much rather have heard Nicolai's charming overture (in classical form, too) to "The Merry Wives of Windsor," than the Smetana work, and even Volk-mann has done a better overture to "Richard III," if we can excuse his bringing in a Scotch tune ("The Campbells Are Comin'") at the battle of Bosworth field, a tune which was composed more than a century after that fight.

Smetana causes Richard to march around in a very bombastic and bloodthirsty manner, accompanied by a full brass band, and with a great deal of pomp and circumstances, while at the end there comes a cataclysm that might well have "struck terror to the soul of Rich-ard" and to the auditors as well.

We cannot believe that they used Krupp bombs on Bosworth field, but this Coda suggests it.

Of the three movements from the Berlioz "Romeo and Juliet" sym-phony, the Balcony scene was the most beautiful, and here, at least, was a true Shakespeare Picture. Berlioz fell in love with his first wife (Harriet Smithson) when he saw her in this scene, and it is very possible that we get the echoes of that event in this tone-picture. Certain it is that a passionate violoncello makes love to a tender violin (with added flute), but the spasmodic interrup-tions cause one to exclaim—"Ah, Romeo, Romeo, wherefore art thou Berlioz!"

Still, it is much better than Gou-nod's Romeo in syrup. But the piquant "Queen Mab" is so daintily pictured that Mercutio's little sketch becomes the chief point of the whole symphony, with many auditors. The violins and the English horn deserve much praise for their work in this. We wish that we could have had Berlioz's "King Lear" overture as a tragic contrast to this, since the "Ball at the Capulets" was also spicy music.

Tschai-kowsky's "Hamlet" sym-phonie poem is not as striking a composition as his "Romeo and Juliet" overture, but it is an im-pressive work nevertheless. The fault to be found with it is that it does not portray the character of the prince to the Shakespearian student any more than Ambrose Thomas does. If we do not seek for Shakespearian char-acters in the work we can be satisfied with its beautiful music, but it is dif-ficult to discover "the melancholy Dane" in its measures. There is much more of Laertes and the camp. The strong themes and fine orches-tration exhibit the wild power of Tschai-kowsky, but one might have named the work "Macbeth" and the music would have fitted quite as well, or possibly a little better. The com-position was most excellently played.

Mendelssohn's three pieces from the "Midsummer Night's Dream" music were exquisitely played. The over-ture was musically the best piece of the whole program, and it is real Shakespearian translation into tones. The chief theme of this classical form, perfectly played by the vio-lins, represents the fairies; the second theme, more longing and passionate, is the lovers; the closing theme, with its lumbering steps and odd skipping, portrays the Athenian players, and

does it exceedingly well. Add to this the bassoon brayings of Bottom, the weaver, when turned into an ass, and the snoring of the same character, when in a drunken sleep among the fairies (oh, for an ophicleide here!) and we have a composition that every Shakespearean can revel in. And the composer was only 18 years old when he created it.

The Nocturne, following, gave some beautiful horn music (not very evenly played), and the Scherzo showed Mendelssohn, as usual, the best composer of his time in this form. But why did we not have the Wedding March? That blaring piece of war music has led more people into battle than any other march that was ever written!

The last number of the program pleased us less. We must remember that the title of the work is not "Othello, the Moor of Bohemia," and yet this overture gave the impression that Othello had taken out his naturalization papers in Prague. But we suppose that if Shakespeare put a sea-coast in Bohemia, Dvorak has the right to put a Moor there also. The overture seemed full of touches of Bohemian folk-music. There was, however, a military chief theme, which seemed to speak of

"The plumed troop and the big wars," and there were cymbal strokes and blasts of muted horns, which came as a premonition of impending evil. Afterwards there came a gentle theme, chiefly harp and wood-wind in which we had no difficulty in recognizing Desdemona. Then more cymbal clashes, a wild rush of the whole orchestra, and she was smothered, suddenly and brusquely.

In this Shakespearean program Berlioz and Mendelssohn seemed the truest translators of Shakespeare into music. The others simply used the poet as a peg on which to hang their compositions. The first and last numbers could have been replaced by more representative compositions, and we longed for a few other Shakespearean works, but, after all, if Dr. Muck were to attempt to give all the good orchestral music that Shakespeare has inspired he might use up the entire series of symphony concerts in the attempt.

SYMPHONY HONORS SHAKSPERE'S MEMORY

9:40 *Apr. 22/16*
300th Anniversary of Poet's Death Observed

Dr. Muck arranged a program for the 22d Friday afternoon Symphony concert to observe the passing commemoration of the third centennial of Shakspeare's death. The program, drawn from two Bohemians, a Frenchman, a Russian and a German, was as follows: Smetana, symphonic poem, "Richard III"; Berlioz, three movements—Queen Mab, Garden Scene and the Ball at Capulet's—from the "Romeo and Juliet" dramatic symphony; Tschaiakowsky, "Hamlet," overture fantasia; Mendelssohn, overture, nocturne and scherzo from the music to "Midsummer Night's Dream"; Dvorak, overture, "Othello."

Shakspeare, the supreme expressionist of life through the written and spoken word, has inspired a singularly small amount of music embodying truth as he saw it. In comparison the symphonic literature suffers with that of the opera house—and this chiefly through the two monumental last works of Verdi, "Otello" and "Falstaff," operas which have not been popular, and probably will not be, for the reason that people go chiefly to the opera house to hear some individual singer who captures their fancy. The world wants for an opera upon "As You Like It" such music as the Verdi of "Falstaff" could have written, with his lightness, his wit, his unfading youth.

Out of Italy Verdi seems to stand alone as a recreator of Shakspeare. Sgambati and Martucci, respected symphonists of a people who write easier for the stage than the concert hall, have left nothing of large form based upon the great dramatist's plays. Of the two compositions played yesterday from Bohemians, the overture of Dvorak is heard more frequently than Smetana's symphonic poem. From Germany there is Mendelssohn's charming music of yesterday, the youthful symphonic poem of Strauss on "Macbeth," the symphonic poem by Weingartner on "Lear" and others. Litloff, born in London, the son of a French Alsatian soldier, has an overture on the latter subject; so has Berlioz, the three works having comprised a program by Sir Henry Wood at a promenade concert in London at the Shakspeare anniversary of four years ago in June.

Berlioz' "Romeo and Juliet," with its queen mab scherzo of exquisite imagination and fine fancy comes heavily to earth in the overdeveloped scene in the

garden and the commonplace music at the ball. Tschaiakowsky's overture suggested by Balakirew reflects better the youthful passion and tenderness of the tragedy, while his "Hamlet," written for an occasion, is not indicative of his style, as the overture or the orchestral fantasia on "The Tempest" shows it. The program was played by Dr. Muck and the orchestra with the evidences of care which made the Berlioz scherzo in particular a thing of amazing lightness and beauty.

The program next week will be as follows: Rimsky-Korsakoff overture, "The Betrothed of the Tsar"; Chadwick, "Tam o' Shanter" ballade for orchestra (first time in Boston); Strauss, "Thus Spake Zarathustra."

BOSTON SYMPHONY GIVES UP PROGRAM TO SHAKESPEARE

SYMPHONY HALL.—Twenty-second program of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Karl Muck conducting, in commemoration of Shakespeare, afternoon of April 21. The program: Smetana, "Richard III," symphonic poem, op. 11; Berlioz, "Romeo and Juliet," dramatic symphony with chorus, solo voices, and prologue in choral recitative after Shakespeare's tragedy, op. 17, (a) Queen Mab: scherzo; (b) garden scene; (c) ball at Capulet's; Tschaiakowsky, "Hamlet," overture fantasia, op. 67 A; Mendelssohn, music to Shakespeare's "A Midsummer Night's Dream," for orchestra, soprano solos and female chorus, op. 61, (a) overture, (b) nocturne, (c) scherzo; Dvorak, overture, "Othello," op. 93.

Musical pageantry this program was, and it all testified to the wedding of the intellectual and the emotional in Shakespeare and the zest he communicated through his characters to their interpreters. These interpreters Friday happened to be using the medium of instrumental tone in combination, but nevertheless though they might characterize merely, or establish a mood and to only a slight degree carry forward action, still the program taken as a whole left the impression that "Hamlet" always leaves of completeness. All the elements of drama are present in "Hamlet." And in the Boston Symphony orchestra's commemoration program the five composers contributed each an element that Shakespeare had, fused and indissoluble, in his work.

Good composers, being honest, take from Shakespeare what they can grasp, and if each one sees a different thing, the audience may combine them and

have the complete Shakespeare again. It would be guessed that Tschaiakowsky's Hamlet would be the Hamlet of the morose mood. And that Mendelssohn would be inspired to the best music perhaps that he wrote by the sparkling fantasy of the "Midsummer Night's Dream." Each of these and Smetana in his "Richard III," drew from the dramatist as much as they contributed themselves, and the result was Shakespeare.

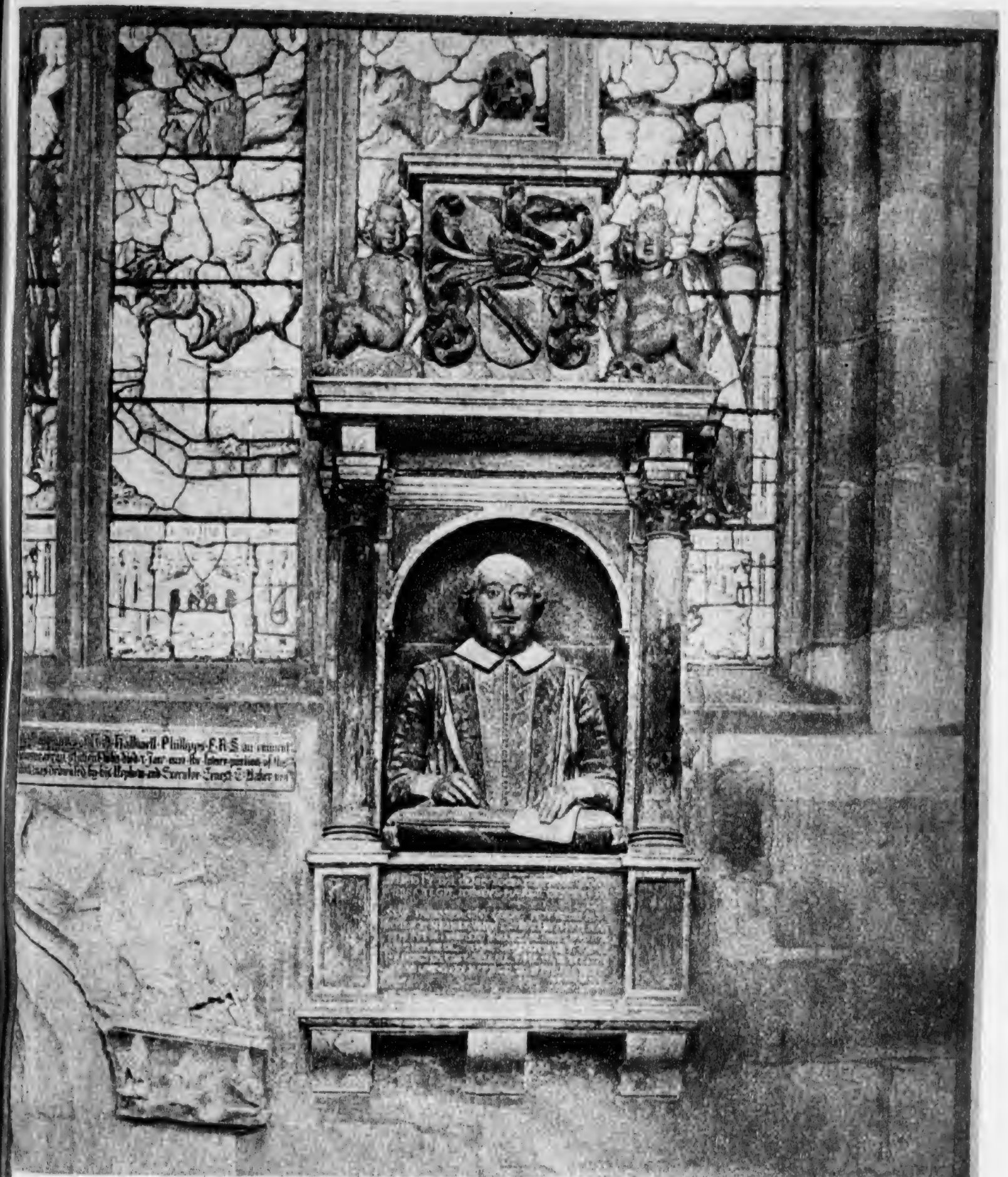
In only one of the pieces was a personage characterized—in "Richard III." Smetana has in this done some of his best work. It is bright with brass. Smetana interprets even somber themes and passages with his trumpets, as if to say "this is somber and I shall make it so, but I shall not be robbed of my joy in doing it." His Richard is the hideous figure, the traditional one, and the composer revealed him by the use of apparently formless dissonances. There is some little attempt at narration here, also.

Berlioz goes to "Romeo and Juliet" for his program and his inspiration. Out of this "dramatic" symphony with its twenty-odd sections, Dr. Muck took only three. The "Queen Mab" is a fantasia on Mercutio's speech: "O, then, I see Queen Mab hath been with you." The second is the garden scene with the lovers. Berlioz is successful here in places and not in others. At all times he is giving the symbols that people expect rather than a true transcript. The third is the scene at the ball. This contains a passage for oboe that, played by Mr. Longy, will be remembered, along with a passage for oboe in the Tschaiakowsky that (am) next. It is playing of the kind that explains why this orchestra sometimes plays up to its reputation, for there are others in it besides Mr. Longy who can from the orchestra depths phrase a passage to make one forget many perhaps weary hours of listening to recognized solo instruments, or even to the wooden performances this same great orchestra sometimes nods long enough to give. The performance Friday owes much to Mr. Longy.

If Mendelssohn caught joy from Shakespeare, Tschaiakowsky, from the biographies, would go straight to Hamlet, as being an allied personality in some measure. There is a bond between the composer and the Danish prince.

Tschaikowsky wrote perhaps most sincerely of the composers represented. He presented most graphically, at any rate, the drama of emotion. His medium prevented him from touching very closely the drama of intellect, even if he were inclined to do so. Hamlet, without articulation of the intellect is hardly half of Hamlet, but it is as well that composers are barred from comments on this phase of their subjects, if biographies are ever correct, which may be doubted. When Shakespeare touched a subject he had a way of saying very nearly all that could be said on it. By intellectual grace he transmuted the themes of pure melodrama. Shakespeare appeals to the heart, but not direct. It is Hamlet's story that appeals as well as his speeches, but—because of his speeches.

In these detached episodes, and the Dvorak "Othello" Shakespeare again contributes to human happiness through the composers, for it is Shakespeare more than the composers or the orchestra that conjured up the finely played program.



The Bust Above the Tomb of Shakespeare in Holy Trinity Church, Stratford-on-Avon, the Second of the Two Likenesses Believed to Be Authentic Portraits of the Poet.

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Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1915--16.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

Dr. KARL MUCK, Conductor.

TWENTY-THIRD PROGRAMME

FRIDAY, APRIL 28, AT 2.30 P. M.

SATURDAY, APRIL 29, AT 8 P. M.

RIMSKY-KORSAKOFF OVERTURE to "The Betrothed of the Tsar"

CHADWICK BALLADE for ORCHESTRA, "Tam O'Shanter"
(First time in Boston)
(Conducted by the Composer.)

STRAUSS TONE POEM "Thus Spake Zarathustra"
(freely after Friedr. Nietzsche), op. 30



MR. GEORGE W. CHADWICK.

PLAY CHADWICK BALLADE UNDER AUTHOR'S BATON

Symphony Orchestra Gives
Composition First Rendition
in Boston—Work Illustrates
Burns's "Tam o' Shanter"—
Program Will Be Repeated
This Evening.

By PHILIP HALE.

The 23d concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Muck, conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows: Rimsky-Korsakoff, overture to "The Betrothed of the Tsar,"; Chadwick, Ballade for orchestra, "Tam o' Shanter" (first time in Boston); Strauss, "Thus Spake Zarathustra."

Mr. Chadwick conducted his Ballade, which, composed in 1914, was first performed at a concert of the Litchfield County Choral Union festival, held at Norfolk, Ct., June 3, 1915. Since then it has been played by the Symphony orchestras of Minneapolis and Chicago.

This Ballade must be ranked with Mr. Chadwick's more original and most characteristic compositions. He has written well for orchestra in classic and academic forms. His "Melpomene" overture has nobility and emotion; an overture that would be creditable to a composer of rank in any country. There are other works of long breath that show the workmanship of the skilled musician; but certain individual qualities, qualities that reveal a strong and peculiar personality, are to be found rather in the Scherzo of his second symphony, his "Symphonic Sketches" and "Tam o' Shanter." In these pieces there is humor that might justly be called American, a freedom of expression that is delightful recklessness, a devil-may-care spirit in the invention, and in the harmonic and orchestral expression, while at the same time these compositions are the recreations of a thoroughly grounded, well-equipped, thoughtful musician.

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there is no need of a description in words for him that knows the poem. Mr. Chadwick's exposition of the various episodes is clear and unmistakable in his music. First there is the storm without the ale-house, and here as in all sections of the Ballade but one, the moderation of the composer is artistic. This storm, vividly portrayed, is not one of tragic import. There is the suggestion, however, of weather that would keep any man on any night snug by the "ingle," whether he were alone or with his souter Johnny. The Tam o' Shanter theme is a happy inspiration—a chorus in the manner of a Scotch tune that might be sung by malt worms and toss pots, brave two-handed drinkers. The beginning of the ride is deftly indicated and the "trotting figure" is not abused. The church is reached. We hear a choral theme taken from the old Scotch tune, "Martyrs," one of the tunes sung by Burns's cotter. "Compar'd with these, Italian trills are tame." A pause leads one to think of Tam, astonished at the sight of the church in a blaze of light. He watches the warlocks and witches in their dances—hornpipes, jigs, strathspeys and reels. The tunes have demoniacal life; the instrumentation is appropriately fantastical. With Tam's famous applause for "Cutty-Sark," the ride is resumed with the witches in pursuit.

All this is excellent. According to the program "the music now loses its descriptive and realistic character and becomes more subjective." This epilogue seems to us too long and at times too sentimental. What is the moral as told by Burns?

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Rimsky-Korsakoff's overture is of a light nature as a prelude to a grim opera dealing with treachery, love potions, poison, madness and murder. The opening section is the most striking section of the composition; the theme has character; there is a national flavor; the treatment is interesting. But the flowing second theme might have come to any writer of operettas as he was lathering his face before breakfast, and the contrapuntal tricks of the composer do not save him.

Dr. Muck and the orchestra gave an unusually impressive performance of Strauss's huge "machine," to quote the slang term of Parisian studios. The new



MR. GEORGE W. CHADWICK.

PLAY CHADWICK BALLADE UNDER AUTHOR'S BATON

Symphony Orchestra Gives
Composition First Rendition
in Boston—Work Illustrates
Burns's "Tam o' Shanter"—
Program Will Be Repeated
This Evening.

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32-ft. reed in the organ enlarged the solidity of the foundation in the more majestic moments. Every member of the orchestra was an accomplished virtuoso in the ensemble. Yet in spite of the performance this tone-poem of Strauss again seemed inferior to "Don Quixote" and even "Heldenleben," far less romantic and moving than "Till," "Death and Transfiguration," and "Don Juan." There are more pages here than elsewhere that are fundamentally common, vulgar. If the figured section "Of Science" is a joke at the expense of all knowledge, it is a dismal one, intolerably long-winded and dull.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The program of the concerts next week, the last of the season, is as follows: Liszt, "Dante" Symphony; Wagner, Prelude to "Tristram and Isolde." Funeral music from "Dusk of the Gods," Prelude to "Parsifal."

BRILLIANT NEW WORK BY CHADWICK

Adv. Apr. 29/16
Feature of Entirely Orchestral

Program at Symphony
Concert

MOST IMPORTANT SCORE
IN AMERICAN REPERTOIRE

Picturesque and Dramatic Work
Can Hold Its Own With
Europe's Best

By LOUIS C. ELSON
PROGRAM

Rimski-Korsakoff. "La Fiancee du Tsar." Overture.
Chadwick. "Tam o'Shanter." Ballade for Orchestra.
Strauss. "Also Sprach Zarathustra." Symphonic Poem.

An entirely orchestral concert, and entirely interesting from beginning to end. We might add, too, that it was entirely modern, but in the best modern school, without eccentricities or senseless experiments. The first work was a good example of Russian melodic beauty. The greatest promise of the new Russian school lies in the fact that it does not disdain melodic beauty, and this overture by Rimski-Korsakoff was altogether charming in

its melodic grace its neat development, its brusque contrasts. It was much applauded and both musician and non-musician concurred in the favorable verdict.

In the last number of the program the supreme power of tone-coloring which the modern Germans possess was strongly in evidence, and the complexity of figure treatment which is creeping into the Teutonic music was also shown. This is all well enough when a tonal giant like Richard Strauss does the juggling, but in lesser hands this working of figures to death becomes very tiresome, and Reznicek, Reger, Bischoff, Lendvai, and others, become a heavy task for their auditors. And even Strauss is led into extremes by his skill in figure treatment, as witness his "Rosenkavalier," but generally saves himself by his skill in tone-coloring. "Zarathustra" minus its marvellous tone-coloring might be a rather boresome proposition. Nevertheless, in its brilliant scoring it is by no means dull to the trained auditor, and it was not written for the common herd.

It was a decidedly severe test for Mr. Chadwick's composition to be placed between the piquant melodies of Rimski-Korsakoff and the magnificent tone-coloring of Richard Strauss, but it came through the ordeal triumphantly. "Tam o' Shanter" is one of the most important scores in the whole American repertoire. Dr. Muck has, it seems, taken the American muse under his especial guardianship this year, and has given us native compositions both digestible and indigestible. It was a definite advance from Hill's amorous complexities of Lancelot and Guinevere, and Hadley's angels which marched into battle headed by military drums, to the bacchanalian adventure of Tam o' Shanter as narrated by Chadwick. The ballad (for thus Mr. Chadwick chooses to call it) was thoroughly dramatic, juicily humorous, and finely scored. It was a large score, too, calling for xylophone, rattle, Chinese drum, sand block, gong, and two piccolos, in addition to many other forces, the unusual instruments being employed effectively in the satanic orgie and subsequent chase.

"Tam o' Shanter" is an excellent subject for musical treatment; the storm, the carousing, the witches' revelry, the audacious shout at Nannie, the sudden cessation of the dance, the wild pursuit, the escape,

make a shifting panorama that is full of tonal possibilities and the composer has taken the fullest advantage of these. It is remarkable program music, and it is something more, for there are touches, especially at the end, which could be enjoyed without knowing the tale.

There are many legends about Alloway kirk in Scotland, but this summing up by Burns is the only one that is imperishable.

The work begins, like Schubert's "Erlking," with the storm and the wind. Here are triplets and chromatics which give a sufficiently striking picture, while the muted horns give a baleful premonition of coming evil. Then there is an excellent contrast as Tam is pictured most comfortably drinking with the landlord and Soater Johnie. Tam's own motive, which enters here, is delightfully Gaelic, with its Scotch snap and its use of the pentatonic scale.

"The night drove on wi' songs and clatter, And aye the ale was growing better."

The auditor can easily trace Tam's condition in the music. It is a very cosy contrast, the picture of Tam snugly ensconced in the ingle, enjoying himself, and the muttering of the storm outside, with the roll of distant thunder. Mr. Chadwick does not make Tam the "Blethering, blustering drunken bellow" that his wife calls him, but a more lovable, Rip-Van-Winkle-like character. The Scottish touches are not driven to excess but they are used very effectively at this part of the work, and, by the way, Tam's figure comes back at the end, quite sobered up, in a tender and quiet finale.

Now follows the unwilling departure and the jog-tot home as upon Maggie, the mare.

"Tam skelpit on thro' dub and mire, Despising wind and rain and fire."

The steady tromp of the mure is very graphically and clearly depicted. Trombones give a chorale-like theme at the approach to Alloway Kirk, and now comes the episode where the most spicy part of the music is naturally placed, and where all of the unusual instruments mentioned above are royally employed. This is a most fiery picture. The pizzicato mystery, as a background, upon the strings, the blatant muted horns, the entrance of Xylophone, the rattle and rasp of sand-block and the squeals of piccolos show the witches at

"Hornpipes, jigs, Strathspeys and reels" and the composer sees to it

that for the next few minutes the piccolos earn their salary. Then comes Tam's audacious shout—"Weel done, cutty sark!"—(most clearly indicated), a pause and a gong stroke, quite alone, an anxious, inquiring measure, another pause, another louder gong stroke and then the chase begins.

There are many races in music. There is Wagner's racing stud in "Die Walkure," Raff's steeds driven by Frau Holle, Berlioz's black stallions in the Ride to Hades, and many others, not to speak of the pedestrian in Dvorak's "Spectre's Bride," but none call for such quick and changing contrasts as this run. And now the two piccolos scream for all they are worth as the satanic tribe rush after Tam. The gallop of Maggie, the mare, is well depicted, the final spurt is most exciting, when suddenly—a halt! The middle of the bridge is past; Maggie has lost her tail, but she and her rider are safe. Now follows a Lento Dolente passage, possibly showing that Tam's Spirituous courage has evaporated and the more earnest measures may serve to inculcate the moral with which the poem ends.

"Now wha this tale o' truth shall read, Ilk man, and mother's son take heed, Whene'er to drink you are inclined, Or cutty sarks run in your mind, Think! ye may buy the joys o'er dear Remember Tam o'Shanter's mare."

The work is the most truly picturesque and dramatic that we can recall in the American repertoire. The large modern orchestra is handled with masterly skill by the composer, and the geniality, which is characteristic of Mr. Chadwick, extends through the entire ballad.

The work led by the composer and played by the orchestra with a full understanding of its meaning. The contrasts were finely brought out and it seemed that every auditor was "en rapport" with it, for at the end there was applause, loud and long-continued, and Mr. Chadwick, the composer-conductor was recalled three times with great enthusiasm. "Tam o' Shanter" is undoubtedly one of the very best of American works and can hold its own with the best European symphonic poems.

SYMPHONY CONCERT

Chadwick's 'Tamo' Shanter'
Played First Time

Dr Muck and Orchestra in Masterly
Performance of 'Zarathustra'

The performance of Strauss' stupendous tone poem, "Thus Spake Zarathustra," by Dr Muck and the Symphony Orchestra at the concert yesterday afternoon was one appropriately big in conception and brilliant in virtuosity. The new 32-foot reed pipe, especially installed for the deep organ point of the opening measures and their climax, shook the air with its vibration and was as the voice of the great deep.

The attempt to solve Nietzsche's world riddle by carefully programed music of the successive experiences of Zarathustra, the "beyond man," may seem within the bounds of orchestral expression. Spontaneity at times seems stifled, whatever the skill of construction. The recurring world motive of roat, fifth and octave becomes an intrusion in its persistent return. One may wish the composer had been less slavish in his adherence to it, but none will deny the crowing majesty of the introduction, or the beauty now poignant, now sensuous in "of the Great Yearning," "of Joys and Passions," in the "Grave Song." The fugued passage to science is a masterpiece in characterization of academic learning.

The belief that "no diabolical power can pursue God beyond the middle of a running stream" is called the basis of Burns' tale in verse "Tam O' Shanter." And so, Tam O' Shanter riding madly from Alloway Kirk, where he had seen the "hellish legion dancing" headed for the river Doon, and was half way across before "cutty sark" could seize his horse's tail.

Mr Chadwick has been attracted by the character of this care-free roisterer, with little to trouble him other than his Scotch superstitions. In the ballade bearing the hero's name, played yesterday for the first time in Boston and conducted by the composer, he has laid literal stress on the humorous Terrors of Tam's wild ride and upon the pursuit of the shrieking witches.

The carousing passed, there is a closing passage of melodic beauty over characteristic harmony, which is among the best pages from the composer's later works. Mr Chadwick was warmly welcomed when he took the stand, and recalled several times after the performance.

Rimsky-Korsakoff's overture to his opera "The Betrothed of the Tsar," in which there is flowing melody and pas-

sages filled with color and rhythmic vitality, was played brilliantly.

CHADWICK CONDUCTS SYMPHONY

"Tam O' Shanter"
Played—Dr. Muck's
Genius in Strauss

BY OLIN DOWNES

The 23d programme of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Karl Muck, conductor, presented yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall, was one of the most interesting and well balanced that have been presented this season. The compositions were Rimsky-Korsakoff's overture to his opera, "The Betrothed of the Czar"; George W. Chadwick's symphonic poem, "Tam o' Shanter," heard for the first time here, and conducted by the composer, and Richard Strauss' symphonic poem after Nietzsche, "Thus Spake Zarathustra."

HUMOR OF CHADWICK

Rimsky-Korsakoff's overture is a delightful piece of music, based on themes of Russian origin or character, orchestrated simply, but with a peculiar and exhilarating brilliancy.

The poem of Burns, the suggestion of the moaning of night wind, of Tam reeling drunk on his mare, of the hellish orgy that he witnessed, and the escape with the loss of nothing worse than the mare's gray tail—these episodes are especially suitable for treatment by Mr. Chadwick. One of his most excellent characteristics as a composer is his humor, and in this symphonic poem there are pages of wholesome, extravagant, fantastical farce. There is the music suggestive of the howling winds, and the drunken

Scotch tune given principally to following horns. The confusion of keys, the conflicting of rhythms and of orchestral colors is a shrewd stroke. The defects of the piece are that it remains too long, that certain instrumental effects are overworked, that the epilogue escapes the reproach of sentimentality and of rather conventional cadences. But as a whole this is one of the most characteristic and forceful of Mr. Chadwick's later compositions. He seemed to work his will with the orchestra, which played superbly. After the performance the composer was called back repeatedly to the stage.

Impressed by "Zarathustra"

The audience was deeply impressed by Strauss' tone poem, and, indeed, at a time when a new chord a minute is the rule, and Strauss himself has more than once paralleled the technical achievement of his tone-poem after Nietzsche, "Thus Spake Zarathustra," remains one of the seven wonders of orchestral literature. The trumpet that mounts like a gleaming sword with the world motive, the response of the orchestra to its call, and the blinding radiance of the great C major harmony which brings the introduction to a close is surely as near the unspeakable as an artist can attain. Because of its spiritual daring, its unconquerable fantasy, Zarathustra is for many of us a step farther than anything else that Strauss wrote, or for that matter, than any man since Richard Wagner has written.

Two years ago Dr. Muck performed "Zarathustra" for the first time here, and performed it as though he were mentally disputing every assertion of Nietzsche, or Strauss, or both. Yesterday the performance was far more eloquent. It seemed that the conductor, too, had been caught up in the composer's chariot of fire, and the exposition of many details of the score, which ordinarily pass unobserved, was little less than marvelous. Moreover, if anyone wants to see a conductor whose mental and physical self-control are nothing short of miraculous, he has only to watch Dr. Mephistopheles Muck beat two or three different rhythms at one time, with only two arms, as he does in conducting the great fugue. Such a dissection of that fugue, and yet such a dramatic interpretation of the passage, had not been witnessed before in this city—first the entrances of the subject and the incredible complications of the free exposition, then the sudden, impatient and joyous entrance of the theme of the ideal, and then the mighty gathering of the fugue to its climax, the trombones marching upward, with the tread of millions, and the shouting trumpet descending—a picture, indeed, which words will never paint.

Was Intended Seriously

On the other hand, there are still places in Dr. Muck's reading which

have for us a rather episodic character, and which lack what might be called a characteristic rhetorical flourish.

One feels that it is not always easy for Dr. Muck to take Strauss' colossal extravagance seriously. But Zarathustra was composed in six months, and only because the composer succeeded in taking himself with infinite seriousness, and in a like attitude must the music be interpreted. In this work over-attention to detail is dangerous.

Yet the performance, in its entirety, was engrossing and dramatic and a deeply-stirred audience departed homewards.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT

ZARATHUSTRA AND TAM O' SHANTER MATED

A Unique Performance of Strauss's Tone-Poem That Made It Sound as a Masterpiece of Music, with Conductor, Orchestra and Audience at Utmost Pitch — The Contrasts of Mr. Chadwick's Ingenious and Amusing Ballad — His Humor Again

THOSE that sat in Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon heard in "Thus Spake Zarathustra" as remarkable a performance of any music as Dr. Muck and the orchestra have ever achieved through the long association that has made the two as one. They heard also such a performance of Strauss' tone-poem as had never—it is nearly safe to say—fallen upon their ears before and may never fall upon them again. For the hour it was truly a deed of inspiration in the conductor, in the orchestra, in the audience even, since it has its share, when it is so swayed and transported, in the reactions it carries to leader and men. Whether this evening will renew the inspiration, none may say; but few that heard the performance will be quite willing to believe that there can be another like it, when the music of Strauss and all that it would impart; the conductor and the orchestra that were the transmitting and the intensifying medium; the audience, possessed for a time by a common understanding and a common emotion, were not only as one but were more also than are their ordinary selves. Once and again, since Dr. Muck has led the Symphony Orchestra and when the music in hand has invited such descent, the divine fire has descended upon a Symphony Concert. It fell again yesterday, and the breath of it melted music, performance and response into a single whole, quintessential, ideal, wordless.

The performance was remarkable, first of all, for the understanding; the imagination, the personal emotion even, with which Dr. Muck opened and imparted Strauss's music. He has known "Zarathustra" since the composer showed to him his early sketches for it; he followed it as it rose under his friend's hand to final magnitude; together the two have pored over the finished score; apart the conductor, as is his custom, has studied it long and deeply; more and more, as he freely acknowledges, it has kindled and moved him. With that penetrating and coördinating mind which in the sum of his many abilities may be Dr. Muck's finest faculty, he could stretch Strauss's great canvas, lay upon it the long lines of the tone-poem never once breaking, never once halting, through all its intricacies; hold them in unity and cumulation; set in individual clearness and mutual proportion each detail; paint the whole in the color and out of the passion that from moment to moment possessed the creating composer. The driest analyst might have followed "Zarathustra" from the first deep measures of the organ to the unresolved dissonance of the end and found it as close, clearly and flawlessly woven as a web of the Gobelins or Beauvais. The most pedantic searcher after detail could not have missed one from the pointing hand of Dr. Muck and the pointing voices of the orchestra.

Marvellous indeed as a sheer piece of exposition in music was that fugato of the vanities of learning when scholarship would read the riddle of living—the unfolding of the musical thought; the intricate play with it; the withering of it; the upswelling of the climax wherein life lived and maybe dreamed is more pulsant than all the science of the schools. Recall again, the ascending transition out of the music of the dance of joyous existence into the deep and mighty measures of the aspiration of the night; the great climax over the sombrely booming bell as though there were naught in the world but that infinite longing, ever unfulfilled; the slow softening of the music into spiritual ecstasy out of which rises reiterated, as with the intruding dawn, the piercing questioning, more imperative and agonized at each repetition, the dark answer that none may read. A mystic and mysterious music, searching those that hear, as it sounded yesterday, and no mere vivid effect of the concert-room. And if magnificence and multiloquence were the word, remember the stirring depths, the mounting radiance, the flaming trumpets, the final flood of streaming tone that brings Zarathustra—and his music—into the world. Once more from Strauss and from the orchestra, the birth was sublime.

Yet emotion—as it seemed an intense personal emotion, be it never so controlled—bore part no less than understanding and imagination, design and divination, in this unique performance of

a unique music. To the splendors of that introduction of the might of men facing the riddle of life succeed solemn measures of the religious impulse which would solve it—the Strauss of grave and meditative beauty in tones; to it followed the first music of the great longing surcharged with the poetry of tones so easy to forget in Strauss because he has also power and irony, wit and whim—music that opens the secrets of the inmost and the finest-tempered impulses of the human heart, that Strauss may write in its kind, as we have lately learned, at due moment even in a comedy of tones, no less than in an epic of the strivings and the bafflings of life; the music that beyond any other is the token and the crowning bent of his genius. It was as though Dr. Muck answering were reading out this music in the beauty that Strauss hid on the pages that bear it. Outside Franck none like it has been written in our day.

Then to the nervous passion, the restless joys, the sharp biting phrases, the racking progressions—the music of human futility as Dr. Muck made it sound, declining into the weariness of that plaintive music of the oboe, that almost stills the longing. So past the scorning of learning and the mounting passion of living and longing that floods it down and away into the first tingling measures that are to bring the rapture of the dance of joy. It is the custom to say that in spite of all his seeming exaltation in "Zarathustra," and all his cunning with his means, Strauss has here written a lapsing and even a trivial music. It did not sound so yesterday, in the intensity, especially of rhythming, with which Dr. Muck summoned that eager rapture, in his heightening of it by every device of modulation and cumulation, in the suffusing or the flashing beauty of tone that the orchestra shed upon it. Steadily the flood of exultation rose and beat, until it was still and smooth, into the great calm climax of the music of the night. Now it is divination that so discovers what lies within music that superficially may deserve the usual reproach and it is emotion that in performance so transfigures it.

Played in such inspiration, so touched by the divine fire, "Zarathustra" seemed yesterday the very masterpiece of Strauss among his tone-poems and a very masterpiece of the music of this our day, or of a day that is but a little behind us. It lacks indeed the youthful intensities, the passionate splendors of "Don Juan." There is no room in such grave matter for the wit, the whim, the irony of "Til Eulenspiegel." Only sharpness of delineation, magnificence of voice and the ringing undernote of its "Quit you like men," save "Death and Transfiguration" from the sentimental rhetoric that sets pitfalls for Mahler and Bruckner. "Don Quixote" is characterization in tones and so of explicit limitations. The "Sinfonia Domestica" is

the private memoir in music of Richard Strauss, father, husband, composer, poet and genius. "Ein Heldenleben," with all its epical bigness, lacks fineness of fibre and of feeling, though it does stretch the same great canvas upon which to set forth the mysteries and the contradictions of life.

Strauss's imaginary hero conquers or withstands; but he does not read these riddles or penetrate these secrets. There is no hero in "Zarathustra," load it down with Nietzschean notes as the commentators may. There is only the great figure of mankind—a figure dear to the German imagination in all the arts—that rises out of the sublime introduction, to search out these mysteries, to solve these riddles. In him is the great longing that drives him ever and ever forward to that which he can never attain, that consoles him as everlastingly when he knows that it is unobtainable. The stream of life flows forward—faith, joys, passions, weariness, learning, as much of its vicissitude and contradiction as Strauss could well compress into a single tone-poem; floods, as it may, into joyous rapture only to rise again to the finer and deeper ecstasy of the great and sustained longing. Once more at the end the unsolvable riddle shrills and mutters; but behind, still luminous, is the great pillar of that ideal aspiration. Here surely is epic poetry of the deeper things of the universal heart, written in music with a beauty as fine and deep as they, with a power as still and strong.

The rest of the concert, as it seemed after "Zarathustra" was done and a transported audience in those tense instants of silence that more signify than rounds upon rounds of applause, had regained itself and daily reality—the rest of the concert seemed as mere vanished prelude to as marvellous and exalted an hour as the Symphony Concerts have ever known. No doubt Rimsky-Korsakov's overture to his opera, "The Betrothed of the Tsar" is an engaging piece, pleasantly savory of Russian folk-song, the composer's invention with lyric melody and his fancy and skill in light play with harmony, instrumentation and, as they seemed after "Zarathustra" other futilities of learning. No doubt Mr. Chadwick's ballad for orchestra is an ingenious and amusing piece in which the composer transparently, expertly and spiritedly delineates the successive episodes in the midnight and harried ride of Burns's "Tam o' Shanter"; makes equal play with Scottish folk-tune and hymn, his own keen sense of robust humor in music—his individualizing trait among American composers—and the constructive and decorative skill born of long experience with music-making. As truly it is of Mr. Chadwick as American in his sentimental epilogue as he has been in his free-handed tonal humors. Throughout the ballad, Mr. Chadwick is more spontaneous, fecund, in-

ventive and individual than in many a recent and somewhat labored piece. It is good to hear Mr. Chadwick so in his sixties, even if he has written no more than a fantastic trifle that rollicks through much that contemporary dissonance and confusion of keys opens to a humorously minded composer. Had there been no "Zarathustra" in the same programme and no such wondrous performance of it, to think and to write of "Tam o' Shanter" would be easier. Misfortune, not shortcoming, effaced it. H. T. P.

SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

American composers are having their due share of performances at the Symphony concerts this year. Dr. Muck has already played several works by Americans, and he has placed on the program for next Friday afternoon and Saturday evening a new symphonic poem by Edward B. Hill of this city, "The Parting of Lancelot and Guinevere." It is inspired by Stephen Phillips' poem of the same title, and has already been played by the St. Louis Symphony orchestra, under Max Zach. Mr. Warnke, principal cellist, will make his annual appearance as soloist, playing Volkmann's Concerto in A Minor, op. 33. The first part of the program comprises the overture to "The Barber of Bagdad," by Cornelius; Volkmann's violoncello concerto and Mr. Hill's symphonic poem. The second part will be given to Mendelssohn's Italian Symphony, which has not been played in Boston since 1906.

BOSTON WORK ON SYMPHONY BILL

Journal April 27/16
Boston's most noted composer, George W. Chadwick, will be a prominent figure at this week's Symphony concerts. He will conduct the first Boston performances of his latest symphonic poem, "Tam o' Shanter."

Other features of the program are to be the Rimsky-Korsakoff overture, "The Betrothed of the Czar," which has not been heard here for many years, and one of Richard Strauss' famous tone poems, "Thus Spake Zarathustra." For the performance of the Strauss work the organ at Symphony Hall has been re-enforced by a 32-foot reed pipe.

At its final concert of the Cambridge season, tonight, the Symphony Orchestra will perform Mendelssohn's "Italian" symphony, the "Barber of Bagdad" overture by Peter Cornelius, Wagner's "Tannhaeuser" overture and Mozart's "Concertante Symphonie," with Mr. Witek and Mr. Ferir as soloists.

"TAM O' SHANTER" PIECE CONDUCTED BY THE COMPOSER

SYMPHONY HALL—Twenty-third concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Karl Muck, conductor; afternoon of April 28. The program: Rimsky-Korsakoff, overture, "The Betrothed of the Tsar"; George W. Chadwick, "Tam o'Shanter," ballade for orchestra (conducted by the composer, first performance in Boston); Strauss, "Thus Spake Zarathustra," tone poem.

The annual music festival of Norfolk, Conn., is doing much for composers. It is giving them practice, helping them to master their technique, enabling them to keep alert in their instrumentation. It is encouraging minor orchestral poets to persevere and write. Under its rule of presenting something original each season, it is opening a clear way for symphonic artists to the public, letting them approach by a door where no ungracious concert manager stands guard.

All this the institution in the southern New England hills is accomplishing. The same thing other organizations in a feeling of civic zeal have done; for example, the Metropolitan opera, by performing new pieces on its stage; and the National Federation of Musical Clubs by holding prize contests. Great seems the pity that in spite of what they do to encourage composers, they do so little to advance the art of composition; that with their high purpose to get music made, they succeed so poorly in achieving any solid community expression.

A work performed a little while ago at a Symphony concert, the "Lucifer" tone poem of Hadley, and one of the works on the twenty-third program, the "Tam o'Shanter" ballade of Chadwick, illustrate the results of Norfolk encouragement and of musical patronage in the United States generally in the last 10 years. The pieces are admirable in their scoring, impressive in their descriptive and dramatic effects, well-proportioned and strongly built. And yet they leave expression just where they found it. They add a good deal to the sum of notes already written but nothing to the sum of thought already clearly uttered.

Listeners must generally agree that

these two works want originality of content. They can hardly help finding that Hadley's "Lucifer," on the one hand, repeats what European composers said with finality long ago, showing, perhaps, a new arrangement of tone-picture formulas, but causing no essential surprise. They can hardly help finding that Chadwick's "Tam o'Shanter," on the other hand, repeats what the composer himself has long since said conclusively, exploiting fresh literary matter, admittedly, but bringing forward scarcely an idea but can be matched in the "Lochinvar" ballade for baritone and orchestra, the symphonic sketches or the sinfonietta in F major.

Narrowly appraised, the two works may be made to look like real contributions to the musical total of things. They can be shown, undoubtedly, to have enriched the festival programs on which they first appeared. They can be proved, likely enough, to have done more for the glamour of the Norfolk annual scheme of entertainment than any repertory works could. But the issue is now as to their permanent value; it touches their success in expressing the sentiment not of a special group on a single holiday occasion, but of the community at large in its ordinary concert mood.

The players at the matinee gave Mr. Chadwick the best efforts they could command, considering what they had to give their own conductor in the Rimsky-Korsakoff piece before "Tam O'Shanter" and in the Strauss piece after it. They were inclined to expend their tone lavishly on the visitor and were not altogether submissive when he bade them soften down. They may be supposed to have had difficulty in summoning the light touch to stringed instruments and the controlled breath to wind instruments that the new piece in some of its humorous passages required. They were drilled to "Zarathustra" as the principal number of the day and they had to treat everything that came to hand as if the composer of "Zarathustra" wrote it.

In their presentation of the Strauss episodes based on Nietzsche's philosophic romance, the men displayed a magnificence of tone and a breadth of phrasing that meant they were having one of their best days. They put a largeness into their phrasing and a vividness into their contrasts of volume of sound that they achieve only when they know their music well and like it.

Ending Another Year of Symphony Concerts

Trans. May 6, 1916
The Final Programme of the Season,
with a Glance Backward and Forward
Upon Dr. Muck and
Other Matters

By H. T. P.

THE usual rites attended yesterday the final afternoon concert for the season of the Symphony Orchestra. That is to say, Symphony Hall was filled to the last seat, and when Dr. Muck came first to his place he was long and warmly applauded. Twice he sought to open the score of Liszt's Dante Symphony and turn to his men, and twice the audience bade him hear its praises for the work of the year and the personal regard as man and master in which not a few of it hold him. The applause was renewed at the close of the symphony, and was not to be stilled until the conductor had thrice returned to the stage. The fragments from Wagner's music-dramas that filled the rest of the concert were clapped beyond the usual, and when the end finally came the listeners lingered beyond ordinary wont to recall Dr. Muck again and again, to applaud him by himself and to applaud him with the orchestra, that is his image, in standing circle about him. In all this farewell there was a clear and unusual note of personal regard for a conductor and a man who in a twelvemonth of trying circumstance has borne himself so quietly and so impeccably that the mean insinuations of baseless gossip have fallen, not upon him, but upon those that invented and repeated them.

As to German Pieces

One of those insinuations as groundless as the rest, lent a momentary interest to the long pages of statistics of the season that the final programme-book annually assembles. There and there only, is it possible to survey the twenty-four pairs of concerts in retrospect and to measure them by whatever yardstick best pleases the reader. The industrious and meticulous compiler counts his way through

many tables that enumerate the pieces played, the "assisting artists," category by category, and all that sort of thing. For once, however, it is a pity that in his divisions and sub-divisions, he did not tabulate by nationality or school the composers of the music heard from week to week since last October. It is true that all this should in no wise matter to a public presumably open-minded to any and all pieces of intrinsic æsthetic interest and quietly resolved that the Symphony Concerts shall keep the catholicity of programme long one of the chief distinctions of them. On the other hand, an appreciable part of that same public has chosen to foster the notion that Dr. Muck—from motives normal to it but strange to him—has included more music from German composers in the Symphony Concerts than ever before in a single season. As a matter of fact, the percentage of "German works"—as the patois of music would call them—has been no higher than for many seasons past and lower than that of one and another year, before it was the fashion to inquire curiously and maliciously into such matters.

Moreover, in the series of concerts now ending, the proportion within these "German works" of acknowledged classics, established and unchallenged the world over—like the music of Beethoven, Brahms and Wagner—has been higher than for many a recent season. Even the purists, who like to fancy themselves at war and imitate European extremists according as their sympathies fall, agree that such pieces are "unexceptionable"—a part of what they, being fond of vague and lofty diction, like to call "the world-heritage." Per contra, outside Strauss's tone-poems, exceptionally few pieces by living German or Austrian hands have been played, partly because almost nothing that was new could be obtained from Berlin or Vienna and partly because Dr. Muck's choice happened to fall relatively seldom on such as he had in hand. "The Hunnish contamination"—to quote the exuberant rhetoricians of the cocktail hour—has been far slighter than it was in many a season before the war spread into Boston. Incredible as it may seem to many a mind over-preoccupied and warped with it, Dr. Muck, whom it closely and deeply touches, takes no thought of it when he sets to the choice of music. His concern, then, is quality and catholicity, interest and

contrast and not patriotism—or even prejudice.

A Sore Need in "Soloists"

No: the valid reproaches to Dr. Muck's programmes for the year have been those traversed a few weeks ago in this place—the absence from them of music, equally distributed among French, German and Russian composers, that deserves to be heard at the Symphony Concerts, that a considerable part of the public frequenting them for their own sake is eager to hear and that the conductor strangely overlooks—pieces like d'Indy's second symphony or Debussy's "Iberia"; like Delli's tone poems or another symphony by Mahler, like Rimsky-Korsakov's "Schéhérazade" or Balakirev's "Thamar," all scores that lie on the shelves of the library or that are readily obtainable on this side of the sea. It is necessary now to renew the regret rather than to recall the list; but the eagerness of the younger generation in the audience and of the elder devotees of symphonic music and of the conductor himself to hear this and much other overlooked music under his hand is keener and wider-spread than perhaps Dr. Muck believes.

To look forward as well as backward discloses another shortcoming in this thirty-fifth year of the Symphony Concerts that is for the management rather than the conductor to remove. There is sore need of new blood and of young blood that has proved its quality among the "assisting artists" summoned to the concerts. Round and round they have gone year after year, with established and middle-aged "soloists" familiar and thrice familiar, diversified only by a few newcomers whose actual performance has more than once suggested that other influences than pure merit set them beside the orchestra. It is no reproach to the high abilities and high rank of Mr. Bauer, for example, to say that he might be spared for a season at the Symphony Concerts; and it is only the truth that by virtue of her past and not her present is Mme. Melba worthy of a place in them. Meanwhile the younger virtuosi, who have proved themselves by their works worthy of the severest standards of Symphony Hall are overlooked or must yield to futile and obvious protégés; while singers of equal deserts receive no call thither. It is time that the public of the Symphony Concerts heard Mr. Spalding and Mr. Zimbalist of the younger violinists and even Mr. Elman again; that it renewed acquaintance with Mme. Zeisler and listened to Mme. Leginska among the pianists; that it saw the quarrel with Mr. Hofmann composed; that it heard the voices of Miss Hempel, Miss Destinn and Mme. Gluck, of Mr. Whitehill and Mr. McCormack—say in the airs of Mozart that he sings incomparably—of this or that ripened and rising singer. True, there are virtuosi so manifold and engrossing that annually the public of Friday afternoon and Saturday evening

hears them gladly—Mr. Paderewski, Mr. Kreisler and maybe Mr. Gabrilowitsch for example; but outside these the choice of "soloists" is falling gradually into a rut of the established from which it should be timely lifted. So vital an institution as the Symphony Concerts cannot afford to become routine, elderly, or the playground of occasional "pull."

The Miracle of the Orchestra

Again, if this final day of the Symphony Concerts be a sort of day of atonement, the audiences that sit week after week before them may not go quite unreprieved. Not long ago, the company of the Metropolitan Opera House paid a long visit to this town. There are singers in its ranks who as musicians are veritably illiterate; there are also singers and conductors who hear and judge an orchestra with the ears, the experience and the discrimination of connoisseurs. Since the concerts of the Symphony Orchestra in New York are inaccessible to all but subscribers and since work at the Metropolitan is incessant and exacting, not a few of these expert ears and minds heard Dr. Muck and his forces in Boston for the first time. If they marvelled at the technical skill and resource of the orchestra, at the quality of its tone, at the range of its expressive voice, at its sensibility to every suggestion of music and conductor, at the rare commingling of virtuosity and vitality, of beauty and power in its playing, at the labor of preparation and re-preparation that it bestows regularly upon what would be repertory pieces anywhere else—if these connoisseurs marvelled at such perfections, they marvelled no less at the easy complaisance of a public too prone to take such superlative excellence for granted.

It is an old story that there is no symphony orchestra in Europe or in America to equal the band at Symphony Hall in the estate to which Dr. Muck has gradually raised it. In the judgment of these connoisseurs, in the judgment of many more that have a wide basis of orchestral comparison, in the weekly delight and excitement of those that hear with steadily fresh and steadily stimulated ears the Symphony Orchestra under Dr. Muck has become almost a band of miracle, almost the band of his ideal—his seemingly impossible ideal—fulfilled by his own works and the work of men moulded and answering to him. As the evangelists tell, many that saw the miracles of the Gospels, "departed hardening their hearts." So custom and complaisance have hardened the heart of many an auditor at the Symphony Concerts to the weekly miracle wrought for six months of each year upon ear and sensibilities. The more has it been good through the season now ending to watch the audience of Friday afternoons wax in intent interest and warm applause.

The Concert of Yesterday

This miracle was wrought yesterday upon the Dante Symphony of Liszt; upon

Wagner's Preludes to "Tristan" and to "Parsifal" and upon his music in "Götterdämmerung" that glorifies the slain Siegfried. Perhaps, it was wrought the more clearly and movingly upon these excerpts of music-drama because they kindle it more finely and amply than does the comparatively halting, labored and sometimes sterile symphony to which "The Divine Comedy" stirred the elder composer. With Wagner, the tonal torrent gathering fuller and fuller from sombre tonal shallows; the tonal radiance expanding from the blackness of lament into the brilliance of apotheosis; the upswelling barbaric clangor; the heroic tonal epitome of a hero's life; the high exaltation and the white-hot power of the whole, lifted this "Trauer-Musik" for Siegfried into epic mourning and epic acclamation. For the instant, it was as though it flooded not the hall but the world. Again in the prelude to "Parsifal," as Dr. Muck seemed to take it yesterday, he less stressed the note of anguish that recurs in the music than the note of pity and beatitude that finally soothes it; that hangs in the air, like the voice that descends upon the Eucharist of the Grail, when the last measure is done. Perhaps in zeal for that note and in spiritual comfort from it, he took the prelude at what seemed an unusually slow pace. Yet even so—and Wagner notoriously did it before him—it has seldom sounded as so remote and spiritualized music of pain, and pity, and final healing. The conductor's version of the Prelude to "Tristan" will never please those who would have it blaze with passion and dart with fate Torcanini-wise. For Dr. Muck, it is rather a music of the finest and sharpest intensities of longing and foreboding, of passion mounting and staking into a final twilight of human impulse and human desire—a music, perhaps, of Tristan and Isolde wandering in Hades rather than in the white night of the garden or beside the crumbling battlements. Never before with the Prelude have he and the orchestra in the intensities of their tone, in the suggestion of their detail so fully attained this seeming goal.

All that such a conductor, such an orchestra and the choir of the Musical Art Club—limpid and lustrous of voice and flawless of intonation—could do with such music as Liszt's Dante Symphony, they did to the full. It was no reproach to all three, that very rarely does the symphony attain the full measure of its design and voice, whether it descends into Hell and visions Francesca and Paolo there or mounts through Purgatory into the bliss of Paradise. Even when for the instant Liszt does gain his end, the striving is so obvious, the means emphasized rather than concealed. A year ago, his Faust Symphony withstood every test of time and change; was the more eloquent for the susceptible ears fifty

years of advance in such music had opened to it. Yesterday, the presumably "great phrase" of "All Hope Abandon" sounded very like the dead-and-gone rhetoric and even fustian of the romantic forties; while the tonal bliss of Purgatory seemed but an attenuated and calculated music beside that, for example, which still sings, near a century and a half old, out of the Elysian Fields of Gluck. In the manner of Gluck, Puvlis has painted them for our generation; in the manner of Ary Scheffer and Kaulbach, Liszt would paint them in tones; but it seems now hollow, rhetorical, unsensitive.

Nearly as out-moded of voice are the measures of the tumults and the tortures, the remorse and the impotent memories of Liszt's Inferno. They sound big, high-pitched, frenzied even, like many a passage in Hugo's plays; they are well-declained; they bring a kind of picture and atmosphere by sheer exuberance of sound; yet they never bite into imagination and emotion—not even when there is a Muck to intensify them. Yet this same over-straining and over-voluble Liszt has his compensating flashes of imagination and accomplishment that for the instant burn away all else. So he still Hades for Francesca and Paolo to pass and remember in the silence; so he swarms back the tortured phantoms; and so, toward the end, the orchestra makes exalted answer to the ethereal song—if only boys' voice had sung it—of Paradise rejoicing as those that see God.

LISZT-WAGNER PROGRAM ENDS SYMPHONY YEAR

Monday May 6/16

SYMPHONY HALL—Twenty-fourth and last program of the season by the Boston Symphony orchestra, Karl Muck, conductor; afternoon of May 5: Liszt, symphony after Dante's "Divina Commedia" (chorus of women from Musical Art Club assisting); Wagner, prelude to "Tristan and Isolde," funeral music from "Götterdämmerung" and prelude to "Parsifal."

Wagner has said the farewell word at the Symphony concerts for six years in succession: Once in the triumphant prelude of the "Tannhäuser" overture; twice in the meditative, aspiring psalm of the "Parsifal" prelude; and three times in the proud and joyous song of the prelude to "Meistersinger." He may have been thus chosen to speak the parting message at the desire of the sustainer of the orchestra, or he may have been picked out because he happened to suit the plans of the two men

who in turn have served as conductors; but in any case he has answered the purpose fitly. He has met the requirements of a good valedictorian, addressing hearers briefly and directly and giving them a single, easily remembered and exalted sentiment to think about.

In all these six closing programs Wagner may be said to have filled a part in a social ceremony. For he has had the duty of sending the Symphony subscribers away for the summer pleased with the concerts they have heard and desirous of hearing more in the autumn; and in the whole time he has never caused any doubt to arise as to his aptitude for the function. But of course he has needed help to do the thing. Help he had five years ago in Tchaikowsky, with the "Pathetic" symphony; the two following years in Brahms, with the symphony No. 1; the next year in Saint-Saëns, with the organ symphony; last year in Beethoven, with the symphony No. 5, and this year in Liszt, with the "Dante" symphony.

One way of looking at the situation, Wagner has become the official speaker of the May farewell, just as in time gone, when season tickets for the Symphony concerts were sold under the hammer, a certain accomplished auctioneer became the official speaker of the October welcome. The composer in this view will be thought of as having acquired institutional standing. He will seem to be handled like a business proposition rather than like an artistic force.

That way, however, is the wrong way of looking at it. There is no mixture of business and artistic economies in the matter. The composer of the pieces that have closed recent Symphony seasons is the man to say the last word because he is the preeminently expressive writer of all those who have scored for orchestra in the century and a quarter that the technique of scoring has been mastered.

Others have had deeper insight than Wagner into form—Beethoven, for example, and Brahms; others have had abstruser notions of thematic development than he—Liszt is an instance, who preceded him on Dr. Muck's final program, and Strauss also. But no composer has ever disclosed a surer power of keeping the music saying something every moment than he, or of keeping it more consistently in the mood in which he wants it. Wagner in a way is the

greatest borrower who ever composed for orchestra. Without the thematic method of Liszt, the rhythmic method of Weber, the melodic method of Schubert and the instrumental method of Beethoven to lean on, he could have done nothing. In spite of all his revolutions, he was not essentially an inventor; instead of that, he was a combiner of the best ideas in other men's inventions. And when he combined, it was always for a rich, individual and original expression. He borrowed not to dilute and degrade but to ennoble and perfect.

How Wagner completed the work which his most useful master, Liszt, blocked out, is clearly understood when selections from his music-dramas are placed, as on this program, next to the "Dante" symphony. The "Götterdämmerung" excerpt in any 20 bars has more descriptive content than all Liszt's pages on the "Inferno." In its lowest moment it is nearer to Dante's level of poetic expression than the Liszt symphony is at its highest. As for romance, who would exchange the first line of the "Tristan" prelude for the whole of Liszt's "Paolo and Francesca" episode?

The music of the twenty-fourth program was presented in the best manner of the Symphony orchestra. A well-prepared and masterfully executed reading of the works of the two leaders of mid-nineteenth century musical thinking is to be put to the credit of the conductor. Praise without stint is due the players and the assisting group of singers no less.

LAST SYMPHONY

9 o'clock — May 6/16
Dr. Muck Ends Season
With Liszt and Wagner

"Dante" Symphony and "Tristan"
Inspire Conductor and Players

Remembering the deep impression Liszt's "Faust" symphony made at the two performances last year, Dr. Muck reserved for the closing concerts of the season the symphony after Dante's "Divine Comedy." The division of the program with Wagner was grateful as a parting exception and curiously ap-

propriate. Hearing the preludes to "Tristan and Isolde" and to "Parsifal" after Liszt's "Dante" music, Wagner's debt to his friend and predecessor was the clearer.

Liszt said he could wait for the recognition given him begrudgingly as a composer which flowed lavishly upon him as a virtuoso pianist. What orchestra of his day would have taken sufficient pains even if it had the technic to rehearse the music of the "Inferno" thoroughly? Although the formulas and harmonic devices are comparatively simple, how dramatic are passages in this movement—the last measures portentous with awe and terror, as played yesterday strikingly suggestive of doom, of stupendous shock, of infernal wars; the proclamation of dreadful warning by the brass, "all hope abandon," intensified as it is repeated; the cries of despair and rage of the damned; the graphic uses of orchestral color in which none but Berlioz had pointed the way, as in the revolutionary writing for double basses, who like a crew of snarling demons, gave effects not to be found in any other instrument or choir.

Development in this section may seem too extended, too diffuse for modern ears, as that in the following one of Purgatories and Magnificat, or as the Gretchen music in the "Faust," but this second movement of the Dante completes the broad, all understanding nature. Eloquent in sardonic railery, Liszt, the able and mystic, the great romanticist to whom all life was a thing of character and beauty, has written of aspiration, at times ennobled, purged of the strife and pomp of the world, music which was as integral a part of his sub-consciousness as that of diabolical frenzy which preceded.

The performance was actuated throughout by a spirit of love and reverence. Dr. Muck's preparation clearly had been that of minute care in detail as in the broad lines of dramatic feeling. The orchestra played as a body of virtuosos, not merely as brilliant technicians in the infernal conflict, but as interpreters. Never was Mr. Longy's art more resplendent. The chorus of women from the Musical Art Club rehearsed by Stephen S. Townsend, their conductor, sang with good tone, intonation and security.

Three Wagnerian excerpts—the prelude to "Tristan and Isolde," funeral music from "Dusk of the Gods" and prelude to "Parsifal"—were read and played with nobility of feeling and a wealth of beauty. The impassioned note in the "Tristan" distinguished and glorified its broadly sustained song. Dr. Muck was given the prolonged greeting habitual to the day when he first appeared. After the Liszt and again after the group of Wagner he called the orchestra to its feet. After many novelties of fretful, noisy or obvious effort, how significant the music of this program which, with the exception of the "Parsifal" of advancing years, is more vital today than when it was written.

SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA GIVES CONCERT

Herald — May 6/16
Performance of Funeral Music
from "Dusk of the Gods"
Moves Audience—Dr. Muck
Received with Enthusiasm—
Program Will Be Repeated
This Evening.

By PHILIP HALE.

The 24th concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Dr. Muck, conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows: Liszt, Symphony after Dante's "Divina Commedia"; Wagner, Prelude to "Tristan and Isolde," Funeral Music from "Dusk of the Gods," Prelude to "Parsifal." A female chorus from the Musical Art Club of this city assisted in the performance of the symphony.

Liszt's "Dante," was completed in 1856; his "Faust," with the exception of the final chorus, in 1854. Of these two symphonies the "Faust" is by far the greater in respect to thematic invention, workmanship and orchestral expression.

When the "Faust" symphony was heard here last season, it amazed the audience by its freshness, ingenuity, beauty and grandeur. There was little in it that seemed old fashioned or commonplace. This cannot be said of the symphony performed here yesterday.

The average reader of Dante's "Divine Comedy" is deeply impressed by the "Inferno"; he plods through "Purgatory"; then, if he has the courage to continue the appointed task, he yawns his way through "Paradise." But in Liszt's symphony the "Purgatory" section is the more musical and, in spite of repetition and the fugue, the more engrossing. It might be asked what composer could

hope to illustrate Dante's "Inferno" in tones? What musical phrase could emphasize the dread proclamation: "All hope abandon, ye who enter in"? The stern conciseness of the poet, the simplicity of his pathos, the terror of his journey—are these to be expressed in music?

Liszt's "Inferno" is chiefly one of noise and bluster. The blasts of brass do not shake the soul as do the dismal lines of the poet with their "dolente" and "dolore." Nor is there tragic force in Liszt's musical expression of the "sighs, complaints and ululations loud." There is even little theatrical effect to rasp the nerves or chill the blood. The phrases for the brass are not so full of dread as the "Fate" motto in Tschalkowsky's Fourth Symphony. The Russian found more expressive music for Francesca after the wind storm than the labored section in which Liszt treats the famous episode. In his "Inferno" the composer fails in awakening horror and pity. His fretting and fuming are of one struggling for dramatic expression, but impotent; perhaps conscious of his vain endeavor; hence he is the more boisterous. There is a remark on one page of the score: "This whole passage should be understood as sardonic, blasphemous laughter." One does not hear this laughter, nor is the fault in ears or understanding. More than once is there a passage hopelessly commonplace, ordinary, as the thunderous descending figure, a pompous platitude. There is an old saying for a young composer: "When in doubt as to what should be done next, put in a unison passage."

But there are some beautiful pages in the "Purgatory" section. The opening is especially fortunate in the establishment of a peaceful, contemplative mood, in the creation of "atmosphere," to quote from the jargon of the studio. The simple melody for this and that instrument, as the oboe—played exquisitely by Mr. Longy—over the rocking figuration—the general expression of tranquillity, the sense of something mystic, wonderful—all this is finely conceived. There is diabolical ingenuity in the fugue; but who, hearing this fugue, can say with Richard Pohl that it expresses the remorseful and penitent looking back of sinners and their hope in the future? Nor is this "Purgatory" wholly free from an assumed naivete hardly to be distinguished from childishness—a straining after mysticism, as is found in many works of Liszt's later period; for instance, in his "Silent" Mass for the organ. This, however, is quickly forgotten by reason of the "Magnificat" for female voices, with the gorgeous orchestral responses. The peaceful close leaves an enduring impression.

The interpretation of this symphony for its splendor is comparable to that

of the "Faust" last season. That the effect was not so overwhelming was due to the inherent inferiority of the music. The chorus, although Liszt preferred a boy choir, sang admirably.

We have heard more passionate readings of the prelude to "Tristan"; seldom, if ever, a more moving performance of the Funeral Music. The Prelude to "Parsifal" loses greatly in effect when it is played in a lighted concert hall and without intimate association with the drama.

Dr. Muck was warmly greeted and enthusiastically applauded after the symphony, after the Funeral Music and at the end. The concert will be repeated tonight.

Remarks on the season of 1915-16 will be found in the Herald of tomorrow.

SYMPHONY SEASON BROUGHT TO AN END

Adv. ————— May 6/16
LISZT AND WAGNER

COMPRISE PROGRAM

Boston Assured of Greatest Orchestra and One of Greatest Conductors in Dr. Muck

BY LOUIS C. ELSON
PROGRAM.

Liszt—"Dante" Symphony.
Wagner—"Tristan and Isolde" Prelude.
Siegfried Funeral Music.
"Parsifal" Prelude.

An entirely orchestral program devoted to Liszt and his son-in-law. Very brief in the statement, but nearly two hours in the performance—two hours of the best and noblest kind of modern music. Dr. Muck has almost discovered Liszt for Boston audiences. No auditor is likely to forget what a revelation his reading of the Liszt "Faust" symphony was in the recent past. The "Dante" symphony (symphony in name only) has not such sublime climaxes as that work, yet it still became more thrilling and exalting than we had ever imagined it to be, because of the magnificent interpretation it received.

In "Faust" the first movement is the least powerful, while in this work the opening picture of the infernal regions is decidedly the greatest part of the work. Time was when the reviewer said of this that it was a

picture of hell and it sounded like it; that the "motto" theme of the brasses ought to be "Leave Richter behind all ye who enter here;" but we have become so inured to dissonances that the movement does not seem too intense to the auditor who has experienced and suffered Schoenberg or Stravinsky.

The weather report of Satan's dominions might run "High and variable winds, reaching gale force," and the hurricane lost nothing in its interpretation. But the tender episode of Francesca and Paolo was exquisitely in contrast with this turbulence, and the chromatic touches of the tempest were legitimate and graphic enough. The tubas and trombones were profoundly impressive in the delivery of the baleful inscription upon the gate:—

"Through me pass on to endless misery; Through me they pass who are forever lost."

Equally effective was the monotonous reiteration of the trumpets and horns of the single note E, in the stern command:—

"Leave Hope behind, all ye who enter here,"

which appears several times in this exciting movement. The clarinettes played finely in the Francesca episode, the bass clarinet being Dante, the others the two lovers, and here, too, the English horn deserves mention for the expressive touch portraying the lines:—

"There is no greater sorrow,
On vanished happiness,"
Than to think back, in days of Misery,

The skill of Liszt in managing the awkward 7-4 rhythm is remarkable, and the "Andante Amoroso" is one of the most beautiful points of this movement, made still stronger by the return of the sweeping hurricane, to contrast with it.

All in all, this first movement is much the strongest part of the work and we cannot hope ever to hear it played better than it was on this occasion.

Purgatory is distinctly weaker. It seems that the chief occupation there is the writing of fugues. We know of several contrapuntal students who will think that this makes an adequate picture of purgatorial punishment, but for the average auditor it is not very thrilling, especially coming after such a dramatic movement as the Inferno. Yet there is in this section a finely constructed fugue, one of the greatest modern achievements in this strict and difficult form. Matters seemed quite stagnant in Para-

dise, compared with the scintillations of the lower regions. The bright apothegm:—

"Hell for society, Heaven for climate," might well apply here, for the chromatic storms had all vanished and peace was ushered in with the "Magnificat," which was cleanly and clearly sung by a female chorus from the Musical Art Club, trained by its conductor, Mr. Stephen S. Townsend. The Gregorian progressions made a lofty ending to the long symphony, but the work could not attain the sublimity of the performance of the "Faust" symphony. That composition grows steadily stronger to its end, while in the "Dante" symphony the trump card is played first.

The change that has taken place in music can be adequately measured by this work. When played in these concerts in 1886, or even in 1903, it seemed the quintessence of dissonance (in its first movement), now we accept the progressions as a matter of course, and they are quite intelligible. Then the score was thought something beyond practicability, now its size is exceeded by Lendvai, Reznicek, Mrázek, Von der Stucken and several others of the second rank.

There was much applause for each movement of this symphony; more for the chromatic Hades than for the diatonic Paradise.

One almost wished that the Liszt symphony had come last, since it had a vocal climax which suited better to a finale than the cadences which have been added to Wagner to end the "Parsifal" prelude. Nevertheless, it is always a delight to hear Wagner as read by Dr. Muck, and the fervor of "Tristan and Isolde," the dignity and narrative style of the Death Music, and the religious exaltation of "Parsifal" were all in good contrast with each other. We have seldom heard the Death figure thundered so impressively, and the diatonic character of the Faith theme, in the final prelude, was the antithesis of the chromatic yearnings of the first prelude. In brief, the versatility of Wagner could scarcely have been better presented in such condensed form than by these three works.

Of the reading and the performance we can only speak in superlatives. It was a great end of a great season and we rest secure in the conviction that Boston has now the greatest orchestra and one of the greatest conductors of the world. The audience evidently thought so, too, judging by the many recalls of the conductor at the close of the program.

MANIFEST AFFECTION FOR DR. MUCK

Post May 6/16
Symphony Audience

Demonstrative at
Last Matinee

BY OLIN DOWNES

The final afternoon concert of the season by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Karl Muck conductor, was given yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The occasion had a two-fold significance, first on account of the musical interest of the programme; secondly, because of the unmistakable warmth and cordiality of the reception accorded Dr. Muck. Not in the recollection of any recent season of the Boston Symphony Orchestra has a conductor been so heartily farewelled at its close. When Dr. Muck entered, after the performance of the Faust symphony, and at the end of the concert, he was called back to the stage times without number. The orchestra also rose to its feet. The audience was loth to let him go.

APPRECIATION OF AN ARTIST

At least the greeting given Dr. Muck spoke equally for the artistic accomplishments of the season, the appreciation of the audience and the spirit of tolerance and good will which has been maintained between an audience of which the majority is unquestionably pro-ally, and a conductor whose opposing attitude regarding the present conflict is known with equal definiteness. The man and the conductor have come to hold a high place with the Symphony audiences; the man and the audience have maintained toward each other the high esteem and the sense of hearty cooperation made possible by a common object.

Dr. Muck had elected to conclude his season with the "Dante" symphony of Liszt as one of the performances. His performances of Liszt's "Faust" symphony are still green in the memory, performances of this particular work which will probably never be surpassed in this city. The performance of the "Dante" symphony, in which the woman's chorus from the Musical Art Club of Boston, trained for this performance by Stephen Townsend assisted, fully rewarded expectations. But the days when any symphony or symphonic poem by Liszt was certain in advance to be hissed by the opponents of "the master," and applauded with deafening extravagance by his adherents, are passed and gone, and real values commence to emerge from the dust of the conflict. And in the light of these gradually shaping estimates, it is very questionable whether the Dante symphony will stand nearly as high as the Faust symphony for the generations to come. Grant that in this work, as in nearly every big orchestral work of Liszt, there are ideas, any one of which would have made the fortune of a lesser composer, the fact remains that the Dante symphony has far less intrinsic value than the symphony inspired by Goethe's poem.

Effort at Tone Painting

But perhaps the strictest comparisons are out of place, for the two works are widely divergent in technic as well as in purpose. The "Faust" symphony is a wonderful demonstration of Liszt's methods of building a musical structure, wherein are found the most remarkable evolutions of thematic material, shaped in accordance with a definite philosophic and dramatic purpose. The "Dante" symphony, on the other hand, must be taken as a sort of gigantic musical fresco after Dante. It is not characterization at which the composer aims, but rather tone-painting in the broadest sense of the word. Unfortunately at times the tone painting is not less extravagant and already out of date than the awful plates of Dore, in editions of Dante's poem, which oppressed the imagination of childhood.

There is much that is very poor, especially in the Inferno section of this symphony. The abuse of the diminished seventh chord which—one says it with fear and trembling—is little better than amateurish. There are other sequences and progressions which imply that even Franz Liszt, the thunder-maker, was at a loss exactly what to do. He certainly wrote too much and too quickly in his lifetime, and we personally believe that even many pages of the "Dante" symphony bear damning evidence to this fact. No doubt in Liszt's day the trombones thundering out the turgid motive "All ye who enter here leave hope behind" made the audience shiver. Audiences then shivered readily. The professional poet and philanderer cut a mighty strong figure, and passion and bombast

were the accepted custom. We are beginning to weary of bugaboo music, and that is what this music is, if you come down to the strict reckoning. The symphony, too, is overlong. The movement, "Purgatorio," is made interesting by its middle section, by progressions far in advance of Liszt's time, and eagerly developed by Cesar Franck. The Magnificat is cunningly and beautifully introduced, with all of that pseudo-mysticism which with Liszt was the baser metal of a spirit, often transfused with real light.

Suggests Church Windows

This, too, is essentially a pictorial effect. Indeed, the whole symphony gives one the impression that some fantastical church windows or mural ornamentation in an edifice of the middle ages might communicate. It is as if the hearer turned from some naive fresco of the sinners blazing in the lower regions to another in which an unknown artist offered his conception of purgatory, and, finally, the eyes fell on a stained window, wherein stiff, medieval saints and virgins were singing from old manuscripts to God. Look at the symphony as you look at the street car, and it is a poor, tawdry affair. Look at it with the religious and philosophic and romantic thought currents of the later 19th century, sousing itself in everything from Chateaubriand to Saint-Simonism in mind, and you find it a work that is fascinating and even sincere!

The performance was in all respects admirable. As much was done for the turgid opening—and how thankful Tchaikowsky must have been for these pages—for the music of the demand, for the episode of Paolo and Francesca, in which Tchaikowsky is incomparably superior to Liszt in the former's poem of that name—as could be done. The music was picturesque, indeed, striking fire from the imagination. And there was the long ascent from the darkness and terror of the lower circles to the gradually increasing light and luminosity of the conclusion.

Playing of Wagner

Still more stirring because of the greater intrinsic value of the music, was the Wagner music.

Other conductors find more that is sensuous in the Tristan music, but the music of Siegfried's death from "Die Gotterdammerung" had a mighty eloquence. It surely ranks among the grandest pages of Wagner. It towers by the side of Beethoven's music for the death of a hero in the 3d symphony. It is runic surcharged with the might of northern myth. Nor was the performance of the mystical prelude of "Parsifal" less worthy of the essential spirit of the music.

SYMPHONY CLOSES SEASON BRILLIANTLY

Traveler May 6/16

An exceptionally interesting program in which the orchestra fully sustained its great reputation brought the Friday afternoon concerts of the Boston Symphony Orchestra to a brilliant close yesterday afternoon. While the concert will be repeated tonight, that of yesterday was the close of the season for the Friday afternoon patrons. Dr. Muck was given a noticeably cordial reception and not an opportunity was lost during the concert or at its close by the audience to show its appreciation of his efforts in its behalf.

The concert feature was the Liszt Symphony after Dante's "Divina Commedia," in which the women's chorus of the Musical Art Club participated. One could well imagine more being made of the opportunity than Liszt has done, but one could scarcely imagine a better presentation than that afforded yesterday afternoon. It fully merited the exceptional enthusiasm of the audience. The women's voices were decidedly pleasing.

Then followed three Wagner numbers: Prelude to "Tristan and Isolde," Funeral music from "Dusk of the Gods" and Prelude to "Parsifal." In these, Dr. Muck and his players were, as ever, right in their element.

Herald May 7/16
The 35th season of the Boston Symphony orchestra closed last night. The index published in the 24th program showed at a glance the work accomplished. Philip Hale.

First of all, the catholic nature of the programs is seen. In the course of the season some commented carelessly on the "exclusion" of composers not Germans.

We find these French composers represented: Berlioz, 4 times; Bizet, 1; Cherubini (Italian by birth), 1; Debussy, 1; Dukas, 1; Enesco (Roumanian by birth, but long busied in Paris and associated with French music), 2; Ravel, 2; Saint-Saens, 1. Then there was a performance of Loeffler's "Mort de Tintagiles." Perhaps Mr. Loeffler prefers to be ranked with the French composers.

Nor were the Russians ignored. There were three works by Rimsky-Korsakoff and three by Tchaikowsky. (Dvorak, Liszt, Mendelssohn and Strauss received no greater attention.) Rachmaninoff

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was represented by his best symphonic poem; and two works by Sibelius, the Finn, were performed.

Then comes up the question of the American composer, the neglected and abused American composer, whose genius is crushed under the iron heel of foreign and despotic imported conductors, if we are to believe the wailing of certain contributors to music periodicals. Last season works by these Americans were heard: Carpenter (his Perambulator suite was played twice); Chadwick, Hadley, Hill, Kelley, MacDowell, Schelling. Mr. Stock, whose symphony was performed here for the first time, was born in Germany, and we do not know how he would like to be classified.

Beethoven led with seven performances; then followed Mozart five, Wagner five, Berlioz four, Brahms four; and these composers with three works, Dvorak, Liszt, Mendelssohn, Rimsky-Korsakoff, Strauss, Tschalkowsky.

The works performed for the first time at these concerts were as follows. (We give in parenthesis the date of some first performances elsewhere):

- Oct. 22—Enesco: symphony in E flat major.
Nov. 12—Braunfels. Carnival overture to Hoffmann's "Princess Brambilla."
Nov. 19—Mozart: Concertante Symphonie for violin and viola—the second and third movements for the first time.
Dec. 24—Carpenter: Suite "Adventures in a Perambulator." (Chicago, March 19, 1915; Boston by the N. Y. Symphony Orchestra, Nov. 16, 1915.)
Dec. 31—Schelling: Impressions in Form of Variations on an original theme for orchestra and piano. First performance anywhere.
Jan. 14—Kelley: Symphony No. 2, "New England." (Norfolk, Ct., June 3, 1913.)
Jan. 21—Liszt: "Ce qu'on entend sur la Montagne." Symphonic Poem, No. 1. Weimar, Jan. 7, 1857.)
March 10—Stojowski. Pianoforte concerto No. 2. (London, June 23, 1913.)
March 24—Hill: Symphonic Poem, "The Parting of Lancelot and Guinevere." [After Stephen Phillips.] (St. Louis, Dec. 31, 1915.)
March 31—Stock: Symphony in C minor.
April 7—Hadley: "Lucifer." Tone poem after Vondel. (Norfolk, Ct., June 2, 1914.)
April 7—Sibelius: Nocturne, Serenade and Ballade from incidental music to Paul's tragedy, "King Christian II."
April 28—Chadwick: Ballade, "Tam o'Shanter." (Norfolk, Ct., June 3, 1915.)

Braunfels' overture was hardly worth while, and it was forgotten the next day. Enesco's symphony contained interesting pages. Carpenter's suite was amusing. There were sections of pleasing fancy and genuine beauty. Probably the most durable impression made by this suite on the audience was owing to the agility of the xylophone players. Schelling's Variations—there were too many of them—showed skilful workmanship and imagination.

Kelley's symphony disappointed admirers of his other compositions. It was the example of music "made in Germany." It was more doleful than the New England it sought to portray. Liszt's symphonic poem made a profound impression. The wonder was that it had not been performed here before.

Stojowski's concerto was brilliant, and, as played by Mr. Paderewski, could not fall in exciting applause. Hill's symphonic poem and Hadley's "Lucifer" are not among the more significant works of these composers. The first was a mosaic without marked continuity or salient feature; the second was feeble and at the same time bombastic. Hazlitt said of the Marquis Wellesley's speech on India affairs in 1813 that he was "soaring into mediocrity with adventurous enthusiasm, harrowed up by some plain matter-of-fact, writhing with agony under a truism, and launching a commonplace with all the fury of a thunderbolt." Stock's symphony, conspicuous for its thoughtful and elaborate workmanship, suffered from undue length. The roaring apotheosis, with a remarkable performance by Mr. Neumann of the kettle-drums, aroused enthusiasm. The stage music of Sibelius was in his Finnish idiom, yet as concert music of little importance. Chadwick's "Tam o' Shanter," with its graphic pages, is fresh in the minds of all.

The soloists were as follows: Singers—Mmes. Farrar and Melba. Violinists—Messrs. Kreisler, Noack and Witke. Violoncellists—Messrs. Malkin and Warnke. Pianists—Mr. Bauer, Miss Deyo, Mr. Gabrilowitsch, Mr. Paderewski, Mr. Schelling. Organist—Mr. Marshall.

Of these soloists, five were members of the orchestra.

The success of the Boston Symphony orchestra in a season of 24 concerts (48 in all) does not depend on the number of unfamiliar compositions produced or the number of the soloists.

It should be remembered that it is not now easy to obtain the orchestral parts of comparatively new works or even the parts of old ones. (Thus it is said that no parts of Schubert's "Unfinished" symphony can be purchased at present in this country).

The soloist, as a rule, disturbs the concert. The chosen concerto or aria seldom fits in the general scheme of the program. If the soloist is a celebrated person, he or she becomes in the eyes of many the feature of the concert. What goes before the solo is heard with indifference; after the soloist leaves the platform the orchestral music, overture, rhapsody, what-not, serves as a hat-and-overcoat piece. But soloists are still necessary to attract some to the concert hall. The attraction is probably not so potent as in former years, when the first question asked was: "Who is the soloist this afternoon?" More are now interested in the purely orchestral music. It is true that some men, as Messrs. Caruso, Kreisler, McCormack and Paderewski, would draw a crowd to a Symphony concert, no matter what the character of the orchestral music might be. There is always a huge audience for a favorite prima donna.

Dr. Muck's programs have been adversely criticised. We have shown the injustice of one reproach: that they

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were "exclusively" German. But it has been said that they have been strangely arranged; that inferior music has been played. Some wish that well known symphonies by Haydn should be shelved and they wonder why one should be forced to hear at regular intervals the first and second symphonies of Beethoven. There were a few programs this season that were trying; that of April 14-15 for example: Humperdinck's overture to "The Forced Marriage"; Dvorak's violin concerto; Haydn's symphony in D major; truly a program to strike terror to the stoutest soul. Such instances, however, were few, very few. If there are some that grow restive at the thought of too many orthodox compositions in good and regular standing, to quote the old formula of letters applying for membership in a sister Congregational church, there are others who denounce all "ultra-modern" pieces,

are hardly reconciled to Richard Strauss, and look on Debussy as Anti-Christ—poor Debussy who even now is becoming a classic, so swift is the march of the years, so shifting the expressive forms of music.

Any fair-minded person of a receptive nature, experienced in hearing orchestral concerts, will now remember familiar works that were made fresh and vital by the beauty of the performance. For it is not extravagant to say that the performance of the orchestra under Dr. Muck week in and week out has never been equalled in this city. Performances of this nature are in all probability not heard in any city, European or American. There may be a brilliant performance of this or that piece in Paris, Vienna, Dresden, London, Chicago, New York; but where are 24 concerts of a similar nature so conspicuous for technical perfection and supreme interpretation to be heard? These concerts in Boston are so remarkable, they have been so remarkable under the leadership of Dr. Muck, that they are now taken by too many as a matter of course.

For the Boston Symphony orchestra is not merely one that contains certain accomplished virtuosos; the orchestra is a virtuoso. It is an instrument that, having been brought to a state of perfect mechanism by Dr. Muck, responds to his imaginative and poetic wishes. He stands there calm, undemonstrative, graceful, elegant, aristocratic; a man of singularly commanding and magnetic personality even in repose. The orchestra is his speech, the expression of the composer's music as it appeals to the conductor's brain, heart and soul.

It is now hardly possible to think of this orchestra without the vision of Dr. Muck at its head as the interpreter of beauty and brilliance. Fortunately, thrice fortunate, is he in having at his command this orchestra, largely his own creation; wholly the superb interpreter of composers as he understands them, as he shares in their own emotions, confessions, declarations, griefs and longings.

Boston Symphony Season Subscription Tickets

The response generally by the patrons of the Symphony concerts to the announcement made by the management last week concerning the prices which will be charged for the concerts of the coming season has been gratifying in every respect. Naturally, there has been some criticism, which was only to be expected; but, on the whole, there has been widespread approval of the scale of prices and the various divisions of the house for the Friday afternoons and Saturday evenings.

What is more to the point, the Symphony subscribers are very prompt in taking up their seats for next year. A large number of changes in location are asked, but these cannot be reached until well toward the end of next month.

The general plan of the management is, first, to take care of simple renewals for seats held the past season. Those who have registered have until June 1 in which to renew. After these have been disposed of, those who have registered who want additional seats, or ask for changes, will be taken care of. Finally, seats will be allotted to new applicants. These new applicants can hardly be reached before the Summer.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERTS

The New Scales of Fixed Prices Announced
and the "Assisting Artists" for Next Season Made Known—A Longer and a Freshened List

A COMMUNIQUE from Symphony Hall to the morning newspapers announces the prices for seats and the "assisting artists" for the Symphony Concerts of next season. Briefly summarized, it enumerates the prices for tickets, under the new method of fixed charges and annual renewal of subscriptions, as \$60, \$48, \$36 and \$24 for the concerts of Friday afternoons and \$60, \$48, \$36, \$24 and \$15 for the concerts of Saturday evenings. As hitherto, the seats in the second balcony for the concerts of Friday will not be included in the subscription but will be sold at the door each afternoon at twenty-five cents per place. By differences in the number of seats to be sold at the various prices, the average cost of tickets for the afternoon concerts will be higher than the average cost of tickets for the evening concerts. Thus for Fridays most of the places in the centre of the hall in front of the broad aisle will be sold at \$60, whereas only relatively few of them will be priced so high for Saturdays. The lowest price of tickets for the concerts of Friday is \$24; for the concerts of Saturday, \$15, at which terms all the seats in the second balcony outside the first row will be sold. Moreover, some 500 seats on the floor of the hall, back of the broad aisle, will be marked at \$24 for the concerts of Saturday

evenings. Thus, presumably, the management hopes to increase the numbers of the audience and widen the public for the concerts of Saturday evenings, while it makes the most of the established vogue of the concerts of Friday afternoon. Circular letters announcing these prices and indicating the division of places, for each series of concerts have been sent to all those who registered their seats last March as a preliminary to the renewal of subscriptions. Up to June 1, the recipients may make their subscriptions for next season, but they may pay for them at any time before Sept. 2. Seats not taken by subscription before June 1 will be available to the general public.

Dr. Muck will, of course, be the conductor of the orchestra and the concerts next season, the final year of his present contract. More "assisting artists" have been engaged than for many winters past and the list bears many new names. The singers announced are Mmes. Destinn, Galski, Homer and Kurt of the Metropolitan Opera House; Mmes. Culp and Gerhardt of the concert-hall, and Mr. McCormack deservedly included for the voice and artistry with which he sings old airs. Two pianists of the first rank, Mr. Paderewski and Mr. Gabrilowitsch, will be heard, and along with them Messrs. Schelling, Friedberg and Gebhard. The violinists announced are Mr. Kreisler and Mr. Spalding and it is good to see the younger virtuoso gaining his desert at last. As usual, too, the principal violinists of the orchestra—Messrs. Witek and Noack—and the principal cellists—Messrs. Warnke and Malkin—will play solo pieces. All in all there will be a "soloist" at eighteen of the twenty-four pairs of concerts and a fresher and more diversified array than for many years past. Happily, no protégés appear on the list.

Boston Symphony Orchestra *Trans. June 10/16*

The subscription sale of season tickets for next year's Symphony Concerts, which has been in progress since the middle of last month, far surpasses the highest expectations of the management. Only now are the books open to that part of the musical public which did not own seats for the concerts of 1915-1916, or failed to register their seats, but the subscription has progressed far enough to make it certain that next year, as in the past, the Friday afternoon concerts will be entirely sold out, and that the number of seats sold for the Saturday evening concerts will be larger than it has been for many years past.

There are still available to the public excellent seats for both the Friday afternoon and Saturday evening series, at all prices, but it will be wise for those expecting to subscribe to apply for their seats this spring, as interest in the concerts and the subscription shows itself to be unusually keen. The gratifying feature about this subscription is that it has already proved that the management has made no

mistake in giving up the old method of selling seats by auction and substituting for this a subscription at fixed prices. There have been practically no criticisms of the scale of prices and the patrons of the concerts seem to be thoroughly satisfied with the new method.

As already announced, concerts will begin next October; the Friday afternoon series Oct. 13 and the Saturday evening series Oct. 14. There will be twenty-four of each. The list of soloists engaged for these concerts is most comprehensive, and includes not only all of the great well-known artists in the country, but several artists who will be making their first appearances with the Symphony Orchestra. Applications for seats should be made to C. A. Ellis, manager, at Symphony Hall.

MAQUARRE AT THE POPS, *Trans. May 16/16*

The Well-Liked Conductor Returns to the Summer Orchestra in a Characteristic Programme

FOR the first time this spring, Mr. Maquarre conducted at The Pops last evening and brought the orchestra as he might under the suavity and elegance of his touch. But it is a band accustomed to go pretty much its own way without yielding to the sternest conductor except as the serious business of a season's concerts compels the concession. And what a band, even in these lighter moments! Even in the freer atmosphere of The Pops it keeps to its glories. Going its own gait in these humors of bonhomie, it could still provide any city with a great orchestra. In the serene surety that has come to it in these long years of association, it might easily play a Pop programme, at least—without a conductor. Little is left to its leader but his choice of programmes and of tempi. Indeed, these lighter concerts disclose, too often without deserved notice, new virtuosities in the band. The lighter music calls out of it an unsuspected and almost frisky mobility and deftness. Mr. Maquarre's best efforts are toward this very deftness and elegance. While he conducted a symphony orchestra, he never forgot that he was conducting, except in the few pièces de résistance, music of a sportive character, and he realized, with elegance and charm, all the humor that comes of applying such ponderous musical resources to waltzes, to the airs of the music comedy, to idyls like his own graceful "Clair de la Lune" and the Intermezzo, likewise his own, which he was good enough to play as an encore. As a matter of course the evening was not allowed to pass without the inevitable "Largo"—beautifully played, by the way, by Mr. Hoffmann—as another testimony to the truly Shakspearean standing of old George Frederick.

BEGINNING "THE POPS" *Trans. May 6/16*

A New Series from Tuesday Onward, with an Enlarged Orchestra, Well-Liked Conductors in Alternation, and All Else That Has Made Them an Annual Pleasure

THIS year there is no journey of the Symphony Orchestra to San Francisco to defer the beginning of "The Pops," and the first concert of the new series falls on Tuesday evening in Symphony Hall, to continue thereafter on the evening of every week-day through Saturday, July 8. By way of innovation, the numbers of the orchestra have been raised from fifty-five to seventy-five or eighty men, so that according to the requirements of the programme, as many as four-fifths of the Symphony Orchestra can be assembled. For further innovation Mr. Schmid and Mr. Maquarre, the two principal conductors, are not to lead for a continuous term, but to alternate from week to week, with Mr. Lenom included for six concerts toward the end of June. Mr. Schmid, the assistant conductor of the Symphony Orchestra in the regular season, proved an adaptable and well-liked leader with "The Pops" last year; while Mr. Maquarre, laying down the flute for the stick, is an old and admired hand with them.

With either conductor, the programmes will renew their usual contents—familiar overtures, old and new; selections from a wide range of melodious operas; waltzes, polkas and other dance-tunes; potpourris from operettas and the better sort of musical plays; popular classics; salon pieces, all to make a light and agreeable mélange diversified by occasional concerts devoted to a single composer or allied group of composers. Thus next Wednesday evening will bring a Russian programme with nine pieces by the Muscovites; and next Friday evening a Wagner programme of the usual sort. From time to time also, as in the past, a college or other body will take a large part of the hall for a single evening and the programme will be arranged accordingly.

Otherwise there is no change in the arrangement of concerts that have now endured for thirty years and that have established themselves in Boston as have no others of the kind in any city of the United States. They are indeed an institution; but an institution that, wisely managed, has never become stale, stiff or careless. A part of the institution is the blessed right to smoke (outside the first balcony) during the performance and to consume what light drinks (alcoholic and other) the management is licensed to provide. Whether they accompany the music or the music accompanies them, who shall say? It is enough that two and three pleasures are so blended. Here, finally,

is the programme for Tuesday:

Coronation March from "The Prophet".....	Meyerbeer
Overture to "Der Freischütz".....	Weber
Indian Dance.....	MacDowell
Selection, "The Jewels of the Madonna".....	Wolf-Ferrari
Overture to "Tannhäuser".....	Wagner
Andante, from Violoncello Concerto.....	(Violoncello, Mr. Keller.) Dvorak
Selection from Act III, "Die Meistersinger".....	Wagner
Hungarian Rhapsody, No. 1.....	Liszt
March, "Red-White-Blue".....	Schmid
Overture, "The Beautiful Galatea".....	Suppé
"Humoreske".....	Dvorak
American Patrol.....	Menckham

THE POPS AGAIN AND THE POPS OF RECENT YEARS *Trans. May 10/16*

The Gradual Change in the Audiences—
The Dominant Balconies and the Submissive Floor—Reactions Upon Orchestra, Programmes and Atmosphere—
Mme. Farrar Reappears on the Screen—
—Sir Herbert Tree's Shylock of Artifice—
—Items and Announcements

PRESUMABLY The Pops have become what the present frequenters of them wish them to be—orchestral concerts of music, grave or gay, classic or popular, distributed through a leisurely and unexact two hours and a half, and heard either from seats in the balconies (as on any similar and formal occasion) or from tables on the floor. Within easy memory the music was only incident, stimulation or intermezzo in the light talk of assembled parties quite as interested in themselves and their neighbors as in what they heard from the stage, and pleased as much by the smoking, drinking and other diversions along the way as by the works of composers, conductors and orchestra. In a sense The Pops are still informal concerts; the public may put on its hat and go to them without premeditation or preparation; if it keeps wisely clear of the balconies, it may take its fill of tobacco and light and liquid refreshments; in the pauses between the numbers, it may even chatter; but while the music is proceeding, an etiquette, with which the atmosphere is now somewhat rigid, prescribes that it must listen almost as silently and dutifully as it would at a serious concert of the regular season. So have the austere balconies gradually imposed their ways on what used to be the genially inattentive, pleasantly self-absorbed and measurably free-mannered floor of Symphony Hall; and so have The Pops become the listening ground of those that lack inclination for the orchestral concerts of the winter but would gladly take a course in the spring and summer through an approximation of them.

More and more numerous grows the band

until now, sixty, seventy and eighty strong at need, it is like to a symphony orchestra or even the Symphony Orchestra itself, less the principal players in a few choirs. More and more frequent are the pieces that have been played at the Symphony Concerts themselves or are part and parcel of the "standard repertory" for such concerts: the overture to "Der Freischütz," the overture to "Tannhäuser," the slow movement of Dvorák's Concerto for violoncello, the dance from MacDowell's Indian Suite—all on the list of last evening; Sibelius's "Finlandia"; a fragment of Rimsky-Korsakov's "Antar"; his "Spanish Caprice"; Weber's overture to "Oberon"; Wagner's to "Rienzi"; the Nocturne from Mendelssohn's music to "A Midsummer Night's Dream"—scattered through the programmes for the rest of the week. Curiously few are the Viennese waltzes that used to spice The Pops and could be heard nowhere else; not too frequent are the pots-pourris from operettas and musical plays, current or unforgotten. Only on Saturday evenings and on "college nights," when the audience is presumed to be light-minded, do the programmes wear a like lightness. Nowadays the orchestra and the conductor—last evening Mr. Schmidt, excellent in such work—must not spare its pains; while, above all else, the assembled company must listen attentively, seriously, subordinating its other pleasures to the high purpose of concert-going.

By this time there is no mistaking the change, as it has descended from recent year to recent year upon The Pops. The American passion for self-improvement even in the concert-hall; the American inability to take even the lighter music of the spring and summer as merely so much "good fun" with other sorts of "good fun" to supplement it; the whole abomination that goes by the name of "culture," have laid chastening and formalizing hands upon them. The balconies with their long rows of rigid, intent and silent listeners, who smoke not, drink not, chatter not, arrive as the concert begins and go home when it ends, have subdued to themselves the whilom careless and pleasure-seeking floor. The public has willed it since nightly it fills those same dominant balconies and that same obedient and now seemingly sympathetic floor. The laws of The Pops, The Pops' new public gives and doubtless the knowledge and the taste in music of the community advance accordingly. There is no rejoinder; there is only submission—and regret, the eternal regret that somehow or other nature so made the Anglo-Saxon, and especially the American Anglo-Saxon, that at almost no time and in almost no circumstance will he take music

of the thing.

THE POP CONCERTS

In the old Music Hall, in the spring of 1885, began the annual series of promenade concerts, given by members of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, which soon came to be known as the Pops, and as such have become famous throughout the country as an institution unique in Boston. At the very beginning, they were modelled after the then famous Bilse concerts of Berlin, but soon they were modified in character, so that since that first season they have been what they are today, except today the orchestra is much larger. They have been given every season except one, when there was trouble about the license, and one season, 1900, they were given in Mechanics' Hall.

The present season of Pops is the 31st, and beginning tomorrow (Monday) evening, May 8, they will run through the first week of July to Saturday evening, July 8. For the general public the formal opening will come Tuesday evening, May 9, for the Women's City Club of Boston has taken the first night as a semi-private affair.

As already announced, Messrs. Ernst Schmidt, André Maquarre and Clement Lenom will be the conductors; Mr. Schmidt conducting the first, third, sixth, seventh and ninth weeks; Mr. Maquarre the second, fourth and fifth weeks, and Mr. Lenom the eighth week. The orchestra will be the largest ever employed at these concerts. There will be a minimum of 75 musicians used, and on special occasions, if necessary, this number may be augmented to over 80. Practically the entire orchestra, except the leaders of the various choirs, is on call for these concerts. This fact will increase decidedly the musical value of the entertainment.

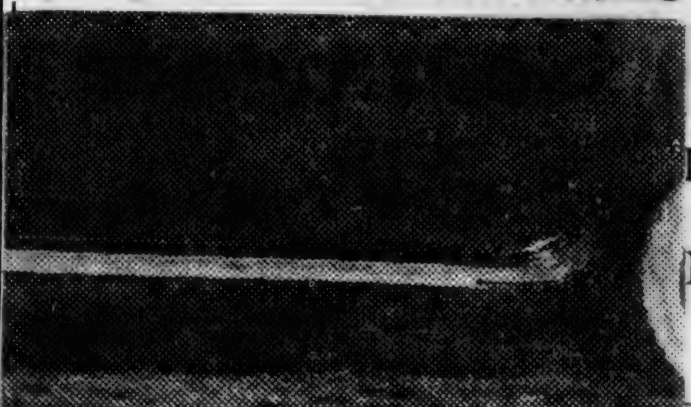
The programmes will run along much the same lines as the past. The music will be popular, but at the same time good, and there will be during the course of the season special nights devoted to special composers or special schools.

In the first week, Mr. Schmidt has arranged two special nights. Wednesday, May 10, will be Russian night, when, with the exception of three numbers, the entire programme will be by Russian composers, the exceptions being the pieces by Sibelius, Paderewski and Ganne. Mr. Schmidt will devote the larger part of the programme to Wagner. As already announced, Monday night will be the Women's City Club night.

The programme for Monday night is as follows:

WOMEN'S CITY CLUB NIGHT.
Wedding march, from "A Midsummer Night's Dream" Mendelssohn
Overture, "A Sold Bride" Smetana
Procession of women to the cathedral, from "Lohengrin" Wagner
Selection, "Madama Butterfly" Puccini
Overture, "The Merry Wives of Windsor" Nicolai

"Largo" Handel
Violin, Mr. Hoffman; harp, Mr. Holy; organ, Mr. Marshall.
Intermezzo, from "The Jewels of the Madonna" Wolf-Ferrari
Ballet music, from "Carmen" Bizet
Overture, "The Beautiful Galatea" Suppe
Selection, "Sweethearts" Herbert
Waltz, "Wine, Women and Song" Strauss
March, "The Belles of Chicago" Sousa
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Overture, "Der Freischütz" Weber
Indian Dance MacDowell
Selection, "The Jewels of the Madonna" Wolf-Ferrari
Overture, "Tannhäuser" Wagner
Andante from violoncello concerto Dvorak
Violoncello, Mr. Keller.
Selection from Act 3, "Die Meistersinger" Wagner
Hungarian Rhapsody, No. 1 Liszt
March, "Red-White-Blue" Schmidt
Overture, "The Beautiful Galatea" Suppe
"Humoreske" Dvorak
"American Patrol" Meacham



Post — May 7/16
The Boston Symphony season of 1916-17 came to an end yesterday evening, with a notable performance of Liszt's "Faust" symphony and of Wagnerian excerpts. Tomorrow night, or for the public on Tuesday night, the Pop concerts commence. The musical season, now virtually at an end, has been a very rich one in performances and an unusually poor one in new works of interest. We have, for one thing, fallen off in our musical imports during war-time, as we shall doubtless continue to do in the immediate future, and for the other thing, conductors and opera companies have not shown particular enterprise in ransacking the libraries and music stores for interesting new works, all ready in existence and on sale.

Saying this, we can hear the American composer making his plaint, in spite of Dr. Muck's well-intended activities in his behalf; but the sad fact remains, that American composition up to the present time consists in those compositions of the older generation which are after European models, and are becoming rapidly outmoded, though often performed, and in their work the younger men have as yet for a majority shown little ability or conviction or seriousness in preparing themselves to strike out in new paths. The only two of these younger men who seem to us to deserve

extended recognition are Henry F. Gilbert and John Alden Carpenter. Mr. Gilbert is the only American composer in the knowledge of the writer who has said things thoroughly beautifully and eloquently, and things that are American in the most fundamental are artistic sense of the word.

For the rest, even Mr. Carpenter, they are still imitating Europe, either in an inefficient or uninspired manner. Therefore the American composer has still to look within instead of without for his success, and he has as yet attained no particular right to complain because he is not given frequent performance.

The reason that such Americans as George W. Chadwick—the only composer of the older group who has struck at all the racial note—Horatio Parker, Arthur Foote, F. S. Converse and a number of others have their works performed constantly is that technically, at least, their works stand examination and make their effect in performance. It is not because of "pull" or "influence" or anything else of the kind that the older group of composers have attained their present position before the public. They now undoubtedly enjoy advantages of reputation, in many cases, of social position and of the most influential musical connections which do facilitate the productions of their works.

But how did they get this far? They were not born with golden spoons in their mouths and the twelve fairies of fortune about their cradles. They gained ground steadily because of solid acquirements as composers. If their productions seem smug or conventional or old-fashioned to younger men—as many of them do—the thing for the young man to do is to shut his mouth and learn his trade. When he can produce something as good in its workmanship—not necessarily similar in its workmanship, for no one wants to see art go on in its beaten track—but as solid in its facture, then let him raise his banner and make trouble for the old guard. But until he can do this he is wasting his time fighting windmills.

Even Mr. Gilbert has not, in our opinion, a technic nearly equal to the technic of the older group of composers. It is our personal impression that more than once, with exceptionally virile and poetic ideas, he finds himself cramped for a word; nevertheless, he has evolved a style unmistakably his own, a style which for character, raciness and in individuality has no parallel among the men of his own generation in this country. And inevitably he is going through the struggle that every new and substantial talent encounters in gaining recognition.

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"American Patrol" McEacham

Pop Concerts Commence

**Boston Symphony Season Has Brilliant Conclusion—
Falling Off in Musical Importations Due to War
—What American Composers Are Doing—Other
Timely Music News**

Post

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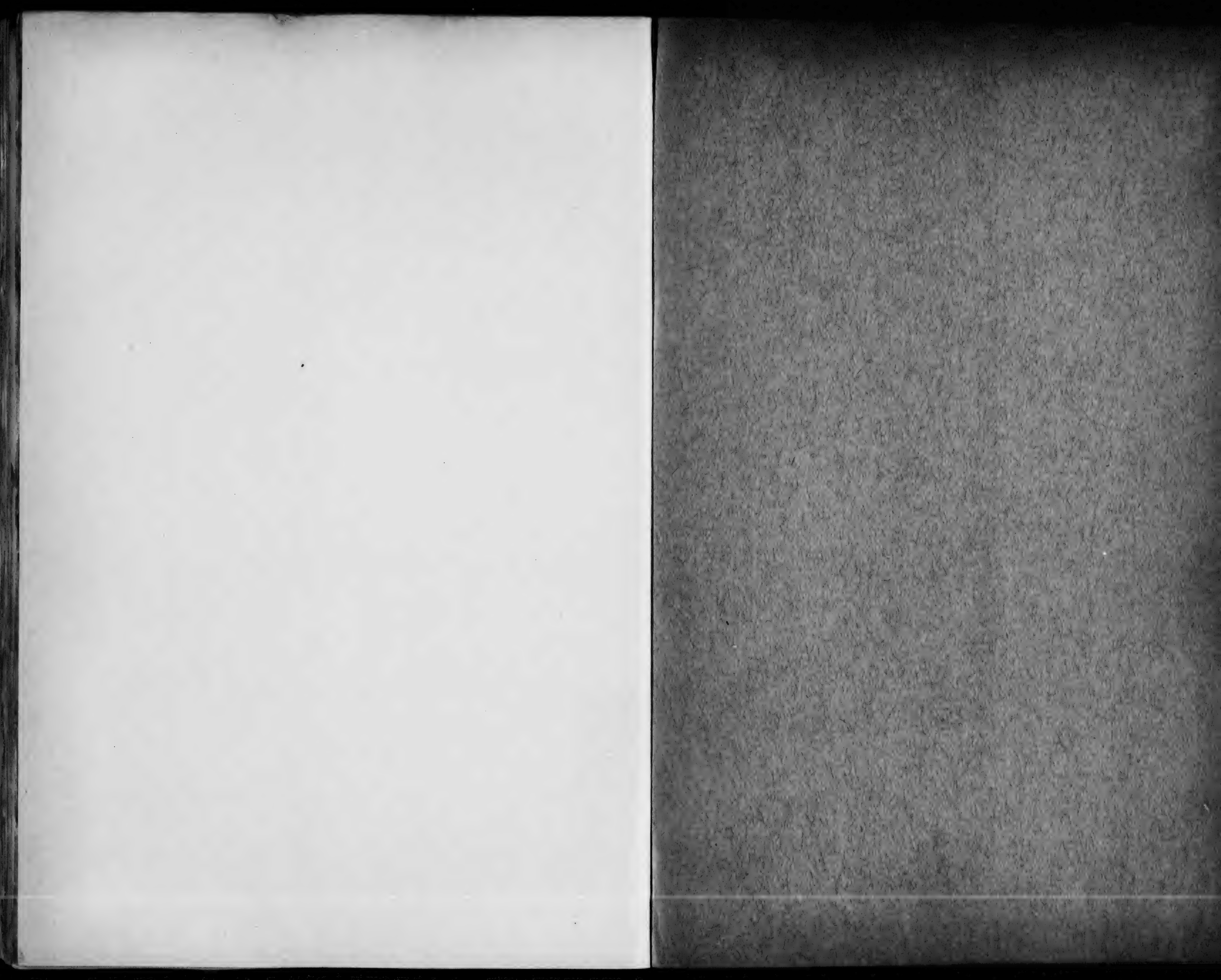
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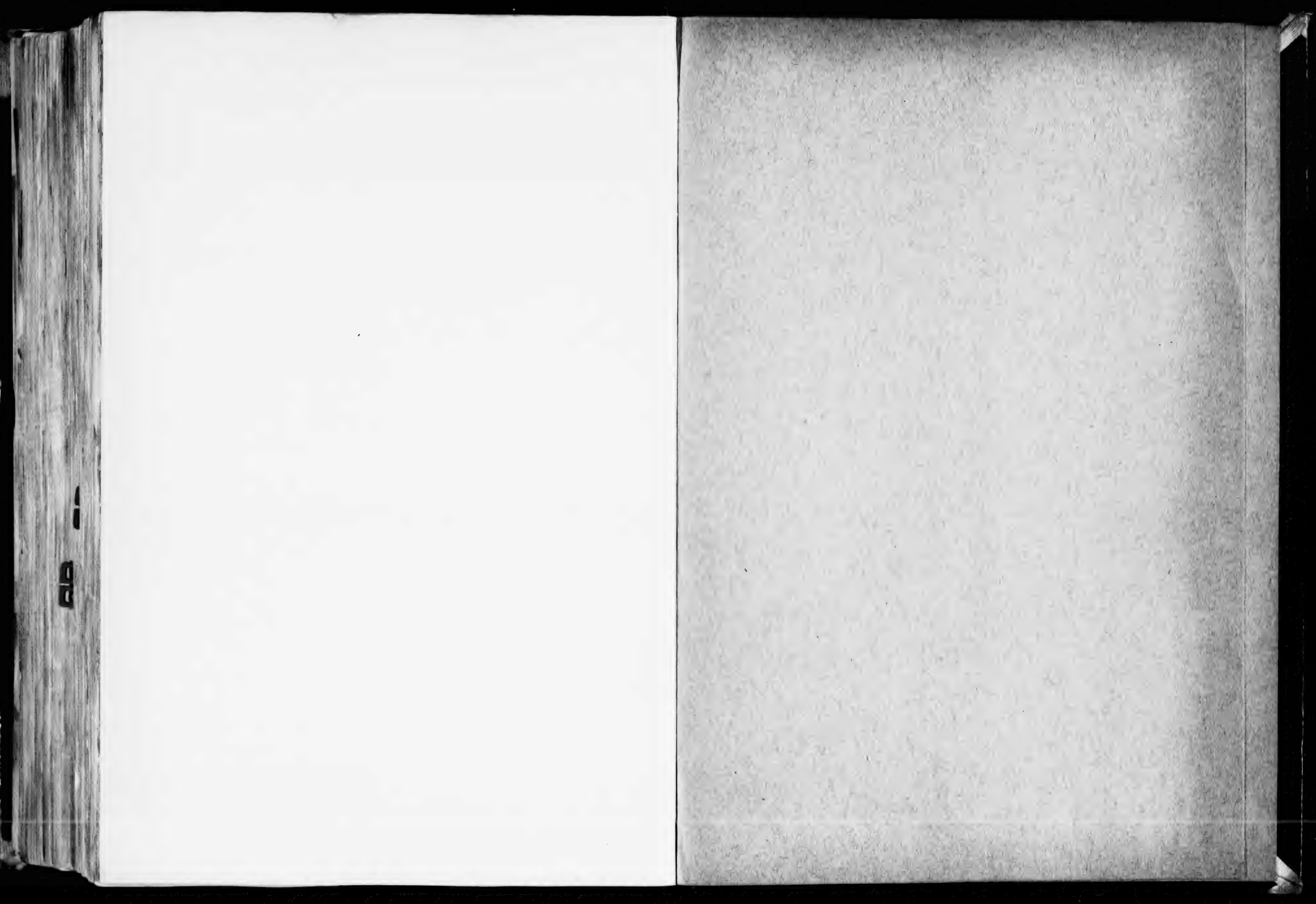
his works, their disdain of what is smug and parochial, their virility and imaginative quality, should encounter misunderstanding and opposition on many sides. But they are making their way, because, in the first place, Mr. Gilbert has something to say, and in the second place, he is far more concerned with writing a few good pages of music before he dies than with making propaganda for self and country, or rather parish, as so many of his colleagues still persist in doing. The best talk about music, as Mr. Martin Loeffler once remarked to us, is music. That is what Mr. Gilbert is doing most of the time. When he does talk, or write, he does so with fully digested views and conclusions, which may be wrong, but are his and are the expression of his artistic life. Would that others would forsake front pages of periodicals and do as much real work for the cause as he.

But we wander. The past season, we said, has been rich in performances and poor in new productions. The number and quality of performances, the multiplicity of concerts and new virtuosi has been due, of course, to the European war. What the conditions will be in the year to come, where the hunted artist, athirst for engagements and audiences and money, will hide his head, it is hard to tell. But during the season past there has been the unusual condition of an exceptional crop of visiting artists, and a public exceptionally willing to pay for their services. Piano houses acknowledge their busiest season in history in the activities of concertizing exponents. Opera seasons have gone, on the whole, well. Of course the usual ridiculous thing befell in Boston when the Metropolitan opera season was well patronized, while Mme. Pavlowa's season last fall was miserably neglected. But that is as yet the case in every American city, and musicians, critics and composers must continue to pull together, and do what they can to persuade the people that Mr. Caruso may sing in anything but an artistic manner, and that a performance of "Pelleas et Melisande" means more to the soul than this gifted song bird trilling forth his roulades as the Governor of Boston.

Occasionally a pianist has ventured something new. The opera company of Mme. Pavlowa revived Auber's "Masaniello," which was not worth a great deal. Next season they purpose to revive, among other operas, Rubinstein's "Demon," which is not worth any more. The Metropolitan Opera Company gave four new operas, and two of them were eminently worth while—"Boris Godunoff" and Strauss' "Rosenkavalier." Dr. Muck's programmes have obtained a few novelties, many of them by young American composers, but most of these were of negligible importance. Indeed, the only American

novelty produced in the last two seasons by this orchestra which was at all worth while was Mr. Carpenter's suite, "Adventures in a Perambulator," more attractive, it is true, by reason of its maturity of style and its resource of workmanship than because of deep intrinsic originality, but nevertheless music to be accorded the highest respect for the musicianly accomplishment which it reveals and the modesty, if that may be used, with which the composer expresses himself. If the war will promote fresher musical ideas in Europe, and more fundamental love and understanding and production of good music in this country, something, at least, may rise from its ruins.







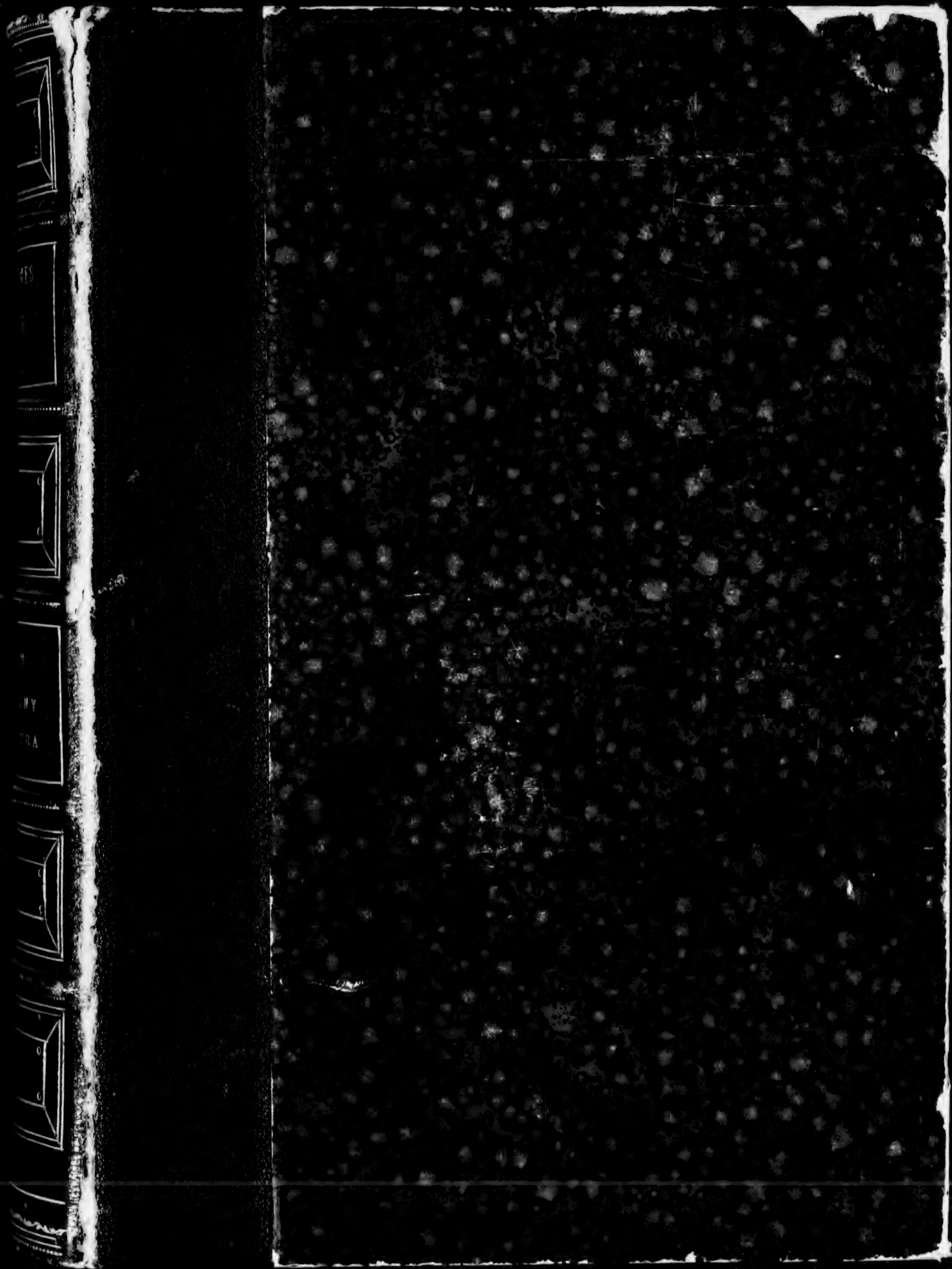
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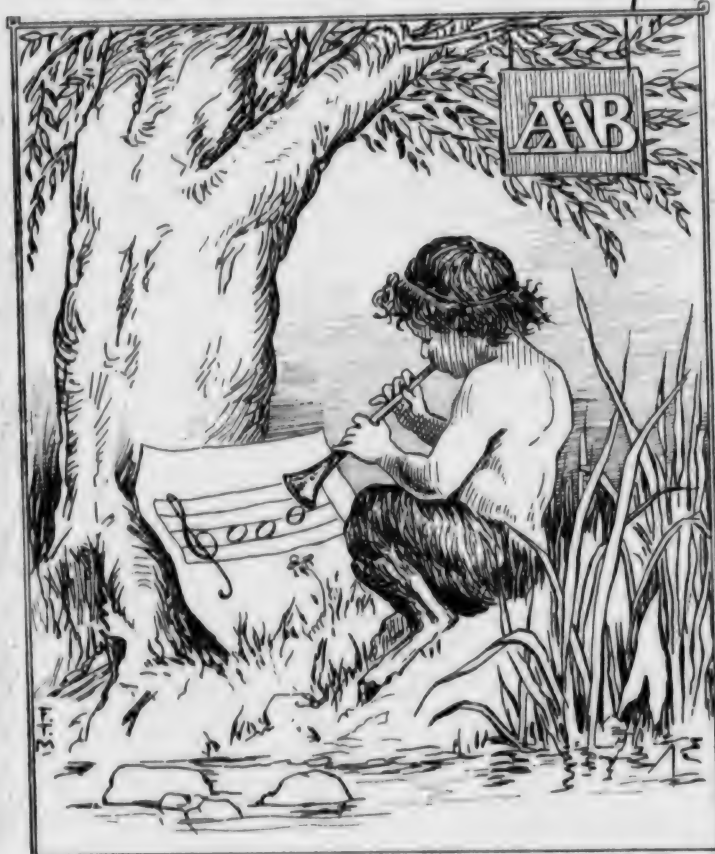
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Boston Herald The "Pops." May 23, 1916
As the World Wags:

Do you remember the Pops in the old Music Hall? Or have you been to the Pops in recent years? Have we come under the yoke of cruel taskmasters who do not realize that the essential function of these delectable concerts is to distract, to cheer, to amuse, to enliven!

In old days, under those dingy, but well-beloved walls, we drank and smoked and listened—if we wanted to—and we talked.

Now, o'erborne by red plush and gold leaf, we tiptoe to our places and, drawing our chairs out stealthily, slink into them. Then, as the tyrant on the platform raps his rasping baton, we, one and all, subside into a miserable silence. But with me, remembering happier things, it is a rebellious silence as well as a miserable one.

A young army officer was speaking the other day of his introduction to the Pops, which had taken place a night or two before. He told of the sensation he had created because, in standing up suddenly, his coat had caught a bottle which was on the table and swept it to the floor. "It went bumping about, making a lot of noise," he said, "and people stared at me."

"Why, man," I wanted to cry out, "in old times there would have been so much noise that nobody would have heard the bottle go over!"

I ask you, sir, will those days never come again? Yours for liberty and relaxation,
M. B.

Boston, May 20.

Twelve Strokes---and Dr. Muck



GLUYAS
WILLIAMS

From an Original Sketch by Gluyas Williams

Boston Symphony Orchestra

Thirty-sixth Season, 1916-1917

Dr. KARL MUCK, Conductor

PERSONNEL

VIOLINS.

Witek, A. <i>Concert-master.</i>	Roth, O. Hoffmann, J.	Rissland, K. Schmidt, E.	Theodorowicz, J. Bak, A.
Noack, S.	Ribarsch, A. Traupe, W.	Goldstein, H. Baraniecki, A.	Sauvlet, H. Grünberg, M.
Mahn, F. Tak, E.	Fiedler, B. Spoor, S.	Berger, H. Sülzen, H.	Goldstein, S. Fiedler, A.
Habenicht, W. Fiumara, P.	Pinfield, C. Gunderson, R.	Gewirtz, J. Rosen, S.	

VIOLAS.

Ferir, E. Wittmann, F.	Werner, H. Schwerley, P.	Gietzen, A. Berlin, W.	v. Veen, H. Kautzenbach, W.
Van Wynbergen, C. Blumenau, W.			

VIOLONCELLOS.

Warnke, H. Malkin, J.	Keller, J. Nagel, R.	Barth, C. Nast, L.	Belinski, M. Folgmann, E.	Steinke, B. Warnke, J.
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BASSES.

Kunze, M. Gerhardt, G.	Agnesy, K. Jaeger, A.	Seydel, T. Huber, E.	Ludwig, O. Schurig, R.
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FLUTES.

Maquarre, A.
Brooke, A.
de Mailly, C.
Battles, A.

OBOES.

Longy, G.
Lenom, C.
Stanislaus, H.

CLARINETS.

Sand, A.
Mimart, P.
Vannini, A.

BASSOONS.

Mosbach, J.
Mueller, E.
Piller, B.

ENGLISH HORN
Mueller, F.

BASS CLARINET.
Stumpf, K.

CONTRA-BASSOON.
Fuhrmann, M.

HORNS.

Wendler, G.
Lorbeer, H.
Hain, F.
Resch, A.

HORNS.

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SEASON 1916--17.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

Dr. KARL MUCK, Conductor.

WORKS PERFORMED AT THE SYMPHONY CONCERTS DURING THE SEASON OF 1916-1917.

Works marked with a double asterisk were performed for the first time Boston.
Works marked with an asterisk were performed for the first time at these concerts.
Works marked with a dagger were performed for the first time anywhere.
Artists marked with an asterisk appeared at these concerts for the first time.
Artists marked with a double asterisk appeared for the first time in Boston.
Artists marked with a dagger are members of the Boston Symphony Orchestra.
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 HOMER: Songs with orchestra: "From the Brake the Nightingale," "Sing to me, sing," "The Song of the Shirt" (Mme. HOMER), January 19, 1917.
 MAHLER: Songs with orchestra: "Ich atmet' einen Lindenduft," "Rheinlegendchen" (Mme. CULP), April 6, 1917.
 MOZART: Rondo, "Per Pietà, non Ricercale" (Mr. McCORMACK*), February 2, 1917.
 SCHUBERT: Songs with orchestra: "Sei mir gegrüsst," "Ständchen" (Mme. CULP), April 6, 1917.

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<i>Pianists:</i> Mrs. Beach, Miss Christie,* Messrs. Friedberg,* Gabrilowitsch, Gebhard, Paderewski, Schelling	7
<i>Organist:</i> Mr. Marshall†	1
<i>Violinists:</i> Messrs. Kreisler, Spalding,* Witek†	3
<i>Violoncellists:</i> Messrs. Malkin,† Warnke†	2



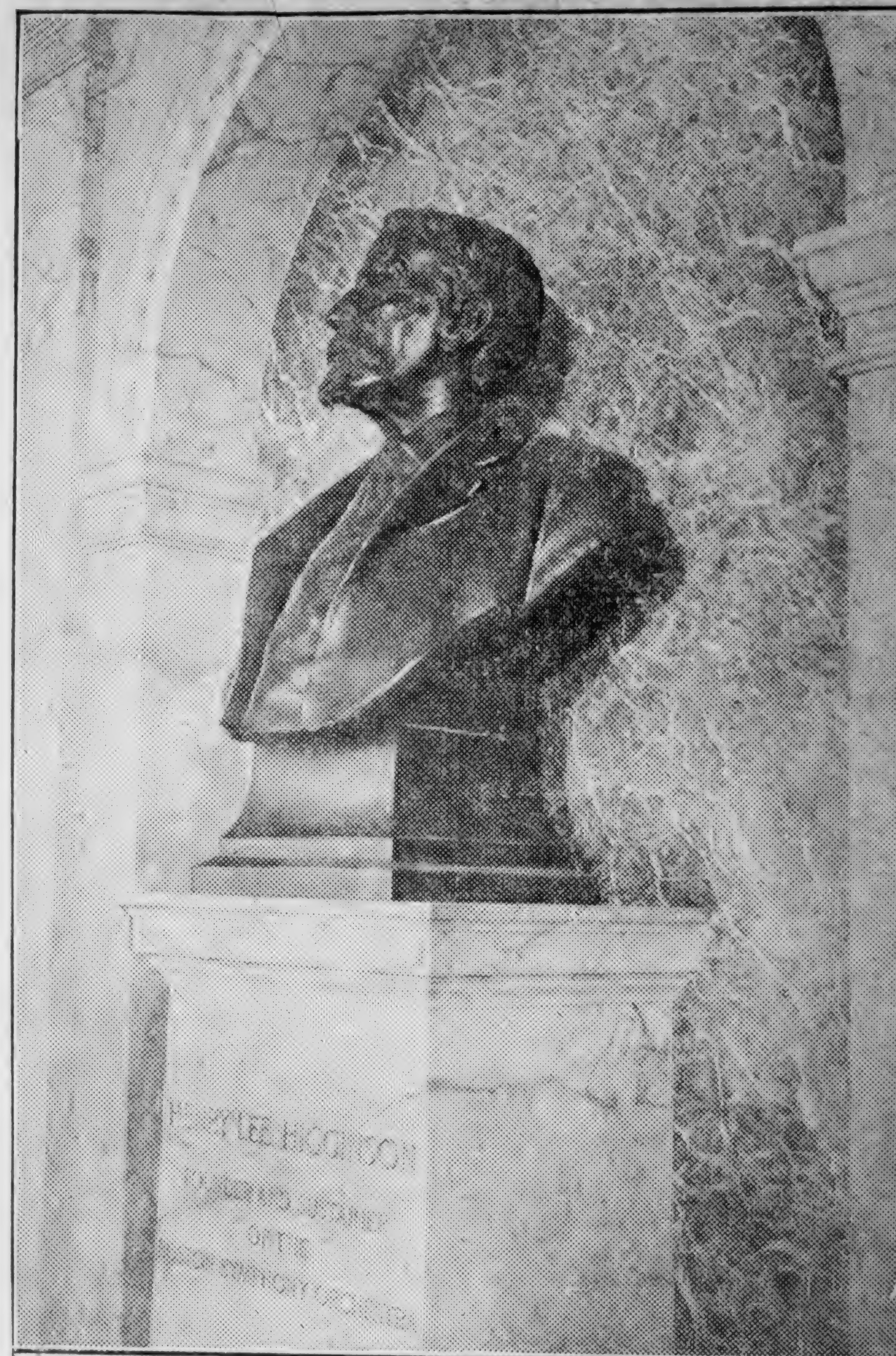
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*Bust of Henry L. Higginson by Bela Pratt, which stands in front
corridor of Symphony hall, Boston*

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*Bust of Henry L. Higginson by Bela Pratt, which stands in front
corridor of Symphony hall, Boston*

H. L. HIGGINSON GIVES VIEWS ON UNIONS IN MUSIC

Monitor — Oct. 14/16
Sustainer of Boston Symphony
Orchestra Holds That in Interest
of Art, Authority of Con-
ductor Should Be Paramount

Inasmuch as the union side of the
orchestral question in the United
States has been presented in The
Christian Science Monitor in consider-
able detail—a member of the execu-
tive board of the American Federation
of Musicians having given an interview
at the time when the Boston Symphony
orchestra, which is non-union, was
engaged to appear at the Panama-Pa-
cific exposition—a statement of the
other side has been sought. Henry L.
Higginson, the sustainer of the Boston
Symphony orchestra, has been asked
whether he attributes the success
achieved by that organization in the
past 35 years in Boston and other
cities of the United States to a non-
union policy. He has authorized for
publication in The Christian Science
Monitor the following statement, which
succinctly reviews the events leading
up to the formation of the orchestra,
which summarizes his views on the
relation of the orchestra to the union
and which comments on the subject of
leadership in public enterprises and
on democratic art:
While living in Europe Mr. Higgin-
son, then a young man and studying
music, with the hope of making it a

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H. L. HIGGINSON GIVES UNION

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Inasmuch as orchestral ques States has bee Christian Scienc able detail—a n tive board of the of Musicians hav at the time when orchestra, which engaged to appe cific exposition— other side has be up to these requirements. Higginson, the s the union: Some years ago Mr. Higginson was told that the union men could not play in the Boston Symphony orchestra under the existing circum—stances, and therefore he increased the number of men at a cost of ten or union policy. Fifteen thousand dollars a year. The publication in T result was that he got good men, care—Monitor the follo fully chosen, thoroughly trained, and succinctly review ready to obey a single authority. up to the format namely, the conductor. The purpose which summariz was that the conductor should decide relation of the oall about the rehearsals and other mu—and which commesical affairs, and that the business leadership in pumanager should attend to all the mat—on democratic ariters of administration. Mr. Higgin—While living inson's part was to see that the bills son, then a your were paid. music, with the The conductor must decide upon

profession, saw a good deal of musi—clans and learned their ways. After two years or so it was clear to him that he had no talent for music and could not earn his bread by it, which was necessary. But this thought came clearly to him: He could not see why people in the cities of Europe should have orchestral music at prices within common reach while the people of our country went without it.

Later, the day came when it was in his power to organize an orchestra, and the way to it seemed clear. He had observed musicians closely, and thought that they could be managed only when put under the strict orders of a capable leader. So he began with the musicians here, and as time went on changed the players very much. From that time until now the Boston Symphony men have been engaged under a severe contract, but nobody has ever suffered by it. This contract reserved the right to break the contract at any moment if in Mr. Higginson's judgment it seemed necessary. The men have always been required to play as much as and in the way that the conductor ordered, and they have been required to observe good behavior. Their membership in the orchestra has depended on living

In regard to the musicians joining the union: Some years ago Mr. Higginson was told that the union men could not play in the Boston Symphony orchestra under the existing circumstances, and therefore he increased the number of men at a cost of ten or union policy. Fifteen thousand dollars a year. The publication in T result was that he got good men, care—Monitor the follo fully chosen, thoroughly trained, and succinctly review ready to obey a single authority. up to the format namely, the conductor. The purpose which summariz was that the conductor should decide relation of the oall about the rehearsals and other mu—and which commesical affairs, and that the business leadership in pumanager should attend to all the mat—on democratic ariters of administration. Mr. Higgin—While living inson's part was to see that the bills son, then a your were paid. music, with the The conductor must decide upon

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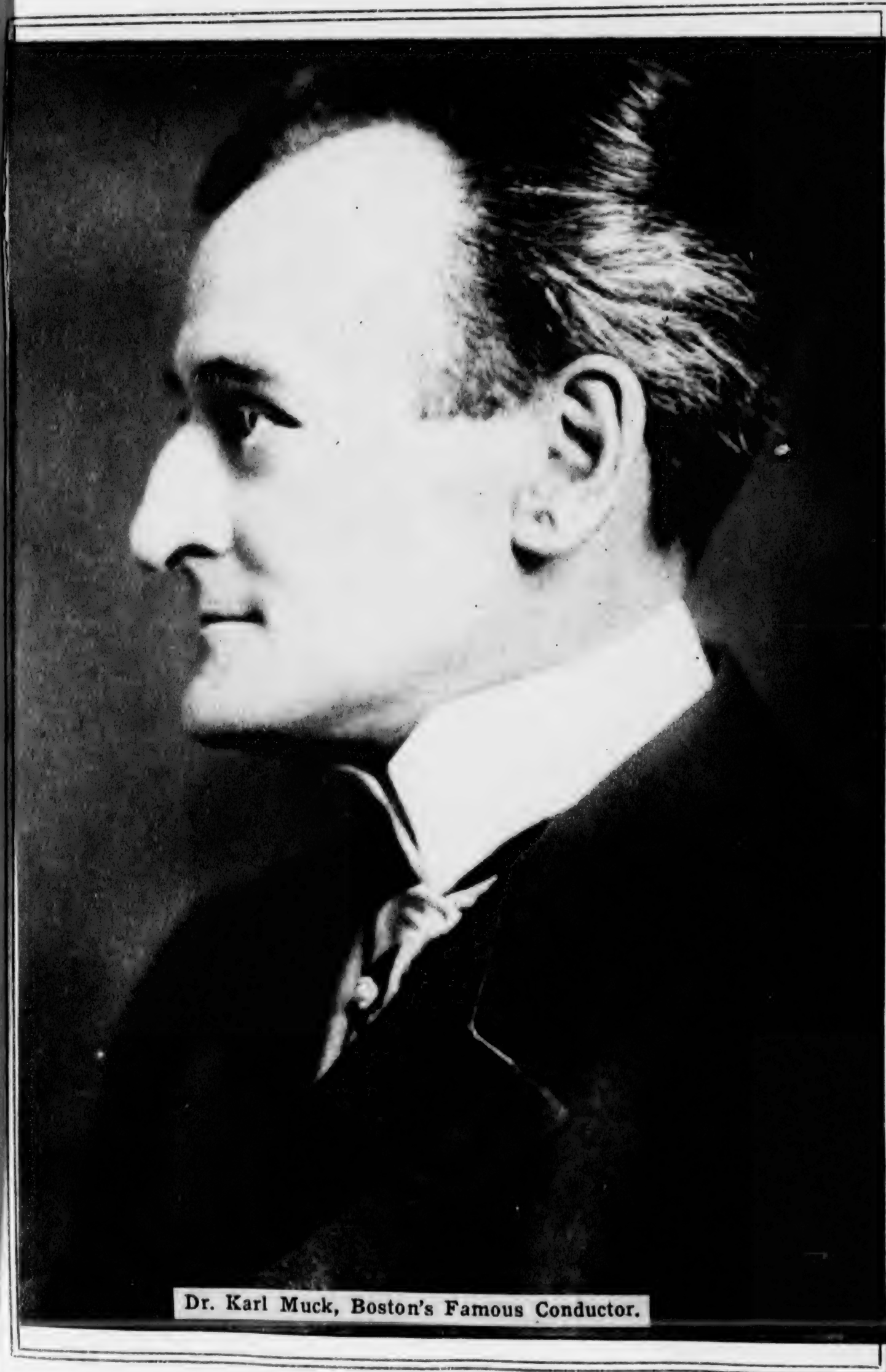
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Dr. Karl Muck, Boston's Famous Conductor.

H. L. HIGGINSON GIVES UNION

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how many rehearsals are needed, and
the union limits them. Mr. Higginson
can think of success only when the
conductor has full charge and the
power to call as many rehearsals as
he wishes. Sometimes the Symphony
men have been asked to rehearsal 13
times on new music. Once Mr. Gericke
came to Mr. Higginson saying that an
out-of-town concert which he had
planned could not be given because
the orchestra was not playing well
enough. Mr. Higginson simply said to
him: "Neglect the concerts and do
the work; arrive at your point, and
never mind me." The delay proved
costly.

It may be that the union will take
all the musicians, and on that day Mr.
Higginson's connection with the or-
chestra ceases. He can see advantage
in the unions, but not in the present
case. In the first year of the or-
chestra's existence a player once said
to Mr. Henschel, the conductor, that
his train left the station at a certain
hour, and asked if he could be ex-
cused from the rehearsals in time to
take it. Mr. Henschel replied that the
Symphony rehearsals were not run by
the railroad time-table, and that any
man not wishing to stay to the end
of them must give up his place.

As a matter of fact, the unions
do not strike Mr. Higginson as Ameri-
can in their conception or execution.
The members of a union simply obey
their leaders, instead of other author-
ities. There are always leaders in
this world and always will be, and
perhaps the musicians would better
obey their musical leaders.

Mr. Higginson has no wish to give
up the orchestra. The money spent
has been well invested; the pub-
lic has had good orchestral music,
and it is hoped that it has been ben-
efited thereby. It has been a plea-
sure, for the orchestra has to him been
a pleasure and a duty. Ours is a
democratic country, and the support
of art and of education should come
from the citizens, and not from the
government.



Dr. Karl Muck, Boston's Famous Conductor.

At the Sign of the Symphony Concerts

Intact Orchestra, Proved Conductor, Swarming Soloists and

Trans.
Sept. 23/16 Much Novel Music for the New Series

BY all precedent of the past, two weeks hence should come the annual sales at auction of seats for a new series of Symphony Concerts. By actual announcement a year ago, there will be no more such sales; while by actual process of last spring and last summer, the public has already preëmpted its places according to the new terms of subscription. With little fuss and less objection this material change in the routine of the concerts has almost accomplished itself. Outside the ticket-agents, who miss a pretty sum in commissions, few regret the abandonment of the outworn, clumsy machinery of the auctions. Most frequenters of the concerts find a new satisfaction in the right to renew their sittings from year to year by the mere filling of a blank and the sending of a cheque, and even to hand them on, as a sort of family heirloom, to their next of kin. Hardly any have complained of the prices newly fixed and they, for the most part, were those who from irresistible instinct would like to haggle at every box-office window and see what sort of bargain they could drive with the ticket-seller within.

The proof of the pudding is the eating and as the diagrams at Symphony Hall now bear witness only a few scattered places remain untaken for Friday afternoons; the lowest-priced seats for Saturday evenings have all been sold—an auspicious sign of the presence of the public that the orchestra most needs; while no more sittings at higher terms are left than the public is likely to absorb in the three weeks before the beginning of the concerts. Admittedly, to increase the subscription for Saturday evenings is one of the few problems that press upon the management. To them it must attract a widening public of newcomers, of the younger generation, of tasters, as it were, of the pleasures of the concerts and the new dispensation in the sale of sittings seems to be helping toward a solution. Perhaps before long a wise direction will see the way clear to subscriptions to a half, a third or a quarter of the evening concerts which is no more than

some of the essential public desire or can afford. Not always, either, can they find others to divide with them a subscription for a whole season.

So has outworn custom happily vanished from the Symphony Concerts, even if the public of Saturday evenings may not yet receive the fifteen minutes' grace that a beginning at 8.15 instead of the exacting eight would assure them. No longer are the afternoon concerts absurdly called the "rehearsals" that in any real sense of the word they never were; no longer is ticket-buying clogged by the sluggish procedure of auction sales. Yet, in a sense, the routine of the orchestra and the concerts in recent years endures. Thus, between the beginnings on Oct. 13 and 14 next and the endings on May 4 and 5, there will be the usual six intervals in the succession of the twenty-four afternoons and the twenty-four evenings. These "free days" for a faithful public fall on Nov. 3 and 4, Dec. 1 and 2, Jan. 5 and 6, Feb. 16 and 17, and March 16 and 17, when the orchestra will be absent on its monthly journeys to New York and southward; and again on Jan. 26 and 27, when sundry cities of the Middle States, from Syracuse and Buffalo to Ann Arbor and Detroit will hear it. As usual it will undertake a series of concerts in various cities of New England—eight in Cambridge, six in Providence and so forth—until the sum of them at home and abroad for the whole season rises to 110. No more are possible or desirable, if conductor and orchestra are to maintain their standards of performance; while in those rigidly sustained standards are the life and the fame of both.

The new method of subscription aside, the innovation of the new year is the increase in the number of the "assisting artists." No less than fifteen are to be heard at as many pairs of concerts, while as usual Mr. Witek and Mr. Noack of the violins and Mr. Warnke and Mr. Malkin of the violoncellists will be "soloists" at four more. Contrary to previous custom, the list of engaged singers and virtuosos was published last spring and has since been many times repeated. Each of us, according to inclination, will regret the absence of some

eminent name from it—Mr. Thibaud's or Mr. Zambalist's, Mr. Casals's or Mr. Bauer's—but to include all who deserve or are believed to deserve place, would necessitate forty pairs of concerts or else concerts in which the orchestra provided only discreet interludes and serviceable accompaniments for the nominally "assisting" artists.

As it is, there is no reason to reproach a list that enumerates Mmes. Destinn, Culp, Gerhardt, Gadske and Homer among the established singers; Messrs. Paderewski and Gabilowitsch among the justly eminent pianists; and adds to them Mr. Kreisler for a violinist of equal and acknowledged rank. In years past the management has sometimes seemed to overlook the rising generation in its choice of "assisting artists." Summoning Mme. Kurt of the Metropolitan Opera House among the singers, Mr. Spalding among the violinists and Mr. Schelling and Mr. Friedberg among the pianists, it has appreciably abated the reproach. It has proved its courage also in a deserved invitation to Mr. McCormack to the dismay of the superior folk who are sure that high popularity and high artistry may never go hand in hand. Perhaps the tenor's exquisite singing of Mozartean and other eighteenth-century airs may persuade them out of their prejudice. Finally, one resident virtuoso, Mr. Gebhard, and one long associated with Boston, Mrs. Beach, have their places on a truly catholic list, as laudable in its omission of some outworn talents and too familiar presences as in its inclusion of new. Yet at the end, as at the beginning, the surprise is its length. Perhaps the explanation is a desire to signalize the concerts, under new terms of subscription, to a public that is wont to applaud many of these "soloists." Their numbers, wide departure as it is from the policy of a recent past, does not imply any disposition to subordinate to them orchestra, conductor and the music itself.

That orchestra, which Dr. Muck—its most exacting judge—acknowledged last spring was more and more becoming the perfect instrument of his ideal, will sit little changed three weeks hence on the stage of Symphony Hall. A new bassoon-player, who must be quickly chosen, will succeed the dead Sadony and there will be at least one new face among the violins. Otherwise, the band will be the band from which Dr. Muck has quietly and gradually eliminated whosoever fell short of his standards of intelligence, loyalty, accomplishment. Once more he can begin with the orchestra at the outset of a new year where he ended with it when he stood last spring between the crescent of his admiring men and the rectangle of his applauding audience. But the work of a conductor does not cease when he vanishes

from the stage in May to be resumed only when he returns to it in October. From spring to autumn Dr. Muck has been busy upon a choice of submitted scores, upon siftings and re-siftings of the music on the shelves of the library at Symphony Hall; in his study for himself of the chosen pieces; in the nearly endless correction and marking of the orchestral parts so that the men may be the surer and freer with them. In mind, though never on paper or with the course of each concert in black and white, he has outlined the general course of his programmes for the new season.

Certain classics—like three of the symphonies of Beethoven, two of the four of Brahms, one from Haydn, another here and another there—may be taken for granted. To them Dr. Muck purposes to add Schumann's "Rhenish Symphony," unheard as yet under his hand; Mozart's overlooked symphony in D (No. 35); Chausson's symphony, laid undeservedly by since Mr. Gericke's day; Rimsky-Korsakov's glowing suite, "Scheherazade"; Balakirev's vivid tone-poem, "Thamar," as yet unknown to the Symphony Concerts; Tchaikowski's fantasia on Shakespeare's "Tempest," rich in sea-music, and his suite that ends in a pompous polonaise; Franck's tone-poem, "Psyche," sadly bungled in past performances here; Smetana's tone-picturing of "Wallenstein"; Wolf's "Italian Serenade," sparkling with finesse and fire; Sibelius's new tone-poem, "The Daughters of Ocean"; Beethoven's Grand Fugue for Strings; and contemporary German music from the pens of Busoni—the suite, "Turandot"; Georg Schumann—the Variations and Fugue; and Reznicek—the overture to "Donna Diana."

Here surely is novel or unfamiliar music enough to stir large and keen anticipation, even if none of it was signed last year or has come newly over-sea from Paris, Petrograd or Berlin. The seas are closed; the publishers print not. Dr. Muck had need to seek his novelties and revivals on the shelves of Symphony Hall. In the accumulations of thirty years they were rich indeed, and time and again next winter audiences will sit at the discovery, as it were, of noted composers whose music they have hitherto known only in the recurring pieces of petrified routine. There are more ways than one, to a mind like Dr. Muck's, for the bringing of freshness, variety and new vistas into the Symphony Concerts. He chooses, as he conducts, out of ample mental and spiritual stores, out of finer discriminations and adjustments, than most of his compeers may command.

H. T. P.



Julia Culp.
(C) Aime Dupont, New York.



Elena Gerhardt.



Louise Homer.



Johanna Gadski.
(C) Mishkin, New York.



(Copyright Hartsook.)
John McCormack, Tenor.



Melanie Kurt, Soprano.



Albert Spalding, Violinist.



Carl Friedberg, Pianist.

Symphony Announces Plans for New Season

Traveler Sept. 23, 1916
Unusually Large Number of Soloists Feature of
Prospectus—Four to Be Heard for First
Time at These Concerts.

By FRANK BERTWALL.

The new season for the Boston Symphony orchestra, the prospectus for which, just issued, being the item of the week in musical circles, opens Friday afternoon, Oct. 13. The outstanding feature of the prospectus is the large number of soloists engaged, there being 19, practically all stars of the first magnitude, four being heard at these concerts for the first time, and including seven singers, six pianists, four violinists and two 'cellists. In other words, all but five of the 24 pair of concerts will have an assisting soloist. The four artists to be heard for the first time are Melanie Kurt, soprano of the Metropolitan opera company, heard here with the company last season; John McCormack, unquestionably the most popular tenor of the day; Albert Spalding, violinist, who has a following envied by many, and Carl Friedberg, pianist, known here through his successful recitals.

The list of soloists has for singers Emmy Destinn, Johanna Gadske, Melanie Kurt and Louise Homer of the Metropolitan opera company; Julia Culp, Elena Gerhardt and John McCormack. For pianists, Paderewski, Carl Friedberg, Mrs. H. H. A. Beach, who will play her own new concerto; Ossip Gabrilowitsch, Ernest Schelling and Heinrich Gebhard. For violinists, Mr. Witek and Mr. Noack of the orchestra, Fritz Kreisler and Albert Spalding, and for 'cellists, Messrs. Wambe and Malkin of the orchestra.

Important Revivals Coming.

Like a year ago Dr. Muck promises few novelties. It is known, however, that he has several important revivals in mind, works he has never done in Boston.

The orchestra will be away Nov. 3-4, Dec. 1-2, Jan. 5-6 and 26-27, Feb. 16-17 and March 16-17. In addition to the 48 concerts in Boston, New York has 10;

Cambridge, eight; Providence, six; Philadelphia, Washington, Baltimore and Brooklyn, five each; Worcester and Hartford, three each; New Bedford and Springfield, two each, with single concerts in various other New England

cities. The cities scheduled for the Syracuse, Buffalo, Pittsburgh, Cleveland, Ann Arbor and Detroit.

The new method of disposing of season tickets by subscription at fixed prices instead of by auction sale is working out to the satisfaction of everybody. The Friday concerts are even now practically sold out for the season, only a few scattered seats at medium prices remaining unsold. The sale for the Saturday concerts is already larger than it has often been in the past and the demand for seats is constant. Yet for these concerts, good seats are still to be had at all prices, except the lowest, \$15.

SYMPHONY CONCERTS

BEGIN ON OCTOBER 13

Adv. Sept. 23/16
Emmy Destinn One of Stars—

Russian Ballet and Opera

Also on List

Boston will have this year the greatest musical season in its history. A superb series of Symphony concerts, an opera season with many interesting novelties and many favorite singers, a short season of Russian ballet, the regular Sunday afternoon concerts that mean musical life for so many Bostonians, new artists as well as old favorites in recitals galore, hotel musicales and various musical entertainments by the Flonzaleys and the Kneisels, the Longy Club, the Apollo Club, the Cecilia, Handel and Haydn and the People's Choral Union make the coming season one of the greatest promise.

The Symphony season is of course of paramount importance. Our unexcelled orchestra takes second place to no visiting organization, and the series of concerts which begin Oct. 13 and end May 5 will be of the usual brilliancy. The orchestra will play 110 concerts between the beginning and the closing of the season. Forty-eight of them will be in Boston.

List of Coming Stars

The new method of disposing of tickets by subscription at fixed prices has been a success. Good seats are still obtainable—especially for the Saturday evening concerts. This year the orchestra will feature more soloists than in many years.

John McCormack will sing with the orchestra, much to the delight of his many local admirers. The ballad singer who has charmed many a Boston audience with songs, it must be confessed not always of the highest order, will appear in a classical program which Dr. Muck is arranging. He is a beautiful singer of Mozart. It will undoubtedly be gratifying to him to be heard in a program of the best music. Other great singers to appear are Emmy Destinn, Johanna Gadske, Menalie Kurt and Louise Homer of the Metropolitan. Julia Culp and Elena Gerhardt, the Lieder singers, also ap-

pear. Pianists to appear are Paderewski, Carl Friedberg, a newcomer; Ernest Schelling, Heinrich Gebhard and Boston's own Mrs. H. H. A. Beach, who will play her own concerto. Albert Spalding, the violinist, is another interesting newcomer.

Post Sept. 10/16
There is the usual speculation as to Dr. Muck's programmes. Novelties will be scarce this year, because of the fact that not only is little new music being printed in Europe, but also because many of the parts of orchestral compositions, even compositions which have long been standard items of the orchestral repertoire, are only leased and not sold by European publishing firms. The scores are in the orchestral libraries. The parts for performance are hard to secure under present conditions. Dr. Muck will perform Chausson's symphony, which Mr. D'Indy, conducting the Boston Symphony as a guest, introduced in America. He will also probably play Rimsky-Korsakoff's suite, "Scheherazade," now thrice familiar as performed by the Russian dancers, but as yet not heard under Dr. Muck's baton. He will perform for the first time in Boston Sibelius' ocean sketch "Allottaren"—"Spirits of the Deep," something of that sort, is the English equivalent—which was first heard at the Norfolk (Connecticut) festival, when Sibelius himself conducted the premiere of the work which he had composed for this festival at Mr. Stoeckel's invitation. It is one of the most distinctive productions of this Finnish composer, who stands in the front rank of the creative musicians of today. Doubtless a more complete list of novelties will soon be given out at Symphony Hall, and Dr. Muck will also, without doubt, discover new music as the season goes on.

Boston Symphony Orchestra *Trans.* Aug. 26/16

As rapidly as possible, the season tickets for the Symphony Concerts of the coming winter are being sent out from Symphony Hall by registered mail to all those who have made payments on the same, except such as have wished to have the tickets held for them until their return to town. Notices are being sent to all those who have subscribed but have not yet paid, reminding them that on next Saturday, Sept. 2, unless payment is made by that time, the option on their seats expires, and the management is free to dispose of them elsewhere.

The demand for seats by new subscribers is very steady, and with the return to town after the first of the month of the majority of those who have spent the summer by the seaside and in the mountains, the sale for the Saturday evening concerts will pick up greatly. As already announced, there are few seats left now for the Friday concerts.

Post Sept. 24/16

The final proof that summer and its holidays have gone for good is always the announcement by the management of the Symphony Orchestra of its plans for the annual series of symphony concerts which begin shortly after.

The announcement for 1916-17 seems very strange to the present generation of Symphony patrons because it has nothing to say about auction sales of seats, that picturesquely unique feature of Boston's concerts of the last 30 years.

The auction sales have served their purpose, outlived their usefulness and disappeared for good. In their place has come subscription at fixed prices, which promises to be a most popular and successful change in the method of disposing of the seats for the season.

Information comes from the management that the Friday afternoon concerts are already practically sold out for the season, that pleasing condition having existed since last spring. It is still possible to get desirable seats for the Saturday concerts at all prices, except the lowest, \$15. But few of the \$60 seats remain unsold.

New Plan Succeeds

The success of the new method is very gratifying to Mr. Ellis, the manager of the orchestra, who is responsible for it. There has been astonishingly little criticism of the plan itself, the prices, or the manner in which the prices are assigned to seats.

The new plan gives the Symphony public a certain proprietary interest in their seats, which seems to please them greatly. With the system of annual renewals, seats to all intents and purposes are owned by those who occupy them for as long a period of years as they wish and with no more responsibility than the payment of the annual fee.

The outstanding feature of the Symphony prospectus is the large number of distinguished soloists engaged for the concerts, and particularly the large number of great singers. Altogether 19 soloists are announced for the 24 pairs of concerts. Seven of these are singers, six are pianists, four are violinists and two are violoncellists.

Roster of Soloists

The singers are Mesdames Emmy Destinn, Johanna Gadschi, Melanie Kurt and Louise Homer of the Metropolitan Opera Company; Julia Culp and Elena Gerhardt, the two leading concert singers of our time; and John McCormack. Of these singers, two, Mme. Kurt and Mr. McCormack will be making their first appearance with the Symphony Orchestra. Miss Destinn has appeared with the Orchestra but once, and that was several years ago. The others have appeared often and always with much success.

All these six women are in the forefront of their art and those who have been particularly identified with opera are as distinguished in concert. Mme. Kurt is the least known of them. She made her first appearances in Boston during last spring's visit of the Metropolitan Opera Company. She then showed herself an artist of most unusual quality and the possessor of a fine, robust soprano voice. A woman who can sing with success such different roles as Isolde and the Countess in "Der Rosenkavalier" is most unusual.

Irish Tenor to Sing

The engagement of John McCormack promises one of the most interesting events of the season. The most popular singer of his day he unquestionably is. Lilli Lehmann, a final authority on the subject, calls him the greatest living singer of Mozart. Doctor Muck will probably arrange a classical programme for this concert.

The list of pianists is headed by Paderewski, whom the war still detains in this country. Included in it is a newcomer to Symphony Hall, Carl Friedberg, who has been heard here in recital; and an old friend, one of Boston's greatest talents, who has been absent for many years, Mrs. H. H. A. Beach. Mrs. Beach will play her own new concerto. The others will be Ossip Gabrilowitsch, Ernest Schelling, and Heinrich Gebhard of this city.

Notable Violinists

Two of the violinists come from the orchestra: the concert master, Mr. Witek, and his assistant, Mr. Noack. The annual appearances of these two fine artists always bring much pleasure. Of the other two, one, it is hardly necessary to say, will be the inimitable Fritz Kreisler, who will be the first soloist of the season, appearing at the second pair of concerts, Oct. 20-21. The other will be Albert Spalding. Mr. Spalding will be another of the newcomers among the soloists, although he has appeared here in recital.

Both the cellists on the list are members of the orchestra: Messrs. Heinrich Warnke and Joseph Malkin.

Dr. Muck has been no further away than the coast of Maine during the summer and if the number of scores he has had with him, marked and returned to the copyist he a criterion, he has worked much more than he has idled. It is understood that he has planned thoroughly his scheme of programmes for the season, but true to his past custom, he will say little or nothing about them.

As last year, he promised few novelties. The problem of securing music from abroad is even more difficult than it was then. Yet, during last season, he was able to present eleven works unknown to the symphony patrons, no less than seven of these being by American composers. Doubtless he will be able to do as well this year. It is known, however, that he has several important revivals in mind, works he has never done in Boston.

The orchestra itself shows fewer changes than it has at the beginning of any season since Mr. Gericke's time.

The entire Symphony season will run its usual length of 30 weeks, beginning Friday afternoon, Oct. 13, and ending Saturday evening, May 5. In that time Boston will get its usual 24 pairs of concerts on Friday afternoons and Saturday evenings. The Fridays and Saturdays omitted because of the orchestra's absence from town are Nov. 3 and 4, Dec. 1 and 2, Jan. 5 and 6 and 26 and 27, Feb. 16 and 17 and March 16 and 17. A schedule of 110 concerts has been arranged, 48 for Boston, 10 for New York, eight for Cambridge, six for Providence, five each for Philadelphia, Washington, Baltimore and Brooklyn, three each for Hartford and Worcester, two each for Springfield and New Bedford, and single concerts in various other New England and middle west cities.

SALE OF SYMPHONY TICKETS

Returns are nearly complete on the ante-season subscription for the Symphony concerts. Those who expected to change their seats through the failure of some of the subscribers to take up their tickets by the second of September are doomed to disappointment, as there have been practically no failures to take the tickets subscribed for.

The books show now that there are a few seats from the Friday afternoon concerts still to be had, and there are a number of applications in for these.

For the Saturday series there are a few more seats to be had in all parts of the hall and at all prices except the lowest, \$15. For the Saturday series there is, comparatively speaking, wide choice of location. At the same time the number of seats available is not so large that the management doesn't expect to dispose of practically all of them before the season begins.

SURMISES ABOUT THE SYMPHONY SOLOISTS

Trans. Sept. 11/16
One Cause of the Length and Variety of the List for the New Season—New Songs by Mr. Loeffler—One Opera Company for Four Cities—Another Strange "Carmen"—Posthumous Reger—Items, Observations and Opinions

EVEN after four months, speculation harps upon the reasons for the seeming change in the policy of the Symphony Concerts that announces fifteen "assisting artists" for the new series, whereas seven or eight have sufficed in recent years. With the four virtuosi from the string choir included for their annual concertos, no less than nineteen soloists will be distributed through the twenty-four pairs of concerts instead of the twelve or thirteen that last season, for example, bedecked them. By long precedent, Dr. Muck will have the first and the last pair of concerts to himself, but with only three more between for programmes that will not require adjustment in substance and in length to solo pieces. Hitherto, he has led twice—and sometimes thrice—that number free from what the purists of symphonic music call an intruding element. (Even if singers be such in austere ears, the pianists and the violinists with their concertos happen to be playing symphonic music too.)

The chief cause of the change is not far to seek. For the new season and for the first time since the concerts came into being, the seats are sold by subscription, renewable from year to year, and not by annual auction. The management wished to signalize this new order of things as widely and clearly as possible upon the actual and the potential publics of the concerts in the hope to stimulate the one and widen the other. A ready means was the announcement of an uncommonly long, various and catholic list of "assisting artists" from singers of the Metropolitan to resident virtuosi, from established masters to deserving newcomers. Hence the nineteen soloists and hence the inclusion of this or that unexpected name in the lists. Moreover, the anxious and austere purists may soothe their perturbations. Because the nineteen are serving the well-being of the concerts this season, it does not follow that nineteen more will succeed them in each and every winter to come.

Visualizing a Much-



Karl Muck *Trans. Sept. 15/16*

At the exhibition of the Photographers' Association of New England, this week at conductor of the Symphony, taken by George J. Kossuth of Wheeling and lent by Munich and lent by Wilfred French, by whose courtesy both appear here. So set,

Remarked Resemblance



Richard Wagner

Copley Hall, there hung one above the other, a notable portrait of Dr. Muck, the The Photo-Era; and the life-like photograph of Wagner taken in his final years at the much-mooted likeness of the conductor to the composer speaks for itself.

Globe Sept. 24/16
36th Season of the Boston Symphony Orchestra

The 36th season of the Symphony Orchestra opens with the concerts on Friday afternoon, Oct 13, and Saturday evening, Oct 14. For the first time in almost a generation the season will not be ushered in by the picturesque auction sales of season tickets, which have in the past filled four days of the week preceding the first concerts. Such sales have gone forever, for the good results and the general satisfaction which come from the new method of selling by subscription at fixed prices far surpass the biggest expectations of Mr Ellis, the manager, whose decision made the change possible. Over 75 percent of the holders of seats last season renewed their subscriptions for 1916-1917.

There are a few, very few, scattered seats for the Friday concerts, these at the intermediate prices. For the Saturday concerts already the sale is as large as it has been many years after the auctions, and the prospects are that by Oct 14 very few seats will be left. At present, seats may be secured at all the different prices except the lowest, \$15.

The full season of the Symphony Orchestra beginning Oct 13-14 will run for 30 weeks, ending May 4-5. In this time, a total of 110 concerts will be given, 24 pairs in Boston on Friday afternoons and Saturday evenings; 10 concerts in New York, eight in Cambridge, six in Providence, five each in Philadelphia, Washington, Baltimore and Brooklyn, three each in Worcester and Hartford, two each in New Bedford and Springfield, the remainder being single concerts in New England and in cities of the Middle West. The Fridays and Saturdays in the season when there will be no concerts are Nov 3-4, Dec 1-2, Jan 5-6 and 26-27, Feb 16-17 and March 16-17.

The remarkable achievements of last Winter should be more than duplicated in the approaching season. The personnel of the orchestra shows fewer changes than it has at the beginning of any season since Mr Gerike's time. It is now a perfectly disciplined, united body of master musicians.

Dr Muck has been spending the Summer in Maine. Judging from the number of scores he has had with him and returned to the copyist, he has mapped out his plans for the season with much greater thoroughness than ever before. Music printing is languishing during the war and it is quite impossible to secure new music from Central Europe. None the less, it will be remembered that despite Dr Muck's warning a year ago, he presented during the season no less than 11 works which were new to Boston, seven of these being by Americans.

Unusually interesting is the list of soloists who are engaged for the season. Of these there are seven, six women and one man. Of the women, four are members of the Metropolitan Opera Company of New York, Mmes Destinn, Gadski, Homer and Kurt. The other two, Mmes Julia Clup and

Elena Gerhardt, confine themselves entirely to the concert stage. All of these artists, except Mmes Destinn and Kurt, have in years past frequently been soloists at the Symphony concerts and are held in great favor. Emmy Destinn has appeared as soloist but once, and that several years ago; while Mme Kurt appeared for the first time in Boston last Spring as a member of the Metropolitan Opera Company, and is one of the newcomers of the Symphony season.

The seventh singer engaged is none other than John McCormack. This will be his first appearance with the Symphony Orchestra and Dr Muck is arranging for this occasion a classical program with Mr McCormack to sing airs by Mozart.

There will be six pianists, headed by the master, Paderewski. These are Carl Friedberg, Ossip Gabrilowitsch, Heinrich Gebhard, Ernest Schelling and Mrs H. H. A. Beach. Of these, the newcomer at the Symphony concerts is Carl Friedberg, who has made a most favorable impression in recital here. There will be a very warm welcome for Mrs H. H. A. Beach, that most talented Boston woman, who returns after an absence from the Symphony concerts of 16 years.

In addition to the two violinists of the orchestra, Messrs Witek and Noack, there will be two other violin soloists, Fritz Kreisler, who will be the first soloist of the season, appearing at the second pair of concerts, Oct 20-21. The other will be that most admirable American artist, Albert Spalding, who will make his first appearance with the Symphony Orchestra.

The violoncello will be represented by Heinrich Warnke and Joseph Malkin, who are among the chief ornaments of the Symphony Orchestra.

Globe Oct. 1/16
Dr Muck's Symphony Plans
 Dr Muck, summering at Blue Hill, Me, whence he returns to Boston this week, had something to say, in a day's trip recently to the city,

about his season's Symphony programs, the first of which occurs Oct 13 and 14. The eminent doctor appears to be in excellent health and fine spirits, yet rest for him has included the study of a large number of scores of works he has not done in Boston, marking them so that the copyist may mark the individual parts.

Of orchestral works entirely new to the symphony audiences, Dr Muck is preparing four. These are the Symphonic poem, "The Okeanides," by the Finnish composer, Sibelius, which was first played at the Norfolk, Ct, festival a year ago last Spring. The second is the symphony "Vita," by Noren, whose "kaleidoscope" variations were played in Boston by Dr Muck several years ago. The orchestra has had this work on its shelves for three years, but it has not yet reached performance. It is

a work of modern spirit and of the large dimensions such works attain.

These are the only two strikingly novel works. The other two, new to the symphony programs, are Beethoven's Grand Fugue for Strings, op 133, and Balakireff's Symphonic Poem, "Thamar." The Beethoven Fugue has been announced several time in past years, but never reached performance. "Thamar" has been heard at a concert at the Boston Opera House several seasons ago and during the recent performances by the Russian ballet.

Among the interesting revivals planned by Dr Muck may be mentioned the beautiful symphony by Chausson, which will be played at one of the early concerts. It was first performed in Boston in the Fall of 1905 under the direction of Vincent d'Indy, and later had a second performance during the same season under Mr Gerike. Other interesting works that will be heard are Cesar Franck's "Psyche," which has not been heard here in many years; Tchaikowsky's "The Tempest"; Busoni's suite, "Tutandot"; Tchaikowsky's orchestral suite, op. 43 (the one which ends with the grand polonaise); Hugo Wolf's Italian Serenade, and Smetana's Symphonic poem, "Wallenstein."

Other works which Dr Muck has especially prepared for the season (works that he has never conducted here) are Schumann's "Rhenish Symphony"; Mozart's Symphony in D major, op 35; Berlioz' "Corsair" Overture; Dvorak's "Nature" Overture; Rimsky-Korsakoff's Suite, "Scheherazade"; Tchaikowsky's Serenade for Strings, and George Schumann's Variations and Double Fugue on a Merry Theme.

The first real novelty of the season will be a concerto for violin and orchestra by Ernest Schelling, which Fritz Kreisler will play at the second concert. Mr Kreisler is most enthusiastic over the work and expects to use it at nearly all his orchestral appearances the coming season.

For the rest, the standard classics will be drawn on by Dr Muck this season as in the past, and other less familiar works to be found on the shelves of the library which will serve a good purpose at a time when little music has come from German publishers within a year.

Post Oct. 8/16
CAMBRIDGE SYMPHONY

The Symphony Orchestra is to give its usual series of eight concerts the coming winter in Sanders Theatre, Harvard University. The season tickets which have not been taken up by subscription will be placed on sale at George H. Kent's University Book Store, Harvard square, Cambridge, next Saturday morning, Oct. 14. The concerts will be given, as in the past, on Thursday evenings, and the dates are Oct. 19, Nov. 9, Dec. 7, Jan. 11, Feb. 1, Feb. 22, March 22 and April 26.

These concerts in Cambridge form an

important adjunct to the work the orchestra does in Boston. In his original plans for the orchestra Mr. Higginson provided that Harvard University should have the benefit of it to as large an extent as possible, and from the very beginning concerts have been given in Cambridge. Sanders Theatre is acoustically one of the best auditoriums in the United States, and although its size limits not only the number of the audience, but the number of musicians used in the concerts, in every respect the performances across the

Charles River are thoroughly satisfactory and the scale of prices is considerably lower than that which prevails in Boston. As much care is taken in providing the programmes for Cambridge as for any of the other cities the orchestra visits, and it is the effort of the management to supply interesting and capable soloists. Seven soloists are scheduled for the coming year.

These are Fritz Kreisler, violinist; Frances Nash, pianist; Irma Seydel, violinist; Susan Millar, mezzo-soprano; Ernest Schelling, pianist; Claire Forbes, pianist; and, problematically, Emmy Destinn. Miss Destinn was engaged for a series of performances with the orchestra in Boston and various cities, these appearances coming in March. There is now considerable doubt about the possibility of her coming to America at all, but her manager still hopes that she may reach here before the winter is over. Fritz Kreisler, Ernest Schelling and Irma Seydel need no introduction to the Cambridge audiences. Frances Nash is a pianist from the West, who has played with several of the principal orchestras of this country, including the Chicago Symphony Orchestra and New York Philharmonic Orchestra, with much success. Claire Forbes, another pianist, is a native of New Bedford, and is regarded as of unusual talent. A few years ago, she played with the orchestra in New Bedford with success.

Much interest is attached to the appearance of Susan Millar who, at the Cambridge concert, for which she is scheduled, will make her debut as a public singer. Miss Miller is a native of Virginia, and has worked at music all her life. She has studied singing seriously for the past six years. Her first three years were with Mme. Pappenheim. Then she was taken by Mme. Sembrich, whose pupil she has been since. Mr. Ellis heard her sing in New York last spring and, as a result, Miss Millar, a debutante, has been engaged for concerts in Cambridge, Providence, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington and Brooklyn.

Outlook for New Musical Year Bright

European War Helps Out —Kneisels Plan Novel Venture.

Traveler — Sept. 16/16
By FRANK BERTWALL

With the approach of fall the outline of Boston's coming musical season begins to take on definite form, and warrants the forecasts of a brilliant year. First interest naturally attaches to the annual Symphony concerts, known throughout the length and breadth of the continent, and so much admired that the orchestra cannot begin to meet demands for its appearances outside of Boston. Then come the ever-budding hopes for grand opera and follow in natural order the expectations for concerts, particularly the Sunday afternoon series in Symphony Hall, without which Boston would scarcely consider its season complete, the appearances of the established string quartets and the various minor concerts and recitals.

As regards the Symphony season there is every assurance of a big year even though the war still holds up the securing of much desired scores from abroad. This hold-up, however, is not as serious as would appear at first glance, as it will afford opportunity for hearing music from the orchestra's own library that has been too infrequently put on, and some not even for a single hearing as yet. One such number already scheduled for presentation this season will be Chausson's romantic symphony. A couple of other novelties Dr. Muck has in mind are Sibelius's tone-poem, "Daughters of Ocean," and Franck's tone-poem "Psyche." The war also plays in favor of the Symphony season in the keeping on this side of the Atlantic many prominent soloists with the result that Dr. Muck has had an exceptional list to select from and offers in the 19 engaged for this season an unusually attractive number. First interest in these soloists naturally attaches to the appearances of Mrs. H. H. A. Beach and the debut with this orchestra of John McCormack, unquestionably the most popular tenor of the day.

There are also four Metropolitan Opera stars on the schedule, Emmy Destinn, Johanna Gadski, Louis Homer and Melanie Kurt.

There will also, of course, be the annual visits of other orchestras, not so famous, of course, as the Boston Symphony, but one and all well worth hearing.

Herald Oct. 8, 1916
Boston Symphony Orchestra

The Symphony Orchestra will give its usual series of eight concerts this season in Sanders Theatre, Harvard University. The season tickets not taken by subscription will be placed on sale at Kent's University Bookstore, Harvard square, Cambridge, next Saturday morning, Oct. 14. The concerts will be, as in the past, on Thursday evenings, and the dates are: Oct. 19, Nov. 9, Dec. 7, Jan. 11, Feb. 1, Feb. 22, March 22 and April 26.

These concerts in Cambridge form an important adjunct to the work the orchestra does in Boston. In his original plans for the orchestra, Mr. Higginson provided that Harvard University should have the benefit of it to as large an extent as possible, and from the beginning concerts have been given in Cambridge. The scale of prices is considerably lower than that which prevails in Boston. Seven soloists will appear this season. These are: Fritz Kreisler, violinist; Frances Nash, pianist; Irma Seydel, violinist; Susan

Millar, mezzo-soprano; Ernest Schelling, pianist; Claire Forbes, pianist, and, problematically, Emmy Destinn. Miss Destinn was engaged for a series of performances with the orchestra in Boston and various cities during March. There is now considerable doubt about the possibility of her coming to America. Fritz Kreisler, Ernest Schelling and Irma Seydel need no introduction to Cambridge audiences. Frances Nash is a pianist from the West who has played with the Chicago Symphony Orchestra and New York Philharmonic Orchestra. Claire Forbes, a pianist, from New Bedford, is unusually gifted.

Much interest is attached to the appearance of Susan Millar, who, at the Cambridge concert, will make her debut as a public singer. Miss Millar is from Virginia. She has studied singing for the past six years. Her first three years were spent with Mme. Pappenheim. Since then she has been a pupil of Mme. Sembrich. Mr. Ellis heard her sing in New York last spring and, as a result, Miss Millar has been engaged for concerts in Cambridge, Providence, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington and Brooklyn.

Post DR. MUCK'S PLANS Oct. 1/16

Dr. Karl Muck, the conductor of the Symphony Orchestra, spent last Wednesday in town, arriving in the morning and returning to Maine in the evening. He expects to return with Mrs. Muck and settle for the winter the middle of the coming week. He has a quiet, restful summer and is not only in good condition physically, but is in high spirits.

Although he has been nominally resting, he has found time to do a large amount of work in preparation for the concerts of the coming season, which begins Friday and Saturday, Oct. 13-14. He has had with him a number of scores, so that the copyist might mark the individual parts.

It is to be expected that he has few novelties to announce. Conditions are such today that it is next to impossible to secure new music. Matters have come to such a pass that it is impossible in this country even to secure the orchestral parts of some of the standard symphonies, for practically no music has come out of Germany, where most music is printed, in over a year. This compels Dr. Muck to fall back on works that have been performed here, but so seldom that for a considerable part of the audience they will come as a novelty. Of orchestral works entirely new to the Symphony audiences, Dr. Muck is preparing four. First is the symphonic poem, "The Okeanides," by the Finnish composer, Sibelius, which was first played at the Norfolk, Conn., festival a year ago last spring. The second is the symphony "Vita," by Noren, whose "kaleidoscope" variations were played in Boston by Dr. Muck several years ago. The Symphony Orchestra has had this work on its shelves for three years, but it has not yet reached performance. It is a work of modern spirit and of large dimensions.

Two other works, new to the Symphony programmes, are Beethoven's grand fugue for strings, op. 133, and Balakireff's symphonic poem, "Thamar." The Beethoven fugue has been announced several times in past years, but never reached performance. "Thamar," one of the most beautiful works of Russian composers, was heard in the Boston Opera House several years ago at a special concert of Russian music and was played a number of times during the performances last winter of the Ballet Russe.

Among the interesting revivals planned by Dr. Muck may be mentioned particularly the symphony by the ill-fated Frenchman, Ernest Chausson. This will be played at one of the early concerts. It was first performed in Boston in the fall of 1905 under the direction of Vincent d'Indy, and later had a second performance during the same season under Mr. Gericke. Other interesting works that will be heard are

Cesar Franck's "Psyche," which has not been heard here in many years; Tschalkowsky's "The Tempest," Busoni's suite, "Turandot"; Tschalkowsky's orchestral suite, op. 43 (the one which ends with the grand polonaise); Hugo Wolf's Italian serenade and Smetana's symphonic poem, "Wallenstein."

Other works which Dr. Muck has especially prepared for the season (works that he has never conducted here) are Schumann's "Rhenish Symphony," Mozart's symphony in D major, op. 35; Berlioz's "Corsair" overture, Dvorak's "Nature" overture, Rimsky-Korsakoff's suite, "Scheherazade," Tschalkowsky's serenade for strings and George Schumann's variations and double fugue on a merry theme.

The first real novelty of the season will be a concerto for violin and orchestra by Ernest Schelling, which Fritz Kreisler will play at the second concert. Mr. Kreisler is most enthusiastic over the work and expects to use it at nearly all his orchestral appearances the coming season.

For the rest, the standard classics will be drawn on by Dr. Muck this season as in the past, nor is it unlikely that before the winter is over he will come across other new and interesting works which will lend variety to the concerts.

CHORAL MUSIC AND THE SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

Trans. — Oct. 4/16
Its Pressing Need of Its Own Choir—
Plans for the Visit of the Russian Ballet
—A Prospectus from the Metropolitan—
Nikisch on Music and the War — As
Concerts Go in London—Items, Information, Opinions

WORD comes from Philadelphia that the symphony orchestra there is to retain as a permanent addition to its forces a considerable part of the chorus assembled and trained last winter for the performance of Mahler's eighth symphony. Thus Mr. Stokowski will be able at will to undertake symphonic pieces requiring voices as well as an orchestra and to diversify his programmes with an occasional choral piece. Word comes from Manchester in England that, even in war-time, Sir T. Beecham is organizing an expert professional chorus to assist the orchestra of the Hallé Concerts whenever the chosen music requires it. Rumor runs here in Boston that the Symphony Orchestra will borrow the chorus of The Cecilia so that Dr. Muck may include Brahms's "Song of Destiny" in one of the concerts for the

Pension Fund. Gossip also alleges that Mr. Loeffler's new symphony is not as yet included in the announced pieces for the new series of Symphony Concerts because a male choir for the hymn at the end is lacking.

These conditions—the chance record of a passing week—speak for themselves. The Boston Symphony Orchestra much needs a chorus of its own if it is to be able to include in its active repertory not a few pieces, classic and contemporary, that ask voices as well as instruments. It needs such a choir if it is to be able also to diversify its regular concerts or its concerts for the Pension Fund with the occasional performance of choral music, pure, if not simple. At present it can attempt either only at long intervals and by makeshift and often unsatisfactory borrowings. For six years Dr. Muck has conducted at the Symphony Concerts, but we have yet to hear Beethoven's Choral Symphony from his hand, nor shall we hear it until he has a numerous and expert chorus at his disposal. Mr. Loeffler's symphony, Delius's "Appalachia," this and that symphonic piece, ancient or modern, may not be heard in Boston because the music demands an assisting choir. We may barely know Dr. Muck's powers and possibilities as a choral conductor by the episodic finales of the two symphonies of Liszt. And so it goes. Without a chorus of its own the Symphony Orchestra lacks a useful, interesting, valuable and even necessary accessory; while Dr. Muck rightly insists that such a chorus, if it is ever to be added to his forces, must be a continuing and a semi-professional body of singers. Only such a choir could he bring to his standards. The "founder and sustainer" and the active management of the Symphony Orchestra are wise and resourceful. They ought to find a way to provide it with such a chorus as obvious need suggests and as Dr. Muck, with just ambition desires. From what he has made of the Symphony Orchestra, it is easy to infer what he would make of a Symphony Chorus.

Efficiency and the Symphony Orchestra

A thought which rests on the solid foundation of fact has been evolved by Harrington Emerson, the efficiency engineer. It is that a symphony orchestra, of which the highest type in this country is the Boston Symphony Orchestra, is the finest example the world has yet produced of immeasurably high ideals, calling for the greatest individual excellence before any worker is admitted, and is, as such, a model of efficiency in methods and results which is worthy of the closest examination of any manufacturer. Mr. Emerson in a course of lectures on efficiency at Johns Hopkins University recently made this very striking illustration of the point he wished to press home, and at the request of the management of the Boston Symphony Orchestra developed it to some length, adding

the very pertinent remark that in doing this he wanted to convert others to make them run their factories as if they were orchestras.

According to Mr. Emerson there are thirteen principles to be followed to secure efficiency. These are definite ideals, common sense, competent counsels, strict discipline, a fair deal, special reward, a regular score, standardize conditions, standardize perfection, planning, schedules, despatching or execution and records. These principles and ideals have been more perfectly applied to an orchestra than to anything else. They do not "over invest," as, for example, use two violins where one will do; they use the right instruments and the right men for the purpose; they standardize the costs of preparation and of maintenance; they use every unit (whether person or instrument) to the full economical limit.

One of the factors in the success of the Boston Symphony Orchestra is that every member is a specialist who holds his position from his ability to work at his specialty, whether it is playing a violin, playing a trumpet or beating a drum, just a little better than anybody else, this verdict being secured through a severe competitive examination. In the orchestra there is no wasted effort. The bowing of the violins, the blowing of the wind instruments, the beating of the drums, according to set rules, to be the best.



Georges Longy, First Oboist of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Conductor of Amateur Orchestras in Boston, Head of the Longy School of Music and Leader of the Longy Club of Wind Instruments.

Symphony Hall.



He Makes the Horn Important

B. Jaenicke, soloist on this instrument, brings this about despite the fact that it is not as much observed as others.

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Symphony Hall.



He Makes the Horn Important

B. Jaenicke, soloist on this instrument, brings this about despite the fact that it is not as much observed as others.

Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1916--17.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

Dr. KARL MUCK, Conductor.

FIRST PROGRAMME

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 13, AT 2.30 P. M.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 14, AT 8 P. M.

BEETHOVEN,

SYMPHONY No. 3, in E flat major "Eroica," op. 55

- I. Allegro con brio.
 - II. Marcia funebre: Adagio assai.
 - III. Scherzo: Allegro vivace; Trio.
 - IV. Finale: Allegro molto.
-

BERLOIZ,

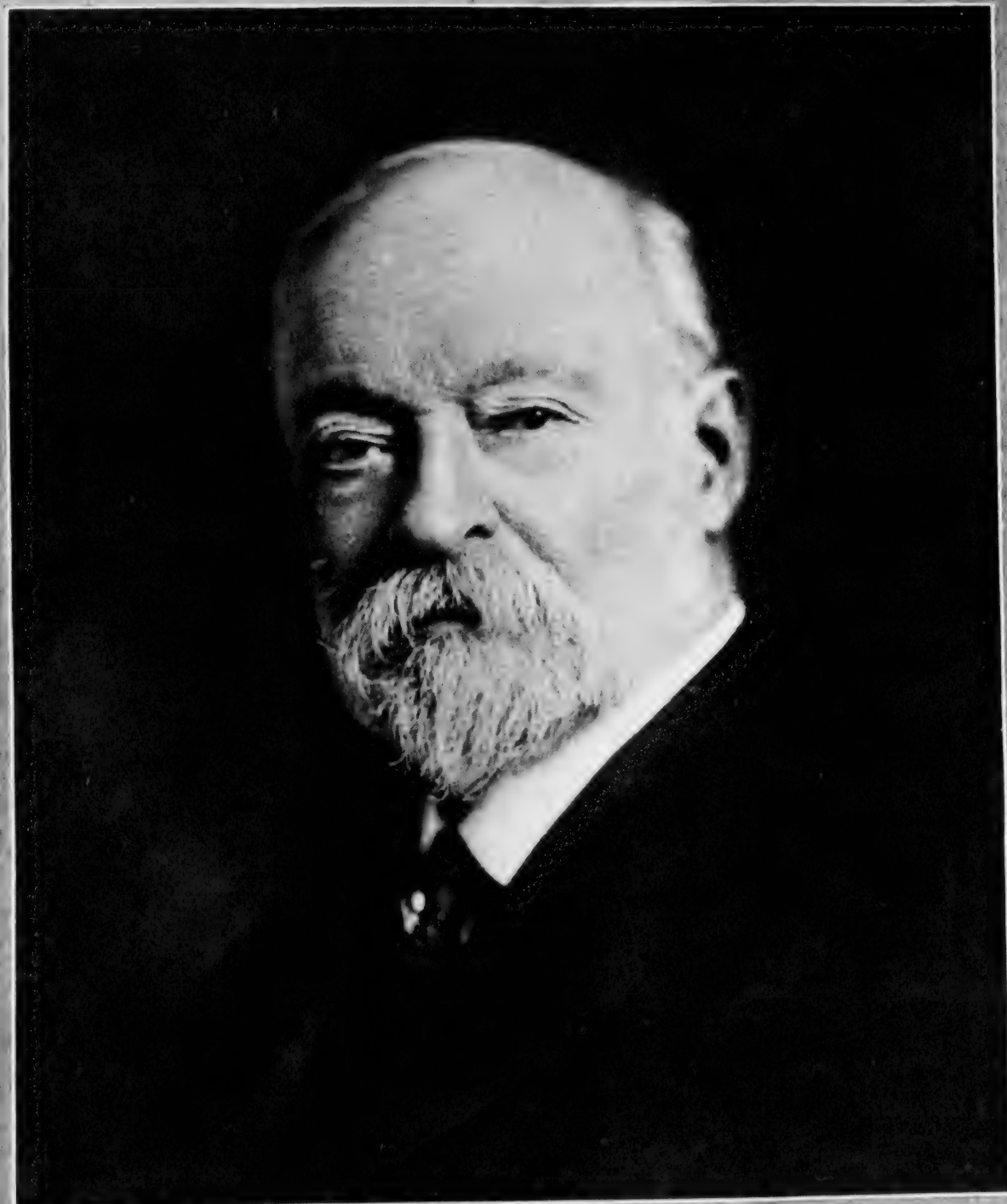
OVERTURE to "The Corsair," op. 21

LISZT,

SYMPHONIC POEM No. 6. "Mazeppa," for Full Orchestra, (after Victor Hugo)

STRAUSS,

"TILL EULENSPIEGEL'S MERRY PRANKS,"
after the Old-fashioned Roguish Manner, in Rondo
Form, for Full Orchestra, op. 28



Allen A. Brown

Founder and Sustainer of Boston's Noted
Music Library, and for 35 years a con-
stant attendant at the Symphony Concerts.
Died Oct. 2, 1916.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT

Trans. — Oct. 14/16
OLD AND NEW BEGINNINGS FOR
ANOTHER YEAR

Scarcely a Departure from Custom—Dr.

Muck and the Orchestra at the Top of
Their Bent—From the "Eroica" Sym-
phony Through Romantic Melodrama in
Tones to the High Humors of Strauss
and "Till"

FIVE months of pause, between spring and autumn, in the succession of the Symphony Concerts suffices to freshen each renewal of the series. Symphony Hall is relatively a changeless room and the most observant yesterday afternoon could discover nothing newer than a few re-covered chairs; yet, unvisited from May to October, it has a pleasant air of unfamiliarity. Scarcely a new face rose from the ranks of the orchestra; but a rearrangement of the sittings of the first and the second violins disclosed remembered figures in unaccustomed places. Narrow scrutiny of the programme-book returned but one variation in the routine pages—an answer at last to the prayer that the women of the audience be "earnestly requested not to put on hats before the end of a number." As for those women, considerate or careless, and for the rest of the listening company, they differed in no external respect from the assemblages of many a recent year, though the re-distribution of seats under the new plan of subscription had shifted here and there a familiar habitué. The youth, upon whom the future of the concerts depends, seemed a shade more numerous than usual; perhaps the middle-aged had even waxed a bit in their grave listening. Dr. Muck and the orchestra could not have asked a more intent or plausible audience as the public of the Symphony Concerts goes. The conductor was clapped loud and long when he came first to his stand; while, thrice and four times recalled at the end of Beethoven's "Eroica" symphony, he brought his men to their feet to share the plaudits. Nothing, indeed, that was reasonably to be expected was lacking to the occasion—no: not even the departure of the contingent that, were the concert only half an hour long, would probably forsake it before the final number.

So much for beginnings. On the other hand what the jargon of reviewing calls "the state of the orchestra" attested once more the continuity of the concerts since Dr. Muck has led them. The band might have been playing in public on

Thursday instead of on the sixth day of last May, so fully was it in command of its familiar powers and distinctions. The precision of the strings was as sure as their pace was swift and their utterance clear in the racing passages of Beethoven's scherzo or the ride of Mazeppa in Liszt's like-named tone-poem. The mellow sonorities of the brass tempered the blatant pomps of the coronation march—for it deserves no higher title—with which that same "Mazeppa" ends. The voices of the wind choir, fused in edgeless suavities of song, similarly glorified the romantic sentimentalities of the slow introduction to Berlioz's overture, suggested by Byron's poem of "The Corsair." Not for an instant throughout the concert did the orchestra lack its wonted richness and suppleness of tone, energy of eloquence, fineness of adjustment, propulsive and characterizing power. It etched upon the ear the intricate tonal humors of Strauss's Till; it flung off Berlioz's overture like the stormy music, written and to be played in a heat, that it seems. Its power rose high in the up-swellings of the first movement of Beethoven's symphony; it matched it with beauty in the succeeding "funeral march." A single human voice might not be more sensitive and sure of modulation; many voices might not weave in such just measure and impeccable euphony the inner strands of symphonic music. The instrument that Dr. Muck had laid down in May he now picked up in October, without even the usually necessity to retune it.

As unchanged was the conductor himself in music that, outside the overture of "The Corsair," many in the audience were hearing familiarly in his imparting and heightening voice. Perhaps he took Till's tonal pranks with a little more of the exuberance of hearty folk-tale that is surely in the music and a little less of ironic humor than has hitherto been his wont, so that it was possible for the hearer to grin with the rogue as well as to smile at him. Perhaps now that Dr. Muck is assured of every intonation that he would give to Beethoven's symphony, he bears it forward through the first two movements with freer sweep, ampler surge, intenser contrasts, and more heroic note. In fact, in the passionate, changeful and inexhaustible progress of that first allegro under his leading, it was hard to note the equally fertile skill in modulation, gradation, contrast that enhanced the ensuing magnificences of tone. The sustained pace and rhythm, the rise and fall of the "funeral march" until it ends in the fragments that seem to drift upward into the haven of heroes, were as flawless. Dr. Muck's pace is slow and grave—the "adagio assai" that Beethoven wrote above the movement to the full—yet since he never lets the music droop or smear, he gains thereby an ex-

ceeding gravity and loftiness of lament. Perhaps the irresistible march and passion of the musical thought and the spiritual emotion, the epical voice and glory of the "Eroica" symphony cease with the final measures of this threnody; thereafter it may become no more than conventional Beethoven. Distinction enough surely as music-making goes, past, present and to come and not the less reason to praise the conductor's pliancy and vividness with the racing measures and the warm contrasts of scherzo and trio or the swift, clear flight in which he led variation after variation into the long ascent of the finale. There again what seemed his new freedom with the music told.

After the "Eroica," which for two movements at least is tonal tragedy, the overture of Berlioz and the tone-poem of Liszt were bound to seem no more than romantic and rhetorical melodrama. If anyone reads Byron's "Corsair" now he probably reads it with a smile over Conrad of "the one virtue and a thousand crimes," and over Medora, devotion on a tower, if not exactly patience on a monument. Berlioz thought the versified tale "burning poetry," and after a hundred years upon the head of its romantic excesses, it does keep a pleasurable wildness of invention and ardor of word and rhyme. No one nowadays probably connotes the Englishman's poem with the Frenchman's overture, which, indeed, has rather the better of it as a survival from a romantic day in all the seven arts. Not even the copious programme book, though it outspread Hugo's poem about Mazeppa, deigned so much as to summarize "The Corsair." The overture stood or fell by its own musical merit; escaped the drenching sweetness of that first slow melody; succumbed not to occasional sound and fury, and prevailed by that same burning ardor of invention and speech that Berlioz found in the poem. To feel so hot and swift is somehow to burn away the fashions of music that time has outmoded.

The shortcoming of "Mazeppa" is the lack of this passionate heat. Grant the Cossack coronation as a musical fashion of a romantic time and an idiosyncrasy of Liszt, who, when he set to a symphonic poem, loved an "apotheosis" for ending. Yet even so, Mazeppa's tonal ride seems rather a programmatic affair. Away go the plunging triplets; round and round in tremolo figures swirls the flying landscape; Mazeppa's motive, as expected Lisztian transformations; suspense, and mysterious suggestion precede a coronation which is far from either. No doubt, as Liszt wrote on the fly-leaf, it is all symbolic of portentous human destinies; somewhat more certainly it is graphic and resourceful narrative in tones; while most certainly of all, it is in the day's work of Liszt and his fellow-romantics. Some of them painted Mazeppa; others,

Byron as well as Hugo, versified him; whoever chose had his fling at what seems no very impressive hero or moving adventure. Delineation and development go hand in hand in Liszt's music; the graphic incisiveness of the ride, the swelling pomps of the coronation serve the turn of the programme. The listener hears and approves, whereas with the burning Berlioz he hears and believes.

Dr. Muck missed neither the impetuous heat of "The Corsair" nor the vivid tone-picturing of "Mazeppa"; so far as performance goes, he answers not a whit less fully to the romantic dissolving views of Liszt and Berlioz than he does to the sharp-set characterization and the prankish wit of the Strauss of "Till Eulenspiegel." Humor forsook them when they sat before music-paper and a merry mind went not well with their romantic intensities. Yet Strauss, witty and gay, as he is from end to end of "Till," outdoes them in pictorial vividness and musical aptness. What tonal form better suits the recurring Till and his pranks than the reiterations and returns of the chosen rondo? The motive that characterizes him is the teetering, leering jester to the life; invention never halts as the music is metamorphosed from one roguery into another; the illusion never flags; humor and spirit hold high to the end. "Once upon a time" begins the prologue; "once upon a time" summarizes the epilogue, and "once upon a time," cries the music, Strauss could write so perfect a piece in its kind. And yesterday Dr. Muck added the last touch, as it seemed to a perfect performance. Heretofore, he has missed nothing of exposition, characterization, humor, narrative, but the light about the music has been dry. Now he makes it glow with Strauss's own heartiness—the "folk-feeling" that no German, however "cerebral," quite escapes.

Trans. — Oct. 7/16
ON the "old-established" days and at the "old-established" hours—Friday afternoon at two-thirty and Saturday evening at eight—the Symphony Concerts resume their course at Symphony Hall next week for another season to the usual expectant and devoted audiences. Only two or three changes have altered the personnel of the orchestra. Dr. Muck resumes his conducting once more in the fulness of his power and ambition; while the programme, as usual at the first concerts of the series, comprises familiar pieces, broad-mindedly chosen and not lacking the contrasts of classic and romantic music. They are:

Symphony No. 3, "Eroica".....Beethoven
Overture to Byron's Poem, "The Corsair" Berlioz
Symphonic Poem, "Mazeppa".....Liszt
Rondo, "Till Eulenspiegel's Merry Pranks" Strauss

SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA OPENS SEASON

Herald — Oct. 14/16
Audience Fills the Hall at Start of 36th Concert Year—Dr. Muck Is Heartily Greeted as Conductor — Berlioz's Overture "The Corsair" Is Played.

PROGRAM FOR NEXT WEEK IS ANNOUNCED

By PHILIP HALE.

The 36th season of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Muck, conductor, opened yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows. Beethoven, "Eroica" symphony; Berlioz, Overture, "The Corsair"; Liszt, Symphonic poem "Mazeppa"; Strauss, "Till Eulenspiegel's."

The overture of Berlioz was played in Boston for the first time 20 years ago last January, when Mr. Paur conducted the orchestra. This overture has exercised the ingenuity of commentators. It has been stated boldly that Berlioz composed it in 1831, shortly after he had contemplated suicide, having learned that his dear Camilla Moke, the pianist, had married Pleyel, a manufacturer of pianos. The economic advantage in this match did not appeal to Berlioz's sense of humor. Wandering about Nice, he found a ruined tower that suited his melancholy mood. On a rock near the base of this tower he sat and saw the sea. Since this overture is known as "The Corsair," and as Berlioz had described his emotions on reading Byron's poem in a confessional in St. Peter's at Rome, the music has been regarded as a musical expression of the Corsair's character and adventures.

But the overture when it was first played in Paris, in 1845, was entitled "The Tower of Nice." The autograph manuscript in the library of the Paris Conservatory shows that this title was erased; that "The Red Corsair" was substituted, and then the word "red" erased. When the overture, greatly revised, was performed in 1855 it was called "The Corsair."

It may be that the overture has no more to do with Byron's misanthrope than it has with "Le Corsaire," a periodical to which Berlioz contributed in his younger days. Is the overture Byronic? Surely the tower of Nice did not resemble the tower of Nesle, the scene of Margaret of Burgundy's orgies with the corpse of the lover floating in the Seine the next morning.

When Berlioz revisited Nice in 1844 he lodged "in a tower adjoining the Ponchettes cliff." "I enjoyed there the admirable view of the Mediterranean and a restfulness the value of which I more than ever appreciated." He did not mention any overture with which he was then busied. Maurice Bourges, however, in the review of Berlioz's concert in 1845, stated that "The Tower of Nice" was composed during Berlioz's last sojourn in the Midi. Did Berlioz so inform him? Berlioz was given to romantic tales—witness his memoirs, which, as a record of facts in his musical life, are often untrustworthy.

What, pray, has the Tower of Nice, as lodgings in 1844, to do with this overture? In his account of that sojourn, Berlioz states that he wrote the "Lear" overture when he was in Nice years before. If he had composed "The Corsair" in 1844 would he not have said so? He speaks of the quiet that was grateful to him. In 1831 he was sorely perturbed. The overture to "The Corsair" is by no means in contemplative mood. And why did he change the title at first to "The Red Corsair"? Had he "The Red Rover" in mind? We know that he was reading Byron's "Corsair" in 1831.

All this interests the biographer and the antiquarian rather than the hearer. The hearer may try to find the Byronic spirit in "The Corsair" or fancy some old tale about the tower of Nice; it matters not, the overture is not among the best or the second best works of Berlioz; the ideas are not striking, and neither the development of them nor the orchestration commands the attention. Buelow had an inexplicable fondness for the overture. Perhaps a certain virtuoso dash, the florid passages for the strings fascinated him.

An audience that filled the hall greeted Dr. Muck heartily. The performance of the "Eroica" Symphony was most impressive, in fact we do not remember any other so euphonious, so eloquent, so noble. Beethoven had Napoleon in his mind when he wrote the music, but the

neral march is for all heroes, triumphant or overcome. The brilliance of the orchestra was fully displayed in the pieces by Liszt and Strauss, but a greater contrast in the second part of the program would have been welcome. If "Mazeppa" and Strauss's rondo had been separated by something short and suave or light and gay, they would have been still more effective. "Bring forth the horse!" Liszt rode him cavorting and wildly galloping long after Mazeppa had been unbound; he rode him bravely at the head of the procession of the futurists of his time to the music of a rather ordinary march with a pleasing trio in the Hungarian manner. This may be said: Liszt's music is as romantically descriptive, pompous and, at last bombastic as Victor Hugo's poem that suggested it.

Would that Strauss had always been so constantly fortunate in his later works as he was in "Till Eulenspiegel"!

Here is an exhibition of fancy, realism, humor, and a touch of the macabre that is always musical; that is without too evident straining after effect; that does not attempt to serve as a commentary on Nietzsche or picture the intimate life of the Strauss family. That Strauss can be charming and simple is shown by the prologue and epilogue of "Till"; "once upon a time there was—"

The program of the concerts next week will be as follows: Chausson, Symphony in B flat major; Wagner, a Faust overture; Schelling, concerto for violin (first time here); Mr. Kreisler, violinist; Brahms, "Academic Festival" overture.

CONCERTS OPEN WITH BEETHOVEN THIRD SYMPHONY

Monitor ——— Oct. 14/16

Boston Symphony orchestra—First concert, Karl Muck conducting; afternoon of Oct. 13. The program; Beethoven, third symphony, in E flat major, "Eroica"; Berlioz, "Corsair" overture; Liszt, "Mazeppa," symphonic poem; Strauss, "Till Eulenspiegel" tone poem.

After the Beethoven symphony was dutifully disposed of, and every fiddler had made sure that his strings were tight, and every piper that his valves were in order, the concert may be said to have begun. For no performance by this orchestra of modern tone resource and modern executive equipment can be regarded as set going on music of such delicacy and light framework as Beethoven's third symphony. An epic a century ago, the work is an idyl today; and neither its pompous title nor all the dissertations that have been written on it

can make it seem anything else to a world trained to the clash and din of Berlioz, Liszt and Strauss. A conductor may bear hard on the accents of the funeral march to his heart's content, he only dispels the illusion of the heroic the more certainly. The way for him to rehabilitate the music in its former grandeur is to make it less grand, to keep away from it all that has been composed since 1825, and to present it with an orchestra of moderate size. The "Eroica" will be big again when it is made properly small.

A more compendious and impressive group of short pieces to illustrate the descriptive style which has prevailed since Beethoven's time could not easily be chosen than the "Corsair" overture, the "Mazeppa" poem and the "Eulenspiegel" rondo. Nor could a group easily be chosen that would better display the viewpoints and the particular talents of the three orchestral masters represented. And as for the fitness of the works to the powers of the Symphony men, conductor and players alike, that was all that could be asked. Then, furthermore, as for the appropriateness of the selections to the likings of the Symphony public—everybody knows that if music is such as to make people think, such as to give them a vision and such, finally, as to make them merry, it has a good welcome in Boston, Mass., on Friday afternoons in winter.

Where can an overture be found which in all points of technique and expression excels that of "The Corsair," by Berlioz? There is a design which is broadly conceived and economically carried out. There is melodic stride and harmonic glow. There is instrumentation which is irreproachably clear and perfectly balanced and blended. There are contrasts of orchestra color which are so subtle as to seem only half meant. There is movement, there is suspense, there is warm and human utterance which never says a word too much.

"Mazeppa" is a veritable summary of the orchestral Liszt, exemplifying all the impatience of the composer to show life in a large view and all his ability to make an effect by line when he could not by color, all his genius for thematic strategy.

"Eulenspiegel" is one of the masterworks of tone satire, and as such, one of the most characteristic efforts

of its writer. It tells its story with just the amount of verisimilitude that is appropriate to program music and it follows the academic rondo pattern with just enough consistency to hold the listener's purely musical attention. Inconsequent fun and mock pathos were never expressed, outside the pictorial and dramatic arts, more tellingly than they are in the Strauss instrumentation here.

SYMPHONY SEASON OF '16-'17 OPEN

Masterly Performance

Displays Genius
of Dr. Muck

Post ——— Oct. 14/16
BY OLIN DOWNES

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Karl Muck, conductor, gave the first concert of its season of 1916-17 yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. This is the concert which formally opens the musical season in Boston.

Yesterday it was a brilliant occasion, first, because of the uncommonly attractive programme and the exceedingly brilliant performances; secondly, because of the pleasurable reunions which these occasions always bring.

AUDIENCES ALWAYS SAME

The audiences at the Friday afternoon and Saturday evening concerts of the Boston Symphony are audiences which have an intimate flavor that would hardly be possible in any other big American city.

Even before the abolishing of the fall auctions, which took effect this year, a majority of the Friday afternoon subscribers, at least, were neighbors of many seasons. It was to these people

no new thing to find beside them the same person or persons whom they had sat beside so long, but it was a new and not an unpleasant sensation to realize that the selected seats could and doubtless would be retained by the same persons for many years to come, without the possibility of an unkind bidder scattering them to some other part of the auditorium, unknown and undesired.

Greeting to Dr. Muck

Then there was the greeting extended Dr. Muck when he appeared. The warmth of this greeting, in a community not unaffected by strong sympathies with one or the other side now at war in Europe, speaks especially well for his hold on his public. His audiences rightly anticipated a brilliant concert, and in advance they tendered their appreciation and esteem. Dr. Muck has been criticised, and not without justice, in the past, for the character of some of his programmes. The programme of yesterday was excellently balanced and contrasted: the "Eroica" symphony of Beethoven; the little known overture of Berlioz to "The Corsair"; Liszt's Symphonic poem, "Mazeppa"; Richard Strauss' orchestral rondo, "Till Eulenspiegel."

If there were the inevitable thoughts of the great war, there could have been no more fitting epitome of the ideals and the heroism of men than of Beethoven's symphony, a symphony written to the memory of a hero. This symphony is a colossus in orchestral literature. It remains, in spirit and dimensions, a conception of well-nigh incredible vastness. No modern tone-poem is more ambitious in its structure and outlines. No modern orchestra speaks with more prophetic power.

Masterly Interpretation

The interpretation of this work, even for such a conductor as Dr. Muck, was of exceptional eloquence. The reading of the funeral march will long be remembered. Seldom has this movement had such nobility and tenderness, and such an epic quality. How marvellously

each instrument told its tale, how subtly the finest nuances were observed and yet the simple grandeur of the whole kept ever before the hearer, could be told in many sentences. But how Dr. Muck made felt a spirit behind the music, a spirit that seemed to brood over the place, is not so easily told. One could define his rhythmical feeling, his control of the wonderful inner pulsations of the orchestra, the heart-beats, as it were, of great music, felt as a continuous undertone; one could dilate on this and that ingenious feat of tone-coloring. But that would not be telling the secret. Every one was moved by this supreme lamentation, by these solemn thoughts of the glory and the majesty of death. The variations which make the finale movement had seldom been so clearly and

significantly presented, but one wished that there had been fewer horns in the trio of the scherzo, where the effect should be more poetic and refined than it was yesterday.

Berlioz's Little Known Overture

Berlioz's overture is very little known. It was performed in Boston in 1896 by the Boston Symphony under Paur. It is worth performing.

It is possessed with the youthful madness of the romantic period. It has a brilliancy almost febrile, yet a brilliance which seems to be transmitted in some mysterious way over a century of time to Richard Strauss, who writes in Till Eulenspiegel with a nervousness and mordancy not commonly associated with artists of his race. The themes of the overture to "The Corsair" are not important, but the fire and impetuosity of the work, and its bold coloring—all these things mark the composition of a great master in the making.

Glorified Vulgarity

Similarly with Liszt's work. All the flaunting glory and all the picturesque posing of the romantic period are here encountered. The piece has a lordly vulgarity and elan. The opening pages are good, but the themes of Mazeppa are exceedingly commonplace. The glorification of Mazeppa, at the end, is effective, though pompous and noisy. How admirably Dr. Muck understood this work and the work preceding! How superbly he flaunted his canvas that cracked with colors of the most blinding hues.

And then there was the superb reading of the satirical work of Strauss. No such mordant and penetrating commentary on life has come from any other German, and few composers of any period or nationality have approached Strauss in this particular vein. And if Strauss' satire were only malicious or bitter, he would, however clever or inspired a musician, fail to strike the fundamental note that he strikes in this composition.

SYMPHONY CONCERT PROGRAM WARLIKE

Adm. ——— Oct. 14/16
**SHOCKS OF BATTLE
ARE NOT TOO RUDE**

Conductor Is Greeted With
Warm Applause—Reading

Is Termed Great

By LOUIS C. ELSON

PROGRAM

Beethoven—Heroic Symphony.
Berlioz—"Corsair" overture.
Liszt—"Mazeppa." Symphonie Poem.
Strauss—"Till Eulenspiegel." Orchestral Scherzo.

Dr. Muck's thoughts must have been rather combative when he made this programme, for the first three pieces tell tales of war very distinctly. We ought to be thankful that Strauss's "Heldenleben" did not round out the programme; that work where the composer agrees with Sherman's statement about War, and pictures it accordingly.

But Liszt and Berlioz and Beethoven, do not become ugly even when they picture combat. Beethoven held that Music should never become ugly, no matter what it pictured. Therefore the shocks of battle in the development of the first movement of the symphony were not too rude, and if the composer ventured to bring in two opposing chords together at the end of this section, it was smoothed down, so as to become quite innocuous, and it was by no means so terrible as the three different keys used simultaneously, in Strauss's battle, would have been.

But in this symphony, as in his Emperor concerto, and his violin concerto, Beethoven leads his strongest suit first. The symphony tapers off in power, noticeably, as it goes on. The Funeral March is too long, in spite of its Imperial character, and the exquisite oboe-playing that was exhibited in it, and the dignified reading it received. The Scherzo is brilliant and was very brilliantly played, but it scarcely seems to fit in the "Heroic" scheme. What does it mean? Berlioz and a few others thought that it portrayed the chattering crowd, forgetting all about the hero as soon as he was dead. Still less does the finale carry out the scheme. A set of variations, founded on a Ballet theme, scarcely indicate the apotheosis of the hero at the end. Compare the manner in which Liszt treats his hero, with the Beethoven finale, and the fitness is all on the side of Liszt, in spite of some glorious ingenuity in the Beethoven ending.

However, Dr. Muck must have felt the work deeply, and had his hero in mind, as he read the work. Heroes are (the more the sadness of it) as plenty as blackberries, at the present time, and probably every auditor

had his thoughts transplanted to European or Mexican soil, by the music. And there was the same technique, of which we are all so proud, in the performance, almost as if there had been no sumer dispersal. Great applause was given at the beginning of the symphony, when Dr. Muck appeared, and was more than repeated at the end, when much enthusiasm was manifested. The reading was absolutely a great one.

Berlioz's "Corsair" is not a work that is often heard. We believe the former generation heard it once at these concerts and then it was shelved. It was only proper that naval warfare should be present, in this bellicose program, even if the Corsair existed in days when no U-boats sank ship and raised international problems simultaneously.

The work has little to say for itself. It is too watery even for a naval subject, and may well be put back on the shelf for another 25 years. The chief theme was gentle and amatory; the subordinate one savage and sanguinary and the work went on in alternate layers of ff. and pp.—roars and whispers. A work that seemed rather easy to create and having much "sound and fury, signifying nothing."

Next the cavalry had its chance, with "Mazeppa." Liszt plunges into "medias res" at once with a clash of cymbals and an earthquake chord of all the wind instruments. The "Tartar of the Ukraine Breed" (even though Victor Hugo did not mention him, as Byron did) begins his gallop in triplets at once.

This whole second part of the program bristled with technical difficulties, and it meant much to dare to give such work at the first concert of the season and carry them through successfully. Most grandly did the trombones, contrabasses and violoncellos play the Mazeppa theme, and this forcible and virile subject was splendidly worked up in all its subsequent changes. Especially effective was the change of this melody to sadness, against percussion of the wood of the violin bows upon the strings ("col legno), although this seemed changed to pizzicato, and its subsequent repetition a semitone higher, was appropriately intensified. Then after fortississimo crashes and some strokes that might have burst the kettledrum, came the portrayal of weakness and doubt, in which the wind instruments gave excellent shading. And finally there came the

still more barbaric march of victory, all foes crushed, and each auditor at liberty to choose his own victor. It was a grand climax to a very remarkable composition.

Then we were allowed a little play, and the Rabelaisian humor of the Mediaeval Till was as charming as ever, perhaps more so because of the stern earnestness which had preceded it. We feel that nobody can excel Dr. Muck in bringing out the subtleties of this work. The mischievous pranks, the conceit of the hero, the philistinism of the burghers, the pursuit of the watchman, the trial and denunciation of Till, the terrible verdict, the wobbly weakness which at last takes the place of his supreme self-assurance, and the final squeaks on the scaffold were all graphically done. It was probably the most ambitious "first concert" that the orchestra has ever given, and it was abundantly appreciated by the usual large and distinguished audience, while Dr. Muck was in his most leonine mood.

SYMPHONY SEASON BEGINS BRILLIANTLY

Globe ——— Oct. 14/16
Dr Muck and Orchestra in
Fine Spirits

Scintillating "Till Eulenspiegel"
"Eroica" Nobly Played

The Boston Symphony Orchestra began its 36th season yesterday with the first Friday afternoon concert at Symphony Hall. The audience was a large one, few seats being empty. The welcome given Dr Muck was cordial and prolonged, and there was the usual warm recognition of the orchestra. The principals of the various choirs were in their places, save in the first chair of the bassoons, where Mr Mosbach has been advanced to succeed the late Mr Sadony.

It is not easy to recall a more brilliant orchestral performance than that of Strauss' rollicking rondo, "Till Eulenspiegel's Merry Pranks." There were the dash, abandon and surety which might be associated only with weeks of routine. There were the trenchant brilliance, the ironical humor, the fleetness, variety and precision with which one

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...to the next, making sentiment with rallery. The total quality of the orchestra never seemed more sonorous, euphonious, golden. Nor has Dr Muck at any time seemed more sure, in his attitudes and pantomime of quiet, magnetic authority, of the instant understanding of his interpretative intent and of its fulfillment.

Beethoven's third symphony which began the program was played as a great epic. It was cast in heroic mold, typical and appropriately expressive of a time when men fearlessly face death or give up their lives, expressive above all in the gravity and majesty of the slow movement, a song of sorrow, played yesterday with reverence and unspeakable beauty. The scherzo is of another and a distinctive mood. The whispering voices of forest leaves in the first theme, the breezy hunting horns in the trio, recall nature and relieve the serious vein of what precedes. The song of triumph of the last movement was inspiring.

Berlioz' "Corsair," with its headlong rushing flights, the romantic song and the arresting modulation of the close sounding fresh today, is strangely prophetic music for 70 years ago. The turmoil and passion of Byron's burning poem still flames from it, without the exaggeration into which Berlioz at times fell.

Liszt's "Mazeppa," originating 20 years before in a piano study to Hugo's poem, is mannered and theatrical in comparison, stereotyped in sequential treatment of ideas that are not Liszt at his best. Dr Muck did all possible for the Cossack chief and his galloping steed. Liszt has written elsewhere, as in the "Faust" symphony or the most difficult "Ce qu'on entend sur la Montagne," first played by the orchestra last year, which shows more fairly the significant contribution by the great Hungarian to the development of program music of pictorial or delineative nature, a type set forth by the three numbers of the second half of the program—Berlioz, Liszt, Strauss.

The program for next week, which will bring Mr Kreisler in a novelty, is as follows: Chausson, symphony in B flat; Wagner, "A Faust overture"; Schelling, concert for violin and orchestra; Brahms, overture, "Academic Festival."

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Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1916-17.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

Dr. KARL MUCK, Conductor.

SECOND PROGRAMME

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 20, AT 2.30 P. M.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 21, AT 8 P. M.

CHAUSSON,

SYMPHONY in B flat major, op. 20

I. Lent, Allegro vivo

II. Trio lent

III. Animé

WAGNER,

"A FAUST OVERTURE"

SHELLING,

CONCERTO for Violin and Orchestra,
(First Performance in Boston)

BRAHMS.

OVERTURE, "Academic Festival," op. 80

Soloist:

Mr. FRITZ KREISLER

episode led to the next, mixing sentiment with raillery. The tonal quality of the orchestra never seemed more sonorous, euphonious, golden. Nor has Dr Muck at any time seemed more sure, in his attitudes and pantomime of quiet, magnetic authority, of the instant understanding of his interpretative intent and of its fulfillment.

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"A FAUST OVERTURE"

SHELLING,

CONCERTO for Violin and Orchestra,
(First Performance in Boston)

BRAHMS.

OVERTURE, "Academic Festival," op. 80

Soloist:

Mr. FRITZ KREISLER



Fritz Kreisler, Violinist.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT

Trans. — Oct. 21/16
SCHELLING AND KREISLER HAND IN HAND

A Slight and Singular New Concerto
Glamorously Played — Two Repertory
Overtures in Unabating Voice—The Bare
Intensities, Grave Beauty and Austere
Workmanship of Chausson's Long-Neg-
lected Symphony

ONCE upon a time there was a youth of ability and ambition in the practice of one of the arts, who was minded to dwell and work for a summer in a village not far from the borders of New Hampshire nor yet again from those of Vermont, and frequented by men of letters, musicians, painters, and surrounding dilettanti of more leisure than accomplishment. Before, however, he engaged his rooms, he sought the advice of an eminent practitioner of his own art who was interested in his progress and whose tested wisdom he trusted. To the surprise of the youth, the elder man inveighed against the sojourn. He counselled either a summer of hard study and work in comparative solitude or else a summer of stimulating contacts with an ordinary American world. Go, if you like, he cried, to the youngster, with your artist gang. Live month after month in a little feverish crowd—of narrow and self-centred interests, that revolves endlessly in its own tracks, that is as endlessly on parade to each other, and all within sight and ear-shot. Join in its hectic eagerness over what Tom, Dick and Harry are doing or are about to do; give and take in its mutual adulation—and also back-biting; tie yourself into shallow and embarrassing friendships. Do superficial work because you haven't time or disposition or environment for any other; babble loud about it; palm it off on the next man. Then come back with the autumn—the hard, cool, searching autumn—and look to your standards! Hearing these sayings, vehemently spoken, the youth departed, troubled; but when the hour for decision came he went not to the village of all the arts.

Once upon a time, within easy memory, it was the custom of the players upon pianos and violins, the singers of songs, the composers of music—if they had the means—to depart from the United States into Europe at the beginning of each summer. Now they may not go; the England at which they used to jeer so gayly as a country of the arts forbids them as a country with a highly efficient navy; impassable barriers separate their Paris from their Munich; their Switzerland is not an agree-

able abiding-place. Yet they must foregather somewhere; and, as chance willed it out of small beginnings, they did foregather in the summer on the coast of Maine in the neighborhood of Mount Desert Island. Far be it from any reviewer of the winter's concerts, prowling about these musicians' colonies, like a jackal about the lions' caves, to surmise what the life therein may be or to conjecture the reactions from it on the colonists themselves. "Procul, O procul, este profani!" It may not have been in the least like that against which the hard-headed old painter warned the youth with a talent for sculpture, but the inference is fair that from it sprang the concerto for violin written by Mr. Schelling and played by Mr. Kreisler yesterday afternoon at the Symphony Concert.

Of course there was volley after volley of applause ushering Mr. Kreisler upon the stage to begin the concerto; ushering him off again when he had finished; bringing him back by himself and then once and twice with Mr. Schelling and finally with an obviously reluctant Dr. Muck. The reception of the concerto—or rather of the violinist—could not have been otherwise in the vogue, usually deserved and more, that he enjoys with the public of Boston and many another city. Yet the whole proceeding was ominously suggestive of the similar rites last winter when Mr. Paderewski obliged a friend—Mr. Stojowski, an estimable music-teacher in New York—with the performance of a concerto from the latter's pen at the concerts of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. It is as forgotten now—in less than six months—as though it never had been written or played. "Absit omen," Mr. Schelling might well have said with the pagans, when he beamed back and forth across the stage and even have crossed himself besides, as the Italians do, being Catholic Christians.

Moreover, all these pomps of applause do not alter by one whit the intrinsic quality of the new concerto. Beyond mistaking, it spoke for itself—outside ultra-modern and piquant harmonies, a conventional beginning with two motives of no individuality or invention in particular, a slender development, a routine "free fantasia" and in general the prescriptions of an orthodox concerto; then neither more nor less than a reworking of one of the variations that Mr. Schelling proffered to this public no longer ago than last December; on its heels a reworking of yet another; and finally a jiggling tune, with a prolonged intermezzo in synopated and tinsel Spanish manner, that quite smothers the rest while with its rhythms and intervals it quite conquers the audience.

"In July and August," says the informed compiler of the programme-book, "Mr. Schelling wrote the concerto at Bar Harbor," and a mere sixty days, with all the

distractions of that summer capital may readily have compelled him to return to the variations of last winter, and especially to the handy one inscribed to Mr. Kreisler himself. But the Schelling of the new concerto, merely music-making at the beginning, occasionally poetizing in the interludes, over-ornate and excessive in the Spanish dance, was a long way from the Schelling of fertile invention, fine, wide-ranging imagination, and artful workmanship that wrote the variations from which the most persuasive parts of the newer piece are transferred. With the variations, to hear was to applaud proudly because the work of an American composer excelled much music that crosses the seas, whereas to hear yesterday was to regret that holiday tasks often bring forth meagre result. Needless to say, Mr. Kreisler played the piece as though the existence of it depended upon him, as indeed it probably does. He did miracles of devoted glamor; eked out the introductory section by the richness and elasticity of his tone; transmuted the borrowed matter till it sounded with new voice; outdid himself in the fire of his bravura with the Spanish tune. He wore the patchwork and the tinsel of the music with a touch of splendor; but why such a garment for him upon whose shoulders usually sit the robes of Beethoven and Brahms, of Mendelssohn and Tchaikovsky, of Bach and Mozart, of contemporaries like Elgar and Wein-garter who herd not in musicians' colonies.

It is time for intermezzo and there was intermezzo in the concert, though not by the order of the programme, in the two overtures, alongside the two outstanding pieces. One was Wagner's tone-poem of Faust in overture-form; the other was Brahms's expert potpourri of German student-songs in the Academic Festival Overture. Both—the latter in particular—are repertory pieces now from Dr. Muck's stick, renewing familiar sensations rather than enkindling new. Yet often, as such music and performance will, they turn new faces to the hearer. Perhaps, yesterday, the "Faust Overture" seemed more clearly than usual to foreshadow the Wagner of the music-dramas in the general scheme—with its long ascent from tonal darkness into tonal light, from struggle with the emotions to salvation through them—in a score of incidental details of characteristic modulation and color. A Wagner in epitome wrote the "Faust Overture." The conductor, if it is to sound in the sombre magnificence with which Dr. Muck clothes it, must look backward. In turn Dr. Muck infuses into the "Academic Overture" the gusto with which Brahms surely wrote it. His scholarship did not condescend to the pot-pourri. It relished the genial making of it. Behind, the listener hears and sees, not the master as the reverent Britons call him, but the Johannes of his intimate circle, striding along the Prater and puffing his cigar and

a penny at every beggar who held out his hand.

The other principal piece of the concert was as much cause for wonder, though of a different sort, as Mr. Schelling's and Mr. Kreisler's concerto. For ten years and nine months, Chausson's symphony has lain overlooked in the library of the orchestra, while many a repertory piece, not half so interesting and impressive, even were it unhackneyed has gone to and fro at the concerts. The cause is not far to seek. Before the war put an end to the publishing of music in Europe, a conductor in America had but to assemble his novel numbers, collect his prescribed classics, fill the gaps with less imperative repertory pieces and his programme-making was done. Why search library-shelves when there was no need for searching? For a year or two past, in the paucity of newly printed pieces, there has been no escaping such burrowing, while here in Boston, to a single orchestra out of a single library, it has already yielded a dozen stimulating revivals—not the least of them Ernest Chausson's symphony aforesaid.

The learned "programmist" outlined the circumstances of Chausson's life; how he was free to cultivate his talents unhampered by necessities of daily bread; how he lived in a cultivated world of those that professed or followed the arts; how he died untimely by a stroke of malevolent Fate. Sundry quoted Parisians analyzed his abilities and idiosyncrasies, his Franckian, Wagnerian and individual idiom, his mingled gravity and intensity of spirit; his distrust of himself; his disdain of all that is easy, superficial, common, exotic. Yet, as is wont, above all these things of external observation recorded on the printed page, the music from within Chausson spoke the more eloquently for him. Few indeed are the symphonies of our own time at once so simple and sincere, so pulsant and beautiful. For this symphony is simple in that the music is shorn of every calculated brilliance, predetermined intricacy, mere effect. It must speak the moods and the passions of the composer in the tones in which he heard them and nothing besides. By these tokens it is a wholly sincere music. Puissant, it touches a sombre, a serene or a triumphant energy; beautiful, it quickens the mind by the economy and the austerity of its ordinance; while it penetrates the heart with mournful intensities, soothes it with grave contemplation, or sets it upspringing with a deep and noble gladness.

Often indeed the symphony recalls the mood and the manner of the ancient tragedy—as in the long upward surge of the sombre introduction until it breaks by very intensity; as in the desolate music of the slow movement; as in the high exaltation of the finale that never flings itself away in mere frenzy. In such surge run the ancient choruses; so in their verse, they stripped despair. The beauty of Chausson's music is some-

times a beauty of such bareness; its power the power of a like concentration. The Greeks knew another beauty—the beauty of luminous calm. It shines out of the first allegro of Chausson's symphony. There and elsewhere is mystery in the clothing harmonies. The power may be of Wagner, for he sought too, but luxuriantly, this high, heroic note. The beauty may be of Franck for he courted still luminosity, long vistas, upswelling intensities. But his was a less austere temperament than Chausson's and his music is more ardently colored. As Chausson paints, so more than once in this symphony, Chausson composes.

H. T. P.

KREISLER SOLOIST PLAYS SCHELLING WORK IN BOSTON

Monitor—Oct. 21/16

Second pair of concerts by Boston Symphony orchestra, Fritz Kreisler, soloist, Oct. 20 and 21, 1916. The program: Chausson, symphony in B flat major, op. 20; Wagner, a Faust overture; Schelling, concerto for violin and orchestra (first time in Boston); Brahms, "Academic Festival" overture.

The second program of the season divided itself at once logically, naturally and unostentatiously into the two kinds of music that must always be evident among us—the music of the past and the music of the present. Wagner and Brahms slipped easily into the category of the music that was. Chausson and Schelling were emphatically the exponents of present musical thought, the Frenchman being easily classified further among those who find romance in tonal writing and the American among those who would indicate in sound the storm, stress, repose and ease of everyday life.

The Chausson symphony is a favorite with audiences in the middle West; so familiar, indeed, that it is placed among the numbers brought forward for popular concerts. It has been many years since it has been heard in Boston, but if the applause of the Friday afternoon audience can be taken as a criterion, the symphony may become as well liked here as by western audiences. The presentation of the few ideas it sets forth is accomplished skillfully, of course, as was to be expected from a pupil of César Franck. While the master was con-

cerned, however, with the exposition of the fundamentals of human thought and feeling, the pupil was more restricted in his inspiration and his paucity of deep feeling is reflected in barrenness of invention. Chausson's joy is not the true, free, vivid outpouring that will not be denied. His grief is not the deep, barren, bewildered hopelessness that must wail its anguish. His emotions are more the surface sort, as if he had said: "Come now, I will write a symphony. I will write of joy for a time, and then of sorrow and then I will pass to something else." Calculating thus, he cannot stir with his music a response in his hearers.

Unusual approbation was meted out to Mr. Kreisler and the concerto. A review of this piece appeared in The Christian Science Monitor after its first performance in Providence Tuesday night and it was again noted after the Cambridge performance. It is eminently the sort of music to reconcile Dr. Muck to having a soloist at his concert, for as Mr. Schelling has written it, the conductor has simply one more musician, and, in the case of Mr. Kreisler, a consummate artist, added to his band. The soloist was recalled many times. The applause mounted even higher for the composer and continued long after soloist, composer and conductor had appeared hand-in-hand to acknowledge the approval of the audience.

The academic overture of Brahms, familiar and well liked in Boston, was played with snap and crispness well suited to a vigorous last word, supposing the conductor wished to present a brief for the music of the well-tried past in contradistinction to the somewhat vague and uncharted present.

KREISLER PLAYS NEW SCHELLING PIECE EXPERTLY

Journal—Oct. 21/16

Chausson Masterpiece Is

Another Symphony Feature.

Symphony concert patrons have an opportunity this week to see no less than three celebrities appearing together—Dr. Muck, the conductor of the orchestra, Fritz Kreisler, the premier violinist of the day, and Ernest Schelling, the composer of the new concerto that Mr. Kreisler is playing.

Yesterday's performance of this novelty was rewarded with enthusiasm. The concerto is a curious compilation of odds and ends representing for the most part the composer's impressions or recollections of musical events met here and there. It seems to be a sort of sequel to the Schelling "Impressions" played by the Symphony Orchestra last season. The composition is bizarre, ingenious and touched with the humor that is one of the characteristics of the Schelling scores. It is not at all a profound addition to Mr. Kreisler's repertoire, but it spurs him to some brilliant feats of virtuosity, nevertheless, and it has the modern phrasing that Symphony audiences delight in.

Conductor, soloist and composer were called before the audience several times and finally, when the applause persisted, the gifted violinist came out alone.

The performance of Ernest Chausson's beautiful, wistful and quite spiritual symphony—much after the manner of Cesar Franck, Chausson's tutor and idol—was the most impressive event of the matinee concert, and doubtless will be the same tonight, for the symphony eclipses most other modern works of the kind, and the manner in which it is presented by the orchestra is sympathetic in the highest degree. It was a former conductor of the Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Nikisch, who introduced this masterpiece to the Parisian public at one of his Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra concerts at the Cirque d'Hiver that Boston is hearing again for the first time in years.

Wagner's "Faust" Overture and Brahms' "Academic Festival Overture," both old-fashioned works, are also among this week's offerings.

The program for next week comprises Schumann's "Rhenish" symphony, Beethoven's "Grand Fugue for String Orchestra," which has somehow failed of performance at Symphony concerts up to this season, and two excerpts from Wagner's "Tristan and Isolde," Isolde's narrative to Brangaene in the first act and the final prelude and "Liebstod." Mme. Gadske will be the soloist.

CHAUSSON WORK PERFORMED AT SYMPHONY HALL

Herald — Oct. 24/16

Orchestra Gives Superb Interpretation of Interesting Composition — Wagner's Faust Overture Also Played—Mr. Kreisler's Playing Greatly Enjoyed.

By PHILIP HALE.

The second concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Dr. Muck, conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows: Chausson, Symphony in b-flat major; Wagner, A Faust overture; Schelling, concerto for violin and orchestra (first time in Boston; Mr. Kreisler, violinist); Brahms, Academic Festival overture.

Chausson's Symphony has not been performed here since Mr. Gerike conducted it ten years ago last January. It is surprising that the Symphony has been so neglected. Chausson was a pupil of Cesar Franck. The influence of that great composer is plainly observed in his pupil's music. In the first movement of the Symphony there is practically a quotation from the Symphony of Franck. Chausson was also under the spell of Wagner. This is to be observed in the second movement of the Symphony. All this is natural and to be expected. Chausson, a rich man, and at first an amateur, not satisfied with the routine instruction at the Paris Conservatory, studied with Franck. That he should have escaped the influence of that master would have argued poorly for his future. But Chausson was by no means a slavish imitator. He had much to say for himself in his own way.

The prevailing characteristic of this Symphony is a gentle melancholy that is neither depressing nor irritating. The

mood is not lugubrious; it is not pessimistic. The mood of the Symphony is that of other works by Chausson, instrumental and vocal. He was enamored of Death and found varied expression of this absorbing theme. Perhaps he had a premonition of his cruel fate. This obsession puts him on a lower plane than that of his master. The sadness Franck expressed in music is that felt by a serene and compassionate soul above the din and the anguish; there is also the triumphant spirit of hope and assurance. The melancholy in Chausson's Symphony is seldom relieved by a light-hearted or aspiring episode.

And in this symphony, noble as it is in its idealism, its refinement, its spirituality, there are pages that betray the pupil, still experimenting, still not wholly sure of his own force. Witness the coda of the first movement. There is not sufficient contrast in mood between the first and second movements. As a work of art, in contents and expression, the first movement is the best. The third is much less significant until the introduction of the sacred hymn, which brings a sonorous and contemplative ending. But even here, in spirit and in technical matters, as in the treatment of the bass, there is the suggestion of Franck reviewing and encouraging the work of his disciple.

Beautiful music, for the most part; music that should be more familiar. This and certain other compositions have been played at Symphony concerts once within the last dozen or fifteen years and then put aside. The audience has had no opportunity of becoming well acquainted with them. In their place we have had endless repetitions of well known compositions: overtures by Weber, symphonies by Mozart and Haydn—the same old symphonies by Haydn. Wagner's "Faust" overture might well stay on the shelf for a while. Would musical righteousness suffer if the "Academic Festival" overture of Brahms were not played regularly once in two or three seasons. The years glide by; there is much music; comparatively little of that which is noteworthy in the modern period is as well known as mediocre compositions of the 19th century.

The superb performance of the symphony and the quality of the music itself were fully appreciated by an audience that filled the hall.

Mr. Schelling wrote his concerto for Mr. Kreisler in July and August of this year, but he had the concerto in mind when he was on the Pacific coast. The concerto is not a virtuoso piece in the ordinary sense; music for the display and glory of a violinist. There is no pompous introduction to introduce the gentleman; there is no obsequious accompaniment. The concerto is for the most part a symphonic work in which the solo violin is in the ensemble. Only

in the recitatives an episode borrowed from Mr. Schelling's "Impressions from an Artist's Life" (played here last season), does the solo violin have the traditional lead. To us the most fascinating pages of the concerto—Mr. Schelling as a composer is always interesting—are those of the interludes "Lagoon," with its original and charming orchestration—the whispering of strings—the variation above mentioned "Fr. Kr.," the dramatic recitatives and the interlude in the Spanish vein. In the last pages—those of the Scottish jig and Spanish folk songs—the orchestration is too heavy, too thick. The orchestration of the opening pages might also be lightened.

These faults can easily be remedied. The finer features of the concerto which show poetic feeling, true imagination and technical skill far outweigh them. Mr. Kreisler displayed his customary facility, verve, beauty of tone, also a spirit of personal friendship and devotion. To him the concerto is a masterpiece. Fortunate the composer that has so brilliant and sympathetic an interpreter.

The concert will be repeated this evening. The program of the concert next week will be as follows: Schumann, "Rhenish" Symphony; Wagner, Isolde's Narrative (Mme. Gadske); Beethoven, Fugue for string orchestra, op. 133 (first time at these concerts); Wagner, Prelude and "Liebstod" from "Tristan and Isolde" (Mme. Gadske).

CHAUSSON SYMPHONY REVIVED BY DR MUCK

Globe — Oct. 24/16
Fritz Kreisler Soloist in
Schelling Work

New Concerto Relies Chiefly Upon
Piquant Colors and Rhythm

Chausson's gift is peculiarly revealed in his songs. In them his nature would seem one of tenderness, extreme sensibility, finding voice in lyric rather than dramatic expression. The portions of his symphony in B flat revived yesterday by Dr Muck which carry the greatest sincerity and conviction are those which sing.

Thoughts are advanced which have beauty and linger in the ear, but do not give the composer the breadth of wing for symphonic treatment, nor can the

hearer evade the feeling that the orchestra is at times too huge an apparatus for Chausson, that it tempts him, as in the sonorous conclusion of the last movement, into too rhetorical expression of his ideas.

In the slow prelude to the first movement, a mood is definitely established. There is a rare and exalted quality, akin to mysticism, sustained something after the manner of Cesar Franck, whom Chausson called his only master. The woodwinds are treated here with that cunning which the French acquire with a dexterity beyond some of their fellows. The harmonic background, the instrumental texture, the general musical scheme, are those of fine perceptions. There is sanity even in introspection, and no approach to the morbid. The first theme of the allegro is sunny, vivacious, and the movement closes with optimism.

The beginning of the slow or second movement is gravely majestic, even noble in character, and that of the third and last, resolute in its terse, challenging theme over the agitated figure in the accompanying strings. But the progress of both movements is less well sustained. The choral is among the impressive pages. Dr Muck conducted with true sympathy and appreciation and there was the usual tribute to leader and orchestra.

Ernest Schelling, the pianist, wrote a biographical sketchbook for piano and orchestra last year in which he dedicated pages here and there to virtuosi in and out of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. One of them was to "Fr Kry." Yesterday Mr Kreisler played with the orchestra for its first hearing in this city a new composition by Mr Schelling, called a concerto for violin and orchestra. The composer was present, and after Mr Kreisler had bowed repeated times, was taken by him upon the platform, and there were felicitations in the sight of all the people.

The reason why the part given to a solo violinist could not have been played by a concert master, rather than exalted to its present state, is one the composer must know deep within the mystery of his own meditations. The soloist is a member of the orchestra and has comparatively little to do independently of it. Mr Schelling has shown a curious and nervously enlivening sense of color, rhythm and chord grouping. He secures piquant effects. At times, as in the extended treatment of the jig episode, he runs aground with them. As to how far this decorated exterior conceals a meagerness if not a paucity of musical ideas inside, there may be a variety of opinion. Fritz Kreisler, who played in his imperial manner and on a day when unseasonable humidity warred upon strings, is worthy of better things.

Wagner's Faust overture, played with a fine regard for its dramatic contrasts in passion and in lyric song, and Brahms' Academic Festival overture made up the other numbers of the program.

SYMPHONY CONCERT IS LESS WARLIKE

Adv. — Oct. 21/16
**CHARM ASCRIBED
TO ITS SINCERITY**

**Chausson's Work Consists of
But Three Movements—Is
Earnest and Sombre**

BY LOUIS C. ELSON

Program

Chausson—Symphony in B-flat.

Wagner—"Faust" overture.

Schelling—Violin Concerto.

Soloist, Mr. Fritz Kreisler

Brahms—"Academic" overture.

A concert by no means so warlike as the opening one, and rather too strenuous for the average public. Chausson's Symphony might teach a lesson to the moderns, for it is a good deal shorter than Korngold's "Sinfonietta," being of three movements only. It has no Scherzo and is never in a playful mood. It is earnest, even sombre, almost throughout, yet in spite of this it is not monotonous, for Chausson has the art of working up his climaxes with real fervor, and these lost none of their power in the hands of Dr. Muck.

The second movement seems to suggest tragedy in almost every part, yet the sombre passages are contrasted with moments of ineffable tenderness and nothing seems forced or overstrained.

The Finale speaks of triumph and in its development of figures recalls Chausson's teacher, Cesar Franck. It is a little three-noted figure (D, B-flat, A, descending) which plays an important role in this last movement, and there is also a chorale-like theme which is very lofty. The trumpet-playing in the finale was inspiring, and the work was read with a freedom that suited well to its impressionist style.

The charm of the symphony lies in its sincerity. One may doubt the honesty of several of the moderns, but no such doubt ever attaches to the music of Chausson. It rings true

from beginning to end. There is here an enforced style and a nobility that compel admiration, even from those who do not fully comprehend the work. But, after all, it is "musician's music," and cannot convey its message to the general public, even though it was greatly applauded at this performance.

Wagner's "A Faust Overture," was finely given, but after all it does not seem the Faust of Goethe. Amid all the many compositions which the poem-play has inspired one can only think of Schumann as coming somewhere near to the poet's conception. To be sure Liszt's "Marguerite" and his ethical 'dea of Mephistopheles must not be forgotten, and we must also remember Berlioz, who refused to follow Goethe in the final salvation of his hero, and sent him to the subterranean winter resort, but the character of this hero yet remains to be revealed in music. Wagner presents us with a very dissatisfied gentleman, but the Faust who betrayed Gretchen is not in evidence, in fact there is almost nothing feminine in the work.

It was beautifully played, although to add the darkness of Wagner to the sombreness of Chausson was beginning to make matters rather dismal.

Mr. Schelling's new work is an echo of—Schelling. That is the modern vein of his previous compositions is strongly present. Its brevity is commendable, the composer not being led into prolixity by the demon of variations (who has even led Beethoven and Brahms into garrulity) and the succinct and earnest style of the composition may be cordially recognized. The concerto has its technical difficulties—a great many of them—but it was played by an artist by whom difficulties are easily conquered—Mr. Fritz Kreisler.

The reception of this violinist proved how thoroughly Boston recognizes his leading rank. It was an ovation, both before and after the concerto. But before it was a greeting, after it was a tribute to great and artistic work. But we cannot consider the composition a masterpiece. It is in a single movement, but changes of tempo give to it the essence of a regular three-movement concerto. It is too continuously in the high positions and also too constantly pianissimo until near the end. Only at the finale is there a touch of Spanish dash and tambourine and castagnettes add their tropical flavor to the score.

But it is only fair to add that the public did not agree with the critic's verdict and called Mr. Schelling as well as Mr. Kreisler out again and again.

Brahms' "Academic Overture" never grows stale. The genial working up of college melodies is a tribute to the student's muse which is quite unique in the musical repertoire. And Beethoven himself never used the bassoons better than they are employed in passages of this work. But nothing new can be said of a composition which every musical Bostonian knows and which is always played by our orchestra in a flawless manner. Therefore, the concert, which began tragically and with sombre thoughts, ended with geniality, combined with intellectuality. It was high time to relax a little.

KREISLER PLAYS NEW CONCERTO

Post — Oct. 21/16
**Divides Honors With
Composer at the
Symphony**

BY OLIN DOWNES

Fritz Kreisler was soloist at the concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Dr. Karl Muck, conductor, given yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. He played for the first time in Boston the new violin concerto which Ernest Schelling, the pianist, composed, with thought of Mr. Kreisler as the performer, last summer at Bar Harbor.

WORTH WHILE MUSIC

This concerto had an immediate and unconditional success. It is a delightful work, delightful in the piquancy of the ideas and the skill and taste with which

they are treated. The part corresponding to a slow movement is based on two of the variations from Mr. Schelling's former composition, "Impressions (from an Artist's Life) in the Form of Variations on an Original Theme." The final section is an admirable suggestion of a scene in a Spanish cafe, where Mr. Schelling listened to the strumming of guitars and the singing of folk songs.

Harmonically the concerto is always interesting and original, without the scheme of dissonance being overdone. The violin part, thanks in part, perhaps, to Mr. Kreisler, appears to be written effectively, and this is equally true—much to the credit of Mr. Schelling—of the orchestral score.

One would shudder to think of this score in hands less capable than those of Dr. Muck and the Boston Symphony. But a most interesting score it is, not only as regards instrumentation and manipulation of melodic ideas, but also as concerns rhythm. It was given a rendering past praise for the unity of conception on the part of conductor and soloist, and for the admirable performance of Mr. Kreisler. No wonder there was applause. First Dr. Muck and Mr. Kreisler responded. Later these two were joined by Mr. Schelling, who was also present and the three men bowed from the platform.

As regards melody, structural arrangement, and for the greater part harmony also Chausson's symphony is whole cloth of Franck. Yet it has certain qualities which are grateful and are evidently individual with the composer. By virtue of the nobility and sincerity of this symphony, the tenderness and idealism of its expression, the unassuming simplicity and the unmistakable feeling for the architecture which is the soul of symphonic music, one regrets, indeed, the untoward accident which killed Chausson in 1899, in his 44th year, and deprived him of his future as a musician.

Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1916-17.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

Dr. KARL MUCK, Conductor.

THIRD PROGRAMME

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 27, AT 2.30 P. M.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 28, AT 8 P. M.

SCHUMANN,

SYMPHONY in E flat major, No. 3, "Rhenish," op. 97

I. Lebhaft.

II. Sehr massig.

III. Nicht schnell.

IV. Feierlich.

V. Lebhaft.

WAGNER,

ISOLDE'S NARRATIVE Act I, of "Tristan und Isolde"

(First time at these Concerts)

BEETHOVEN,

OVERTURE, Grand Fugue, (now free, now strict,)

B flat major, op. 133.

(First time at these Concerts)

WAGNER,

PRELUDE and ISOLDE'S LIEBESTOD (Love Death) Act III, of "Tristan und Isolde"

Soloist:

Madame GADSKI.

they are treated. The part corresponding to a slow movement is based on two of the variations from Mr. Schelling's former composition, "Impressions (from an Artist's Life) in the Form of Variations on an Original Theme." The final section is an admirable suggestion of a scene in a Spanish cafe, where Mr. Schelling listened to the strumming of guitars and the singing of folk songs.

Harmonically the concerto is always interesting and original, without the scheme of dissonance being overdone. The violin part, thanks in part, perhaps, to Mr. Kreisler, appears to be written effectively, and this is equally true—much to the credit of Mr. Schelling—of the orchestral score.

One would shudder to think of this score in hands less capable than those of Dr. Muck and the Boston Symphony. But a most interesting score it is, not only as regards instrumentation and manipulation of melodic ideas, but also as concerns rhythm. It was given a rendering past praise for the unity of conception on the part of conductor and soloist, and for the admirable performance of Mr. Kreisler. No wonder there was applause. First Dr. Muck and Mr. Kreisler responded. Later these two were joined by Mr. Schelling, who was also present and the three men bowed from the platform.

As regards melody, structural arrangement, and for the greater part harmony also Chausson's symphony is whole cloth of Franck. Yet it has certain qualities which are grateful and are evidently individual with the composer. By virtue of the nobility and sincerity of this symphony, the tenderness and idealism of its expression, the unassuming simplicity and the unmistakable feeling for the architecture which is the soul of symphonic music, one regrets, indeed, the untoward accident which killed Chausson in 1899, in his 44th year, and deprived him of his future as a musician.

Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1916-17.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

Dr. KARL MUCK, Conductor.

THIRD PROGRAMME

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 27, AT 2.30 P. M.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 28, AT 8 P. M.

SCHUMANN,

SYMPHONY in E flat major, No. 3, "Rhenish," op. 97

I. Lebhaft.

II. Sehr massig.

III. Nicht schnell.

IV. Feierlich.

V. Lebhaft.

WAGNER,

ISOLDE'S NARRATIVE Act I, of "Tristan und Isolde"

(First time at these Concerts)

BEETHOVEN,

OVERTURE, Grand Fugue, (now free, now strict,) B flat major, op. 133.

(First time at these Concerts)

WAGNER,

PRELUDE and ISOLDE'S LIEBESTOD (Love Death) Act III, of "Tristan und Isolde"

Soloist:

Madame GADSKI.



Johanna Gadski, Soprano.

SOPRANO HEARD WITH ORCHESTRA IN WAGNER PIECES

Monitor Oct. 28/16

Third program of the Boston Symphony orchestra. Karl Muck, conductor; Mme. Johanna Gadski, soloist—Presented in Symphony hall, Boston, Mass., Oct. 27, 1916. The program: Schumann, symphony No. 3, in E flat major ("Rhenish"); Wagner, Isolde's narrative from act one of "Tristan and Isolde"; Beethoven, overture and grand fugue, op. 133; Wagner, prelude to "Tristan and Isolde," followed by Isolde's Liebestod, from act three of the opera.

The closing short number was in a fair way of being the best of the afternoon—that is to say the most brilliant in execution and the most appealing in interpretation. The conductor has made a point at his concerts this season of concluding with a piece that showed his players to the very highest advantage. The first week, it was the mirthful "Till" tone poem of Strauss; the second week, it was the splendidly pompous "Academic" overture of Brahms; and the third week it was the incomparable orchestral love song that begins the opera "Tristan," pieced out by the ecstatic finale of the same work, with its soprano soliloquy. But the third time the pleasing device just missed working. Everything was in perfect order for a performance of the "Tristan" prelude that might count as next to the greatest in style of reading, and as indeed the greatest in organization of sonorities, that has been recorded in Boston in recent years. But there was grit in the gear of the woodwind section of the orchestra, and one of the finest lyric efforts the conductor has ever put forth was reduced to the ordinary.

To think of all the Bruckner and Reznicek the men have played, and kept their wood tone flawless; to think even of the Bischoff and Lendvai they have played, and kept the concord of flute, oboe, clarinet and bassoon pure to the last refinement; and then to think of the prelude to "Tristan" with a flattened upper part! But for this setback, the reading had got into the neighborhood of Mr. Toscanini's, with its crescendo as long as the sunrise; and of Mr. Weingartner's, with its phrasing like sublimated speech of hero and heroine.

The last number aside, the program was heroically performed. The excerpt from act one of "Tristan," with the soprano singing the music of Isolde, was a novelty at the concerts and a welcome one. Mme. Gadski was in her noblest mood and she met the conductor half way in his desire to give the Wagnerian song large outline and high coloring. Her voice exchanged with the orchestra gold for gold and held its gleam against all the brightness that violins, trumpets and everything else could shed. This was an example of veritable symphonic singing. The concerts, under solo dispensation of such a sort are not brought down to a level below that on which unmixed orchestral music stands. They are simply carried in a new direction on that level. If all the visitors who appear during the present season, when the solo schedule is almost doubled, enter into the director's idea like the assisting artist of Friday afternoon, the concerts cannot fail to be more enjoyable than heretofore and artistically more influential as well.

Doubtless the Beethoven fugue was listened to with a greater seriousness on a solo day than it would have been on a plain orchestral day. This piece, also new in the repertory, gave the string players a challenge as to their accuracy in the exposition of complicated part writing, which they accepted valiantly. This work has some of the disabilities of arranged music, and would hardly have been allowed on a program in former uncompromising days. But if the attention and applause of the house is any guide to the conductor in the program making, the production of this excerpt from the chamber music department of composition will cause him no regret.

Perhaps the best justification of the fugue on this particular program is the striking prophecy it contains of the style of Schumann, close to whose symphony No. 3 it was played. It is mark-worthy that the Beethoven of the last period here was a guide for Schumann, just as in other works the same Beethoven was a guide for Liszt. Being at once a romanticist of introspection and of assertion, he could hold open two gates for his successors that led to divergent paths.

Schumann, who at times has not been so effectively interpreted under the conductor's baton as have composers of the objective method of writing, fared happily in this presentation

of his "Rhenish" symphony. The reading might, perhaps, have shown more detail of orchestral color. But had the conductor given heed to every little patch of purple that invited in the slow movement and elsewhere, he might easily have lost the things which distinguished his study of the piece—action and unity.

GADSKI SOLOIST AT SYMPHONY'S THIRD CONCERT

Herald — Oct. 28/16

Sings Selections from *Tristan* and *Isolde*—Orchestra Is Heard in Schumann's Symphony No. 3 and Beethoven's Grand Fugue op. 133, Played by All the Strings.

By PHILIP HALE.

The third concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Dr. Muck conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows: Schumann, Symphony No. 3, "Rhenish"; Wagner, *Isolde's Narrative*, Act I. of "Tristan and Isolde"; Beethoven, Grand Fugue, Op. 133 (originally for string quartet, played by all the strings); Wagner, *Prelude and Isolde's Love-Death*. Mme. Johanna Gadske was the singer.

The symphony had not been played at these concerts since 1910, when it was performed in commemoration of the 100th anniversary of Schumann's birth. This music has not the buoyancy and exulting rush of Schumann's first symphony or the romantic spirit of the one in D minor. Nor are there pages equal in sheer beauty to those of the Adagio in the second symphony. The first movement and the last justify the remark of Vincent d'Indy: "While genius is shown in Schumann's works that are short and of simple construction, he found himself out of his depth when he attempted to rear a musical monument. Lack of thorough education left him to be guided by sentiment alone." The second movement

expresses a sort of clumsy joviality. The third might be a pretty piano piece that had been orchestrated. The fourth movement, the "cathedral scene," is the most impressive portion of the symphony. Here we have lofty ideas and a solemn, ecclesiastical mood befitting a gorgeous ceremony of the holy church. But the peculiar genius of Schumann is found in his songs and piano pieces, not in his symphonies, not in his elaborate choral works.

Beethoven wrote a formidable fugue as the finale of his string quartet op. 130. When the quartet was first played in Vienna 90 years ago this fugue was condemned. The publisher, Artaria, prevailed upon Beethoven to write another finale. The fugue was performed here by the Kniesel quartet in 1907. It has been played by all the orchestral strings in New York at a Theodore Thomas concert, and in Chicago at a concert of the Chicago orchestra.

This music of Beethoven may interest students as a specimen of fugal writing. Played by a quartet it has little or no aesthetic charm. The greater number of pages are dull when they are not ugly. When the music is played by all the strings in an orchestra the inherent ugliness is intensified. The hearer's only enjoyment is in observing the precision of the players. He says to himself: "Here are between 50 and 60 men fiddling with all their might and main. How well they keep together!"

On the night of April 25, 1890, Mr. Arthur Nikisch, then conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, conducted Paganini's "Moto Perpetuo," played, as the program stated, by 32 violins. The violinists stood in an imposing row. We remember the occasion well. The sight of 32 men doing the work of one excited the audience to frenzy. This clap-trap performance, which should have been accompanied by the illumination of Bengal lights, provoked the heartiest applause of the season of '89-'90. Yesterday the players, with the exception of the double basses, remained seated. The audience made no ardent demonstration of enjoyment or approval. Perhaps if the men had all stood there might have been an exhibition of at least moderate rapture.

It has often been said that Dr. Muck did not favor extracts from the Wagnerian music dramas at Symphony concerts. It was the more surprising to find on the program *Isolde's* story of her adventure with *Tristan*. The music loses much of its significance and effect when it is taken from the stage, without thought of the scenes that have gone before, without sight of the ship, without the appropriate dramatic action. Mme. Gadske was last heard at these concerts in 1905. During the 11 years she has gained in variety of expression, in tonal accuracy and in the art of tonal coloring. Yesterday she was vocally well disposed. Her performance on the whole was excellent. Only now and then did she indulge in the explosiveness

so dear to the great majority of German singers that have visited us or been

heard in German opera houses. Only now and then did she sing consonants instead of vowels. At a Symphony concert we prefer to hear *Isolde's* final scene played as an orchestral transcription, no matter how competent and emotional the singer may be who is chosen to impersonate the heroine in orthodox concert dress.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The orchestra will be out of town next week. The program for Nov. 10 and 11 will be as follows: Brahms, Symphony No. 1; Rimsky-Korsakoff, Symphonic Suite, "Scheherazade."

BEETHOVEN'S GRAND FUGUE REDISCOVERED

Globe — Oct. 28/16
Schumann's "Rhenish"

Symphony Played

Mme Gadske Soloist in Two Excerpts
From "Tristan and Isolde"

Remembering the orchestral character of Beethoven's later quartets, it is difficult to think of the overture: Grand fugue in B flat major, op. 133, originally the finale of the quartet op. 130, as performed by four stringed instruments. Placed upon the Symphony program by Dr. Muck yesterday for the first time, the string orchestra of such size and quality seemed its appropriate means of expression.

The insatiable rhythmic figure, the sweeping breadth of the fugal subjects, holding within them a certain spirit of revolt as of triumphant aspiration would seem stifled and confined, if heard within a solo quartet, a dynamic force of threatening proportions.

The contrasted characters of the two subjects and the contemplative episode are the Beethoven of the later period in expanse of vision, thoughts toward which only the choral symphony had pointed. Criticism of performance by a string orchestra of works for quartet probably is based on lack of clearness, and this a matter of the abilities of the players. The performance yesterday was one of remarkable virtuosity. The precision of each figure kept its profile clean cut in the contrapuntal web, and there was superb dash and spirit.

Schumann's third symphony, intended, as he said, to denote the peasant life along the Rhine, is per-

vaded by a golden, mellow light. It is wholesome music, not slavishly of folk character, but of a universal simplicity. Nothing was lost in the sympathetic manner in which it was played, of the sunny exuberance of the first movement, the jovial merrymaking of the second, or the pomp and splendor of the scene of coronation in the cathedral.

Mme Gadske sang two excerpts from "Tristan"; the first, *Isolde's* narrative to Brangaena in Act 1 of the cause of her presence on *Tristan's* ship, how she had nursed him to health from his wound, had discovered him, through the nick in his sword, to have been *Morold's* murderer, how she had been stayed from vengeance by the light in his eyes, and now this reward of disprize. The second was the *Love's* death following a performance of the prelude to the opera.

Mme Gadske interpreted in a dramatic manner. There was regal scorn at the end of the first. The final scene touched a spiritual exaltation. No singer could be indifferent to inspiration of such an orchestral performance. The prelude was played in a manner more brilliant than impassioned. Mme. Gadske was warmly applauded. The orchestra will make its first southern trip next week.

SYMPHONY HEARD IN RARE PROGRAM

Journal — Oct. 28/16

Dr. Muck is presenting an unusual program at this week's Symphony concerts, with Mme. Gadske, the dramatic soprano, as soloist.

Two of the four numbers, *Isolde's* narrative, from the first act of "Tristan and Isolde," and Beethoven's "Grand Fugue" for string orchestra, are being performed for the first time at the Symphony concerts. Of the other numbers, Schumann's "Rhenish" symphony has come again to performance for the first time since the Schumann centennial concert in 1910, while the prelude and "Love-Death," from the last act of "Tristan and Isolde," have not been given together at a Symphony concert for many years.

Mme. Gadske sang the "Love-Death" artistically and sympathetically. Her eloquence in the narrative scene, the first solo, was sufficiently megaphonic, but it was eloquence carried with a strain. The scene demands dramatic singing of the highest order. In this instance, the full dramatic effect was achieved only by the orchestra. Dr. Muck and his men also gave a masterly performance of the prelude and "Love-Death" music. It is always a rare musical treat to hear the Symphony Orchestra play Wagner music under Dr. Muck's direction. It is a question whether the Bayreuth devotees have ever been favored with any better performance of these splendid personages

from the matchless lyric drama than the one given yesterday—or, it may be added, the one in store for those who will attend tonight's concert.

The Schumann symphony is quite charming, and the performance yesterday was worthy of it. The Beethoven fugue gave the string players an opportunity to display their virtuoso qualities. Otherwise it was out of place. Originally it was the finale of the string quartet in B flat major, op. 130, one of Beethoven's latest works.

Enthusiastic applause followed every number but the "Grand Fugue."

The orchestra will be out of town next week. On Nov. 10 and 11 it will play the Brahms symphony, No. 1, in C minor, and the Rimsky-Korsakoff symphonic suite, "Scheherazade."

GERMAN SYMPHONY CONCERT CHARMS

Adv. ——— Oct. 25/16
Performance Most Virile—Fully
Appreciated and Much
Applauded

MME. GADSKI EFFECTIVE IN WAGNER NUMBERS

Dr. Muck, Orchestra and Soloist
Fairly Surpassed Themselves,
Says Prof. Elson

BY LOUIS C. ELSON
PROGRAM

Schumann—Third Symphony. "Rhenish."
Wagner—"Isolde's Narrative to Brangaene."
Mme. Gadski, soloist.
Beethoven—Fugue for String Orchestra. Op. 133.
Wagner—Prelude and Liebestod, "Tristan and Isolde."
Mme. Gadski, soloist.

Vincent D'Indy believes that we in America should discard German music and discharge German musicians, but we think that even he would have been converted by the concert of yesterday. It was German from top to toe, and it was performed in a manner that went even beyond our orchestra's standard. Schumann's E-flat symphony is a picture of the

happy Rhine-life, and one searches in vain for any traces of "Boches," or "Huns," in its measures; on the contrary, there is healthy vigor. "Gemuetlichkeit," and innocent pleasure in almost every part.

The vigor and strength is in the first movement, which has something victorious in almost every division. Schumann could exult as few other composers, and here he is in his most triumphant vein. And Dr. Muck read this with a glory that apotheosized; his interpretation was absolutely wonderful.

The Scherzo is "Gemuetlichkeit" personified. It is not a conventional Scherzo, either in shape or spirit, but it has the real folk-song style that one associates with the sunny vineyards around Bingen and Rudesheim. Schumann was never merely jolly in a Scherzo. In the third movement there is a tenderness and sweetness that Mendelssohn sometimes tried for, in his slow movements, but never accomplished.

Then came the second slow movement, an extra one, picturing Cologne Cathedral and a great festival therein. Schumann, who was often very weak in orchestration, sometimes managed to get effects from the deep brassy that were almost inspired. Such an effect is in the trombone transition from the Larghetto to the Scherzo, in his first symphony, in his "Manfred Overture" and in "Geneveva," and such an effect is here in the suggestion of organ tones and "Feierlichkeit." The splendid contrast between this movement and the Finale, where the people are all coming out of the church and the chatter and bustle of out-door life begins, was finely caught up.

The performance was a most virile one and the work was fully appreciated and much applauded. It is the most typically "German" work that we know of in the whole symphonic repertoire and it will not be abolished, no, not on account of 50 wars.

But we were much less enthusiastic about the "Grand Fugue" by Beethoven. This work was written as the Finale of the string quartette, Opus 130. All the critics found it labored and crabbed, and unsuited to its place, and for once Beethoven agreed with them. Therefore, he wrote the finale of the Quartette in a new form, as it is played today, and that movement was the last composition of his life. The story about the "Farewell to the Piano," "Beethoven's Last Composition," is absolute nonsense

and publisher's trickery.

The present fugue was, therefore, intended for a simple string quartette, but it is by no means wrong to magnify it into an orchestral composition. All of Beethoven's latest string quartette music is orchestral music in disguise. But as regards the beauty or worth of the fugue as counterpoint there may still be two opinions. The subject itself is an awkward one, with its wide skips and brusque progressions. Beethoven was not at ease in sustained counterpoint. One may recall that his contrapuntal teacher, Albrechtsberger, warned other students not to associate with him, because of his musical eccentricities in the strict school. When one hears Bach's counterpoint one never thinks of the difficulties of construction which underlie it, but with Beethoven the case is different; one imagines the composer perspiring, and straining at the work, and continually thinking—"What combination can I make next?"

So it is with this difficult fugue. It was wonderfully played, almost as if the orchestra had been a great solo string quartette, and it was interesting, because of its involved ingenuities, but it was not inspiring music. "Tantot libre, tantot recherchee," Beethoven marked it, but it is remarkably free for a string fugue. Such a wriggling bit of complexity Browning must have had in mind when he wrote "Master Hugues of Saxe-Gotha."

Of course the long line of people waiting for "rush seats" was not attracted by these two compositions, but by the solo singer. We wish that solo singing could be abolished at these concerts, but if we must have the operatic element brought in it can never be better done than by such a singer as Mme. Gadski, and by such selections as she always gives. Her first number was, however, unusual.

We have never heard Isolde's story of how her acquaintance with Tristan began, given upon the concert stage before. There is no reason why it should not be, for it has scarcely any stage action when given in the opera. And we were glad to hear it thus, for the attention could be given more easily to the orchestral score, when not distracted by Miss Brannigan clasping her hands, or by the knowledge that the helmsman must have been in a very bad humor because Isolde's wide curtain hangings prevented him from steering his

ship, or even seeing the bow at all.

And Mme. Gadski was in superb voice and is always a great artist. We were glad to see her receive a most cordial welcome, showing that Boston does not believe in any national boundaries of music. She immediately justified this welcome by her artistic work, and the subsequent applause was remarkably spontaneous.

Her two numbers were possibly the best Wagnerian singing that has ever been heard in Symphony Hall. And the orchestral support was perfection itself. Altogether then this was a memorable concert in which Dr. Muck, the orchestra, and Mme. Gadski fairly surpassed themselves.

GADSKI AT BEST WITH SYMPHONY

Post ——— Oct. 28/16
Spirit of Wagner Pre-
dominates Great
Concert

BY OLIN DOWNE'S

Mme. Johanna Gadski was the soloist at the concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Karl Muck conductor, yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. She sang Isolde's narrative from Act 1 of Wagner's "Tristan and Isolde," and, following the orchestral performance of the prelude to that opera, the "Liebestod," which concludes the work.

The other orchestral compositions were Schumann's E flat symphony and Beethoven's fugue for strings, op. 133, performed for the first time at these concerts.

SCHUMANN'S CHARM

The Schumann Symphony was charmingly interpreted. It is a charming symphony. "Suite" might be a better term for "symphonic" is an adjective of which this "symphony" is somewhat undeserving.

Some find the fugue of Beethoven, originally a movement of one of the last of the string quartets, intricate and dull. For us it is a very dramatic composition, and with all the freedom of the polyphonic writing, an exceedingly clear and forceful and mighty exposition of the subject matter.

Yet the greatest music on the programme was without a doubt the music from "Tristan." Familiar as they are the Prelude and the "Love-death," under the inspired baton of Dr. Muck and Mme. Gadski's singing, seemed never more amazing.

The incomparable beauty and poignancy of the ideas, the wonder of each voice in the harmony and of each instrument in the orchestra, the utter magic of the orchestration—these things, thanks in part to Dr. Muck and Mme. Gadski, were realized again, so deeply as to make futile any effort to communicate the result.

The spirit of the great Richard Wagner cast its shadow over everything else on the programme and overwhelmed everybody in the audience. It is needless to say that there was applause, hearty and long continued. There always is applause at these concerts. But there were those who heard the music long after the applause had stopped.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT

Trans — Oct. 28/16
VIVID WAGNER AND SCHUMANN;
DULL BEETHOVEN

Dr. Muck and Mme. Gadski in Eloquent Performance of Two Fragments of "Tristan"—The Rhenish Symphony Recalled to Life, Stride and Voice—The Grand Fugue for Strings Dutifully Played and Heard

IF we in Boston may not have Wagner of the music-dramas at the Opera House that now for the most part belies its name, we may at least enjoy an occasional approximation of him at the Symphony Concerts. At long intervals the company of the Metropolitan Opera House visits us and assigns three or four performances in a fortnight or three weeks to Wagner. For aught else from his pages we must wait upon Dr. Muck, and the conductor at first was chary. Newly come from a Germany where Wagner's music is as familiar a thing of the theatre as are the musical plays in Boston, he saw no rea-

son to include in the Symphony Concerts more than the composer's purely orchestral pieces and an operatic prelude or two. Gradually, being observant and intelligent, and conforming to the conditions of life in this town, he discovered that unless he put more of Wagner into his programmes his public would know the music-dramas little more than by name and record. Oftener the preludes appeared on his lists; to them he added orchestral fragments from the body of the operas like the apotheosis of Siegfried, the hero in "Götterdämmerung" and the music of the Good-Friday magic in "Parsifal." Next came the inclusion of a scene which required a singing-actor's voice—the farewell of Wotan to Brünnhilde at the end of "Die Walküre," sung two or three years ago by Mr. Witherspoon; while yesterday for present climax two numbers of the programme for the third pair of Symphony Concerts were excerpts from the very body and soul of "Tristan." It is fair now to say that Dr. Muck has agreed to detachable speeches for a single voice in the concert-room and with time and patience, we may yet hear Siegfried farewelling Brünnhilde or Siegmund and Sieglinde in amorous ecstasy upon the platform of Symphony Hall.

Of the fragments of Friday in which Mme. Gadski of the Metropolitan was the singer one is curiously seldom transferred to concerts—the long narrative in the first act of "Tristan," wherein Isolde recounts to Brangaene her nursing of the wounded knight, her recognition of him as the slayer of Morold, who loved her; the potent stirring of the fated passion within her, and his subsequent coming to Ireland as Mark's messenger to demand her for an old man's bride. Then, for ending, the music flames with her tortured pride, her high humiliation in rage upon love and destiny. Brangaene, engrossed, overwhelmed, seldom interrupts Isolde's speech, and her brief sayings may be readily excised. The speech itself is nearly self-contained, little dependent upon preceding episode, visible action or pictorial environment. It begins, proceeds, cumulates as powerfully in the concert hall as in the opera house. More; on the stage itself it seldom touches the eloquence of tragic passion with which the conductor, the orchestra and the singer yesterday clothed it.

Once more—and with what inner zest none may say—Dr. Muck was the operatic conductor over as enkindling pages as the whole literature of music-drama contains. The technician, if there was such to take cool thought in the blaze of music and performance, may have marvelled at the skill with which the conductor achieved every mighty stroke of Wagner's orchestra while never once did he overcloud the singer's voice. With like suppleness he kept the music endlessly plastic, running swiftly and unemphatically forward when it merely narrated an incidental fact, only to gather itself, leap and flame at the burning spark

of Isolde's passionate woe. Much more than the technician, the conductor who perceives and feels, dramatizes and wings his music, spoke out of those recurring passages in which the orchestra sounds the motif of fate, irresistible, inevitable, as it were in Isolde's ear or whips her bare emotions with the scourge of the love-motiv indomitable. The singer was like the conductor. Within long memory, Mme. Gadski has not sung in Boston with such magnificence of tone—marred only once by a passing touch of shrillness in a single moment of furious declamation—with such unflagging and adroit opulence of voice, with such keen sense of long sweeps and momentary emphases of her music, with such intensity of color in her song, with such play of the release and characterization of emotion. Freed from the necessity of action and impersonation except in her tones, Mme. Gadski touched a passionate eloquence that usually evades her in the theatre. Perhaps the circumstance of the hour transported her, controlled as she seemed. For once in her career she sang greatly.

The other number from Wagner was the more familiar fragment of the concert-room that joins Isolde's final speech over the dead Tristan to the prelude that begins and epitomizes the whole music-drama. The composer himself made the jointure as though by the addition of the closing scene he would so concentrate and cumulate his epitome. The prelude in itself is an old-new story from Dr. Muck and his orchestra; but yesterday, as it seemed, more than usually dark and ominous was the march of destiny through the 'celli and basses, more than usually intense the mounting phrases of the brighter strings that yet may never catch the intensity of Isolde's, Tristan's and Wagner's passion of desire. Once more, too, in the dreary and unsated end of the prelude, the tone of the orchestra was as the bleak desolation of the music. For if passion lifted the lovers to beatitude, it left them also woful. It is this pain of their passion with which, perhaps, Dr. Muck would accent the music wherein Wagner steadily intensifies the love-motive and accordingly his version of it seem less glowing and sensuous than, for example, is Mr. Toscanini's. As the German conductor feels the music, with mind as well as emotion alight, the desire of Tristan and Isolde is the desire that aches and is sated only to be rekindled by its own pangs as within a burning wound of fate.

The rest—Isolde's final speech—came newly from Dr. Muck's hand in like puissance of design, march, detail and climax, in like tragic eloquence of the soul of the woman and the soul of the drama speaking through the many-tongued instruments; while as with the prelude he gave his version an individualizing touch. His Isolde begins almost in piteous wonder and longing. His phrasing and coloring of the orchestral tone in

Seht ihr, Freunde,
Sah't ihr's nicht?

make her questioning wring the heart while from this poignant human note, he sweeps the music upward on the pinions of her ecstasy. Nor did Mme. Gadski in Isolde's song fall hardly a whit below the magnificences of voice and the intensities of absorbed and transmitted emotion that had enriched her singing of the narrative. Like Dr. Muck, she did not forget the music and the fullest glory, perhaps, of their two-fold version of this scene of transfiguration was their regard for it as sustained and mounting song, upspringing upon itself to melodic height above melodic height, outpoured from itself in ever-widening melodic flood. After all, there can be a "Tristan" of the concert hall.

The third glory of a thrilling concert was the performance of Schumann's Rhenish Symphony for the first time in Boston under Dr. Muck's leading—a performance that renewed the glowing vitality, regained the manifold beauty and struck and sustained the high, romantic note of music that has been dulled and clouded more by the doubts and fears of those that mistrustfully have undertaken it than by its own shortcomings. It is easy to deplore the thickness of the instrumental voices as Schumann has disposed them; his indifference or awkwardness with contrasts of timbres, his persistence with a few tonal colorings, like those which horns and trumpets yield, with a few intervals, like his recurring seconds; his lack of many a brilliance and diversity of orchestration that the composers of our time ply almost in the cradle; the tendency of his expressing hand to lessen the very imaginings that impel it. Soothing himself with such reflections upon Schumann's—and not his own—shortcomings many a conductor merely works his way through the Rhenish Symphony as a duty recurrently done to a dubious classic.

Dr. Muck, almost needless to say, was not so minded. By that unobtrusive elasticity of pace which is one of his most remarkable and least heeded attributes as a conductor, by sensitive regard to the balance of tone from every choir and indeed every instrument; by unfailing plasticity of rhythm and progress, by lucent play with the tonal color, by high transmitting ardor with Schumann's equally ardent moods, as phrase or period or whole movement bore and intensified them—by all these masterful means applied to vividly conceived ends, he set the music free, as it were, from its own bonds. So released, the symphony strode the air in the jubilant and exuberant march of the first movement as elately songful as the leaping allegro of the earlier symphony that carols in the spring. So at ease, the scherzo-like second movement ran its undulating or lusty course—the romantic Schumann of the beginning now German to the core in the substance and the style of his music. Next under Dr. Muck's enhancing, the charm (albeit somewhat faded, as the lighter colorings and musings of romantic

music will), the lyric interlude of the pretty refrain.

Then the enduring splendors of the last two movements—"the proud and noble music," touched with the exaltation of romantic vision and romantic sensation, that Schumann thought to write—the tonal vista of the great cathedral with the upsoaring Brucknerian phrases (as they might now be labelled) of horns and trumpets and trombones glowing against the stately ecclesiastical harmonies of the background. Here is golden light and shade, Rembrandt like. Close upon it, as though through the porticos of the shadowed cathedral the listeners streamed into the square a-light with the people's fete—a master-stroke of vivid and romantic transition—the brightness, the gayety, the leaping modulations and the frolicking figures of the finale. Schumann heavy-handed? With Dr. Muck to aid in this last allegro he becomes vivacity itself. So went this symphony of high romantic voice and proud romantic stride when there was one to loose its tongue and free its feet.

Perhaps for point of repose in the concert, Beethoven's "Grand Fugue for Strings" lay between the two fragments from "Tristan." It is an old story that it is a fugue that he designed as the finale to one of his last quartets; that at his publisher's suggestion, he rewrote it for orchestral choir; that by them it is occasionally played; and that, if the disputants are so minded, it can be made a pretty text for argument over the wisdom, the effect and the illusion of chamber-music played by multiplied instead of single voices. In the concert-room, however, the listener merely hears out of the background of the moment and might hear—to judge from the experience of yesterday—with much more interest and exhilaration than the music even in eloquent performance brings. There is large and plentiful, reiterated or recondite manipulation of the more imposing of the two "subjects." There is songful and suffused lingering over the second of melancholy and lyric voice; a few Beethovenish growls in the darker strings; here and there a long Beethovenish ascension; unexpectedly little play, Bach-wise, with the timbres of the choir and a sudden end as though the composer, like his hearers, had had enough. Let us blaspheme contentedly and even joyously. The fugue with which Reger ends his "Hiller Variations" is a deal more imaginative and eloquent—finer sport and better fun.

H. T. P.

DR. MUCK IN NEW YORK

Trans. — Nov. 6/16

The Two Concerts That Brought the Boston Orchestra Back to That City—Un-

usual Praise for the Conductor and His Forces

IF the reviewers of the newspapers in New York are to be trusted, the Boston Orchestra and Dr. Muck outdid themselves in their two concerts in that city last week. The first befell on Thursday evening with a programme traversing Beethoven's "Eroica" symphony; Liszt's tone-poem, "Mazeppa"; Berlioz's overture to "The Corsair," and Strauss's rondo, "Till Eulenspiegel." The second followed on Saturday afternoon with Chausson's symphony, Beethoven's "Grand Fugue" and Wagner's "Faust Overture" for the outstanding pieces. For the earlier concert the review in The Times may speak for all the rest:

At the first of the concerts by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, there were the great audience, filling every seat in the house; the cordial and demonstrative greeting for Dr. Muck, the conductor; the delight in the playing of the organization, that have so often before been witnessed at the performances in this city. The orchestra, though it has been completely changed in its personnel since its first years, and has shown many new faces in recent years, remains the same, in its quality and its powers; and it has seldom surpassed its playing last evening in most of the essential matters that make for the highest artistic enjoyment. It was an extraordinarily supple and plastic instrument in the conductor's hands, and its playing was remarkably beautiful in tone, in the proportion and balances of the several instrumental qualities, in finish and lucidity of phrasing, full of subtle and significant nuance.

For the second concert The Sun said of the performance of Chausson's symphony:

It would be difficult to describe without verging on rhapsody such a performance as the symphony received. Dr. Muck proved clearly that he was in full accord with the thought of the composer. He had searched the score thoroughly and followed its exquisitely wrought melos in all its variations and all its polyphonic surroundings. The song of Chausson was sung with an exquisite clarity and balance of utterance and with a genuinely poetic feeling. Rarely has Dr. Muck given an interpretation so rich in communicative sympathy.

And, in turn, The Times:

Dr. Muck entered with obvious enthusiasm and warmth of feeling into the spirit of this work; and the performance was a glowing and profoundly beautiful one. It was particularly beautiful in its reproduction of the orchestral color, in its transparency, its subtle adjustment of the different planes and strata of the color scheme, and the unerring prescience with which the composer's melodic line was followed through it.

Albert Sand

Solo Clarinetist

Boston Symphony

Orchestra



72

4 - 1

73

Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1916--17.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

Dr. KARL MUCK, Conductor.

FOURTH PROGRAMME

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 10, AT 2.30 P. M.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 11, AT 8 P.M.

BRAHMS,

SYMPHONY No. 1, in C minor op. 68.

- I. Un poco sostenuto; Allegro
 - II. Andante sostenuto
 - III. Un poco allegretto e grazioso
 - IV. Adagio; Allegro non troppo, ma con brio.
-

RIMSKY-KORSAKOFF, SYMPHONIC SUITE, "Scheherazade," (after "A
Thousand Nights and a Night") op. 35

- I. The Sea and Sindbad's Ship.
- II. The Story of the Kalandar Prince
- III. The Young Prince and the Young Princess
- IV. Festival at Bagdad. The Sea. The Ship goes to pieces
on a Rock surmounted by a Bronze Warrior.



Emile Ferir, Viola Soloist

This exquisite toned instrument is beautifully wooed from its hiding place by this efficient player.

SCHEHERAZADE ON PROGRAM AT SYMPHONY

Herald Boston, 11/16

Orchestra Plays Rimsky-Korsakoff's Suite at Concert for First Time Since the Reign of Mr. Fiedler—Music and the Scenario Have Nothing in Common.

By PHILIP HALE.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Muck, conductor, gave its fourth concert yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program included Brahms's symphony in C minor and Rimsky-Korsakoff's Symphonic Suite "Scheherazade." The Suite had not been played at these concerts since the reign of Mr. Fiedler.

When the ballet "Scheherazade" was first performed in Paris by a Russian company the wife of the composer protested in no measured terms against the disarrangement of her husband's music. This ballet has been given in Boston several times, first by Miss Gertrude Hoffmann and last season and this season by the Ballet Russe. The ballet itself is a gorgeously sensual spectacle, even in the somewhat chastened form that is thought to please American taste, but the music and the scenario have nothing in common except that they are oriental.

Rimsky-Korsakoff wrote an argument for his score. The music is in illustration of Sinbad the Sailor, the storm at sea, the shipwreck, the tale of one of the three Kalandars, a tale of a prince and a princess. The argument is not wholly clear and probably this was the composer's intention. What prince and what princess? There are so many in "The Thousand Nights and a Night." Who will be so rash as to name the one of the three Kalandars? In the last movement there is a festival at Bagdad, and lo, suddenly Sinbad's ship

sails to its fate.

In the ballet all this music is wedded to the story that is the prelude to the wondrous tales: the story of the two rulers, their wanton wives, and the resolve of one of the Kings to kill a spouse every morning, until Scheherazade by her charm as a narrator softens his heart. What then becomes of the graphic sea-music; or that illustrative of Kalandar, prince and princess? It is not necessary to insist on the incongruity.

The performance of the Suite yesterday afternoon was strikingly sensuous and brilliant. The imagination of the conductor was in unison with that of the composer. Unless a conductor can feel in this music the spirit of "The Thousand Nights and a Night," unless he is himself a rhapsodist with admiration for the wild fancy, the humor now grotesque, now cruel, now Rabelaisian, for the sensuousness that is at times sensuality; unless there is understanding, with appreciation of the imagination that peopled the air with slaves of King Solomon's ring, hideous Afreets and space-annihilating genii, his interpretation will be that of a man who complains of endless repetitions without contrapuntal development. The music is not for the academic.

Grant that "Scheherazade" reeks at times of benzoin and the pastils of the harem; that it suggests

Lucent syraps, tinct with cinnamon;
Manna and dates in argosy transferred
From Fez; and spiced dainties, every one
From silken Samarcand to cedared Lebanon
—grant all this; there remains the superb sea music with the rolling billows, the tossing, laboring vessel, the final crash and wild farewell. There is more than a constant display of fancy or imagination. The wonder is, as a matter of technic, how Rimsky-Korsakoff succeeds in casting his spell with an alogous themes constantly varied. Nor is this due solely to the surprising, masterly and entrancing instrumentation. The performance yesterday was the first to reveal in fulness the strength, beauty and poetry of the composition.

Equally admirable, though necessarily in a different way, was the interpretation of the symphony. The impressive preparation for the Finale—music that announces something nobly sonorous to come—was shrewdly conceived. Here, as in the Suite, the art, the genius of the conductor was shown in the treatment of details as in that of climaxes and broad and sweeping pages.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The programs of the concerts next week will be as follows: Sibelius, Symphony No. 1; Rachmaninoff, Piano Concerto No. 2 (Mr. Gabrilowitsch, pianist); Debussy, "The Afternoon of a Faun"; Chabrier, "Espana."

FIRST SYMPHONY OF BRAHMS GIVEN UNDER KARL MUCK

Monitor Nov. 10/16
Boston Symphony Orchestra, Karl Muck, Conductor—Fourth program, presented in Symphony Hall, Boston, Mass., afternoon of Nov. 10: Brahms, symphony No. 1 in C minor; Rimsky-Korsakoff, "Schéhérazade" symphonic suite.

In putting the "Schéhérazade" suite of Rimsky-Korsakoff into performance at the very time when the Diaghileff Russian ballet is visiting Boston and is presenting its pantomimic drama, "Schéhérazade," Dr. Muck has done something more important than break lances with the distinguished Frenchman who directs the music of the dance organization. For the question whether his reading of the piece is better or worse than that of the Diaghileff conductor all depends on what the listener prefers in the way of orchestral style. Those who like to be made keenly aware of the structure of music will say that the Symphony leader's study is the one that better pleases them, while those who like to be kept alert to color will say that the ballet conductor's study better suits them.

The more they discuss the matter, the farther will they be from determining anything. But the fact that they can find cause for debate is evidence that Rimsky-Korsakoff's work lends itself to the methods of any school. For its pages are a glorious exemplification of the art of orchestration; and whether treated in the manner of Berlin or in that of Paris, they remain a model of correct and expressive scoring. The original artist has furnished an almost matchless cartoon, in respect to both charm of subject and symmetry of design. The artificer who weaves a piece of tapestry from it may make his drawing run in sharp outline, or he may let it go dimly defined; but either method, applied consistently, will bring the task to a successful issue.

Whatever the significance of the production of the suite under the unpictorial conditions of the concert hall, at a time when it is being presented on

an opera stage, with the spectacular accompaniment of dancing, the conductor's achievement was less remarkable in it than in the other number on his program. Indeed, the Brahms symphony in C minor, which is generally understood to be a severe composition, and in its second movement even ponderous, had great mildness of mood and lightness of action. Instead of standing, as it could well have been expected to do, in unfortunate contrast to "Schéhérazade," because of turgid orchestration and inelastic rhythm, it sounded nearly bright enough to claim consideration as a piece of dance music itself.

The performance of the Brahms work, because of its contained enthusiasm, must have reminded listeners of the conductor's first term with the Boston orchestra. Interpretation, as in those days of his first American acclaim, was all sincerity, yet never the sincerity of harshness. The reading of the first movement was intellectual, even rationalistic and keenly logical, yet without a touch of cynicism. It was a reading that the audience could call its own, instead of one brought to it like something it could take or leave, as it chose. And as for the andante and allegretto, they were in as complete agreement with the daily thinking of the public to which they were addressed, as if they had been composed on the ground. They were passages of Concord philosophy, idealistic, whimsical and bucolic, all at once. The fourth movement was a declaration of pleasure in the sunset that left an adjective or two for use at another time. The scoring of Brahms was allowed to effect its own climax, and because the earlier portions of the work had been kept within reasonable bounds of sonority, the concluding paean chanted itself majestically through, not one of the orchestral voices lost.

TENOR FOR "FAUST" SYMPHONY

Arthur Hackett, tenor, is on the books of his concert manager, W. R. Macdonald, to appear with the Boston Symphony Orchestra at the concerts of Dec. 22 and 23, singing the solo part in the "Faust" symphony of Liszt.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT *Trans. Nov. 11, 1916.* THE CONTRASTS OF BRAHMS AND RIMSKY-KORSAKOV

Dr. Muck Restores the Russian's "Schéhérazade" to the Active Repertory, Leads in It for the First Time and Achieves a Generally Remarkable Performance—The German's First Symphony in More Familiar Voice

WHILE the Russian Ballet tortures tone-poems across the way, Dr. Muck conscientiously exhibits them in the virgin beauty and nakedness of their original conception and intention. There are programmes and programmes. Look here upon this picture and on this: Mallarmé and Debussy embracing in symphonic symbols and indefinable visions, and Nijinsky and the censors disputing over veils; the "Till" of Strauss's uncontained and darting orchestral fancy, and "Till" bridled to the labored miming of flesh and blood; "Schéhérazade" of luminous brilliance, discursive continuity and manifold resource, and "Schéhérazade" done over into disappointed potpourri, set to riotous Bakst, slinking sultanas in white, and a melodrama of wholesale bloodshed, which Rimsky-Korsakov never ever remotely conceived.

Now, these composers are not Beethovens that their scores should be revered to the last demi-semi-quaver. In fact, the two of them that still live, cheerfully give themselves to be butchered to make a spectacle. The broadcast delights of the spectacle warrant a sacrificial hashing, so long as these same excellent scores still maintain their original symphonic pre-eminence. And it is this necessary symphonic side of things which Dr. Muck is laboring so conscientiously to uphold. There is at least room for doubt about the advisability of mangling Rimsky-Korsakov's "Schéhérazade," a step which the composer's widow, an excellent pianist in herself and a noted composer, has opposed to her utmost power. And those who heard yesterday the beauties of the work in its unified and unaltered form, must have had strong inclinations to take up her side of the argument. To come freshly from the house of desecration, where whole sections are omitted, pages repeated and jumbled every which way, and to hear it brilliantly played in its narrative charm, with so vastly different a tale to tell, is to think new and better things of its composer.

In the first place, the story is so much more cogent and true to the spirit of its source. For it will be remembered that the "Arabian Nights" tempers its horrors by the soothing security of putting them in the third person, as does Rimsky-Korsakov, and as does every playwright with a sense of decent moderation. Scheherazade insinuates her supple self securely through the symphony suite which takes her name, has the first, the middle and the last say, keeping her wits and her head (in the literal sense), and versatile lady that she is, telling us tales of wonders, loveliness, adventure and blood with unflagging aptitude and vividness, modifying our horrified thrills by the perpetual sub-realization that it is only a story after all. And all this musical story, and story within a story, stimulates the imagination to greater scope and greater subtlety than any Bakst or Diaghilev. It is a delightful mixture of dreams from the romantic remoteness of the "Arabian Nights," and the reincarnating vividness of contemporary Orientalism. For the air is laden with heavy perfumes, there is the sensuous lure of silk draperies and the suspicion of uncleanness beneath. But not too much of this, for squalid reality is death to romanticism. The narration is purified and exalted into a more visionary sphere.

In turn the composer has a rich store of orchestral device, to fabricate this world of dreams. The orchestration throughout is effulgent and transparent, for it is all mere picture-making. There is no symphonic web, but themes barely stated in a single timbre, and brought into sharp relief against some mysterious and luminous background of orchestral glamour. Hence many solo passages, and a perpetual distinctiveness of timbre. It is all much like Liszt with a more set unity of conception and purpose, and a freedom from professional showiness. The theme of Scheherazade, sweet and sirupy, but alluring, is usually given to the violin solo, which takes on such a strangely rich quality in an orchestra. It is an insinuating theme, creeping in on every occasion, saying once upon a time and soothing one into submissive receptivity. And when the last wondrous adventure is concluded, Scheherazade finally soothes in like manner the latent blood-thirstiness of her lord.

As for the tales themselves, there is excitement in plenty; and the description suits them admirably. There is a becoming artificiality about it—the sea is the brilliantly painted fairy-tale sort, such as Du Lac might have put into fanciful color, except that Rimsky-Korsakov has done it infinitely better. And that final thrilling tale of the wondrous ship charmed and drawn to gorgeous, crashing distinction! Such a fanfare of trombones and answering trumpets—such a brave ensemble, heightened

by breathless chromatic sweeps of flutes and violins, and thrown into staccato rhythms by the tattoo of snare drum and tambourines! It is one better than Liszt, because its superlative brilliance is never hard, but is warmly and delicately imagined. It is a light-hearted fairy-tale, told with a genial and genuine enthusiasm, and a remarkable skill turned to the purposes of the telling. Rimsky-Korsakov had much to thank the abbé for, but he also had much to add of his own in thematic idiom, in the many orchestral effects, which were freshly conceived, and not what Mr. Forsyth calls "bread-and-butter devices," in the fantastically shifting rhythms of the Kalandar's Tale, and the general manner of discourse. It is a particularly difficult piece to play, with its requirements for solo virtuosity, and for ensemble where a fault in the brass, or a lack of precision in the rhythmic "accessories," would mar everything. And needless to say Dr. Muck and his orchestra rose superbly to its dazzling brilliance in this his first performance of it, while making it something far different from a mere show-piece.

Those too accustomed to the style of Brahms will look for development and counterplot in "Scheherazade," and they will find more repetition, and bare, single-voiced statement—they will look for thought and foundational solidity, and will find vaporating dreams and empty air. But in fairness both to the German and the Russian, let us not compare. For to appreciate Brahms, we must put fairy tales entirely out of mind. Dr. Muck has made a regular and recurring favorite of the C minor Symphony, and he has also made a master accomplishment of its performance. The very impetus which carried the composer at his work through its many moods and deep course of contemplation, and which brought its manifold development and no less manifold and intricate poetic fervor to a final logical conclusion, this same impetus of inspiration seems to grasp the sensitive and receptive conductor, and dictate every shade of tempo and stress of phrase.

Those who have grown to love this symphony are carried, too, through its mounting course. From dark and rugged splendor into light, through the elevating and deeply penetrating emotion of the slow movement, the diatonic beauty and simplicity of the theme of the third movement, and the ever fresh resource of its working out. And finally the triumphant climax, which sweeps everything along as it approaches, and transfixes everything as it closes. Those whose acquaintance with this symphony runs back into the years, find that its themes and its poetry never fall, but always unfold something new from its vast store, and increasingly bind the affection. J. N. B.

SYMPHONY'S VIRTUOSITY DISPLAYED

Post Nov. 4/16
Its Great Resources
Revealed by Dr.
Muck

Brahms' 1st Symphony and Rimsky-Korsakov's symphonic suite after the Arabian Nights, "Scheherazade," made up the programme of the concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Karl Muck conductor, yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall.

No more notable revelation of the resources of the Boston Symphony Orchestra and the great talent of its conductor could have been offered; and there could have been no more interesting and impressive illustrations of certain "classic" and "modern" tendencies in music than those driven home by the rugged and mighty symphony of Brahms and the gorgeous orientalism and fairy-tale quality of the music of Rimsky-Korsakov.

BEAUTY AND VARIETY

His coloring seems matchless for beauty and variety of orchestra tone, but his art is also that of a composer of supreme imagination as well as a magician of the orchestra.

Dr. Muck had never given a better illustration of his versatility than in his admirably finished and inspired production of "Scheherazade." He certainly met the Russian half way—refined him a trifle, perhaps, but lost none of his essential spirit in so doing. And again this wonderful orchestra displayed its virtuosity.

BRAHMS' "FIRST" STRONGLY READ

Adm. Nov. 4/16
MUCK FINDS EMOTION
AS WELL AS INTELLECT

Tone Color in "Scheherazade"
Induces Radicalism in
Interpretation
By LOUIS C. ELSON

PROGRAM
Brahms First Symphony
Rimski-Korsakov—"Scheherazade"
..... Symphonic Suite

The program was entirely orchestral, without a prima donna to cause a waiting line a quarter of a mile long, without an operatic tenor to excite the matinee girl, without even a pianist to give some modern and diaphanous concerto. But the orchestra was there in all its splendor, and the director was there in the plenitude of his powers. Therefore the reviewer was well content and enjoyed himself.

The program was modern, but of two kinds, the conservative modern and the radical modern. The list looks very small, as printed above, but the concert lasted well toward the two-hour mark, nevertheless, for both works are built on a large scale.

Many concert-goers remember that Dr. Muck achieved his greatest triumph here, some time ago, in the Brahms C-minor symphony. It was almost a discovery, his wonderful reading of this work—the greatest symphony after Beethoven. Yesterday the reading was equally great, but the element of surprise was not there, therefore the excitement was less intense. A greater musical enjoyment can scarcely be imagined than the performance of Brahms' first symphony by our orchestra, led by Dr. Muck. But it is an enjoyment which can appeal only to the initiated ones. Some degree of familiarity with the intricate work must precede the audition. The wonderful finale, for example, which is a summing-up of all the preceding movements, is intellectual music in the highest degree, and the first movement is equally complicated

with figure treatment of the most subtle kind.

Dr. Muck's chief revelation here is the addition of a dramatic flavor to the work. He does not present Brahms as a mere "intellectual," but gives emotional power to these movements. Hugo Wolf used to say that the supreme test of a composer was—"Can he exult?"—and found fault with Brahms as being always phlegmatic and cold-blooded. This idea is exploded by the reading of Dr. Muck and Nikisch in this symphony, which formerly was thought pedantic.

There is absolutely nothing new to say of either the reading or the execution. Both were great and both were fully appreciated by the cognoscenti. Even the general public woke up to the fact that something remarkable was happening, and the applause at the end was very spontaneous and long continued.

One may especially mention the excellent horn-playing in the Andante, and the Finale was inspiring from the folk-theme of its beginning, to the lofty chorale of its close.

They have been giving "Scheherazade" (but somewhat changed) two blocks further up the avenue, with considerable success, and now we had it dished up without caper sauce, yet it remained piquant enough. It is not as definite as some modern program music, but it has a true Oriental flavor. First comes a picture of Sindbad, and, without bothering ourselves about a recurring motive which may typify him, every one can respond to the sweeping surges, jolts and shocks which picture the sea. There is more of the ocean in 10 measures of this than in the whole of Debussy's "La Mer."

In every part of the work there is an amazing glow of tone-color, a veritable Turner painting in tones. The muted effects of the brass, and the bowing against the bridge ("sull Ponticello") of violins and violoncellos, are astonishing even in these modern days of orchestral radicalism.

The delicate Scheherazade figure, frequently recurring, gives a proper coherency and homogeneity to the work, and is a legitimate use of "Leitmotif." It appears generally upon solo violin, and it was very sweetly played by Mr. Witek, who was impeccable even in the constantly high positions and harmonics employed.

The second movement pictured the Calender Prince, but we are left in doubt as to which one is meant. The

difficult bassoon passages were excellently played, and we may imagine that these were a portrayal of the young porter. This movement could not have been more highly spiced if it had taken its text from Burton's exciting translation, footnotes and all, and the flute and piccolo players decidedly earned their salaries on this occasion.

We enjoyed the Turkish effects of the third movement, "The Young Prince and the Princess," and wish that Mozart and Beethoven could have studied it. Then surely their "Alla Turca" would have been less "Alla Tedesco."

The last movement, "The Bagdad Festival," was more exciting even than the Brockton Fair, and gave full play to Oriental dance rhythms, and bizarre tone-coloring. All this was read in a manner that made every auditor sit up and take notice. It was thoroughly modern and radical, yet without that crabbed ugliness and headachey complexity which exhausts the auditor in very much twentieth century music.

A wider contrast could scarcely be imagined than the two works given afforded, but, for this occasion, the alliance of Russia and Germany was a decided success, and we may add just an additional word of praise for the sturdy trombone-playing in it.

Although "Scheherazade" is very popular and very easy to comprehend, we imagine that a diet so highly spiced cannot be altogether healthy.

BRAHMS' SYMPHONY SUPERBLY PLAYED

Dr Muck's Reading Is One
of Great Nobility

Rimsky-Korsakoff's Scheherazade
Shows Orchestral Euphony

Nov. 11/16
Dr Muck gave Brahms' first symphony with incomparable nobility and breadth of feeling at the concert yesterday afternoon. The structural warp and woof was exposed with a sense of proportion which did not accentuate here to obscure there, which found luminous and sym-

metrical lines of beauty. Yet the dramatic character of the familiar passages in the first and last movements was emphasized. The mystery in the opening measures of the bodefully insistent tonic organ point in kettledrum, the soaring strings sharply set off by the descending theme in the wood winds, all had a certain epic character which a great symphonic conductor and symphonic orchestra realized.

The second movement again revealed Mr Longy's peerless mastery of tone and beauty of phrase. Mr Sand, employing a tone rather dark to be characteristic of the clarinet, phrased smoothly and with taste. The slow movement denoted a profound, yet intimate, sympathy between conductor and players. The nobility of the composer's thought was recreated with sincerity and majesty. There was an overwhelming show of appreciation by the audience.

The only other music of the program was Rimsky-Korsakoff's symphonic suite "Scheherazade." The suite, based upon the subjects of Sinbad's ship, the Kalendar Prince, the Prince and Princess and the festival at Bagdad, has nothing to do with the program of the harem of Sharlar, King of Indes, and its destruction with his faithless favorite. Gorgeously Oriental in color and sense it needs no program to illumine it, nor could the assumption of this or that expression of Oriental life dim the power of its spell.

The performance yesterday again made known the golden euphony of the orchestra. Mr Longy, Mr Maquarre and Mr Sand were not merely virtuosi, but interpreters. For the bassoon, an instrument here of peculiarly significant voice, a tone more flexible and of greater mystery would be preferred. Mr Witek played some passages of Scheherazade's haunting music ably, even with imagination; others with but little sense of its rhythmic elasticity and abandon.

Dr Muck's interpretation as a whole was rather a contemplative, reflective one, as the vision of youth and passion in a land of purple and incense, seen now from the vantage point of cooler and retrospective years. Long symphonic lines were developed with a breadth that at times was a restraint to ardor, that tempered barbaric splendor.

The fifth concert next week will have the following program: Sebelius' first symphony, Rachmaninoff's second concerto for piano (Mr Gabrilowitsch), Debussy's prelude to "The Afternoon of a Faun" and Chabrier's "Espana."

THE SPLENDORS OF DR. MUCK'S

"SCHEHERAZADE"

Nov. 13/16

A Memorable Performance Even in These
Memorable Days of the Symphony Concerts—The Russians' Leave-Taking Until
Spring—Mr. Paderewski Returns in the
Usual Mixed Circumstance and Mixed
Accomplishment of His Latter Years

REPORT goes that season after season Dr. Muck projected a performance of Beethoven's "Grand Fugue for Strings" and as often deferred it until he had brought that choir, with its own essential coöperation, to the marvellous security, plasticity and unity disclosed in the playing of the piece a fortnight ago. Perhaps with similar intent he has postponed almost as long the hearing from his mind, imagination and hand of Rimsky-Korsakov's Symphonic Suite, "Scheherazade" included at last in the Symphony Concerts of last Friday and Saturday. The requirements of this music from the orchestra and the conductor who essay it—and it is a "stock piece from Petrograd to Peru—are an exceeding richness and variety of colorful tone; as keen and diverse a command of rhythm; an endless alertness to harmonic background and ornament and to instrumental stroke; an opulent, ardent, yet simple imagination befitting these four interlocked tone-poems of the Thousand Nights and the one night through which Scheherazade entertained her mistrustful lord. Time after time Dr. Muck has conned the suite and set it tentatively among the items of a season. Wisely he has waited until the orchestra was ready to glorify it in such a performance as he liked to imagine.

The end has now crowned the work—rather the postponements—and never before in Boston has "Scheherazade" sounded with such voice. Each choir, almost each virtuoso, of the orchestra surpassed itself and himself—Mr. Witek and Mr. Holy with the running obligato, so to say, of the sultana herself upon violin and harp. Mr. Sand and Mr. Mimart with the clarinets that Rimsky-Korsakov loved to use as freely and feelingly as did Brahms; Mr. Longy and Mr. Lenom with the oboes as essential to the young "moons of their time," when they sat in the garden and talked of love, and yet more necessary to the insinuating tonal tale of the Kalendar Prince; Mr. Mosbach and Mr. Müller, humorists of the bassoons for that same narrator; the bass choir in the sweep and surge—the very rhythm of deep ocean—of the sea-music; the little masters of tambourine, triangle and cymbals when they

touched in the lovers' fancies with the brightest of points; and always the whole body of the flashing and striding or the singing and musing strings. Virtuosity and the qualities it implies of tone, precision, euphony, shading, were but half the achievement. The other half, which made tone not only beautiful, exact, supple but also graphic, resilient and feeling were born of imagination and impulse kindled at the conductor's own. The rise and the fall of the sea-music had the motion, curve, impact and vista of the billows themselves. The music of the fete flared with color, leaped with rhythm. The idyl of the boy-prince and the girl-princess, speaking of love, precocious and sensuous, in the background of an oriental garden, was at once a wistful and an exotic poetry of tones. No one to this day knows whereof Rimsky's Kalandar speaks; but his narrative teemed with humorous and curious musical fact and fancy. Over the whole finally, conductor and orchestra wove the glamor and glow of fantasy, the richness and the diversity of oriental imagination plus Russian; and the rhythmic, harmonic and instrumental opulence with which throughout the suite Rimsky-Korsakov foams, now in broad strokes of power, now in sprays and flecks of delicacy. A tone and in imagination, there was but one word for the performance—splendor. *H. T. P.*

PENSION FUND CONCERT

The first pension fund concert of the season will be given in Symphony Hall Sunday, Nov. 12, at 3:30 o'clock. The cause which it represents is an admirable one. The pension fund does much to maintain the efficiency of the orchestra. The public that can hear the Symphony orchestra at its regular concerts is limited, because the subscriptions for the concerts are very large. The concerts are the occasion of something unusual in the matter of program.

Last year Dr. Muck gave a popular program; at least, one-half of it was popular, in the full sense of the word. The concert was successful from every point of view. A similar program has been prepared for next Sunday.

Tschaikowsky's Fourth Symphony, the one containing the fanciful Pizzicato Scherzo, will be played. The second half of the program contains the "Oberon" overture, the entire "Sylvia" ballet suite of Delibes, Johann Strauss's "Wine, Women and Song" waltz, and Nicolai's overture, "The Merry Wives of Windsor."

A year ago Dr. Muck showed that he had no less skill in light music than in the more serious work of the season. His years of apprenticeship when he was expected to conduct music of all kinds have been of invaluable service to him. He regards the interpretation of a Strauss waltz, for example, as exacting as the interpretation of a symphony.

DR. MUCK AND MISS MILLAR

Trans. Nov. 10/16
The Second Symphony Concert at Cambridge, with Mme. Sembrich's First Pupil as Debutante—Chausson's Eloquent Symphony and Beethoven's Various Re-garded Fugue

FOR his second concert in Cambridge last evening, Dr. Muck selected a choice piece from each of his first three Boston programmes: from the opening one "Mazeppa," from the second, Chausson's beautiful and long slighted symphony, and from the third, Beethoven's Grand Fugue for strings, which might have been expected, since our conductor has a way of repeating important works which his audience passes by. In addition to these, Cambridge had the pleasure which Boston had not of hearing Miss Susan Millar, the first pupil whom Mme. Sembrich has trained from the start, and sent, after three years of it, to her début. Miss Millar showed last night that her apprenticeship is by no means over—but she also showed every indication and equipment for an unusually successful singer:—she has a pleasant bearing, is large, broad-shouldered and deep-chested, though not stout, has a clear and soft-toned contralto voice, an eager and alert sense of music and rhythm, and an intelligent feeling for the meaning of a text (if it have one). The first number, a routine operatic aria from the far past of Italy, did not seem to awaken emotion or enthusiasm in her, or in any one else, for that matter. But the three songs that she chose from Strauss's pre-matrimonial collection had a more kindling quality, for they always glowed with sentiment, if not sentimentality. Such a state of mind was to be expected under the conditions of their conception, and since the young Richard did even banal things well, the listeners of last night showed the more common sense in their attitude toward the love songs in question, by excusing and indulging. And the greater was their enjoyment. Miss Millar, at any rate, entered into their spirit of quiet and tender reflection, of gentle and amorous optimism. She sang with subdued fervor, with true accent, and with accurate intonation. But thoughtful songs of this sort have no call for the larger aspect of song—for ringing high notes and large, dramatic declaration. Miss Millar showed us nothing of this. Whether she was in most need of confidence, to which a large orchestra is not conducive, or whether of further development of latent vocal powers, is hard to say. But she shows a good and thorough foundation, and broadening vistas, ahead.

Chausson's revived symphony has been

greeted with delight on every hand. In the first place, it proves its composer to have been no bungler, but a thorough musician and a thorough workman, who not only mastered the ways of counterpoint, orchestration and structure, but utilized them fully and efficiently for his purpose of bringing to full recorded expression his musical thoughts and feelings. Consequently we have a Frenchman of unusually fine and noble character, sensitive to his environment of musical genius. He catches up the fire of his contemporaries, he learns thoroughly the working ways of his art, and he expresses his musical moods directly and comprehensibly. And his success in this is largely due to his broad and proportioned view of the whole structure under his making, as well as each of its movements. For his intensity of emotion and variance of mood are consistent and convincing, his climaxes do not spend themselves at the wrong moment, but cumulate, and carry the listener off his feet with their large voiced, melodic intensity. Chausson is not the kind to make bold excursions into the unknown, but he is the kind to make the most of the old, to utilize every opportunity, to keep interest and excitement alive at every phrase, turn, and climax, to make the most of eloquent and interwoven melody, always maintaining the balance between intricacy and poverty. His appeal is direct, but it never cloy. He always does the expected thing, but he always makes the most of it. And through the whole course of the work glows the individuality and personality of its author, with his alternating moods of brightness and sorrow, and his pulsating emotional fervor.

Beethoven's Fugue is a great work, but it was never meant for the resplendent glare of the concert hall, and in the midst of the brilliant array of an orchestral repast, its lofty, segregated and personal message, its thoughtful seriousness, are entirely obliterated. There was a festive spirit in last night's concert. Its more melting moods were nevertheless light ones, which contrasted well with gaiety. In such a spirit, Beethoven's Fugue can never be appreciated.

Liszt's "Mazeppa," on the other hand, made the most satisfactory kind of a close. In its brilliance, its dash, and its galloping rhythms of shrieking flute and blaring trumpet, its resounding and imperious themes for the brass, it is the most vivid, contagious and intoxicating postlude of them all, and Dr. Muck evidently shares this view, for he jealously saves it for the triumphant finishing off of his first and last programmes. And he takes just pride in his orchestra's execution of it, for such a brilliance of brass was never excelled.

J. N. B.

Fifth Programme

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, NOVEMBER 17, at 2.30 o'clock

SATURDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER 18, at 8.00 o'clock

Sibelius Symphony No. 1, in E minor, Op. 39

Rachmaninoff Concerto for Pianoforte, No. 2, in C minor, Op. 18

Debussy Prelude to Stephane Mallarmé's Eclogue, "The Afternoon of a Faun"

Chabrier Rhapsody, "España"

SOLOIST

OSSIP GABRILOWITSCH

MASON & HAMLIN PIANO

The length of this programme is one hour and fifty-five minutes

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5-2

Symphony Hall.



A Flute Soloist With a Reputation

Andre Maquarre has contributed much to the reputation of the orchestra, and has perhaps rivalled even Melba in many a duet.



Ossip Gabrilowitsch, Pianist

SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA'S FIFTH CONCERT

Herald Nov. 18/16
Impressive Interpretation of
Sibelius Work Is Given—De-
bussy's "L'Après-Midi D'un
Faune," Chabrier's "Espane"
and Rachmaninoff Work
Complete Program.

By PHILIP HALE.

The fifth concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Muck conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows: Sibelius, Symphony, No. 1; Rachmaninoff, piano concerto, No. 2; Debussy, L'Après-midi d'un Faune; Chabrier, Espana.

Dr. Muck and the orchestra gave an impressive interpretation of the symphony. The music itself is for the most part profoundly, hopelessly melancholy. There are pages that are gloomy in a defiant manner, as though the composer shouted in the luxury of woe. The first movement is the strongest. There is something savagely elemental about it. The workmanship suggests a well-trained musician who disdaining the smug, conventional thoughts and expression of his colleagues turns towards the conservatory and the professors and exclaims with Whitman:

The spotted hawk swoops by and accuses me—he complains of my gab and loitering.
I too am not a bit tamed—I too am untranslatable;
I sound my barbaric yawp over the roofs of the world.

Some have found that this symphony is the full, wild, tempestuous expression of Finland; that the music is topographical and ethnological; or that it is the voice of an injured and sullenly rebellious people. Yet travelers tell us that Finland is not merely a country of dreary moors and murky skies; that the Finn is not by birth or circumstance necessarily a Dismal Jemmy; that there is good humor, mirth, crushing of cups even in Finland. Surely the Finn that is seen in this country is a cheerful body.

We prefer to think that the symphony is the expression of the individual Sibelius's moods at the time he composed it; that he wrote without thought of geography, social and economic conditions, or Russia. The first movement might stand by itself, as an overture, fiery, passionate, tragic in its sadness. There can be no question of the composer's earnestness and sincerity. Thus he felt, thus he wrote. But in the movements that follow there should be some relief. A fit of musical depression that lasts over half an hour leads the hearer, although he may admire the pessimistic eloquence that is at times Tchaikowskian, to call out: "Cheer up, old top. All is not yet lost."

Dr. Muck has a happy faculty for choosing the one suitable, inevitable tempo. We have known no conductor who has equalled him in this respect. It was therefore the more surprising to find him taking the tempo of Debussy's Prelude at so slow a pace that the beautiful music suffered thereby. The exquisite fancy of the composer was weighted down with leaden wings. It is a curious fact that Mr. Weingartner, when he conducted this Prelude at a concert in the Boston Opera House, erred in like manner. It was, however, a pleasure to hear the music without the sight of nymphs, a miming Faun, and the presence of a board of censorship, adamant in the matter of bare feet and legs, as young Mr. Smallweed was adamant in the matter of gravy.

There has been much talk about the death of Bizet as an irreparable loss to French music. It is true that "L'Arlesienne" and "Carmen," in spite of sneering M. Marnold and M. Gauthier-Villars gave more than promise of brilliant works to come; but the premature death of Chabrier, from whom so many of the younger school have learned, from whom so many have stolen, was perhaps a still greater loss. Chabrier was no longer a young man when he lost his mind, but the opera that he left unfinished shows what was in store for the world. We have heard "Espana" conducted by Dr. Muck with a finer touch, with a greater delicacy in brilliance and at the same time in a more reckless spirit.

Any pianist that chooses Rachmaninoff's second concerto possesses the virtue of self-abnegation. It is not necessary for Mr. Gabrilowitsch to be anxious about popular appreciation of virtuosic qualities. His many admirable qualities are known to all. The piano in this concerto is seldom dominating; it is for the most part one of the instruments in the orchestra. Mr. Gabrilowitsch played the concerto with the Boston Symphony Orchestra in New York and Brooklyn eight years ago. We heard it first in Boston when the composer played the piano part seven years ago next month. The concerto is an interesting composition, technically and aesthetically, and the

interest is maintained without any direct and obvious appeal to the great public. There is a sturdiness and an independence shown that would alone win respect, even if the themes and the development did not please the ear. And in this concerto there is not the verbosity that partially destroys the effect of Rachmaninoff's symphony and "The Island of the Dead." The first movement is effectively concise. Mr. Gabrilowitsch gave an excellent performance of the piano part whether the music called upon him to be individually robust, poetic or gracefully and ably aiding the orchestra.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The program of the concerts next week will be as follows: Haydn, Symphony in C minor (B. & H. No. 9); Brahms, Concerto for the violin (Mr. Witek, violinist); Smetana, Symphonic Poem, "Wallenstein's Camp."

MODERN PROGRAM AT SYMPHONY

adv. — Nov. 18/16
GABRILOWITCH IS
TRIUMPHANT AT PIANO

Sibelius' First Symphony Splendidly Read and Brilliantly Performed

BY LOUIS C. ELSON

PROGRAM

Sibelius—First Symphony.
Rachmaninoff—Piano Concerto, No. 2, C minor.
Soloist, Ossip Gabrilowitsch.
Debussy—"Afternoon of a Faun."
Chabrier—Spanish Rhapsody.

It will be seen that the program swept from Finland to Spain and was distinctly modern in its tendencies. We have had the first symphony of Sibelius four times in recent years, but it is a far more comfortable work than the composer's fourth one, which we have had only twice. Yet it might have been more educational to have had the fourth again, for it exhibits Sibelius struggling with the most modern form of expression, and we cannot get rid of the idea that the work has something important to say, something that cannot be understood at a single or even a double hearing.

The first symphony is plain sailing. Perhaps some may take exception to the word "comfortable" being applied to so melancholy a work, but the Norsemen, in music, enjoy their

gloom, and generally make it a strong feature of their large works; therefore, why should not the auditor enjoy it with them? Muted horns, sudden crashes, sharp contrasts, seemed to indicate that something was rotten in a State further north than Denmark in the first Allegro, but it was all very enthralling from the opening clarinette solo (excellently played) to the sudden pizzicati at the end of the movement. There was good and logical development of figures right along, but this did not prevent Sibelius from giving plenty of dramatic power.

The Andante indulged in a rather too lengthy sorrow, and, in spite of some canonic work on the woodwind, it was not as skilfully wrought as the opening Allegro. Sibelius' chief device in this seemed to be sequences, mingled with tears. There was nothing here so powerful as the masculine chief theme of the first movement. But the Scherzo made full amends, for here there was all the heartiness of the folk-dances of the north. Even the kettle-drum joined in the festivities with such important rhythmic effect that it often became almost an "obligato." We like this movement best of all the four. The finale was splendidly read by Dr. Muck, and brilliantly performed by the orchestra. Many reminiscences from preceding movements appeared and were very clearly defined. Even the bass drum now joined in the strong pulsations of rhythm, an orgie of frenzied power took place, fierce rushes that might have pictured the furies, or Greek Eumenides, were in this movement, which was given with phenomenal abandon, until it unexpectedly came to a final pianissimo pizzicato end. Only our orchestra and our conductor could give such a work in such a manner. It was fully appreciated by the audience and the orchestra was forced to rise in response to continued applause.

After a walk in the corridor the audience were given more northern music, but of a far less brooding character than the symphony. Rachmaninoff played this concerto himself, in Boston, on its first presentation here, seven years ago, but he made no greater triumph with it than Gabrilowitsch won yesterday afternoon. It is a well-constructed work with impressive power even from the introduction, the theme of which is well developed later on. There was effective contrast between

the powerful chief theme, on the orchestra, and the gentle subordinate theme, given chiefly by the piano, and the working-up of these and of new subject matter was finely carried out. By the end of the first movement it was evident that both the composition and the pianist had won the audience.

The Adagio is melodic enough to be a good lesson to modern composers, its Coda being especially beautiful, and the transference of the chief theme from piano to orchestra, each embroidering it in turn, was given with excellent ensemble, but it is somewhat too long, a frequent fault with Rachmaninoff when he indulges in sentiment.

The Finale gave the finest opportunities to the soloist, and Mr. Gabrilowitsch took full advantage of these. Chief theme and subordinate both are chiefly in the piano part, and the second is grandly worked-up afterwards. There was some fine arpeggio playing here and the fugal work of piano and orchestra, in treating the chief theme in the development, must not be ignored. But the best treatment is accorded to the subordinate theme in this movement, and the cadenza work made the concerto end in a blaze of virtuosity.

Naturally Mr. Gabrilowitsch was recalled with fervor, and his artistic work deserved it, but in chronicling these laurels let us not forget the excellent ensemble of the orchestra, nor the fact that here is a concerto made in good form, using melodic as well as contrapuntal effects, and a model to those wild radicals who believe that if they are to express any emotion in music they must begin by smashing musical form. The pianist, however, carried out the composer's thoughts in a manner that was memorable and wonderful.

Debussy's faunal afternoon was but vague after these two modern bits of symmetrical and melodic composition. We wonder whether Dr. Muck silly intended the auditor to draw the contrast. Nevertheless the delicacy of the orchestration, the pastoral touches, the meditative moods, were eloquently read by Dr. Muck, and they are undoubtedly poetic. Only one recognized that it is a rather circumscribed school which might easily cloy. That it is (or was) a discovery, a new musical flavor, must be readily conceded, and it is probably the best of Debussy's orchestral compositions.

Again, in Chabrier's "Espana," the orchestra made a triumph. This work is so temperamental that it treats the orchestra as if it were a gigantic solo instrument. It has all the freedom and fantasy that might be expected from a single romantic guitarist on a wild night in seville. With his two harps and his pizzicato strings Chabrier manages to catch the full spirit and tone-color of Jota and fandango. We must praise the difficult work of the bassoons, as well as the striking touches that were given by trombones and bas tuba. It was a feast of syncopations almost throughout.

Thus ended a concert in which the best of the modern schools were united, a concert that proved that symmetry and musical beauty are not dead even in the 20th century.

SYMPHONY CONCERT Globe — Nov. 18/16 Gabrilowitsch Brilliant in Rachmaninoff Concerto

Dr Muck Conducts Music by French,
Russian and Finnish Composers

Dr Muck's program yesterday afternoon represented a Finn, a Russian and two Frenchmen—the first symphony of Sibelius, Rachmaninoff's second piano concerto, Debussy's "Afternoon of a Faun," and the "Espana" rhapsody of "Chabrier." The orchestra was a gorgeous instrument of virtuosity and many colors. Dr Muck conducted with an enveloping ardor, to which his men responded in unusual spirit, and showed his perception and versatility in varying styles.

Mr Gabrilowitsch, the soloist, played the concerto with the fervor of devotion, with superb insight, with a poetic appreciation for the introspective vein of the slow movement, mystic, restrained in passion to some even religious, according to the mind and mood of the hearer, and with equal understanding for the barbaric, yet superficial pomp of the final movement. Extreme breadth of treatment and the repose of depth and sincerity of feeling were followed here by the brilliance of the virtuoso and Mr Gabrilowitsch was equal to both. A colorist, a weaver of melody of lyric illusion, a master of rhythm and its magical powers, Mr Gabrilowitsch makes of

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After a walk in the corridor the audience were given more northern music, but of a far less brooding character than the symphony. Rachmaninoff played this concerto himself, in Boston, on its first presentation here, seven years ago, but he made no greater triumph with it than Gabrilowitsch won yesterday afternoon. It is a well-constructed work with impressive power even from the introduction, the theme of which is well developed later on. There was effective contrast between

the powerful chief theme, on the orchestra, and the gentle subordinate theme, given chiefly by the piano, and the working-up of these and of new subject matter was finely carried out. By the end of the first movement it was evident that both the composition and the pianist had won the audience.

The Adagio is melodic enough to be a good lesson to modern composers, its Coda being especially beautiful, and the transference of the chief theme from piano to orchestra, each embroidering it in turn, was given with excellent ensemble, but it is somewhat too long, a frequent fault with Rachmaninoff when he indulges in sentiment.

The Finale gave the finest opportunities to the soloist, and Mr. Gabrilowitsch took full advantage of these. Chief theme and subordinate both are chiefly in the piano part, and the second is grandly worked-up afterwards. There was some fine arpeggio playing here and the fugal work of piano and orchestra, in treating the chief theme in the development, must not be ignored. But the best treatment is accorded to the subordinate theme in this movement, and the cadenza work made the concerto end in a blaze of virtuosity.

Naturally Mr. Gabrilowitsch was recalled with fervor, and his artistic work deserved it, but in chronicling these laurels let us not forget the excellent ensemble of the orchestra, nor the fact that here is a concerto made in good form, using melodic as well as contrapuntal effects, and a model to those wild radicals who believe that if they are to express any emotion in music they must begin by smashing musical form. The pianist, however, carried out the composer's thoughts in a manner that was memorable and wonderful.

Debussy's faunal afternoon was but vague after these two modern bits of symmetrical and melodic composition. We wonder whether Dr. Muck silly intended the auditor to draw the contrast. Nevertheless the delicacy of the orchestration, the pastoral touches, the meditative moods, were eloquently read by Dr. Muck, and they are undoubtedly poetic. Only one recognized that it is a rather circumscribed school which might easily cloy. That it is (or was) a discovery, a new musical flavor, must be readily conceded, and it is probably the best of Debussy's orchestral compositions.

Again, in Chabrier's "Espana," the orchestra made a triumph. This work is so temperamental that it treats the orchestra as if it were a gigantic solo instrument. It has all the freedom and fantasy that might be expected from a single romantic guitarist on a wild night in seville. With his two harps and his pizzicato strings Chabrier manages to catch the full spirit and tone-color of Jota and Fandango. We must praise the difficult work of the bassoons, as well as the striking touches that were given by trombones and bas tuba. It was a feast of syncopations almost throughout.

Thus ended a concert in which the best of the modern schools were united, a concert that proved that symmetry and musical beauty are not dead even in the 20th century.

SYMPHONY CONCERT Globe — Nov. 18/16 Gabrilowitsch Brilliant in Rachmaninoff Concerto

**Dr Muck Conducts Music by French,
Russian and Finnish Composers**

Dr Muck's program yesterday afternoon represented a Finn, a Russian and two Frenchmen—the first symphony of Sibelius, Rachmaninoff's second piano concerto, Debussy's "Afternoon of a Faun," and the "Espana" rhapsody of "Chabrier." The orchestra was a gorgeous instrument of virtuosity and many colors. Dr Muck conducted with an enveloping ardor, to which his men responded in unusual spirit, and showed his perception and versatility in varying styles.

Mr Gabrilowitsch, the soloist, played the concerto with the fervor of devotion, with superb insight, with a poetic appreciation for the introspective vein of the slow movement, mystic, restrained in passion to some even religious, according to the mind and mood of the hearer, and with equal understanding for the barbaric, yet superficial pomp of the final movement. Extreme breadth of treatment and the repose of depth and sincerity of feeling were followed here by the brilliance of the virtuoso and Mr Gabrilowitsch was equal to both. A colorist, a weaver of melody of lyric illusion, a master of rhythm and its magical powers, Mr Gabrilowitsch makes of

the piano an eloquent means of interpretation. The cumulative effect he obtained from the opening measures is not easily to be forgotten. He was recalled five times.

To Dr Muck and his inspired control of the orchestra, the soloist owed much. Surpassing in beauty and praise was the ardent spirit, the flaming intensity of feeling in the reading and delivery of this work, not at all times inherently great, but in the first two movements, often deeply emotional, touching moments of beautiful sentiment and nobility of expression. The dramatic climaxes were of fire, and the long breathed phrases of melody nobly sustained.

The first symphony of Sibelius, a stern work uncompromising with any sheer or sensuous beauty, is one to admire more at each hearing. There is the rugged, majestic strength, the pungent flavor of the soil as in the clumsily roistering scherzo, the craggy peaks of conflict, the elegaic lament, the subcurrent of epic feeling which can be granitic but never commonplace. Dr Muck's performance was impassioned, supremely eloquent.

The orchestral coloring in "The Afternoon of a Faun" and the unbroken, shimmering web of legato which Dr Muck obtained were in the last degree sensuously expressive. The broad tempo furthered this languorousness, although it obscured the lightness which obtains in this score. In "Espana" Dr Muck emphasized the brusque folk character of the dances and their music.

Next week the program will be: Haydn, Symphony in C Minor, Brahms' concerto for violin, Mr Wittek, soloist; Smetana, symphonic poem; "Wallenstein's Camp."

A SPLENDID SYMPHONY PROGRAMME

Post — Nov. 18/16
Masterpieces Heard,

Gabrilowitsch Is
The Soloist

BY OLIN DOWNES

When a concert programme—even the programme of a concert by the Boston Symphony Orchestra—contains two masterpieces, three of works of genius and a fourth composition

of value by a composer who is a past master of his art, it is worth listening to. This was the case yesterday afternoon when Dr. Muck, arranging one of the most interesting programmes of the season, conducted performances of Sibelius first symphony, Rachmaninoff's second piano concerto, Debussy's "L'Après midi d'un Faune" and Chabrier's "Espana." Ossip Gabrilowitsch gave a wonderful performance of the concerto.

TWO MASTERPIECES

The two masterpieces on this programme were those of Debussy and Chabrier, each perfect in its kind, and the first of the two perhaps the most original piece of music which has appeared since the Tristan of Richard Wagner—if we accept, possibly, other orchestral pieces of Debussy at his greatest, such as the Nocturnes, or possibly, "La Mer."

Dr. Muck shows thoroughly and enthusiastically he comprehended the composer. The music thrilled the audience as it has thrilled it repeatedly in the past—music which needs no programme or explanation or analysis to make itself felt and understood by everyone.

Then there was Mr. Gabrilowitsch's performance of the Rachmaninoff concerto. It was Mr. Gabrilowitsch, more than the admirably written music of Rachmaninoff, who held the tense interest of the audience from the first note to the last. His tone was never more sonorous and many-colored. He had never done a better service to a composer, or collaborated with higher intelligence and greater self-abnegation with the orchestra. It was a pleasure indeed to note the recognition of the great art of this pianist. He has come into his own as a true artist should, with all modesty and as the result of the utmost patience and devotion to a high purpose.

Items and Announcements Trans. Nov. 22

A few weeks ago, Mr. Maquarre, the first flute-player in the Symphony Orchestra, fell in a darkened passage in his house and broke several ribs. Though he is at work again, his hurt has not altogether healed. Hence such mischances as his withdrawal from the Symphony Concert last Friday afternoon, when the full-toned Mr. de Mailly succeeded him through the second half of the programme and through the whole of it on Saturday evening. The good wishes of a public that has long known and admired Mr. Maquarre's skill will help to speed his full recovery. 1916

PIANIST HEARD IN RACHMANINOFF'S SECOND CONCERTO

Monitor — Nov. 18/16
Boston Symphony Orchestra, Karl Muck, conductor; Ossip Gabrilowitsch, soloist; fifth program, presented in Symphony Hall, Boston, Mass., afternoon of Nov. 17. The program: Sibelius, symphony No. 1 in E minor, op. 39; Rachmaninoff, second concerto for piano and orchestra, op. 18; Debussy, "Afternoon of a Faun" prelude; Chabrier, "Espana" rhapsody.

Mr. Gabrilowitsch, among pianists, like Mozart and Mendelssohn among composers, treats music as a polite art. In a very desirable way, he may be called a reactionary. For he is bringing back to the respect of the world the long despised, yet never successfully discredited, idea that formal beauty in art is a sufficient end in itself. As musician, in general, he is counting himself out of that large group that regards tone as a medium for the express of egotism; also from that equally large group that uses tone as a means for expressing mysticism of one sort or another. And as player, in particular, he declines to join either the camp that interprets the piano masters assertively, or the one that interprets them atmospherically.

Can he be a success, declaring the message of the composers to the world without exaggeration or pretense? That all depends, probably, on whether listeners have enjoyed taking sides in the contest between objective and introspective music as long as they care to, and whether or not they think the Twentieth Century should begin to have new interests. But if those who have been taking delight in big sound can come down to where things are quieter, and if those who have been finding pleasure in contradictory phrasings of melody and opalescent tints of tone can come down to where song is straightforward and color is strict, here is a pianist who can do something for them.

The assisting performer on this occasion was one of the most inconspicuous soloists who have appeared in the Symphony concerts in a long time. And for that reason he shone. The piano part of the concerto was a jewel, with orchestral setting neatly

wrought by Dr. Muck, an unsurpassed craftsman in such tasks. The concerto itself is perhaps not a brilliant composition. But it is not a dull one, either. Like so much of Rachmaninoff's writing, it tends to stick to one line of thought inordinately long. The beginning of the third movement in humorous vein is a relief to the general brownness of the work, though a somewhat forced and an incompletely sustained one.

The Sibelius symphony stood well the test of revival, proving, as Sibelius works have proved before, to be the work of a man who knows when he has said enough. The thematic development of the various movements is carried out with a freedom from redundancy that would be remarkable even in a French symphony. The music is a strange mixture of sweetness and gruffness, having many delightful passages for solo instruments, offset by many not especially pleasing ones for full orchestra. The accompanied woodwind solo seems to be a Sibelius specialty. The solo for clarinet with which this work opens is as appealing, while it lasts, as the song of the "Swan of Tuonela." It was played with rare loveliness of tone, elegance of phrasing and delicacy of shading by the Symphony first clarinetist.

The reading of the "Faun" prelude of Debussy could hardly be approved by those who gauge interpretation of the French composer by the "Pelléas and Mélisande" of Mr. Caplet as they remember it from Boston Opera House days, and by the "Cathédrale Engoulmé" of Mr. Copeland, as they remember it from his piano recitals. There, again, the question of atmosphere enters. Oscar Hammerstein, in his last year of presenting opera in the United States, had a conductor who interpreted "Pelléas" metronomically, and, as most hearers probably thought, unsuccessfully. The Symphony conductor followed the same course with the "Faun." Perhaps he was right in showing the atmospheric notion to be all nonsense. But what of the poetry of the piece otherwise? The audience did not act at the close of the concert as though it thought a sparkling performance of the Chabrier rhapsody made up for the loss of that.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT

Trans. — Nov. 18/16

NORTHERN AND SOUTHERN MUSIC

CONTRASTED

Signs of Staleness with Chabrier's "España" — Debussy a la Mode in "The Afternoon of a Faun" — Mr. Gabrilowitsch and Rakmaninov's Gray Concerto — Sibelius's Clanging and Brooding Symphony

POSSIBLY Chabrier's rhapsody, "España"—recurring tour de force at the Symphony Concerts for conductor, orchestra and audience—is becoming a little hackneyed. Once more yesterday afternoon it was the final item in a programme no longer or more exacting than usual. Yet the orchestra played it carelessly with slips in entrances—a rare fault among such usually exact virtuosos; the conductor was painstaking but not ardent—a still rarer disposition in Dr. Muck; while the audience took piece and performance as a pleasant matter of course, whereas it used to smite its hands together in applause for both. These agreeing signs indicate a single conclusion: all concerned in the Symphony Concerts have had enough for the present of "España; Rhapsody for Orchestra on Original Spanish Airs," by Alexis Emmanuel Chabrier, and a decent repose for several seasons on a shelf in the library is necessary to freshen it and them. (It once rested there for a full decade.) Of late, too, it has steadily tended to be a commonplace of concerts. The Pops have taken it into their repertory; the makers of music upon two pianos count it indispensable to their programmes; bands of brass have been known to play it.

Brilliant piece though "España" is in hot flow of invention, rhythmic energy and pungency, glow of color and bits of modulation, it suffers in repetition from this seeming virtue of saliency. Nobody who has heard the music forgets it; whenever it appears on a programme the anticipated effect, within such variations as those of yesterday, is fulfilled; nowadays to most ears there is no mystery, no strangeness, no newness in it. The glow remains the glow; the impulsion, the impulsion. The outcome was bound to be stale reaction to it alike on the platform and on the floor of Symphony Hall. Moreover, to forego "España" for a while need not imply the foregoing of the blazing Chabrier. Mottl scored richly for orchestra his piano piece, the Bourrée Fantasque, and it has been once played, long ago, at the Symphony Concerts. The Polonaise from his opéra-comique, "Le Roi malgré Lui" likewise

once played here in Mr. Goodrich's concerts, strikes in its kind hardly less rhythmic, harmonic and instrumental fire than "España" itself.

Similarly does not Debussy's "Prelude to the Afternoon of a Faun," though it escapes the obviousness and sameness that beset "España," recur quite as often as need be at the Symphony Concerts? Last week at a performance of the Russian Ballet one of Mr. Monteux's orchestral intermezzi was the first of Debussy's early Nocturnes, the piece named "Clouds." How new, strange, fanciful and fitful it sounded because it has gone so long unheard in Symphony Hall! Yet it has that freshness of invention and method, that instant beauty upon ear and imagination that not a little of Debussy's later music lacks. Of those pieces "Rondes de Printemps" would bear rehearing; while only a single pair of concerts has the public received the pleasure of "Iberia" from Dr. Muck's divining hand. Those that like to reproach his programmes say that he tends to go round and round a succession of pieces, polishing and perfecting a little more each new repetition. Under actual scrutiny of his lists the reproach does not hold; while, curiously, the performance of "The Afternoon of a Faun" yesterday was less characteristic of the glamorous music—in which tones are as sun-shot mist traversing the summer air—than have been some that preceded it.

For the fate that overtook Wagner's music when it had become classic has now befallen Debussy's, similarly established. The whole world, except the case-hardened care-takers of convention, is agreed upon the beauty of this prelude. Why not then—the conductors seem to reason—make it "a linked" beauty "long drawn out" and take it at slower and slower pace, even as to this day many of them take the more sensuous pages of Wagner's music-dramas? Dr. Muck shuns these languors with his Wagner, yet he seemed to court them on Friday with his Debussy, spinning the web of the music in sustained slowness. He seemed also to yield overmuch to another of the latter-day fashions with the earlier music of Debussy. For a time there was a common agreement that not a little of it—orchestral, piano and vocal pieces and much of "Pelléas and Mélisande"—was a thin-bodied streaming, iridescent music moving in its own lovely haze and delicate suggestion. Then came a Debussy who wrote in stouter-bodied pattern and fuller voice. Meanwhile the detractors of his matter and manner had repeated to weariness that his music was fragile and hushed. Straightaway, as though at once to follow the master's new manner and refute the scornful, his apostles began to play not a few of these earlier pieces in larger and more emphatic voice, ampler design and deeper color. Dr. Muck was of them yesterday when he sounded the

music with an intenser note of melancholy and musing, of languor and longing, than such a "dream-fiction" surely warrants.

The rest of the programme, which fell into two contrasting groups—the one southern and shining and the other northern and gray—was of a different voice. Almost in the literal sense of the words, Mr. Gabrilowitsch—as usual for the music first and for himself second—joined the orchestra to play the piano part in the symphonic piece by Rakmaninov, that the composer labels a concerto for pianoforte with orchestra. In form and in occasional details it is a concerto in the stricter sense of the word, yet nowhere does the music set piano and pianist displayfully before the orches-tral background. He may prove, as Mr. Gabrilowitsch did, his keen insight into a fairly abstruse piece, his acute sense of his own share in the design and the progress of the whole; his technical ease, diversified richness of tone, alertness to pace, rhythm, euphony or contrast through the whole course of it. Rakmaninov himself is a notable pianist; yet never once does he weave in and out of the concerto purely pianistic embroideries. He asks other virtues than virtuosity of him who plays the piano part, and Mr. Gabrilowitsch, as was to be expected, was loyal to the composer's intent. Like Mr. Longy with his oboe, or Mr. Warnke with his cello, the pianist took his place in the orchestra to carry to the best of his ability his share in a symphonic piece.

As such, Rakmaninov's concerto more interests the mind than it stirs the sensibilities. It seems almost always a well-considered and almost nowhere an inspired, music. By every token of it the composer has meditated his design, chosen among his means, adjusted and polished his details. His motives are clear, compact, promising and fruitful. His development and interplay with them does not lack invention, resource and stroke. It has even its sober ardors; but usually the suggestion is of processes of the mind rather than of impulses of the spirit. The workmanship is like the matter. Out of these qualities Rakmaninov once and again distills a grave beauty as in the slow movement, a grave power as in the latter pages of the finale, and a grave loftiness as in the first movement. But through the whole music, in spite of the richness of both Mr. Gabrilowitsch's and the orchestra's tone, went a middle-ground of instrumental and harmonic color. Under repetition, the concerto would almost surely make warmer and deeper impression; but for obvious reasons, few are the pianists that choose it.

The other northern piece was that first symphony of Sibelius with which Dr. Muck seems to have permanently enriched the active repertory of the concerts, played with his wonted projecting force upon such

music, if not to the wonted applause of an audience that the chance of the day seemed not to dispose to grim power. These are the days of diffusive minds and thin-spread spirits, whereas in the writing of his symphonies Sibelius seems to hold his creative faculties in the tensest of strain and union. What it is the custom to call his brevity and his economy of means are really but the play of this high intensity. In relatively few measures, as in the mournful melodies of the introduction and the Andante he so outpours his bleak lament of loneliness. From this concentration springs the force and the fulness of his instrumental and harmonic strokes. When this red heat of creation, this deep surge of spirit is mere, almost, than the composer can bear, it releases itself in the clangors, blow upon blow, of the finale or of many a measure of the allegro energico, tame term for what is often seething tone.

No doubt Sibelius has felt the influences of a Finnish land that for months is bleak, bare, cloud-swept and rain driven, as they that have seen it say. No doubt he shares the Finnish temperament which those same observers say is prone to extremes of depression and elation as witness the contrast of the andante and the scherzo of this symphony. No man may escape his race and his abode; no doubt also Sibelius has his own idiosyncrasies of brooding, restless, grim and impetuous temper. His music may escape them, since each of us practises his calling according to his spiritual kind. But the oftener Sibelius's music is heard the more the secret of its power seems to be this concentrated intensity of creation. The very beauty that haunts his passages of mournful song is as truly of it as the power of his mighty clashes of motive with motive, progression with progression, until the music clangs and clangs again. Out of intensity his modulations strike fire. When he is merry he lets loose his whole soul in his pastime, as in the fantastical scherzo. The outcome is a music deep with the sincerities of brooding and restless emotion, high with the sincerities of passionate power. There are passages in this same symphony that, as it seems under their and Dr. Muck's eloquence, only the all-embracing Wagner can match in mournful puissance.

H. T. P.

Anton Witek, concert-master of the orchestra, will make his annual appearance as soloist at the sixth pair of Symphony concerts next Friday afternoon, Nov. 24, and Saturday evening, Nov. 25. He will play Brahms's Concerto. The Symphony will be Haydn's in C minor, No. 9, in the Breitkopf & Haertel edition. It has not been heard at the concerts for 13 years. It will be followed by Brahms's Concerto. The final number will be Smetana's symphonic poem, "Wallenstein's Camp." This will come as a novelty, for it has not been played here in Boston since 1897 under Mr. Paur.

THE SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA TWICE AND MISS SCHNITZER

Jeans. Nov. 25/16
A Pleasant Ceremony for Mr. Higginson's
Birthday—The Band in Form Again—
Tschaikovsky, Strauss of the Waltzes
and Others for the Pension Fund and
Light and Effective Music—The Pianist's
Ardent Vein with Her Romantic Com-
posers

THE Symphony Concert of Saturday evening fell exactly upon Mr. Higginson's eighty-second birthday and Dr. Muck and the orchestra had kept well the secret of the little ceremony with which they had planned to note the occasion. A slip in the programme book informed the audience of it and explained that at the beginning of the second part of the concert, the orchestra would play Mozart's overture, to his opera, "The Magic Flute." With stately chords in the brass and brilliant fugal passages for strings, it made appropriate music for such homage, while it happens to be a piece that "the founder and sustainer" always hears gladly. The performance proceeded con amore; at the end, the hall rang with applause that Mr. Higginson, pleased and stirred, rose to acknowledge. A moment later the whole company was on its feet turning, so far as might be, toward the man whom it would thus deservedly honor. So surrounded, he quickly recovered his composure and the little tribute ended as smilingly as it had begun.

The "off-day" for the orchestra, which more than one hearer believed he had discovered on Friday afternoon, passed with the night, and the performance of all five pieces on Saturday rose readily to the familiar standards. Chabrier's Spanish Rhapsody went with exactness as well as with fire of rhythm and modulation; Debussy's Faun seemed to muse somewhat less languidly than on the day before and the instruments that spoke his fancies to attain a more melting euphony. With Sibelius's symphony, indeed, conductor and orchestra were vivid almost to a fault. For Sibelius, like every other composer, has his favorite procedures, which the clearness and the precision of the orchestra more than usually underscored. How well he likes, for example, to pass a telling melodic phrase or an ardent augmentation through the different groups of instruments until it has mounted, Mahlerwise, over the whole orchestra! How fond he is of a closely-woven under-body and harmonic background through which a penetrating melody gradually pierces and drives, upward and upward in its course. Nor is he indifferent to the instrumental retort, as it were, that Beethoven and Bruckner use, too, in their

wilder and more rugged Scherzi. So, in Sibelius's in this present symphony, bassoons and brass clout each other. Idiosyncrasies all, mannerisms the cold-blooded hearer will, but devices that the composer uses always with clear purpose and as clear a personal power. Even Mr. Gabrilowitsch, the self-denying in Rackmaninov's concerto, had his share in the virtuosity—toward the end of the first movement where he reiterated with sustained and cumulating power the clanging phrases for the piano: at the close of the whole piece where the magnificent sonority of his chords seemed to drive before them—as in Tschaikovsky's more familiar concerto—the whole body of orchestral tone.

MAJ. HIGGINSON

Adv. Nov. 18/16 IS 82 TODAY

Today Maj. Henry L. Higginson, long one of the foremost figures in finance in the east, will be 82, having been born Nov. 18, 1834. What, if any, observance there will be of the event could not be learned last night, but it is recalled that in former years Maj. Higginson has celebrated by working unusually hard. This has been his method of remaining one of the youngest of the grand old men of finance.

It is certain that he will be remembered by graduates of Harvard at Harvard clubs, in many places scattered over the surface of the earth, for he is one of the best known Harvard men alive, though he left that institution in 1853 and did not complete his course. He later studied abroad and then served bravely in the Union army, being severely wounded in Virginia, where he was serving with the 1st Massachusetts Cavalry, in June, 1863.

He became a member of the widely known banking firm of Lee, Higginson & Co., Jan. 1, 1868. His interests have been varied, he being president of the New Boston Music Hall and Gauley Coal Land Co., vice-president of the Provident Institution for Savings, and Smuggler Union Mining Co., director of the American Telephone & Telegraph Co., General Electric Co., New England Exploration Co., Ashburton Mining Co., trustee of the Carnegie Institution, New England Conservatory of Music and Franklin Union, member of the board of President and Fellows of Harvard since 1893 and a member of a number of organizations, including the Massachusetts Historical Society, and a life member of the American Academy of Political and Social Science.



"The Afternoon of a Faun" by Cecil de B. Howard, Now on Exhibition at the Gorham Galleries in New York

exchange, in best of condition, painted and oiled throughout, hardwood floors, open fireplaces, open plumbing, electric lights, large porch, 12,000ft of land, two-car garage, beautiful location, handy to train and electric; priced \$9400; bank mortgage \$5400; must be sold low for cash. J. H. LYONS, 15 State st.

Dorchester 2-Family

CAR Franklin Park, just built, with every improvement, 14-15 rooms, hot-water or steam heat, tiled bathrooms, beamed ceilings, large porch, granite walks, awnings and everything suitable for the best location in Dorchester; bank mortgage \$5000; easy terms. J. H. LYONS, 45 Stratton st, Dorchester.

HOUSE LOT BARGAINS

Beautiful Ward Hill, Haverhill

ENJOY country life and all it offers; these are the kind you want to build your home. They are high, dry, sightly, sanitary and with surroundings and neighborhood ideal; minutes to electric, school and church, 5 to 10, fast express trains to Boston, monthly rents \$10.30; secure yours this Fall for next spring building; for quick sale prices low and terms easy; come and see them. H. W. SANBORN, 3 Washington sq, Haverhill, Mass.

Sacrifice Sale, Brookline

STUCCO SINGLE HOUSE
ELEGANT HOUSE, 4 years old, 8 rooms, sleeping porch, tiled bath, beamed ceilings, paneled walls, hardwood floors, hot-water fireproof roof, high location, grand view.

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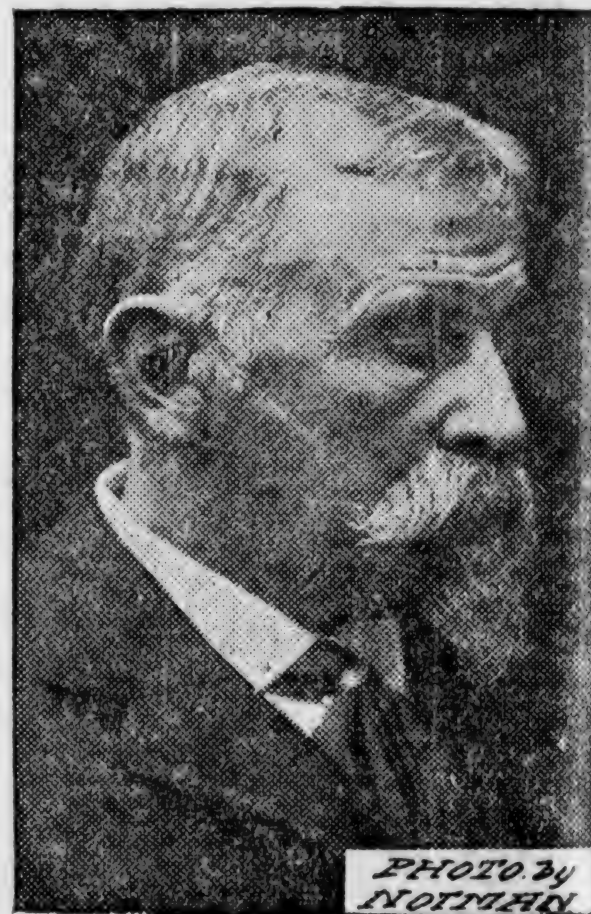
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director of the American Telephone & Telegraph Co., General Electric Co., New England Exploration Co., Ashburton Mining Co., trustee of the Carnegie Institution, New England Conservatory of Music and Franklin Union, member of the board of President and Fellows of Harvard since 1893 and a member of a number of organizations, including the Massachusetts Historical Society, and a life member of the American Academy of Political and Social Science.



"The Afternoon of a Faun" by Cecil de B. Howard, Now on Exhibition at the Gorham Galleries in New York

SYMPHONY HALL, BOSTON
SUNDAY AFTERNOON, NOVEMBER 19, 1916

CONCERT
IN AID OF
PENSION FUND

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA
Dr. KARL MUCK, Conductor

Programme

TSCHAIKOWSKY - Symphony, No. 4, in F minor, Op. 36

- I. Andante sostenuto; moderato con anima in movimento di valse.
 - II. Andantino in modo di canzona.
 - III. Scherzo; Pizzicato ostinato: Allegro.
 - IV. Finale; Allegro con fuoco.
-

WEBER - - - - Overture to the Opera, "Oberon"

DELIBES - - - - Suite from the Ballet, "Sylvia"

- I. Prélude—Les Chasseresses.
- II. Intermezzo et valse lente.
- III. Pizzicati.
- IV. Cortège de Bacchus.

JOHANN STRAUSS - - Waltz, "Wine, Woman and Song"

NICOLAI - - - - Overture to the Opera, "The Merry
Wives of Windsor"

CONCERT IN AID OF PENSIONS AT SYMPHONY HALL

Herald — Nov. 20/16

Dr. Muck Brings Out Beauties
of Tschailkowsky in Popular
Concert — Music Depicted
Man's Weakness and Utter
Impotence Against a Relent-
less Fate.

FRITZ KREISLER TO PLAY
AT NEXT SUNDAY CONCERT

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Karl Muck, conductor, gave a concert at Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon in aid of the pension fund. The program was as follows: Tschailkowsky, Symphony No. 4, in F minor, opp. 36; Weber, overture to the opera "Oberon"; Delibes, Suite from the Ballet "Sylvia"; Strauss, waltz, "Wine, Woman and Song"; Nicolai, overture to the opera, "The Merry Wives of Windsor."

The program was of a popular nature and a large audience readily responded in aid of so fine a cause.

Tschailkowsky, himself, related the program of the Symphony in a letter to his friend Mme. von Meck to whom the work was dedicated. It was inspired by thoughts of faith and death. Its theme is universal and it appeals to any mortal perplexed with the mystery of life. The music depicts man's weakness, his utter impotence against relentless fate. He may hope for consolation in memories, in incidents that flit through his disordered mind, but in vain. Happiness may only be found in observing and sharing the happiness of others until death brings relief.

The orchestra was as a commanding and entrancing virtuoso. In the symphony there were many instances of admirable solo work and superb ensemble. The capricious scherzo was given with extraordinary brilliance and

variety of nuances. In other pieces there was sonority and surpassing skill. Dr. Muck, whose art as an interpreter is akin to genius, gave an admirable reading of the symphony and conducted the dance music on the program with the quiet authority, the magnetic force, for which he is justly admired. Under his direction the well-known waltz was effectively recreated with irresistible abandon and effective observance of its subtleties of rhythm.

Next Sunday afternoon Mr. Kreisler will play an interesting program assisted by Carl Friedberg, pianist.

PENSION CONCERT

Globe — Nov. 20/16

Plan of Popular Program
Again Followed

Tschailkowsky Fourth Symphony and
Strauss Waltz Included

The first of the season's concerts in aid of the Symphony Orchestra pension fund was given yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows: Tschailkowsky, Symphony, No. 4, in F minor, op. 36; Weber, overture to "Oberon"; Delibes, suite from the ballet "Sylvia"; Johann Strauss, waltz, "Wine, Women and Song"; Nicolai, overture to "The Merry Wives of Windsor."

Tschailkowsky apparently composed his fourth symphony of "Fate" during a time when he was more free from the spell of melancholy, which so largely influenced his life, and consequently manifested itself in the majority of his works. Here we find less of the lachrymose tendencies which caused the Russian master's fifth and sixth symphonies to have their being.

Nor is one cast into the slough of despond by an expression of poignant grief as displayed in the last-named works, whose underlying current of tragedy causes them to stand unparalleled in symphonic literature.

On the other hand, the F minor symphony shows Tschailkowsky in his happiest mood, but it is an individualistic happiness, which finds its most congenial means of display in the outlet of its exuberance by means of employing the jubilation of the fortissimo. Characteristic, too, is the scherzo, in which the strings play pizzicato throughout.

Dr. Muck read the work in magnificent fashion, the scherzo in particular being set forth in a style which had not only the superior virtuosity of its delivery to commend it, but which was a masterpiece in matters of dynamic contrast and rhythmic elasticity. At the conclusion of the symphony the players shared with the conductor the well-earned tribute of the enthusiastic audience.

BOSTON ORCHESTRA IN PENSION BENEFIT

Monitor — Nov. 20/16

Boston Symphony Orchestra in concert in aid of its pension fund, Symphony Hall, afternoon of Nov. 19, 1916. The program: Tschailkowsky, symphony No. 4, in F minor, op. 36; Weber, overture to the opera "Oberon"; Delibes, suite from the ballet "Sylvia"; Johann Strauss, waltz, "Wine, Woman and Song"; Nicolai, overture to the opera "The Merry Wives of Windsor."

At the Pop concerts during the summer the orchestra of Symphony men is commended for improving the quality of its programs. Conversely, should the regular orchestra, when it plays at its own pension fund concerts in the winter be as successful in pleasing the fancy of the musical public when it plays a program of the sort popular in the summer? Arguing merely from the concert of yesterday the answer would be no, for there were many vacant seats. At the last pension fund program of Wagner selections the house was filled. The musical public is a risky thing to generalize over, so it might be best to let the statement of facts go unqualified.

In every sense the program of yesterday was popular. Along with Beethoven's fifth and Tschailkowsky's sixth and Dvorak's fifth, the Tschailkowsky fourth belongs in the category with the best known and most popular symphonies. Possibly it is the strongly Russian flavor that permeates it and becomes especially evident in the last movement, but more likely it is the pizzicato scherzo which attracts. The "Sylvia" ballet suite and the two overtures of the program were tuneful and familiar and the Strauss waltz set many heads to bobbing. All this should have crowded the house with the people who like light music well played, but the fact remains that it did not. For the sake of adding to the fund's exchequer it might be well to go back to Wagner, for Dr. Muck plays so few selections from him in the regular Symphony programs that there are bound to be many who are Wagner hungry. Then, too, people like to hear the organ with the orchestra, or a soloist might bring out a larger crowd. The Sunday afternoon audience warmly applauded each selection, and after the symphony insisted on calling the orchestra to its feet.

For the Pension Fund.

Frank — Nov. 20/16

Avowedly for the primary benefit of the musicians themselves, the Pension Fund concerts naturally fall into the popular vein, and falling into the popular vein they become a healthful relaxation from the high standards of the season's course, and a necessary outlet for popular music otherwise despised and neglected. Granted all this, the question arises as to what is the most popular and seat-filling music of all. Wagner, from past proof, draws admirers from far and wide—admirers that crowd and fill and overflow. Tschailkovski also works beautifully as an "attraction," and, being virtually barred from those concerts of the higher standards, he has become a permanent and a successful resource as well as a logical one. The latest experiment is an invasion of the "Pops" repertory, and a drawing forth of such as Delibes, Nicolai, and Johann Strauss. Yesterday afternoon the balconies were filled, but there were decided gaps along the two sides of the floor seats. So, in Boston at least, Wagner is the most popular of them all. To be sure, Boston is Wagner starved, but nevertheless here is a good answer to the statisticians who proclaim the waning of Wagner and the supremacy, however ephemeral, of Puccini. For Boston is Puccini starved, too, and does not seem to crave him the more.

Tschailkovski's Fourth Symphony seems to be a favorite with Dr. Muck—he honors no other in the regular concerts, and the Fifth has gone unplayed for many a long year. As with the "Pathetic," the Fourth frays at the edges with much use; the theatrical machinery of its construction begins to show through, and its surface beauties become painted scenery. It is not condemning Tschailkovski to call him theatrical. Weber is theatrical—so is Wagner for that matter. But as theatrical devices become outdated and superseded, the music either becomes gaunt and cumbersome machinery, or lives through the personality, individuality, and genius of the composer behind. And there is undoubtedly something behind the Fourth Symphony in question—no one will deny that. It is not exactly Russian, but the intense and sensitive impressions of fate and misfortune upon a genius complaining bitterly and futilely.

The potency of his story fades with time, as the means of telling it however capable and workable, yet have little of innovation about them and quickly become antiquated. But what Tschailkovski does, he does well and interestingly. The overbearing, clarion, and penetrating theme of fate, with the cataclysmic trombones heightening the force of the trumpets, occurring always so dramatically, the resourcefulness and effectiveness of the plucked Scherzo which is something more than a tour de force, and never fails to charm, the prepared climaxes, and the thunderous catastrophe of the whole orchestra in broken rhythm—such devices indicate the promptings of

genius as well as excellent theatrical management, and they will never completely pall. But the second movement and part of the Finale bring satiety. Tchaikovsky's themes are unpleasantly obvious. They grab and hug you when you are introduced to them, but they do not prove the firmest and time-tried friends.

Weber is another of those composers born with the theatrical instinct, and obsessed with it and prompted by it through life. Tchaikovsky has the advantage of him in years, and the machinery of Weber is decidedly outworn—fairy music has developed a long way since he invented it for Oberon. His melodies, too, are baldly obvious, and his devices apparent. But three overtures still cling to orchestral repertory, and are in a fair way to permanent lodging there, however often they are decried as hackneyed and out of date. Possibly we shall always revolt from time to time, but always return to them once more. For the peculiar flavor of Weber may well be the flavor of immortality. His kind of individuality, his primal force and his national force, Tchaikovsky never had. And the delicate delights of the overture to Oberon still endure. Tchaikovsky's renown flares and dies—Weber's also flares, but then it settles to an even glow.

The remainder of the programme was a step further down into theatricality—the musical scenery which must be abandoned to oblivion, once it has had its vogue. It was all "Pops" music glorified and enthroned for a day, served with the attentive ceremony due to royalty, and sent back to its rags. The orchestra did not, perhaps, bestow upon it the care, concentration and enthusiasm which brought them so brilliantly and flawlessly through Tchaikovsky's symphony, but their conductor does not need inspiration to key him up to his task. He is always sensitively alert and unflaggingly alive to every detail, whatever his natural sympathies. For popular music reveals slackness as quickly as any other sort. Never was a waltz of Strauss exalted to higher perfection, snap and lilt than was "Wine, Woman and Song" yesterday. Delibes has his individuality and charm. And horns never rose more superbly to the Wagnerian motive of "Sylvia," or strings to the exacting pizzicati. But perhaps in faking "Sylvia" conscientiously, Dr. Muck also took it a little too seriously, for its true spirit is anything but pretentious. In any case, the symphonic arrangement of the ballet is quite long, and without the sustaining entertainment of pink tights and performing toes, the interest lags in spots.

Finally, Nicolai, lifted at last from the raucous blare of park bands and the scraping and tooting of theatre orchestras, to full symphonic splendor. But perhaps Nicolai with his little comedy overture to the "Merry Wives of Windsor" sat rather uneasily under the relentless light of such glorification. And when the great orchestra

and the keen conductor have centred their numerous and combined powers for some thirty minutes on such theatrical clap-trap, while the audience, though less sensitized, sits also in undivided attention, the modest dance music of small means seems neither to deserve nor to claim all this importance. Also, it falls into a certain sameness—a result which is effectively avoided in the more diversified atmosphere of beer and bustling waiters.

LIGHT PIECES, DR. MUCK AND THE PENSION FUND

Trans. — Nov. 16/16
A Renewal Next Sunday of Last Year's Experiment—Mme. Wirthlin and Miss Russell for New Singers—The Good Fortunes of a Bostonian Quartet in New York—Concerts in Prospect

TWICE a season there must be a concert for the Pension Fund of the Symphony Orchestra and twice a year Dr. Muck must put together a programme for it that shall interest a miscellaneous public, that shall accord with the standards of the conductor and the band and that shall not be a counterpart of the austerer lists that he makes ready for the twenty-four Fridays and Saturdays of the regular series. With him as with his predecessors, the usual recourse has been the music of Wagner—fragments of the operas or else an assemblage of the overtures and the preludes to them. Always seemingly a sufficient public stood ready to hear them and doubtless would have been as expectant this autumn; since, paradox as it seems of a city that professes to be a capital of music, Wagner comes relatively seldom to our ears.

For the impending concert of next Sunday afternoon, the conductor has preferred another way. Last winter, for the Pension Fund, Symphony Hall was filled by an audience that for the first time heard Dr. Muck and the orchestra in such light music as a waltz by Strauss and a suite from a ballet of Lalo, with a symphony of Tchaikovsky for beginning and a "favorite overture" here and there on the programme. The experiment pleased the public and pleased the men, who justly regard a concert which is to swell their income in retirement and old age, as an affair of their own. Accordingly the venture is to be renewed next Sunday when the waltz is Strauss's "Wine, Woman and Song"; the ballet Delibes's pretty and piquant "Sylvia"; the "favorite overtures" Weber's to "Oberon" and Nicolai's to "The Merry Wives of Windsor"; and the symphony the fourth of Tchaikovsky with the scherzo of the plucked strings. There is a considerable public that professes interest in the Symphony Orchestra, if it would only play "light music." Here now is the opportunity

of that public to translate words into deeds—at the box-office window—and listen to conductor and orchestra in the music it desires. An equal opportunity, not less pleasurable, awaits those who count the orchestra one of the institutions of Boston with which they should now and then acquaint themselves. As for the subscribers to the regular concerts, it has not been their way to forget that the two matinées for the Pension Fund are their two occasions to prove by their works the regard for all and sundry on the stage of Symphony Hall that they speak week by week in their applause. As Rev. Dr. Sunday might say, Second Corinthians viii., 7:

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POPULAR PROGRAM
AT BENEFIT CONCERT

Boston Symphony Orchestra
Gives First in Series for
Pension Fund

Pleasure seekers have duties. One of those duties is to realize that they have obligations to purveyors of entertainment—obligations that do not stop with the payment of tickets of admission at the box office. The actress who has thrilled a million admirers, if overtaken in her old age with adversity, deserved the "benefits" that are showered on her. The great virtuoso—when the fingers refuse to obey the brain's command—deserves substantial recognition of the pleasure he once gave.

Artists are proverbially improvident. Improvidence is a supplement to their artistry. In many cases they must be cared for in their old age. So much for the great, the famous of their profession; but how about those whose names never figure in the electric sign, in the big type? They, too, must have their benefits. Of deserving organizations there is none that makes a quicker appeal to the sympathies of Bostonians than the Pension Fund organization of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. This great orchestra occasionally gives Sunday performances during the winter for its pension fund, and through these concerts aged members of the orchestra can derive assistance in

their old age.

The first of these concerts of this season came yesterday when the band under Dr. Muck played Tchaikovsky's Fourth Symphony—with many the favorite of his six—and for lighter pieces, Strauss' "Wine, Woman and Song" waltz, Nicolai's "Merry Wives of Windsor" overture, the romantic Weber's "Oberon" overture and Delibes' "Sylvia" ballet. Of course this decidedly popular program did not show the virtuosity of the orchestra as did the program played the evening before, when the great orchestra in Sibelius, Rachmaninoff, Debussy and Chabrier demonstrated it was a band of unlimited technical resources.

But Dr. Muck wisely realized that he was playing for a heterogeneous audience in holiday mood. He showed that on occasion he can conduct light music with infinite charm and with the authority that is so often missing when an orchestra "lets down" in a popular program. The audience was large, although not of Paderewski-Kreisler-Sembrich-McCormack dimensions.

Next Sunday Kreisler will again be the artist. With Carl Friedberg he will play Cesar Franck's sonata in A minor. He will play a set of violin transcriptions by Friedberg, Vitti's 22d concerto, three Paganini caprices, a Spanish dance by Granados and a Piece at the Next Pension-Fund rt—News of the Dancers and the to Houses

Under circumstances, on the surface at least quite unexplainable, The Cecilia has resigned Brahms's "Symphony of Destiny," announced for its performance in December, to the Symphony Orchestra which intends to include the first-concert for its Pension Fund. Last season The Cecilia planned a performance of the music which has been heard in recent years in Boston. In autumn, it announced it formally and explicitly. Then it appeared that the Symphony Orchestra coveted the orchestra so that it might bring to a concert here the Pension Fund the fresh interest in the music under Dr. Muck's hand. Apparently, those in authority to the Cecilia renounced it and when the conductor of the society, Mr. Clifton, led the score and the parts the found they had already been turned over to the Symphony Orchestra. What choir Muck will use in the performance is yet clear. Nor is the course of Cecilia in a singular matter.

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FROM circumstances, on the surface at least quite unexplainable, The Cecilia has resigned Brahms's "Song of Destiny," announced for its concert in December, to the Symphony Orchestra which intends to include the piece in the first-concert for its Pension Fund. Last season The Cecilia planned a performance of the music which has not been heard in recent years in Boston. This autumn, it announced it formally and explicitly. Then it appeared that the Symphony Orchestra coveted the piece so that it might bring to a concert for the Pension Fund the fresh interest of choral music under Dr. Muck's hand. Forthwith, apparently, those in authority over The Cecilia renounced it and when the conductor of the society, Mr. Clifton, thought the score and the parts the found that they had already been turned over to the Symphony Orchestra. What choir Dr. Muck will use in the performance is not yet clear. Nor is the course of The Cecilia in a singular matter.

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Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1916--17.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

Dr. KARL MUCK, Conductor.

SIXTH PROGRAMME

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 24, AT 2.30 P. M.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 25, AT 8 P.M.

HAYDN

SYMPHONY in C minor, (B. & H. No. 9)

- I. Allegro,
 - II. Andante Cantabile.
 - III. Menuetto: Trio.
 - IV. Finale: Vivace.
-

BRAHMS

CONCERTO in D major, for VIOLIN, op. 77

- I. Allegro non troppo.
 - II. Adagio.
 - III. Allegro giocoso, ma non troppo vivace.
-

SMETANA

SYMPHONIC POEM, "Valdstynuv Tábor"
"Wallenstein's Camp"

Soloist:

Mr. ANTON WITEK



Anton Witek
Concert Master

Boston Symphony Orchestra

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT

Trans. — Nov. 25/16
REVIVALS FROM SMETANA AND OLD
HAYDN

An Unfamiliar Symphony in Which the
Orchestra Shines—"Wallenstein's Camp"
for Straightforward and Honest Music-
Making—Brahms's Concerto for Violin
in Luminous and Quickening Performance
—Mr. Witek's Distinguished Playing

PERHAPS, after all, the eighteenth-century symphonies of Mozart and Haydn exact a finer virtuosity of Dr. Muck and the Symphony Orchestra than do their admittedly displayful pieces, like Chabrier's "España" or Rimsky-Korsakov's "Spanish Caprice." The symphony by Haydn—in C minor, one of the so-called Salomon series, numbered nine in Breitkopf and Härtel's catalogue—revived yesterday, after thirteen years of repose on the shelves of the library, is not remarkable among its fellows. Even for music of the eighteenth century and from Haydn's hand, it sounded unusually thin-bodied, while in the slow movement, wherein in many another symphony the composer was wont to deploy copiously his melodic invention, he is content with a brief and none too fanciful set of songful variations. The first movement, though Haydn's beginnings are usually spacious, is hardly longer-breathed; the minuet is no more than comfortable music diversified by a solo for violoncello in the trio, which Mr. Warnke played with true Viennese lightness of touch and tone; while the finale substitutes quick-fingered counterpoint for the composer's usual gayeties of returning tune. In its species, the symphony was not particularly interesting nor was it applauded as Haydn's symphonies usually are by a company pleased with transparent melody and dexterous workmanship. In it the moral seemed written large—that what may be called the conventionalized symphonies of Haydn sound most agreeably in twentieth-century ears and that departure from the routine of them brings peril of dullness. Some listeners may even have remembered that during Dr. Muck's first term as conductor of the orchestra, he was urged to experiment with the symphonies of Schubert that are usually put by for "The Unfinished" and the ninth in C major. Accordingly, he revived one of the neglected and it proved far duller than did yesterday the resurrected symphony of Haydn. The chances are that with these elder composers time has sifted shrewdly.

The chosen symphony, however, sufficed to display this finer virtuosity of conductor and orchestra both positively and negatively. They were precise, for example, but not over-precise; since, while they left not a blur upon the lustrous surface of Haydn's music, they kept also the light and running motion which is as essential. Of course, the weight of the string-tone, even with reinforced and counterbalancing woodwinds and horns, was far greater than Haydn designed, especially when the whole band interposed in the counterpoint or arabesques of the violins. The eighteenth century in Vienna, and Mozart and Haydn along with it, loved not such emphases. Probably they are inseparable from the performance of their symphonies a hundred and twenty-five years afterward by a numerous orchestra in a large hall to many hearers. At the least, Dr. Muck and his forces are as light-handed as may be with their own numbers. Moreover, this weight and volume of tone never lessen clarity, suavity, euphony, elegance of phrasing, aptness of accent and contrast, elasticity of modulation and progression and a keen sense of the polished poise which was the eighteenth-century manner with its music. The arabesques for the strings in the first movement sounded as though they were played by a single virtuoso; the woodwinds in the Andante were pungent and haunting; the leisurely grace of the minuet was the perfection of rhythm; the finale, a little miracle of fleetness yoked to clearness. Nowhere through the whole symphony was there a single roughness of tone, a single uneven jointure, a relaxed strand in the whole finely woven and lightly tinted web. Slips of any sort may not go unperceived in these eighteenth-century symphonies, whereas a dozen may pass unnoted in the whirl and glow of a modern virtuoso piece. On the score of elegance and finesse, little music is as exacting as that which the Viennese patrons, who must have had delicate ears, demanded of the eminent kapelle-meisters, Herren Mozart and Haydn. Moreover, if there is to be such sense of style as orchestra and conductor displayed yesterday, sentiment, as that same eighteenth-century understood it, must join finger-tips with elegance.

Contrast came at the other end of the concert in a second revived piece, Smetana's tone-poem, "Wallenstein's Camp," unheard in Symphony Hall for almost twenty years. It lacks—perhaps under the prescriptions of the chosen music—any distinctive Bohemian voice and color; but otherwise it is highly characteristic of the simple-minded and frank composer, blood-brother in temper to his countryman of the concert-room, Dvorák. The pictorial design is as clear as the day—the tumult of the licentious camp; lusty dances; a drunken

Anton Witek
Concert Master

Boston Symphony Orchestra

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT

Trans. — Nov. 25/16
REVIVALS FROM SMETANA AND OLD
HAYDN

An Unfamiliar Symphony in Which the
Orchestra Shines—"Wallenstein's Camp"
for Straightforward and Honest Music-
Making—Brahms's Concerto for Violin
in Luminous and Quickening Performance
—Mr. Witek's Distinguished Playing

PERHAPS, after all, the eighteenth-century symphonies of Mozart and Haydn exact a finer virtuosity of Dr. Muck and the Symphony Orchestra than do their admittedly displayful pieces, like Chabrier's "España" or Rimsky-Korsakov's "Spanish Caprice." The symphony by Haydn—in C minor, one of the so-called Salomon series, numbered nine in Breitkopf and Härtel's catalogue—revived yesterday, after thirteen years of repose on the shelves of the library, is not remarkable among its fellows. Even for music of the eighteenth century and from Haydn's hand, it sounded unusually thin-bodied, while in the slow movement, wherein in many another symphony the composer was wont to deploy copiously his melodic invention, he is content with a brief and none too fanciful set of songful variations. The first movement, though Haydn's beginnings are usually spacious, is hardly longer-breathed; the minuet is no more than comfortable music diversified by a solo for violoncello in the trio, which Mr. Warnke played with true Viennese lightness of touch and tone; while the finale substitutes quick-fingered counterpoint for the composer's usual gayeties of returning tune. In its species, the symphony was not particularly interesting nor was it applauded as Haydn's symphonies usually are by a company pleased with transparent melody and dexterous workmanship. In it the moral seemed written large—that what may be called the conventionalized symphonies of Haydn sound most agreeably in twentieth-century ears and that departure from the routine of them brings peril of dulness. Some listeners may even have remembered that during Dr. Muck's first term as conductor of the orchestra, he was urged to experiment with the symphonies of Schubert that are usually put by for "The Unfinished" and the ninth in C major. Accordingly, he revived one of the neglected and it proved far duller than did yesterday the resurrected symphony of Haydn. The chances are that with these elder composers time has sifted shrewdly.

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in the brass of the Capuchin's maundering sermon in Schiller's like-named play; a return to the tumult; well-imagined suggestion of descending and quieting night; a sonorous "apotheosis" in the Lisztian manner, tempo di marcia, with trumpets and trombones blown to the last inch of breath and drums and cymbals mightily smitten. As clear is Smetana's procedure—vigorous rhythms, thick and bright harmonic and instrumental color; the full power of the orchestra ascending and descending; salient motives, readily and opulently developed into tumult, dance, procession or songful suggestion; the contrasting passage, subdued, ghostly, nocturnal; no little skill and imagination in transition, modulation and artful accord of pictorial and purely musical progress; obvious sensation for the hearers by as obvious an application of the composer's means. A sound and wholesome, a vivid and occasionally inspiring music is this tone-picturing by Smetana, saved by his native and communicating ardor from the near pitfall of commonplace. And the four trumpets—Messrs. Hein, Mann, Napp, and Kloeppel—did wonders with their repeated and exacting calls, higher in the range of the instrument than many composers—and not a few players—dare to go.

Between Haydn's symphony and Smetana's tone-picture stood Brahms's concert for violin in as penetrating and stimulating a performance as it has received these many years at the Symphony Concerts ever when more celebrated violinists than Mr. Witek have played the solo part. It was good to see him bearing his usual share in the symphony—and returning to his usual place for the final number. It was as a member of the orchestra, primus inter pares, and not as a wandering virtuoso from the world without, that, with a true and fine esprit de corps, he played his part in the concerto. In like spirit his associates applauded him and it was pleasurable to see him turning eagerly to acknowledge their greetings almost before he had bowed to the equally applauding audience. At the beginning and at the end it heaped him with deserved plaudits. For not a few of those same wandering virtuosi might have envied the concert-master's performance of his exacting music. Luminously he sustained the fine and bright, or the dark and deep, strand that the solo violin weaves through the pattern of the concerto. Not once did the long line break except where Brahms bids; never did it sag or halt; always it was in rhythmic motion, close-spun transition, upspringing arabesque or pointed modulation, while it ceased not to undulate with the melodic curve that Brahms with all his calculation and counterpoint, seldom forgets. The euphony with which Mr. Witek blended his tone with the voices of the several choirs of the orchestra was edgeless, yet, when it was the turn of the violin to speak out and above

them, his speech upon it was warm, vital, dominant. More than was his wont of old, he struck fire in the measures with which the violin enters the concerto and in the rhythmic ardors of the finale. Throughout he played with a breadth, forcefulness and penetration that, after Dr. Muck's manner, energized and opened a somewhat abstruse and none too articulate music; while he conveyed in very just response the sentiment, musing and melancholy, that exhales from the first two movements. For, until it reaches the finale, Brahms's concerto is not a music of ardor, much less of power; while nowhere is it a music of emotion. Sometimes, it is easy to believe that, as he wrote, Brahms felt the over-shadowing and inwardly revising Joachim watching over his shoulder.

Seldom has Mr. Witek played here with so many clear distinctions. As virtuoso and musician he has waxed in his years with the Symphony Orchestra. Little less, though Dr. Muck characteristically and obstinately set himself in the background, was the conductor's share, since it was he that fashioned the large and detailed design of this whole masterful performance of the concerto as a piece of symphonic music. Seldom has it been so clarified, vitalized, poetized as by one who would intensify and release the mood and spirit of the music yet lessen not—much less distort—its intrinsic quality. It is possible to emotionalize the music of Brahms fictitiously; it is possible to play it with as false a dryness; at the golden mean, in the concertos for violin and for piano no less than in the symphonies, stands Dr. Muck, quickening and setting it free, letting light within the dark places, humanizing it always, yet never forcing it out of Brahmsian disdain of shallows and shams. Best of all, the conductor and the orchestra gained yesterday that shadowy glow which is the beauty and the wonder of Brahms's harmonic and instrumental color and that musing moodiness which is half the poetry of his music. H. T. P.

MR. WITEK TAKES PART IN BRAHMS' VIOLIN CONCERTO

Monitor — Nov. 25/16

Boston Symphony Orchestra, Karl Muck, conductor; Anton Witek, soloist. Sixth program, presented in Symphony Hall, Boston, Mass., afternoon of Nov. 24: Haydn, symphony in C minor (B. & H. No. 9); Brahms, concerto in D major for violin and orchestra; Smetana, symphonic poem, "Wallenstein's Camp."

The program was one of those gray compilations which the conductor is wont to present more or less often, perhaps to give his public a little re-

view of the old repertory, perhaps to let his men have a respite from interpretative responsibilities of an exacting kind. Some plan may underlie it besides the triangular convention of symphony, solo number and brilliant short piece, but the performance did not in any striking way divulge one. Diagrammatically, the three selections answer to concert hall fashion, and there the significance of their being performed together seems to end. Given, to start with, the Brahms concerto and the principal violinist of the orchestra in the role of soloist, something by way of support or contrast surely could have been found more impressive than that which was found. A quite random hand must have picked out the Haydn symphony and the Smetana symphonic poem for the service.

But the question of program-making aside, the occasion brought credit to both director and players. Haydn's music was presented with all desirable clarity and lightness, and for once a great volume of tone did not warp the formal proportions of an old-school piece. From first to last the execution was graceful and supple; a string quartet could hardly have made it more so. The moderate time at which the different movements were taken no doubt contributed to the result, and the precise rhythm which was maintained at every moment must also have helped conserve Eighteenth-Century style.

The Brahms concerto gave Dr. Muck an especially good opportunity to show his mastery as an orchestral accompanist, since his solo player was right from the front desk of his own violins. The work also gave Mr. Witek an opportunity to reassert his claim to be regarded an artist of the first rank. He never acquitted himself so well, probably, in any previous appearance. And except for some temperamental difference that may appeal in a particular way to hearers, no other violinist is likely soon to surpass him at the Symphony concerts. His execution had elegance, his interpretation vigor. His performance added to the dignity and renown of the post of concertmaster of the Boston organization.

SYMPHONY PLAYERS GIVE SIXTH CONCERT

Herald — Nov. 25/16

Messrs. Witek and Longy Add to Excellence of Entertainment by Solo Performances—Dr. Muck Conducts — Program Will Be Repeated by the Orchestra This Evening.

By PHILIP HALE.

The sixth concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Muck conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows: Haydn, Symphony in C minor (B. & H. No. 9); Brahms, Violin Concerto; Smetana, symphonic poem, "Wallenstein's Camp." Mr. Witek was the solo violinist.

Smetana's symphonic poem, based on the first part of Schiller's "Wallenstein" Trilogy, had been performed here only once, at a Symphony concert in 1897. The music was composed in 1858-9 when Smetana was living in Sweden. It is not easy to recognize in it the composer of the opera, "The Sold Bride," the first symphonic poem of the Cycle "My Country"—or the string quartet "Aus Meinem Leben." When Smetana wrote his three symphonic poems in Sweden, he was a great admirer of Liszt, but rather as a believer in Liszt's theories than as an imitating disciple. "Wallenstein's Camp" endeavors to portray in tones the hurly-burly of the camp. The composer's friend Proksch thought that the subject was a fortunate one; that there was rich and varied material in Schiller's work. Smetana, however, was content for the most part with reproducing bustle and din. As a result the symphonic poem suffers from lack of contrasts. What should be relieving episodes have little character.

There is one exception: the section in which the pizzicato of the strings is interrupted by strange harmonies and "meandering phrases"; the section

which to Mr. Apthorp suggested night and darkness. Here is true invention; here is fancy. The poem as a whole is commonplace and noisy. Whether it is worth while to put before the public second-rate compositions of men who in later years deservedly won reputation is a question. We like to think of a man's best work and forget that which is inferior. Smetana was most successful when he was celebrating in music his beloved Bohemia, or expressing his own sadness and misery, as in the string quartet.

There are charming pages in the old quartet of Haydn. Guilmant once said to us, Haydn's workmanship, in quartet, oratorio, mass, piano music, whatever he undertook, is always admirable. But there are symphonies by him in which the labor seems perfunctory, the disposition of ideas too cut-and-dried, symphonies of prescription and formulas. There are other symphonies with which we are too familiar. This symphony in C minor had not been heard for 13 years, but not alone for this reason did the music seem fresh and delightful. Surely there are other symphonies by Haydn that would be even less familiar and would afford as much pleasure to the hearer.

No one can say that Brahms's violin concerto has been neglected at these concerts. Mr. Witek himself played it for the second time and as before in a thoughtful and capable manner. Dr. Muck gave him a masterly accompaniment, if the word "accompaniment" can here be allowed, for as in Brahms's first piano concerto the solo instrument is often only one in the ensemble. One of the features of the performance was the beautiful interpretation by Mr. Longy of the oboe solo at the beginning of the second movement.

The concert will be repeated tonight. There will be no concerts next week. The program of Dec. 8, 9 will be as follows: Franck, Symphony in D minor; Liszt, Concerto in A major No. 2 (Ernest Schelling, pianist); Borodin, Ein Stepenskizze aus Mittel-Asien.; Weber, Overture to "Euryanthe."

SOBER WORKS BY SYMPHONY No. 57 — Nov. 25/16 Haydn, Brahms and Smetana on Programme

BY OLIN DOWNES

Anton Witek, concert master, was so-

loist at the concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Karl Muck, conductor, yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. Mr. Witek played the Brahms violin concerto. The orchestral pieces were Haydn's symphony in C minor (B. & H. No. 9) and Smetana's symphonic poem after Schiller, "Wallenstein's Camp." This work was revived after many years by Dr. Muck, and it made the one patch of color which the concert afforded.

The symphony of Haydn is a delightful work, or it would have been delightful if it had not been played by an orchestra twice as large as is good for the music. When this symphony was first performed at one of the Salomon concerts in London the orchestra numbered 40. Allowing for the size of Symphony Hall, it should certainly still be practicable to materially reduce the proportions of the orchestra when a symphony by Haydn or Mozart is played, to the advantage of the composition. If an orchestra can be extended for the performance of a work by Strauss, why, in heaven's name, can it not be reduced for a symphony by Haydn? Nor was the heaviness of the orchestral tone improved by the treatment of the minuet. The minuet was lumpy. We do not believe that just because a minuet is a dance it should be played as if danced by clodhoppers. Mr. Wilhelm Gericke was inimitable in this symphony. He did not feel it necessary to take so deliberate a tempo in the first part of the scherzo.

This symphony was probably devised as a background for the concerto of Brahms. Contrast might have been better than background. The coloring of the Brahms concerto is far too sober to shine by contrast after Haydn, for Haydn himself knew some very pretty tricks of orchestration, even if he did not employ a modern orchestra or demand modern sonorities. Consequently the Brahms concerto only sounded more sober than ever. Not that this concerto fails to take rank among the most substantial works for the violin and orchestra. Virtuosi come and go. A Strauss and a Debussy salute the ears. And Brahms is played today more than ever. Yet the concerto, not perhaps Brahms' most lively and ingratiating work, is played, with other of Brahms' compositions, more than ever. But Mr. Witek has given better performances of the violin part—performances when his intonation was purer and his virtuosity was absolutely flawless.

The effect of Smetana's piece, quite old-fashioned so far as its harmony is concerned, and dating back to a period when modern orchestration and the modern symphonic poem were much newer than they are today, was rather astonishing. This music has real vigor, color, and, at moments, imagination. There is the suggestion of the bustle of

the camp, rough merry-making, a rather naive and heavy-footed reference to the Capuchin monk, which is nowhere near in suggestive power to D'Indy's treatment of this episode. There is the thought of the pomp and the glory of war, and there is the singular moment which might correspond to that time when Wallenstein himself was conscious of fate knocking at the door, when a premonition told him too truly of the end of his spectacular conquests. This work was very brilliantly played. It might not have been so striking in other surroundings, but as it was it became the stirring moment of the concert.

SYMPHONY PROGRAM IS CONSERVATIVE

Adv. — Nov. 25/16
VIRILITY OF HAYDN
SHOWN BY MUCK

First and Last Movements
Were the Best—Work Is
Agreeable and Short
BY LOUIS C. ELSON
PROGRAM

Haydn—Symphony in C minor.
Brahms—Violin Concerto.
Anton Witek, Soloist.
Smetana—Symphonic Poem, "Wallenstein's Camp."

There is very little to be said about yesterday's symphony concert. One could almost sum it up with a quotation from Canning's "Friend of Humanity and the Needy Knife Grinder."

"Story! God Bless you, I have none to tell, sir."

Only the Smetana number had something of novelty in its measures. Not one of the works given broke the commandments of Richter, or dealt in unresolved dissonances, chords of the 13th, or any other of the evils which modern music is heir to.

But Dr. Muck reads a Haydn symphony in a manner that gives it a modern flavor. He is evidently not steeped in the "Papa Haydn" idea, but considers the old composer virile as well as genial. Haydn's symphonies will never grow old-fashioned any more than sunshine. They wear

much better than much of the instrumental music of his time. Yet he was behind Mozart in this field. Think of this conventional work being created in the same year as the "Jupiter" the "Clarinetto Symphony" and the exquisite G minor.

The slow movement seemed very tepid although some development was mingled with the strict variation form. The minuet was also somewhat stereotyped, but with some contrasts that Dr. Muck made the most of. The first and last movements were the best, and the work was agreeable and short.

Then came the Brahms violin concerto, with its ideal interpreter—Anton Witek. We are reconciled to hearing this work often, for it is a case where familiarity does not breed contempt, but reveals constantly new beauties. This is one of Brahms' works which one first endures but ends by embracing. The reviewer recalls Prof. Baermann once saying to him that only after much study of the second piano concerto was it made clear to him that the many difficulties of Brahms were really essential to the expression of the work. Something of the same kind of change of mind takes place with the repeated hearing of Brahms' difficult violin concerto. There is increased beauty revealed with each repeated hearing.

But the work may never be attempted save by the most earnest musician who is at the same time possessed of a tremendous technique. Such a musician is Anton Witek. We recognize the abnegation involved in interpreting such an ascetic work, a composition that must be above the heads of many of the auditors. It is a bit of educational sacrifice that in itself deserves praise.

But Mr. Witek compelled recognition of his great qualities, and the applause at the end of the long work was very emphatic. He received a cordial greeting before he began, as well. His performance, and that of the orchestra, in the very intricate first movement, made that labyrinth much clearer than we have heard it for a very long time. The ease with which many passages in high position were taken was remarkable, and both in great breadth and in consummate delicacy the execution was commendable. The long cadenza work was full of technical display, and a word may also be added regarding

the excellent horn-playing. The last movement is the most popular of the work, and its Hungarian flavor was finely brought out. Recall followed recall at the close.

Then came "Wallenstein's Lager." To the uninitiated we may explain that this is not a competitor of Budweiser or Anhaeuser-Busch, but a tone-picture of a camp, but a camp without trenches, or tanks, or Busy Berthas. Rheinberger once made a rather interesting tone-poem upon this subject, which it might pay to resurrect, although Smetana's is undoubtedly the better work. It was graphic enough to be comprehended by auditors who had never read Schiller's play upon which the composition is founded.

There was the wild boisterousness of the half-savage troops pictured at the beginning, and one could identify the sermon of the Capuchin, the point where the soldiery attempt to kill him, the protecting pair of Croats, etc. These touches can be studied by those who desire all possible detail, but even for the casual auditor, who is unfamiliar with his Schiller, there was the splendid picture of the camp of the Duke of Friedland, with its semi-barbaric tints, the fierce and coarse legions, and a vivid portrayal of evening, night and morning. Its direct and military picture made a strong appeal to the present-day concert-goer. Such a camp might be imagined even today in Serbia, or Bulgaria.

Naturally the work was read with some tremendous explosions, with trumpet and drum passages, and it began with an explosion as if a powder magazine had blown up. But it was not all of such a war-like character. The soldiers indulged in folk-dances, which gave a most characteristic flavor to this picture of the 20-years war, and made an excellent contrast to that theme of trombones which ought to get the artists an engagement on the Day of Judgment—it was so thundering and powerful. There was also a good contrast when night in camp was pictured, on muted violins with pizzicato accompaniment.

Trumpet fanfares, excellently played, appropriately ushered in the morning, and the troops marched out to a theme hat was again semi-barbaric in character, and the work came to a triumphant close, in fortississimo.

It was a very exciting composition, excitingly played. It pictured all the blatant, aggressive side of war, without any of its wretchedness. But a real portrayal of the Thirty Years' War (or of the present European misery) would be too pathetic and sorrowful to listen to.

WITEK PLAYS BRAHMS WORK BRILLIANTLY

Journal — Nov. 25/16

Symphony Concert Master
Admirably Supported
by Orchestra.

This week's soloist at the Symphony concerts is the concert master of the orchestra, Anton Witek, and his selection is the Brahms concerto in D major. At yesterday's performance the audience was most enthusiastic. The enthusiasm had its cause in Mr. Witek's excellent playing and in the uncommonly interesting character of the concerto.

The concert master of the Boston Symphony Orchestra is always an enviable figure in the musical world. Mr. Witek has held this high position for six years, all the while commanding respect for his pre-eminently artistic aims and for his skill as a violinist. He has the innate dignity and sincerity of the true artist. Moreover, he has mastered violin technic, and his conquest of the difficult passages marking the first and last movements of the concerto was no less impressive than the beauty of tone with which he invested his performance of the haunting theme of the middle, lyrical movement.

The orchestra also performed beautifully, and deserved to share yesterday's ovation with the soloist.

Dr. Muck conducted a graceful performance of Haydn's symphony in C minor—a work whose suave melodies will probably endure long after most of

the sensational tone puzzles of the present day have been forgotten—and an equally admirable performance of Smetana's symphonic poem, "Wallenstein's Camp," a graphic, picturesque composition long absent from these concerts.

Next week the orchestra will be out of town. At the concerts on Dec. 8 and 9 the program will comprise Cesar Franck's symphony in D minor, Borodin's "Eine Steppenskizze aus Mittelasien," Weber's "Euryanthe" overture and Liszt's concerto in A major, for piano and orchestra, with Ernest Schelling as soloist.

SYMPHONY CONCERT.

9 o'clock — Nov. 25/16

Program of Three Numbers

Played

Haydn Symphony of Marked Clarity

—Mr Witek Soloist

Dr Muck's program included three numbers: Haydn's symphony in C minor—composed in 1791 and in Alfred Wotguenne's catalog No 142—the Brahms D major concerto for violin, Anton Witek, soloist, and Smetana's symphonic poem "Wallenstein's Camp."

All symphony programs cannot be expected to maintain the level of interest of that two weeks ago, or of that two weeks hence after the orchestra returns from the second Southern trip.

The one of yesterday teaches sobriety, reflection, humility.

It is well upon occasion to hear Haydn. His good cheer in these troubled his thoughts, whatever their profundity, his thought, whatever their profundity, the sunny warmth of his melody and the lucid clarity of his scoring, in a day when the strings were fluent and brilliant conversationalists, when the wood wind, without clarinets, rejoined them in pointed dialogue and the brass—a modest pair each of trumpets and horns—discreetly affirmed on occasion, is altogether profitable and improving to the modern ear wherein rubbish at times successfully masquerades. Dr Muck's performance was aglow with freshness and good spirits. The unanimity and quality of the strings was beyond praise.

Would it not be well to lay aside a work like the Brahms concerto unless it can be done with distinction? Those recalling Mr Witek's playing of four or less seasons ago, when the Beethoven

concerto was glorified in his hands, may well have been perplexed at that of yesterday, a performance thoughtful and conscientious, but of curious intonation, of faulty line and wanting in exalted spirit. The beauty of much of the orchestration was revealed, memorably the noble introduction for wood winds to the song of the slow movement, with the oboe's serenely beautiful announcement of the theme. Mr Witek was cordially applauded by colleagues and audience.

Wallenstein's noisy piece should be scored for the band of a military camp with a platoon of trumpets, piccolos, drums and cymbals, to be played each morning at sunrise accompanied with strong drink to cheer the spirits of the soldiers. The performance was resolute.

Week after next the program will be as follows: Cesar Franck's symphony, Liszt's A major concerto for piano (Mr Schelling soloist), Borodin's "In the Steppes of Central Asia" and the overture to "Euryanthe."

BOSTON SYMPHONY TRIP

The Boston Symphony Orchestra makes its second trip of the season the coming week to Philadelphia, Washington, Baltimore, New York and Brooklyn. In all the cities except New York the organization will be assisted by Susan Millar, soprano.

SYMPHONY AT NEW YORK

9 o'clock — Dec. 1, 1916

"Scheherazade" Delights Audience

Under Direction of Dr Muck—Schumann Number Also Played

NEW YORK, Nov. 30—The Boston Symphony Orchestra made its third appearance of the season this evening in Carnegie Hall.

The program, arranged by Dr Muck, the conductor, comprising but two numbers, a Schumann symphony and the symphonic suite "Scheherazade" by Rimsky-Korsakoff, had caused considerable comment due to its makeup. New York is more than familiar with the suite because of its frequent presentation in the last year by the Russian ballet. It has been suggested that perhaps the eminent Boston leader is trying to "show up" the ballet, inasmuch as on his last appearance here he played "Till Eulenspiegel," which the Russians were then turning into a dance feature, and next Saturday's Boston program includes still another ballet diversion, Debussy's "Afternoon of a Faun."

There was a good deal of sameness this evening to the program, but the "Scheherazade" was so remarkably well done that it banished thoughts of the ballet, and the symphony was restful enough to give a welcome dessert to the day's doings. The orchestra was loudly applauded and forced twice to rise.

FROM HAYDN TO MR. KREISLER'S INNOVATION

Old Symphonies, Dr. Muck and His Younger Hearers—The Violinist, with Mr. Friedberg Assisting, Departs from the Usual Course of His Programmes and Surpasses Himself in the Playing of a Sonata by Franck—Other Numbers

FEW are the conductors these days who care about stripping their gloriously colored orchestras to the modest requirements of Mozart and Haydn—strings, conventional wood-wind, and a trumpet and horn or two to swell the tone. Many are those of the younger generation who, unable to deny immortal Mozart, yet inwardly feel, and sometimes outwardly remark, that they have "outgrown Haydn." But when Dr. Muck pays his annual tribute to the two great founders of the symphony, the more musically intelligent of this younger generation find that they are growing up to Haydn as well as Mozart, year by year. Some came ready to be bored by the C minor symphony of Haydn at the last pair of symphony concerts, and enjoyed it thoroughly. For it was an obscure one to 1910, and apparently yet another of the innumerable horde, such as Haydn (or Mozart) could cook to order in a minute. But Mozart (and Haydn too) had a way of doing all things musical with spirit and efficiency at all times, and of rising to genius and inspiration always at the most unexpected moments. So, there was many a surprise and many a delight in this C minor Symphony of Friday and Saturday last, and after Dr. Muck has had his half hour with Haydn, there is little left to be said. For he missed nothing in the finely shaded and balanced grace of the slow minuet, which must have been the composer's tempo to the thousandth fraction, so sensitively and perfectly did he (and Mr. Warnke) catch the rhythm. And for all that, it was not a routine minuet by any means. In the Andante, too, the conductor made the most of the composer's exquisite sense of values in the charming process of clothing his theme in delicately embroidered stuffs. Perhaps this movement was less distinctive, as Haydn goes, but the Finale was sportive, rollicking and serious by turns in a way entirely its own. There are no substitutes for Haydn now-a-days, and there is a permanent need of his peculiar kind of surface liveliness in our musical hearts, a need for the supplying of which we have Dr. Muck to thank.

Dr. Muck and the Symphony Orchestra seldom fail to stir their hearers in New York, and two notes from the reviews of their concert there last evening indicate that they were more than usually on their mettle. Of the performance of Rimsky-Korsakov's "Scheherazade," The Times says: "Dr. Muck conducted with immense and contagious enthusiasm. The orchestra rarely has an opportunity to present its powers as a virtuoso more fully; both as a body and in the numerous solo effects with which the score abounds. The audience was excited to an unwonted enthusiasm." And of the playing of Schumann's Rhenish Symphony, The Herald adds: "At the end the applause was so great that Dr. Muck was obliged to come out four times. Finally, putting his hand affectionately on Mr. Wittek's shoulder, he made the orchestra rise to share the applause." Dec. 1, 1914

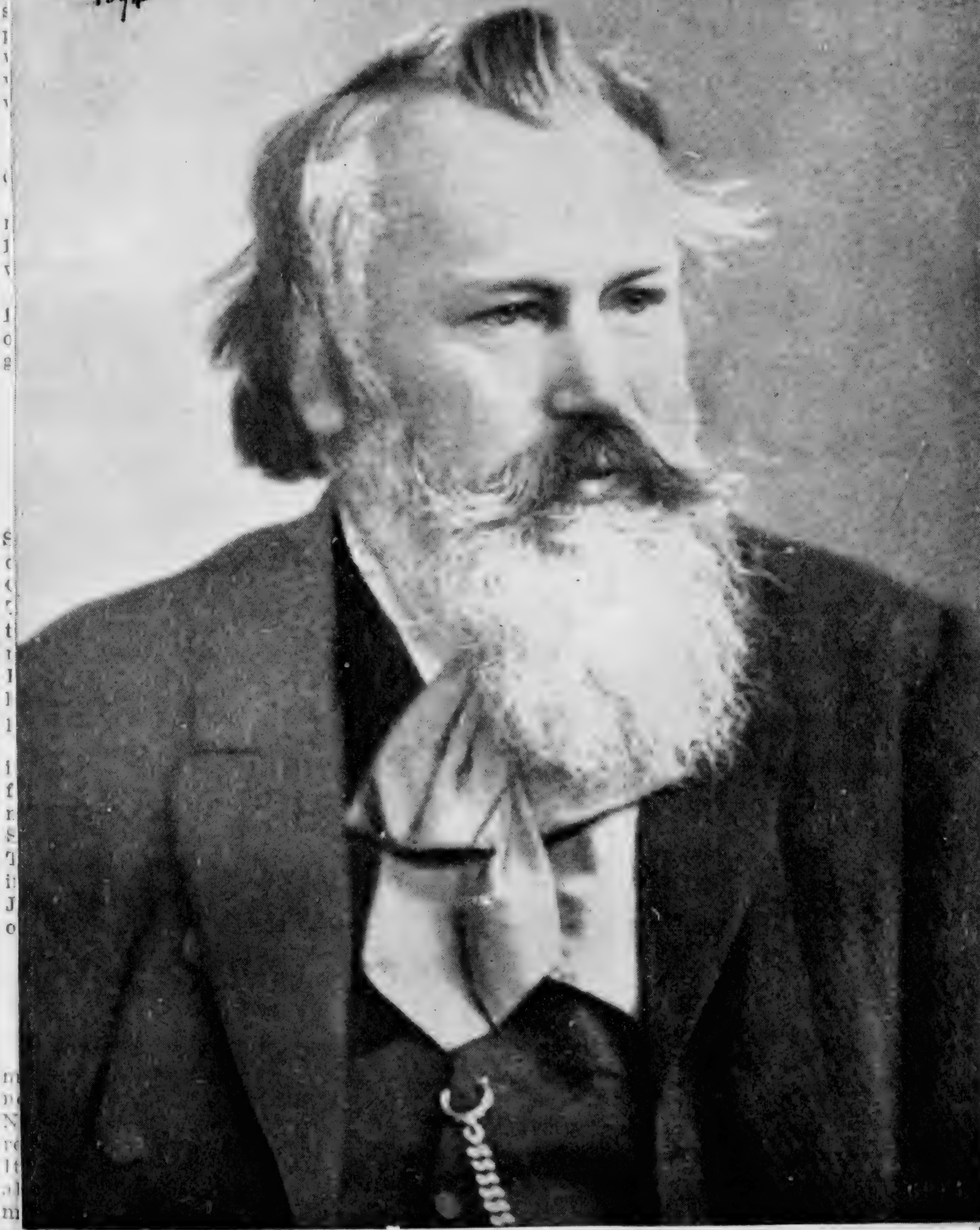
INSIDE a single number, familiar music fills Dr. Muck's programme for the Symphony Concerts of next Friday afternoon and Saturday evening in Symphony Hall, viz.: Franck's symphony in D minor, the crown of his work and a perennial masterpiece in which conductor and orchestra have more than once proved their eloquence; Liszt's concerto in A major, the second, less familiar, and more finely grained of the pair; and Weber's richly romantic overture to his opera, "Euryanthe." The novel piece is Borodin's Oriental tone-picture of the Asiatic steppe, vivid and atmospheric music newly restored to the active repertory of the Symphonic Orchestra but played here within a month at the performances of the Russian Ballet. In the concerto, Mr. Schelling, a notable pianist as well as the composer he has chosen to be of late to his Bostonian hearers, will play the solo part.

At the concert of the Symphony Orchestra and Dr. Muck at Harvard College in Sanders Theatre on Thursday evening, Mr. Schelling will also be heard in this second concerto of Liszt. The purely orchestral items of the programme are Haydn's symphony in C minor; Smetana's tone-picture, "Wallenstein's Camp" and Berlioz's overture, "The Corsair"—all recent additions to the repertory of the orchestra.

Dr. Muck has chosen the Symphony Concerts of Friday afternoon, Dec. 22 and Saturday evening, Dec. 23, for the repetition of his eloquent performance of Liszt's "Faust Symphony" that stirred his hearers eighteen months ago. This time, the measures at the end for men's choir will be sung by a contingent of the Choral Music Society, with Mr. Arthur Hackett, who distinguished himself at the September "Pops," for the tenor solo. Dec. 15, 1914

Symphony Hall.

John Brahms
1894



Steinway Pianoforte used

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FROM HAYDN TO MR. KREISLER'S
INNOVATION

Old Symphonies, Dr. Muck and His

Dr. Muck and the Symphony Orchestra seldom fail to stir their hearers in New York, and two notes from the reviews of their concert there last evening indicate that they were more than usually on their mettle. Of the performance of Rimsky-

Symphony Hall.

At the End of a Symphony Concert on a Friday



(Photograph by Horner of Boston)

The Waiting Array of Automobiles, Believed to Be the Most Numerous Assembly of Them That Boston Regularly Sees

need for the supplying of which we have tinglished himself at the September
Dr. Muck to thank. "Pops," for the tenor solo. *Nov. 15/16*

Steinway Pianoforte used

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Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1916-17.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

Dr. KARL MUCK, Conductor.

SEVENTH PROGRAMME

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 8, AT 2.30 P. M.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 9, AT 8 P. M.

CESAR FRANCK

SYMPHONY in D minor

I. Lento; Allegro non troppo.

II. Allegretto.

III. Allegro non troppo.

LISZT

CONCERTO in A major, for PIANO and ORCHESTRA

BORODIN

ORCHESTRAL SKETCH "On the Steppes of Middle Asia"

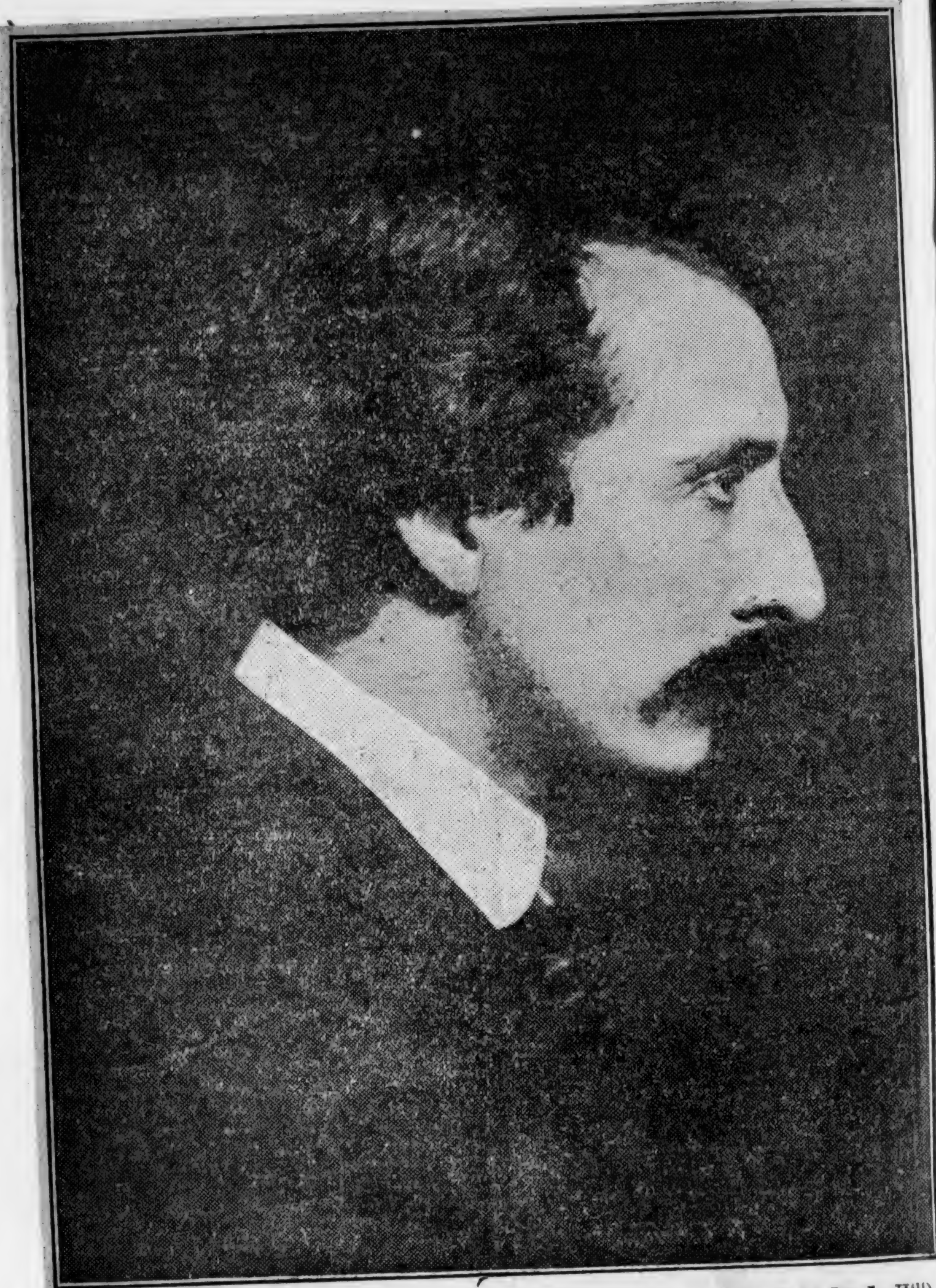
WEBER

OVERTURE to "Euryanthe"

Soloist:

Mr. ERNEST SCHELLING

Steinway Pianoforte used



(Photograph by Ira L. Hill)

Ernest Schelling, Pianist
With Characteristic Oriental Air

SYMPHONY GIVES SEVENTH OF CONCERTS

Herald Dec. 9/16
Borodins' "On the Steppes of
Central Asia" Played After 13
Years—Cesar Franck's Sym-
phony in D Minor Gives Fresh
Pleasure—Performance Gen-
erally Remarkable.

By PHILIP HALE.

The seventh concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Muck conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows: Cesar Franck, Symphony in D minor; Liszt, piano concerto in A. major, No. 2 (Ernest Schelling, pianist); Borodin, "On the Steppes of Central Asia"; Weber, Overture to "Euryanthe."

Borodin's orchestral sketch had not been played at these concerts for over 13 years. It should not have been neglected so long, for it is charming music, singularly effective by reason of color and suggestiveness obtained by the simplest means. The music was written for an exhibition of tableaux representing episodes in Russian history, but it is much more than music for an occasion. Hearing this beautiful composition, the symphonies of Borodin, one of his string quartets, the famous chorus and ballet music in "Prince Igor" and his songs, one wonders if this accomplished and aristocratic chemist, often dismissed as an "amateur" by essayists and compilers of biographical dictionaries, was not after all the most musical and imaginative member of the famous Russian Five.

What shall be said of Franck's symphony at this late day? We remember the first performance here in 1899—how

the symphony was considered by some as "dismal"; how many protests were sent to Mr. Gericke; indeed, one subscriber went so far as to call the music "immoral." Now this symphony is enthusiastically applauded, and by some of those who were distressed if not shocked 17 years ago. Repeated hearings only enlarge the admiration. There are few modern works so skilfully constructed, which at the same time are so crowded with noble and lofty thoughts, and always without stammering or unworthy expression. One may point out the wonderful manner in which thematic material is developed; the contrapuntal ingenuity. Another may marvel at the richness of the middle parts, at the mighty, elemental, sonorous bass. Still another may call attention to the vitality of the music, to the dramatic portrayal of the struggle between doubt and jubilation, to the mysterious flutterings and dark hints that follow the melancholy song of the middle movement. To us the glory of this symphony lies in its spirituality, which does not fade into mysticism or symbolism. As in other compositions of Franck, there is the suggestion of a man caught up into the seventh heaven where he heard the multitudinous angelic choir and saw the beatific vision.

The performance was as remarkable as is the symphony itself. It is true that Mr. Mueller did not play the English horn solo in the allegretto, but, on the other hand, new beauties were revealed in the middle or scherzo section.

Mr. Schelling gave a clean-cut, musically intelligent, brilliant performance of Liszt's concerto, brilliant rather than romantic. Perhaps that is the way the piano part should be played, but we should have preferred greater warmth, richer and more varied color, in the lyric measures. The concerto itself is in some respects finer than the one in E flat major, yet there are a few places in which the music almost falls into vulgarity. In the early part of the work there is a curious reminder of the composer's "Mazeppa" theme, but this reminder should rather be characterized as a Lisztian mannerism.

How many times has the overture to "Euryanthe" been played in Boston? The "Weberian flourish" now seems old-fashioned; possibly the "chivalric spirit" does not make a strong appeal in 1916; but the short largo in the overture, whether or not it was an afterthought of the composer, still works a spell.

The concert will be repeated this evening. The program of the concerts next week will be as follows: Mozart, Symphony in D major, No. 35; Tschalkowsky, Suite No. 1 in D minor. Miss Elena Gerhardt will sing these songs with orchestra: Wagner, Stehe Still, Traume, Schmerzen; Hugo Wolf, Verborgenhelt, Der Freund, Er Ist's.

DR. MUCK'S MEN PLAY FRANCK AND BORODIN WORKS

Monitor

Dec. 9, 1916

Boston Symphony Orchestra, Karl Muck, Conductor; Ernest Schelling, Soloist—Seventh program, presented in Symphony Hall, Boston, Mass., afternoon of Dec. 8: Franck, symphony in D minor; Liszt, concerto in A major, for piano and orchestra; Borodin, orchestral sketch, "On the Steppes of Middle Asia"; Weber, overture to "Euryanthe."

In the D minor symphony Franck attained, without any doubt, the object which Nineteenth Century composers most diligently sought. He wrote music that has unity. He produced something that gives the impression of wholeness, that conveys a sustained, organic and original message. He expressed both himself and his time, and he did it in a way appropriate to the orchestra. But it is a question whether the complete, expressive and appropriate message of his, the one in which the man and the period are summed up, is not solely in the last two-thirds of the work. It is a question whether the first movement, whatever its merits in point of thematic structure, or whatever its appeal in point of loftiness of mood, is not, in the most searching analysis, superfluous. For what it says was either nearly as well said before Franck entered musical history, or else it has been better said since; while what the allegretto and finale say was never hinted at by any previous composer, and has never required retelling by a later one.

For all purposes of present-day composing, Franck had sufficient material to make a symphony, either in the strict, four-movement form, or in the free, tone-poem style, right in the first third of his plan. He could have gone on elaborating what he started with and have come out with a piece that would deserve performance once a decade, if not oftener, by an organization like the Boston Symphony Orchestra. His composition would have been a welcome resource to the program maker on a day when a moderately interesting selection was needed to set off the performance of a distinguished soloist, or when gray background was

desired for some brilliant orchestral production. The score, standing on the library shelf, would attract a conductor seeking something for revival as effectually as would a score by Bruckner or Mahler, to say the least.

But Franck went further than his duty merely as a composer demanded, and gave voice to his thoughts as poet and seer. He wrote the allegretto and finale. And in the pages of these movements he enlarged men's artistic vision, just as Beethoven did in the scherzo and finale of his fifth symphony. That these pages, however, make a practicable piece of music without the first movement, could not be asserted. Misadjustments of key would arise from an independent performance of them. And anyway, the three-movement work was what Franck wrote as the D minor symphony, so that whatever is less than that could not pass as his intention. At the same time, the allegretto alone is a possibility, making a vivid incidental piece, as the program which the dancer, Miss Isadora Duncan, lately gave in New York proved. On that occasion, used as an interlude, it was fervently and persuasively presented by an orchestra which Oscar Spireanu led.

The symphony, in all its divisions, was read with clear outline, judicious balance of tone and exalted interpretive purpose by Dr. Muck. In particular, as to balance, the string section of the orchestra was well subordinated, though Franck himself looked out for this point in no small degree by his restrained scoring. The unfamiliar short number by Borodin turned out a happier choice than the Smetana "Wallenstein" symphonic poem, which was played two weeks ago. Its delightful tunes and rhythms recalled the visits of the Russian dancers. It deserves a more prominent place in the repertory than it has held. The solo number was conscientiously played all around, the visiting artist doing his day's work diligently, the men in the orchestra playing their notes accurately and giving a good bargain in tone. But there was little in the interpretation of the concerto to disturb the calm course of anybody's thinking or to do anything but reaffirm that Mr. Schelling is an accomplished pianist, and that the Symphony men can toss off a performance of the easier music of Liszt as gaily as they can overtures of Weber.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT

Jan. — Dec. 9/16

A HACKNEYED OVERTURE AND A CLEAR MORAL

Borodin's Tone - Picturing in an Unfamiliar and Vivid Piece—Liszt's Rhapsodic Second Concerto, with Mr. Schelling for Dry and Exact Pianist—The Renewed Glories of Franck's Symphony, Eloquenty Played

FOR the first time in the present course of the Symphony Concerts what may be called fairly a hackneyed piece stood yesterday on Dr. Muck's programme—Weber's overture to his opera of "Euryanthe." Moreover audience, orchestra and ever so little, perhaps, the conductor himself gave unmistakable signs that they so regarded it. According to Dr. Muck's custom with "brilliant overtures," it ended the concert, but before it began there was a more numerous exodus than usual from every part of the house. The band set to the music in a performance plainly routine and perfunctory as of men staled to the task. Only in the relatively few measures of the largo were there beauty of tone, finesse of phrasing, atmospheric suggestion. The rest the orchestra ran off dutifully, capably, but with little of the ardor of pace, progression and climax, the theatrical emphasis, the romantic exuberance, the heat and light presumed to make the overture perennially fresh and kindling. Nor to some ears, did the conductor, outside the largo again, bestir himself to the illusion of the theatre that he often works with these operatic overtures.

Exactly how the custom arose at the Symphony Concerts of the playing of Weber's overtures in alternate seasons and even oftener, as though they were at a musical par with the symphonies of Beethoven and Brahms no one seems able to explain. By clear token, however, it has prevailed too long and the overture to "Euryanthe," along with those to "Oberon" and "Der Freischütz" might well be withdrawn for a while from the active repertory to almost certain increase, when they are restored to it, of zest for them alike in audience and orchestra. Now they have been played so often that both instinctively follow them by rote or feel the shortcomings more than they do the virtues of the music. But the retort will come—a conductor must find playable overtures somewhere. They are useful pieces with which to begin or end the second part of a Symphony Concert; not a few of them are imaginative or fanciful, eloquent or entertaining; as many more have been known to please listening ears. True, indeed, but

to turn to the appendix of Mr. Howe's history of the orchestra, which lists every piece that it has played in thirty years, is to discover that not a few such overtures have been overlooked until they have passed from both repertory and memory. Mr. Gericke was diligent and fruitful in discovery and revival among them. Since his departure, twelve years ago, and alike under Dr. Muck and Mr. Fiedler, the active list of them has narrowed until now it is settled in a routine that nowhere else infects the Symphony Concerts. It is high time for broadening and freshening.

The rest of the programme did not lack fresh interest and one piece—Borodin's symphonic sketch, "On the Steppes of Central Asia"—was novel to all but the relatively few that had heard it as an intermezzo in a recent performance here by the Russian Ballet. In a sense the sketch which is barely ten minutes long and a transparent music, is only a trifle; but such brevity saves Borodin from his usual pitfall of slightly varied repetition of his musical thought without much development or advance, while it concentrates the suggestion of his melody and rhythm, harmonic and instrumental color. There is tone-picturing in the piece—of a vast expanse of high plateau in thin dry air under a clouded sky and lifeless light, picturing that would hold for Canadian as well as Asiatic wastes. Into the music enters the winding caravan and the escorting soldiers in persistently rhythmed pace. Sharp upon the ear, near or distant, fall the marching songs of both. The Asiatics chant wearily, mournfully; the Russians sing in heartier and brighter strain and mode. The train recedes; afar the reiterated refrains blend curiously; again solitude descends upon the roof of the world. The design, stirring Borodin's imagination and lying well within his invention and procedure, completely accomplishes the end. The music works illusion of place and scene; keen rhythms keep it in characterizing motion; the Asiatic and the Russian melodies have path, point, individuality; they and the whole piece are seemingly stripped and skeletonized; yet they do not lack vitality, character, color. For once there was not an allowance to make for Borodin. He had fulfilled his purpose without a superfluous or a halting measure. The sketch is the finished cameo among music that he often left loosely factured and rough-edged.

Fresh, too, relatively was the second of Liszt's piano concertos in which Mr. Schelling played the virtuoso part. Neither piece has been frequent in recent years at Symphony Hall and for half a century the concerto of yesterday has escaped the fate of its hackneyed fellow. Perhaps it asks more of the pianist. If he be virtuoso, musician and ardent spirit at all worthy the names, the changeful, exuberant, mounting course of the first concerto, the vivid transformations and the glowing expansion of the melodies, the flights and flares of the

ornament, the hot creative intensity of the whole will sweep him forward, riding, as it were, upon the music from the first measure to the last. Not so with the second concerto. It lacks melodic distinction; the reincarnations of the motives are by no means as inventive and eloquent; the fine ardors of the earlier piece decline now and then into something like mere procedure with the job. What remains and what keeps the concerto animate and interesting is the piano part and the ornament that it showers upon the rest. Consciously or unconsciously Liszt wrote the earlier concerto as a composer who was also a pianist; the later as a pianist who was also a composer.

As a pianist Liszt was wont to take fire, and so in this concerto in A major the solo part runs in rhapsodic vein. Sometimes it is as though the piano would silence the orchestra by the blows of its chords; again it answers it as out of barely interrupted musings; now it continues with its own song and its own fancies, letting the orchestra merely pick them up and embroider; or once more it springs actively to the marshalling of the whole music. Finally it seizes it altogether for its own, shivers it into dazzling fragments, pelters it with ornament, bestrews it with color, whirls it from pattern to pattern, like the falling glass in a kaleidoscope; alternately melting and welding it in the glow of superheated ardor. The progress of the orchestral part becomes a mere shaky scaffolding for the design; the instruments of the orchestra mere palettes for more and more color. It was Mr. Schelling's good fortune to play this unique piano part lucidly and exactly in the dry light of highly intelligent, carefully meditated, technically flawless accomplishment. It was his ill fortune and still more his audience's that he played it altogether without rhapsodic ardor, romantic glow or re-creative fire. If such a paradox were possible, it was a Brahmsian performance of Liszt.

What Mr. Schelling missed in the concerto, Dr. Muck and the orchestra outpoured upon it whenever they could do so without injustice to the painstaking pianist. In Borodin's sketch they heard the composer's voice, caught his colors, etched an incisive music upon the ear. They were most eloquent, however, in the biennial repetition of Franck's symphony in D minor, a modern classic now beyond peradventure, as firmly set in any catholic orchestral repertory as is the first symphony of Brahms—and every whit as enkindling upon players and hearers. The first movement rose out of the tonal shadow in which it begins into the tonal magnificence into which it expands in a true might and majesty of line and sweep. So may a great and noble building rise, perhaps, in some exalted moment before an architect's imagination. Through these spacious and luminous chambers rang the voice which is the voice of Franck and of none other, singing, as in the best remembered of the recurring melodies, in

tones poignant with spiritual eagerness, piercing and peering into ecstasy; or plangent, as in many a "great crescendo" or "great climax" with the power and the riches of a spirit charged with pure and deep emotion; or bright, as the world and human nature are bright, with the zest and the victory of life well lived and high ends stressfully and ardently gained. Substance, structure and spirit are perfectly matched in this music of Franck and yesterday the performance was as closely wrought within them.

The playing of the second movement—the little picture that Franck has paused, as it sometimes seems, to draw of himself while he stood apart from the spiritual contest of the rest of the music—was as perfect in its quality. The dreamy Franck, withdrawn into his own tender visions, may plausibly speak out of the melody of the English horn as it fell yesterday upon touched and almost seeing ears; the musing playfulness of the scherzo-like passages is the "bon père Franck" whom his Parisian intimates knew and loved. Then the return in the finale to the passionate stress of the spiritual conflict, the upward surge higher and higher, glowing and more glowing, sweep upon sweep, power upon power, into the spiritual victory and the deep radiance of glad triumph for a soul that was very human with all its ecstatic exaltations. As that soul floods the music, so Dr. Muck and the orchestra flooded their hearers with its passion, power, ascent and joy. Not even in the finale of Brahms's companion symphony do they scale higher or brighter heights of eloquence.

Once more the wonder grew that at least half a generation in music—the symphony dates from 1889—was deaf to it in France, in Germany, in the United States, in the whole world, almost, that hears high symphonic music intelligently, receptively, gladly. Time and again, there is occasion for wonder over the lot of music that is at first rejected and scorned; then, long afterward, accepted and acclaimed. As it now seems, what ear hearing, what mind understanding, what imagination kindling could have failed of response to Franck's music? Yet Bizet's "Carmen," as clear a masterpiece in its kind, was similarly fated to fall and rise again and in this day and year there are not a few who still sit cold and doubting before the wondrous beauty of "The Fire-Bird" and the wondrous power of "Pétouchka." Some one ought to write a book about these paradoxes of audiences, music and all-sifting time.

H. T. P.

SYMPHONY GIVES PLEASING PROGRAM

Adv. — Dec. 9/16

ERNST SCHELLING VERY
SUCCESSFUL IN CONCERTO

Afternoon Devoted to Concert

Of Moderate Moderns—

Franck Well Performed

By LOUIS C. ELSON

Program.

Franck. Symphony in D minor.
Liszt. Piano Concerto, No. 2, A major.
Ernst Schelling, Soloist.
Borodin. "Eine Steppenskitze."
Weber. "Euryanthe."

Entirely a 19th century program, a concert of moderate moderns. Not any dissonant experiments, yet contrasted enough to avoid all trace of monotony. What is there to be said that is new regarding Cesar Franck's D minor symphony? Every concertgoer is familiar with the great work, yet in this case familiarity only breeds increased esteem. It is a work which bears repeated hearing, since good counterpoint never grows threadbare, and Franck was as thorough as any contrapuntist of modern times.

The manner in which the important three-noted figure of the first movement (first cousin to Wagner's Fate motive and Beethoven's "Muss es sein?") is treated, is always enthralling, and its clearness as given by our orchestra is always a subject for praise. The first movement is the most perfect gem of the entire work and it was grandly performed.

The melancholy brooding, which characterizes much of the work is by no means lachrymose; Cesar Franck was far removed from being a Mrs. Gummidge; and the lack of a Scherzo is not seriously felt (there is a central theme of Scherzo character), since its lightness might have jarred on the three movements written. Schumann once wrote a symphony without a slow movement; why should not Franck compose one without a Scherzo?

The playing of the English horn in the slow movement was especially commendable, and its sombre tone-color suited finely to the pensive character of this impressive movement.

The material carried over into the Finale from the two preceding movements was very clearly brought into the foreground in Dr. Muck's reading. The playing of the brasses was phenomenally good, and the noble and sincere work aroused absolute enthusiasm.

Then came Mr. Schelling with the second Liszt concerto. Not quite so peppery a work as the E-flat concerto with its triangle tinklings and its emphatic opening figure, but less of a rhapsody and more of a true concerto. The elements of the regular three movements can easily be discovered in its long single-movement form. The chief theme at the beginning, with its many subsequent metamorphoses, is as attractive and impressive as anything that Liszt ever wrote. Excellently did Mr. Schelling give this theme in various phases, and the violoncello, too, made a good effect with one transformation.

The ensemble of the scintillating work was excellent, for there was a poet at the piano and another on the conductor's stand. Dr. Muck is revealing all the glory of Liszt to Boston. We only wish that we could import Dr. Villiers Stanford from England to our city to hear the Faust Symphony, which is coming again soon; it might convert him from writing sentences like these:—

"In writing he (Liszt) was always a virtuoso first and a composer afterward. . . . He produced two pianoforte concertos which by virtue of their wonderful technical effectiveness still survive. . . Two grandiose, but unconvincing symphonies—Dante and Faust."

Mr. Schelling was fully up to the technical requirements of the difficult work and fairly won a triumph in it. He was recalled over and over again, and his excellent work deserved the ovation. In the Coda of the finale our kettle-drummer let himself loose in good and fortissimo earnest. Why not give this artist a solo for once? Why not produce Tausch's Concerto for kettle-drum and orchestra? It would be a curiosity at least.

The scene now shifted from Hungary to the Orient. It has been often said:—"Scratch a Russian and you find a Tartar"; but Borodin, direct descendant from Imerian princes, who in turn claimed their direct descent from King David, has come into his Orientalism by inheritance. His "Sketch of the Steppes in Central Asia" is almost a companion piece to David's "Le Desert." It is such a graphic picture that we wonder that

it has been heard so seldom in the Symphony concerts.

The loneliness of the Steppes, the peaceful Russian song that is given, the Oriental melody that follows and intertwines, the approach and departure of the Caravan into the distance (a little of the "Turkish Patrol" business here, however), and the final suggestion of wide and desolate expanse, are all dramatic points which are well worked up and sufficiently clear "program-music" to make a strong appeal to every auditor. The horns and English horn were in the foreground in this work, which was short and picturesque.

Finally came the dramatic "Eury-anthe" overture, which smells a trifle of the footlights, as much of Weber's music does, but which is brilliant and exciting none the less. Dr. Muck plunged into "medias res" with the very first measures of the work, which were made furiously rapid and powerful. Contrasts were not lacking, and sharp ones, too, and the second theme with its tenderness and the beautiful slow episode in the centre of the work (the scene of the ghost) were very effective, while the climax of the end was superbly worked up. Altogether, then, a concert of varied style, even though it was devoted to what in European politics would be called the members of the "left centre"—the conservative moderns.

FRANCK'S SYMPHONY NOBLY PERFORMED

Robt — *Dec. 9/16*
Dr Muck Reads Belgian's
Music Impressively

Virtuoso Performance of Liszt's Concerto by Schelling

Cesar Franck's noble symphony towers higher in lofty beauty of thought at each hearing. Simplicity, directness, spontaneity and spiritual radiance make its inspiration a thing intimate and universal. Its message is for all minds, all hearts. Whether troubled or at peace, they will find comfort, courage or blessed triumph in these pages, according to their need. Here are visions of an ideal wherein Franck dwelt undis-

turbed by petty Parisian barking at his heels.

Dr Muck's performance of it yesterday was one at once noble in restraint and in ardor. The wondrously close knit structure of the first movement was exposed as some majestic piece of architecture of fine proportion and pure line. The clarity of such a performance shows again the economy, the sustained vitality of this music. How difficult to find a superfluous bar; how free from the restive signs of labor, of sparring for time. The themes grow in their own significance, their plastic beauty, as does the composer's use of them in their marvelous organic relationship, the "cyclical form" whereby the germinal thoughts of the first movement return in the last as does the song of the English horn from the slow movement, enriched, mellowed and reminiscent as the story of an old friend told over the wine.

Liszt's second concerto in A major for piano and orchestra invites a superficial performance from the unthinking. It reminds of the Hungarian rhapsodies, for it is brilliantly rhapsodical. It might seem a scintillating improvisation. The middle section, gives the piano little that is reflectively or poetically songful. There are the signs of theatricalism, the effects of tinsel rather than the depth of gold, but these rest heavily upon the manner in which they are played. Dr Muck treated the orchestral accompaniment with surpassing brilliance. The spirit of the Hungarian abandon was incarnate in these measures. Mr Schelling played as a virtuoso, but did not sweep the keyboard as merely one and nothing more. Some have made the thundering introduction in the bass fit only for tympani, Mr Schelling was cordially received.

Borodin was not an orchestral technician. Seen at his best in the smaller forms—the dozen or so good songs and some chamber music—he was not equal to the longer flight of symphonic development with the same ease. He has established a mood in "On the Steppes" beginning with the violin's high organ point on the fifth, and the songs heard in the distance are pictorial, but there is not even the suggestion of the sinister power of the Russian desert, its wastes, its deadly isolation, which Gretchaninoff has painted so vividly in his song for voice and piano. Weber's overture to "Euryanthe" closed the program.

SYMPHONY GIVES NOTABLE CONCERT; SCHELLING SOLOIST

Traveler — *Dec. 9, 1916*
The concert by the Boston Symphony orchestra yesterday afternoon afforded exceptional pleasure. The program was free of anything suggestive of a puzzle, thus permitting the listener full reign for enjoyment of real music superbly given. The Cesar Franck symphony in

D minor, with which the concert opened, set the pace for the whole program. This grand work could scarcely have had a better presentation. Notably good was the playing of the English horn and the brass choir.

Critics may find fault with the Liszt piano concerto in A major No. 2, but their criticism loses much of its point after one has heard the selection read by Dr. Muck with Ernest Schelling at the piano. Both soloist and orchestra richly merited the exceptional enthusiasm of the audience.

Borodin's "On the Steppes of Central Asia" and the Weber overture to "Euryanthe" were in keeping with the earlier numbers and were given in the orchestra's best vein.

SCHELLING PLAYS WITH SYMPHONY

Post — *Dec. 9/16*
Admirable Performance of Liszt Concerto Given

BY OLIN DOWNES

The programme of the concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Karl Muck conductor, yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall, included Cesar Franck's D minor symphony, Liszt's A major piano concerto, Borodine's "Steppe Sketch From Middle Asia" and Weber's "Euryanthe" overture. Ernest Schelling was soloist.

SCENE ON THE DESERT

Borodine's charming sketch had not been heard for many seasons. Two processions pass each other in the desert. Their chants mingle and are lost in the distance. Once more there is silence on the vast plain. Borodine, was the simplest in his style of any of the five great Russians who gave their country its important position in modern music. He never impresses

one as a symphonist, nor was he a master of music drama, in spite of beautiful and characteristic pages in Prince Igor. His string quartets delightfully flavored, are after all miniature works, distinguished by much lyrical beauty, piquancy, and "local color." The "Steppe Sketch from Middle Asia" is also a miniature, which the composer completes with his wanted felicity of workmanship and that color which is one of his excellent characteristics. The piece, excellently interpreted by Dr. Muck and his men, met with warm applause.

Franck's Symphony

Franck's symphony keeps a place peculiarly its own in orchestral literature. Its simplicity, its sweetness and candor, do not seem incongruous with its grand proportions and its Gothic spirit. It remains a singularly personal and intimate expression. This personal quality and the vague mystical coloring of, for instance, the second movement of the symphony, were lost for us yesterday. In this middle movement, a sort of dialogue of God and the soul, there are mysterious pauses, silences, the suggestion of reverie, of the shadows of cathedrals, of self-communion aloof from the crowd.

The movement was too clearly played for us, and with too much precision of pace, and too distinct robust emotion. The concluding pages of the final movement are among the most dramatic in modern symphonic literature.

Schelling Plays Liszt

Mr. Schelling played the Liszt concerto with true virtuoso spirit. It is a work which remains one of the most individual and authentic documents that ever came from the pen of Liszt. It should be called, not "The Life and Adventures of a Melody," which William Foster Apthorp once suggested, but "A Portrait of the Composer, in one movement." What moves us today in this concerto is the imagination, the personality, and the iconoclasm of the composer. Nothing is too wanton for him to attempt—and succeed in doing. He flings a pot of paint on his canvas with an assurance only equalled by the sublimely audacious character of his conception.

Listening to the A major concerto in this year of our Lord 1916, one is dazzled by its genius. Liszt reveals himself here as he may never have revealed himself in his life or his letters. Liszt the lover, the courtier, the mystic, the virtuoso, the rope-dancer—all of them are met with in this concerto, and once met with are never to be forgotten. Granted that there are vulgar and bombastic pages—these, too, are or were characteristics of the composer. Liszt would not be Liszt without more than a touch of theatricality. But what genius in these theatrics!

And what inspired writing for the piano!

Admirably Played

It is a concerto which remains, in the fond words of Liszt's disciples of the days when the battle against musical conservatism was at its hottest, "music of the future." Its form is the absolutely logical result of the theme and the intention of the composer. Development is often so subtle that it conceals development, but this is not so easy to discover at one or two hearings of such a work. The very rhapsodic character of the concerto has often forbidden it to pianists.

Mr. Schelling gave it clear form as well as rhapsodic emotion. His brilliancy was never more pronounced. His authority was admirable. He was justly applauded for an excellent performance, and several times was recalled.

FRANCK'S SYMPHONY TO UNUSUAL

Trans. **APPLAUSE** Dec. 11/16

His Music, Wagner's and Their Hold Upon the Public in Frequent Repetition

WHEN Dr. Muck and his orchestra came to the end of Franck's symphony on Saturday evening, the applause was longer and louder than any heard in Symphony Hall for such a piece since he revived Liszt's Faust Symphony, nearly two years ago. Even at the close of the first movement, the plaudits had been so insistent that the band finally rose to receive them; while at the close of the whole symphony, the listeners were not content until the conductor had returned a third time and the orchestra, once more standing in acknowledgment, had begun to disperse for the intermission. Moreover, while the performance continued, the audience not only listened intently, but stirred and rapt, plainly reacted upon Dr. Muck and his forces and indeed hearer upon hearer. To such happy estate has Franck's symphony now deservedly come at the Symphony Concerts. It is institutional in that the public of the concerts now expects to hear it every other season; but not so institutional that many ears take it—and the performance—for granted as they are prone to do with certain symphonies and overtures of Beethoven, Schubert and Schumann similarly repeated. As the signs go, repetition of Franck's symphony seems to quicken most hearers to new enjoyment and conductor and players to new eloquence, even as does such of the music of Wagner as the range of the Symphony Concerts permits.

With the pieces of both composers one or two reasons for such enjoyment and excitement stand clear. The more significant motives of Wagner's music—like the phrase of fate in the prelude to "Tristan"

or the measures of suffering and salvation in the prelude to "Parsifal"—arrest and stir even careless ears. Forthwith they expand into melodies that with all Wagner's intricate adorning, intertwining and transforming of them, are yet more poignant until the hearer falls completely within the illusion and the stimulation of the music. It is so also with the motives of Franck's symphony. No sooner are they heard—and they are readily recognizable—than they engross. No sooner do they expand and bear their part in the whole design and the whole voice of the symphony than they thrill. They are not baffling to the lay ear as, unfortunately, is one and another theme in Brahms's symphonies; they are not musical thoughts of no keen impression and warm emotion in themselves as are many a motive in Strauss's tone-poems or Mahler's symphonies, which becomes significant and puissant only when the composer vitalizes it in the magic of augmentation and transformation, instrumental and harmonic dress. Wagner's pervasive motives and Franck's with them are of immediate and intrinsic beauty and eloquence.

So, too, with what may be called the emotional design of Wagner's preludes or of Franck's symphony. The listener may be deaf to the contrapuntal invention and imagination of the prelude to "Die Meistersinger," but before it has proceeded fifty measures he knows it for a glowingly romantic, pictorial, heart-warming and songful music. Similarly, he may never have heard of Franck's theory and practice of the "cyclic form" or of Mr. d'Indy's learned exposition thereof, but he quickly discovers, and more and more deeply feels, the long and luminous ascent of the Parisian's symphony from darkness into radiance and the magnificent march of the finally triumphant motive through tonal stress and conflict. Most modern music, though the composer may swear it is "absolute," yet has an informing and cumulative emotional design. It is better, with Wagner and with Franck, to write this programme in the large phrases of the music itself than, with Strauss and Liszt, in the minutiae of the printed leaf.

CURRENT CONCERTS

Trans. **Dec. 8/16**

Mr. Schelling with the Symphony Orchestra in Cambridge—Haydn and the Smetana of "Wallenstein's Camp" Again—Mr. Gardner Individualizes Himself as a Violinist

FOR the third symphony concert of its series, Cambridge received Thursday evening two numbers from the last programme of Boston: Haydn's little-known Symphony in C minor, and Smetana's tone picture of Wallenstein's Camp; one from the very beginnings: Berlioz's "Corsair," and, as a foretaste of

music to come, Mr. Ernest Schelling and the less familiar of Liszt's two concertos. This one does not show Liszt at his best by any means. One feels, while listening to it, that he was not held and moved by a unifying impulse of inspiration, but rather turned suddenly loose in his two favorite media, that he might run riot in them. There are no indelible themes to characterize the whole—Liszt has done far better in each medium, with a definite subject before him. This is little more than a mass of color and motion, with a fine dash and go to it all. The part to which Mr. Schelling had set himself offered him small opportunity for individual expression. It is never mere virtuosity—simply broad sweeps of pianistic tone to heighten the effect. Mr. Schelling threw himself into it with a will, and all the abandon which his nature would permit, but one would have preferred a Paderewski, even in his most excessive moments—he would have slapped on color far more bravely. In the softer and more poetic passages, Mr. Schelling revealed, in stress and pause, a sense of dramatic contrast, for these portions were nothing more than follies to the splendors of a Lisztian orchestra at its largest. In his choice of last night, he gave himself little chance to communicate his peculiar abilities and charms.

Call Haydn trivial and superficial if you will, but there is no denying the fact that his music wears well. This semi-obscure symphony in C minor, given one more performance before being put away again, for years, possibly, has nevertheless its defined and characterized beauties, which shine forth the more strongly and convincingly on a second hearing. But if there is anything to prejudice us in Haydn's favor, it is Dr. Muck's emphasizing and subduing each part and passage to perfection, and guiding his responsive orchestra with his sensitive fingers through every finest shade of tempo and stress. To hear the orchestra tempered and balanced to the delicate ornament of the Andante, the lively and even spirit of the minuet (a minuet to carry away and remember), and the sportive buoyancy of the brief finale, is to wonder whether any orchestra in the world could improve on such a performance. And then, too, the intimacy of Haydn is suited to Sanders Theatre, as the brilliance of Liszt is suited to Symphony Hall.

If Haydn's C minor symphony is a revival which we put away with regret, "Wallenstein's Camp," consigned to the dust once more, gives us a feeling of relief at a duty performed. Its rough and ready crudities in form and statement are frank and outspoken enough—they are also faithful to the subject, but we have soon had enough of them. It is a lesser work in every sense—the themes are of half-way importance, and the various incidents occur in entirely casual and loose succession. The slow portion is theatrical in the cheapest

sense; the fine flourish of trumpets emphasizes the mediocrity of the march theme so elaborately introduces. There is a clamorous, rugged satisfaction in a single hearing—but once is enough. If Berlioz's "Corsair"—is also a lesser work, it is the lesser work of a greater genius—which is an important point. In contrast with the former, it is well-knit, more skillfully put together in every part, better calculated in climax, and more effective with the blare of mere noise, this conveys a fine, inspiring zest.

A concert of unique interest was given last Monday afternoon in Stelner Hall by Gladys Lott, who sang songs and recited sketches of child life, and Paul M. Schwerly of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, who then played on the violin d'amore pieces which he had composed for that old and beautiful instrument. Mr. Schwerly was accompanied on the harp by Marguerite Gilmans. The tone of the harp matched that of the viola d'amore far better than would the tone of a piano. Mr. Schwerly, an admirable artist and a remarkably skilled player on the instrument which he has revived, has written compositions curiously appropriate for it, and composition of a truly picturesque and imaginative quality. These were "Gnomes," "Schoene Agnete," "Lullaby," "Humoresque," "Wives of Nidden," "An Arabian Night," "The Mill," "Little Variations." Most of these compositions, as may be inferred from the titles, were compositions with a "programme." One would have said in advance of the concert that the viola d'amore was not an instrument to devote itself effectively to modern tricks of tone-coloring and suggestive effects of a special kind. Lo and behold! Mr. Schwerly had written with such understanding of his instrument that it became in his hands the ideal vehicle of his thoughts. It was a good thing to provide such a fresh and original note in the succession of concerts which this city suffers in the winter. Miss Lott added charm and variety to the entertainment with her pretty and artistic recitations and her interpretation of many interesting songs. *Post Dec. 10/16*

ist:

GERHARDT

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Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1916--17.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

Dr. KARL MUCK, Conductor.

EIGHTH PROGRAMME

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 15, AT 2.30 P. M.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 16, AT 8 P. M.

MOZART

SYMPHONY in D major, (K 385)

- I. Allegro con spirito
- II. Andante
- III. Menuetto
- IV. Finale: Presto

WAGNER

THREE SONGS with ORCHESTRA

- a) Stehe still! (Stand still!)
 - b) Träume. (Dreams)
 - c) Schmerzen. (Sorrows)
-

HUGO WOLF

THREE SONGS with ORCHESTRA

- a) Der Freund. (The Friend)
 - b) Verborgenheit. (Retirement)
 - c) Er ist's. ('Tis Spring)
-

TSCHAIKOWSKY

SUITE No. 1, in D minor, op. 43

- I. Introduction and Fugue
 - II. Divertimento
 - III. Intermezzo
 - IV. Marche miniature. (First time at these concerts)
 - V. Scherzo
 - VI. Gavotte
-

Soloist:

Miss ELENA GERHARDT



Elena Gerhardt, Soprano.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT

Trans. — Dec. 16/16
MISS GERHARDT IN SONG AND TWO
PSEUDO-NOVELTIES

A Spirited Little Symphony by Mozart
and a Half-Forgotten and Various
Agreeable Suite by Tchaikovsky—The
Restored and Heightened Powers of the
Singer in Pleasurable Exercise

ACCORDING to the formula, proper to such occasions, Miss Elena Gerhardt, the singer, assisted the Symphony Orchestra yesterday afternoon. According to the outcome of the concert, the Symphony Orchestra seemed rather to assist Miss Gerhardt; but, whichever way the balance turns, neither did more than pleasure the audience in the expected fashion. In a series of concerts, seven months and twenty-four pairs long, the routine occasions, even in this "season of soloists," must now and then come and, perhaps, it was well to let one of them befall when, for the public of Symphony Hall, the annual preoccupations of Christmas are multiplied by the exceptional preoccupations of a war-time bazaar. Add thereto the storm of Friday afternoon with winter taking the town by surprise and there was little reason to speculate over empty seats that are usually filled. Routine the concert certainly was; yet, for paradox, the two purely orchestral numbers were relatively novel by the tabulations of the ever accurate programme-maker. Mozart's symphony in D major, the first item of the day, had not been heard in Symphony Hall for nearly seven years and none too often in the whole six-and-thirty seasons of the concerts; while Tchaikovsky's suite in D minor, the final item, was last played by the orchestra in the spring of 1899. Beside these seeming "novelties," Miss Gerhardt's three pieces from Wagner—"Stehe Still," "Träume," and "Schmerzen"—and three from Wolf—"Der Freund," "Verborgenheit," and "Er Ist's"—seemed but commonplaces of orchestrated songs.

As the event would have it, these "novelties" failed to be "novelties" because they were exactly what the practised listener expected them to be; whereas Miss Gerhardt has hardly sung in Boston with such sensuous beauty of tone, such vocal skill and such sense of the content and character of music and verse since she first came hither. Nobody, except the very young lions of the arts, makes a masterpiece every day, and if it were possible to question Mozart—no doubt playing about after his manner in the Elysian Fields—and he happened to remember this

"Haffner Symphony," he would be the first to admit that it was all in his day's work in the summer of 1782. He was busy at the time with an opera and a fiancée—both somewhat engrossing matters; but Haffner, according to the wont of thick-witted bourgeois with a predilection for their own way, insisted upon the symphony he had commissioned of the youthful composer. Mozart wrote it in two weeks, and pitched it almost leaf by leaf to his father. So doing, he struck off a first Allegro in which a fiery little theme crackles and darts along a sparkingly modulated course; sang lightly through a prettily sentimental melody in the Andante; sketched becomingly a graceful minuet; and quirked gaily to the end of a short-breathed Rondo. The whole symphony amuses the ear by a piquant readiness of invention that hardly once falters; by fanciful touches here and there; by a smiling amiability of matter and manner with which it would be both impolite and futile to quarrel. Every newspaper man knows that happy touches sometimes come when there is merely a stint to fill, and the pattern of the "Haffner Symphony" was such a stint in music to the preoccupied Mozart of that summer in Vienna. No doubt the excellent Haffner, who was rich from trade, public-spirited and a patron of the arts—a perennial type—kept as excellent a private band; but it was amusing to speculate whether it played the symphony with more shimmering tone, defter accent, prettier evenness of pace and rhythm, lighter and happier shading, than did the multiplied orchestra in Symphony Hall. For once with a piece by Mozart, the tone did not sound too big for the music, while every inflection of it seemed as effortless.

The suite of Tchaikovsky yielded rather more of the unexpected. Of course, after his nervous manner in these earlier compositions, he fussed over it until it became a pastiche of six pieces, changed here and changed there to avoid similarities in pace, rhythm, color and general or particular suggestion. Of course, like so much of his music in the ears of 1916, the suite sounds monotonously chromatic and superfluously prolix, as though Tchaikovsky could not spare a modulation and would work dry a melody that happened to please him. On the other hand, a Tchaikovsky more than usually occupied, expert and imaginative with the voices of his strings wrote not a few passages in the six pieces; a Tchaikovsky surprisingly scholarly ordered the fugue and managed more than one transition in the other movements; while a Tchaikovsky not in the least ashamed to be Italianate, shaped and savored many a curving and well-thickened measure of his instrumental song. Remembered in retrospect, the introduction seems a superfluously sonorous and mysterious beginning to a music that is elsewhere affable and transparent; but there is spirited stuff, as well as scholarly, in the ensuing fugue that strides and rings along its way. The succeeding diver-

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timento and intermezzo please with succulent melody and warm harmonic color—until Tchaikovsky works them dry—and pleased the more yesterday for the rich and plastic tone that Mr. Sand drew from the recurrently dominant clarinet. The Miniature March is gay with snapping rhythms, piping tone and incessant sparks of harmonic and instrumental color; fancy and workmanship—to say nothing of songful invention—sport hand in hand through the scherzo; and the gavotte ought to tempt Pavlova away from the trumpery stuff by a Berlinese Jew to which she is wont to dance such measures. The suite is savory enough musical dessert but over-filling, as though Tchaikovsky could not resist the temptation of many dishes upon a spacious serving-table.

The rest of the afternoon was Miss Gerhardt's and she was good to hear even in the rather hackneyed pieces that the necessity of orchestrated songs imposes upon lleder-singers called to the Symphony Concerts. There was scarcely a hint—and then for the merest instant—of tremulous tone in her singing; she declined rarely from the true pitch and then usually from excess of zeal for the emotional coloring of her song; her phrases were cleanly moulded and well poised; her voice was fresh, warm, full and lustrous. In fine she had put well behind her the shortcomings that three years ago seemed to threaten her vocal future. In that interval, moreover, her voice has gained in fulness of body and richness of timbre, in susceptibility to the musical inflection and the poetic mood of the pieces in hand. At the very outset and at no little risk (as cautious and saving singers would say) she lunged herself into the rushing measures of "Stehe Still" and then concentrated her tones upon the songful depths and the long-breathed phrases of the ecstatic close, matching richness of voice to richness of feeling. With "Träume," the deep-drawn orchestral preluding did but lead into the sustained flow of her song or in postlude similarly continued and rounded it. Mature soprano tones, such as Miss Gerhardt's now are, full-bodied, yet transparent, subdued to half-voice, yet still warm and pulsing, suit this rapt and sensuously musing music. For them again was the music and the mood of the beginning and the end in haunted soliloquy of "Verborgenheit," rather than the rushing rhapsody of "Er Ist's" or the large declamation of "Der Freund." Miss Gerhardt quite apprehends and feels Wolf's impassioned and rhetorical music; her tones convey and even enhance it; but they are too sensitive to bear well such emotional and vocal stress, and the soft and glowing beauty of her voice in music of tense ecstasy does not shine out of them. With "Er Ist's" and "Der Freund" she is the masterful and resourceful singer working her will upon her voice as music and verse impel her. On the other hand, with "Träume,"

"Schmerzen," "Verborgenheit" and at the close of "Stehe Still," the emotion that underlies her song does but deepen the beauty of the tone that imparts it and heighten the skill that directs both. A restored singer was Miss Gerhardt yesterday. H. T. P.

MISS GERHARDT SINGS AS SOLOIST WITH ORCHESTRA

Monitor — Dec. 16/16

Boston Symphony Orchestra, Karl Muck, Conductor; Miss Elena Gerhardt, Soloist—Eighth program, presented in Symphony Hall, Boston, Mass., afternoon of Dec. 15: Mozart, symphony in D major (K. 385); Wagner, songs with orchestra, "Stehe still," "Träume" and "Schmerzen"; Wolf, songs with orchestra, "Der Freund," "Verborgenheit" and "Er Ist's"; Tchaikowsky, suite 1 in D minor, op. 43.

There is a kind of soloist that fits poorly into the plans of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, and Miss Gerhardt is a striking example. No fault can be found with her, however, for being that kind. The difficulty arises from a rule which the artistic administrator of the concerts seems to have laid down inflexibly, that no singer may take part in the programs, except with accompaniment of orchestra. The rule works delightfully with opera artists, who can come before the public with some classic aria that has a beautiful vocal melody and an impressive orchestral setting. But it works poorly with an artist like the one who assisted at this concert, whose efforts are confined to songs. For such an one must needs inflict on her listeners pieces with orchestral accompaniment arranged from piano. Almost invariably these are dull things, no matter who the arranger is; and the better the work in its original form, the worse, usually, it sounds in the adapted form. Hence the performance of the second group of solo pieces on Friday afternoon, Wolf's "Der Freund," "Verborgenheit" and "Er Ist's," could redound little to the praise of the visitor and little, too, to the pleasure of the audience.

These selections have been heard before at the Symphony concerts; and like Liszt's "Lorelei," they are in the repertory apparently to stay. They might sound fairly well under certain program conditions, even as that piece does. But they are unspeakably weak when heard on the same day with Wagner's "Träume," which itself is much put to service be-

cause of the conductor's insistence on orchestral songs.

"Träume," to all intents and purposes an opera aria and not a song at all, was the piece which best gave scope for the soloist's technical and interpretive powers. Miss Gerhardt's tone found itself heightened against the Wagnerian instrumentation. Her exquisite phrasing found itself answered in the phrasing of violin, flute, oboe, clarinet and horn by the master musicians of the orchestra. Style, balance, blend and everything else that goes to make up brilliant execution were exemplified on the part of singer, conductor and players in a way to make the occasion memorable.

The solo numbers carried the principal burden of the day, since the Mozart and Tchaikowsky pieces are not the kind that stir listeners profoundly. Dr. Muck's reading of the symphony had great clarity; and in spite of the large volume of tone he permitted, and in spite of the heavy thrusts he gave to the rhythmic accents, it had much charm. The suite was of interest in its fourth movement, the marche-miniature, heard for the first time at these concerts, and in its fifth movement, the scherzo, for the light it throws on the music of Tchaikowsky's successor in the Russian school, Stravinsky. The march might do for the triumph of the prince and the princess in the ballet of the "Fire Bird." The little whining theme in the trio of the scherzo is certainly the prototype of the barrel-organ tune in the opening scene of the pantomime burlesque, "Pétrouchka."

Musical Season Waits on Holidays

Concerts and Recitals Give
Way to Requirements of
Christmas Shopping.

By FRANK BERTWALL.

Pressure of Christmas holiday activities finds reflection in the musical world in the noticeably smaller number

of scheduled concerts and recitals. Barring the regular Symphony concerts and the annual Handel and Hadyn offering, there is nothing of moment on the musical calendar until the new year comes in with the Boston season of the Boston-National Grand Opera Company, which begins Jan. 1 at the Boston Opera House.

However, whatever the holiday offerings may lack in quantity, there is no lack of quality, notably the program for next week's Symphony concerts, when Liszt's "Faust" Symphony appears on the program and Paderewski makes his only appearance this season with the orchestra as soloist. There are but two numbers on the program, the Symphony and Schumann's pianoforte concerto in A minor.

In the Symphony the orchestra will be assisted by 90 voices from the male chorus of the Choral Music Society and Arthur Hackett, tenor. The presentation of the Symphony takes an hour. Of course there will be enthusiastic demands for "extras" from Paderewski in the concerto, and doubtless they will be granted.

EIGHTH CONCERT

9 o'clock — Dec. 16/16

Dr Muck Conducts Suite
of Tschaikowsky

Elena Gerhardt Interprets Ably
Songs by Wagner and Wolf

The eighth Friday afternoon Symphony concert was held yesterday. Dr Muck conducted. Elena Gerhardt was the soloist. The orchestral numbers were Mozart's Symphony in D K 385 and Tchaikowsky's first suite in D minor.

The minuet of the symphony is charming, and the last movement a frieze, engrossing in the delicacy and elegance of its pattern, one in which figure pursues figure with a fleetness and lightness that when heard as yesterday is ravishing. Friends appear engaged in enlivening conversation, illumined with flights of brilliant repartee. Wit flashes from one to another among the string choirs, and all is exuberance and zest. And with vivacity, a patrician elegance goes along, a finesse in which Dr Muck and the virtuosos, particularly of the viol family, displayed their fleet skill, not forgetting the ponderous contrabasses who flourished up and down florid passages.

with the traditional nimbleness of coloratura soprano and a more even scale than is known to most of them.

The first two of the six movements of Tchaikowsky's suite are too long, over-developed. The sequential repetition of material becomes wearisome notwithstanding the fugue. The miniature march, played yesterday for the first time at these concerts, is a pretty toy and greatly amused the audience. The scherzo and garotte each have entertaining salon music piquantly scored.

Mme Gerhardt still interprets with depth and sincerity of feeling. Her voice continues a faithful instrument, tonally more pleasing in the lower half, but still capable of dramatic effects above. Wolf's "Er ist's," the last of her second group, is incongruous when weighted with full orchestra. Its radiant exuberance is too volatile, too fine fibred and subtle for so positive a pedestal. A quartet of strings and piano would serve it better. Nor is "Verborgenheit," with its intimate soul speech, part petition and part soliloquy, best suited to so large a frame. These are miniatures. The same perhaps to less degree might be said of "Der Freund."

It but recalls the irrelevant entrance into a Symphony concert which the singer as soloist runs the risk of making. Formerly a permissible thing to give a lyric song with piano, it is assumed now that all must be sung with orchestra. If there is no logical score to be played, arrange one, and songs such as these of Wolf, at best out of their happiest perspective in the large spaces of Symphony Hall, lose something more of their character besides, when accompanied orchestrally.

Wagner's dramatic songs are of a different mold. "Stehe Still," with its nobly impassioned creed, is a dramatic poem worthy of the thought of the text. Mme Gerhardt gave impressive interpretation to this to "Schmerzen" and "Traume." She was warmly received. Next week the "Faust" Symphony with a chorus of men from Mr Townsend's chorus, Arthur Hackett, tenor, and Schumann's concerto in A minor with Mr Paderewski, will be the program.

SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA'S 8TH CONCERT

Herald Dec. 16/16

Mozart, Wagner, Tchaikowsky and Others Figure on the Program—Miss Elena Gerhardt Sings with Her Accustomed Warmth of Feeling—Vocally Well Disposed.

By PHILIP HALE.

The eighth concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Muck conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows: Mozart, Symphony in D major (K. 385); Wagner, songs with orchestra: Stehe Still, Traume, Schmerzen; Wolf, songs with orchestra, Der Freund, Verborgenheit, Er ist's (Miss Elena Gerhardt); Tchaikowsky, Suite No. 1 in D minor, op. 43.

This symphony in D major of Mozart is ranked as one of the lesser ones, and there are traces of the fact that the composer thought of it first in the form of a serenade: witness the Andante and the Minuetto. It is said that he wrote it in great haste; but he had the gift of inventing before he set pen to paper. There are charming pages in this symphony, which is peculiarly Mozartian throughout. No wonder that the Austrian Emperor, who attended the concert when the symphony was first performed, was greatly pleased; and that the audience, as stated by a contemporary musical magazine, applauded in a manner "unexampled in the concert history of Vienna." There is the simplicity in this music that is described by Walt Whitman as "the art of art, the glory of expression, and the sunshine of the light of letters." This simplicity of Mozart is too often a stumbling block to those who are moved by the roar or ingenious trickery of the modern orchestra and do not concern themselves with the character of the musical thoughts, often thin, pale, inconsequential but robed in instrumental garments of gorgeous or extravagant colors.

Tchaikowsky's Suite had not been heard at these concerts since March, 1899. When Mr. Gericke brought it out, the amusing Marche Miniature was omitted, for, although the score contained it, the parts then at hand were without it. The music evidently pleased the audience yesterday, but as a whole the Suite is one of Tchaikowsky's minor works. The salient features are the Fugue and the Marche. The former is impressively worked out. The latter, though to some it suggests a somewhat like treatment in a movement of the "Nutteracker" Suite, will always tickle hearers. We remember when the Suite was produced in Berlin by the Philharmonic Society then led by Franz Wuellner. We sat behind Heinrich Dorn, the teacher of Schumann, the author of a bitter pamphlet against "Tristan and Isolde," a savage critic, a thoroughly equipped musician. Berlin was not friendly, then, toward Tchaikowsky or other contemporary composers of France and Russia. Old Dorn and his companions nodded approval of the Fugue and were highly entertained by the Marche Miniature.

This was in 1883. Alas, the fleeting years!

The Divertimento and Intermezzo are pleasingly melodious and adroitly colored; but the Introduction to the Fugue is weak and long-drawn out, and the Gavotte, having little character, as a finale is far inferior to the pompous and brilliant Polonaise that ends the Third Suite. In the Introduction to the Fugue and in the middle movements, except the Marche, there are too many examples of Tchaikowsky's worst mannerisms: as the frequent repetition of inconsiderable phrases tossed from one section of the orchestra to another.

Miss Gerhardt brought nothing new. Even "Stehe Still," unfamiliar perhaps to some in the audience, had been sung by her at a Pension Fund Concert; but she sang the songs of Wagner and Wolf with her accustomed warmth of feeling, her indisputable sincerity, and, when occasion demanded, with the "Innigkeit" that puts a hearer in close communion with a singer. She sings with such gusto, to use a favorite word of Hazlitt, that even when her intonation is occasionally insecure, an audience is unmindful. Yesterday, as a rule, she was vocally well-disposed.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The program of next week will be Liszt's "Faust" symphony, in which a male chorus from the Choral Music Society and Arthur Hackett, tenor, will assist, and Schumann's piano concerto, played by Mr. Paderewski.

ELENA GERHARDT HEARD AT CONCERT

Adm. Dec. 16/16

PROGRAM IS EASY AND DIGESTIBLE

Most of the Works Are Melodic And Some of Sugar-Plum Variety

By Louis C. Elson

PROGRAM

Mozart—Symphony in D major.
Wagner—Three songs with Orchestra.
Elena Gerhardt, Soloist
Hugo Wolf—Three Songs with Orchestra.
Elena Gerhardt, Soloist
Tschai.owsky—Suite No. 1. D minor.

Easy and digestible from first to last. Possibly Dr. Muck felt that many auditors were fatigued with Christmas shopping and deserved a little recreation; at any rate there

was nothing to puzzle over; most of the works were melodic and some of the movements even of the sugar-plum variety. Far be it from us to find fault with such relaxation. We will say to the ultra-classicist:—

"Because thou art virtuous shall there be no more cakes and ale?"

Mozart's D major symphony is not one of the great three which he wrote in 1788. Every one of those three (C, E-flat and G minor) belongs to the modern repertoire. But his other symphonies are neither dramatic enough to come into the modern fold, nor naive enough to be quite as enjoyable as the symphonies of Haydn.

The first movement of this D major symphony received a dramatic power at the hands of Dr. Muck that might have astonished its composer. The Andante seemed as hopelessly out-of-date as a Maria Edgeworth novel, and was insipid and watery; the Minuet was formal and the final Rondo in 18th century conventional-ity. There seemed no good reason for resuscitating this symphony; there are a thousand pieces that might have taken its place advantageously.

We confess that we do not greatly care for Wagner's solo songs, although it might be well some day to resurrect his "Two Grenadiers" if only to compare it with Schumann's and to see how both composers ended with the self-same thought—"The Marseillaise." Mme. Gerhardt sang all three with much intensity. "Dreams" has a certain standing because the composer's beloved Mme. Wesendonck wrote the poem (as also the text of the other two songs) and it was in some sort an inception of his "Tristan and Isolde," and his separation from his wife. "Schmerzen" has a broad climax which Mme. Gerhardt did full justice to, and it won public appreciation possibly because of this tour de force. But "Dreams" won the popular triumph of the concert.

"Stehe Still" was to us the most interesting of the group, because it is not over-familiar, and it has some strong contrasts. The accompaniment, also, is powerful and dramatic. The rushing scales and arpeggios at "Sausendes, Brausendes Rad der Zeit" are closely wedded to their subject.

The three Wolf songs were familiar to many of the audience, but one never tires of the beauty of "Verborgenheit," or of "Er ist's." No man ever got to the heart of a text as Hugo Wolf in his Lieder. Schu-

bert at times fell far below him. For example, in Schubert's "Miller's Flowers" one will find the self-same music set to the lulling asleep and the waking up of the maiden of the mill. Wolf never made mistakes like that. Mme. Gerhardt sang the Wolf songs beautifully and won tremendous applause. But we would like to plead with this gifted singer that she occasionally do something for the memory of Robert Franz, whose songs are the equal of any of those constantly appearing on our concert programmes, yet are unaccountably neglected almost everywhere. But, after all, none of these Lieder are quite fit for the large Symphony Hall. Tschai-kowsky's Suite in D minor was enjoyed by musician and non-musician, for it is frankly popular music, a Strauss waltz could scarcely be more so. Let no one imagine that the "minor" indicated mournfulness. Even the fugue with which the work begins is of a light and chattering character of the type of the fugue passage in the "Magic Flute" overture, by Mozart. This fugue is much the best portion of the Suite, from the musician's standpoint, and its introduction is also excellent. It was played with infinite charm. Next to this the Scherzo is the finest part of the work. It has a spontaneity that is delightful.

The Divertimento was as graceful as a Viennese waltz. The final Gavotte was originally called a Dance of Giants, and there are a few playful Brobdignagian effects, as if the giants were tiptoeing through the measures. The March was given for the first time here. It is a playful and very short bit for high wood wind and violins, triangle and glockenspiel. It is away up in the air like the march of the street boys in the first act of "Carmen."

The Suite falls off in interest because of its many movements. The Fugue and the Scherzo ought to remain in the permanent repertoire, but the other movements are decidedly less important, and even if we can take pleasure in them as in Christmas bonbons, they might become very cloying as a steady diet. The entire Suite was built sporadically around the Scherzo, and therefore, has not much real continuity. The movements do not hang well together. But why break this pretty butterfly upon a wheel? It was graceful and piquant music most daintily played. Tschai-kowsky may here merely have carried out the saying of the queen in "Ham-

let"—"Sweets to the Suite!" and after that composition we can admit Strauss to the programs—and we don't mean Richard either.

MOZART'S SYMPHONY ENJOYED

Miss Gerhardt, the
Soloist, Well
Received

Post

Dec. 16/16

BY OLIN DOWNES

The programme of the concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall, consisted of Mozart's symphony in D major (B. & H. No. 5) and Tschai-kowsky's 1st Suite, op. 43, in D minor, and these songs, sung by Elena Gerhardt: "Stehe Stille," "Schmerzen," "Traume," Wagner; "Verborgtheit," "Der Freunde," "Er Ists," Wolf.

A WELCOME REVIVAL

Mozart's symphony was revived after an absence of years from these programmes, and the revival was undoubtedly a welcome one, for the symphony is exceedingly fresh and brilliant. The writing in the first movement is remarkable for its impetuosity, its bold dissonances, rhythmic force, and, in one or two places, striking modulations. Of the last three movements, what need be said save that they each, in the proverbial classic manner, showed Mozart at his best, a master of melody and of perfect form, and of very simple but beautiful and often highly original instrumentation. The finale is exceedingly bright and humorous.

Miss Gerhardt has a beautiful voice. Its texture and its inherent loveliness grow on one. It has the substance and quality of the best German voices, and it is not subjected to the unskilful and unpleasant treatment that German

singers too often bestow on their voices. We would rather hear songs originally composed with orchestral accompaniment than to hear songs with accompaniment orchestrated from a piano version, even if the orchestration be the composer's own. But the songs heard yesterday made an immediate appeal and they were interpreted with exceptional sympathy. One wishes, for that matter, that there were not so much sympathy for so sentimental an outpouring as "Verborgtheit," but if this song is to be sung, then Miss Gerhardt is particularly well equipped by voice and by her sincerity for its interpretation.

Tschai-kowsky's Suite is of uneven worth. So far as national coloring goes, it might have been written by any gifted German. But national coloring is not everything. Mr. Ossip Gabrilowitsch once said to us that he believed the Russian composer who had gone deepest, and who represented his country most significantly and characteristically in music was not the Rimsky-Korsakoff of "Sadko," "Antar," "Scherazade, or the Mussorgsky of "Boris" and "Khovantschina"; or the Balakireff of "Thamar" or the Borodine of the symphonies, quartets, songs, and the opera "Prince Igor," but—Tschai-kowsky, who, by and large, in quantity and quality, remained the greatest Russian of them all. The music heard yesterday is not Tschai-kowsky at his greatest or even his most sustained excellence, but much of it is entertaining and well written, and this pleased the audience greatly. The poorest movements of the suite, for us, are the waltz and gavotte which brings the conclusion. This is trivial stuff, open to more than a suspicion of routine and midnight oil. The finest piece of the six is undoubtedly the fugue, with its romantic introduction. The "March Miniature" is witty, although written in a way not wholly new. The orchestration of the suite is often piquant, and occasionally there is a dash of Slavic color. The performance was warmly applauded.

SYMPHONY ARTISTS TO PLAY AT FUNERAL

The funeral of the late I. F. C. Muller, a landscape engineer, who was killed last week in Kenosha, Wis., in an automobile accident, will take place at the Forest Hills crematory at 11 A. M. today.

Mr. Muller was a son of Franz Muller, who for many years has been a prominent member of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. As a mark of the esteem in which Mr. Muller is held by his colleagues the brass section of the orchestra will play Gustav Strube's Funeral Dirge at the funeral.

Herald Dec. 16/16

ELENA GERHARDT PLEASING SOLOIST WITH SYMPHONY

The magnet which drew many to Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon was the opportunity afforded to hear Elena Gerhardt sing with the orchestra rather than the program itself, for there was little outside of portions of the Tschai-kowsky number to appeal.

Mme. Gerhardt was charming as ever, singing as too few of the artists of today can sing and imparting new interest to each song given. While one might take exceptions to her choice of songs, particularly the Wagner numbers, none are inclined to question her artistry.

Dr. Muck made all possible of the Mozart symphony, but even that failed to make the work impressive. Next week, however, the program promises to make full amends.

Mr. Holy, the Harpist, as an Overlooked
Little Master in the Symphony Orchestra
—Programmes in Prospect—Mr. Loeffler's
Symphony—*Trans. Dec. 27, 1916*

AS yet the public of the Symphony Concerts has hardly come to understand that in Mr. Holy, the first harp of the orchestra, it hears from week to week a virtuoso and a musician comparable with Mr. Sand, the first clarinet, Mr. Féris, the first viola, or Mr. Longy, the first oboe. To the eye of the audiences of Friday afternoons and Saturday evenings, Mr. Holy must be even more familiar than his three companions, since they sit in the body of the orchestra while he sits apart from it. To the average ear, likewise, by the quality of the tone and by the use to which composers ordinarily put it, the harp is a more distinctive instrument than the oboe or the clarinet, and much more so than the viola. Yet, whereas one or another auditor at the end of a piece will say: "How well Mr. Sand or Mr. Longy or Mr. Wittek or Mr. Féris played"; few have so much as a word for the equally masterful Mr. Holy. Yet no harpist that the Symphony Orchestra has ever numbered is comparable with him in the fulness, the brightness, the vitality of his tone or in the adroit manipulation of it in euphony or contrast with the other instrumental voices or in the color with which it enriches the whole music. There is hardly a concert in which a modern composer utilizes the harp in which Mr. Holy does not achieve felicities of technique that are

the envious admiration of connoisseurs of the instrument, and hardly one in which the quality and the play of his tone do not enhance the poetic or the pictorial suggestion of the music. The newer composers do not spare their harpists; more and more various they would make the voice that the harp can blend or contrast with the tonal mass; more and more subtly they would spy out its secrets. Mr. Holy never fails them; often indeed his resource fulfils their purpose beyond—it is easy to believe—their own imaginings. Mr. Kreisler himself is not more master of the violin than is Mr. Holy of the harp; and each in the quality of his tone is unique upon his instrument. Yet it is hard to persuade even the public of the Symphony Concerts that the harp is a serious instrument for men, and not a mere parlor plaything with which pretty girls, who happen to be rich, may dawdle.

From Symphony Hall

Dr. Muck has put no symphony upon the programme for the Symphony Concerts of Friday afternoon, Jan. 12, and Saturday evening, Jan. 13. Instead, they will begin with three pieces by Sibelius, all, if recollection holds, new to Boston. They are the tone-poems "Pohyola's Daughter," "The Daughters of Ocean" and "Night Ride and Sunrise." To these will follow Beethoven's concerto for violin, in which Mr. Spalding will play for the first time at the Symphony Concerts, and Beethoven's overture to Goethe's play of "Egmont."

Balakirev's "Thamar" for the First Times
Under Dr. Muck—Mr. Thibaud and Mr. Copeland in French Pieces

Trans. Dec. 23 '16
FOR the last time through many weeks, the Symphony Concerts of next Friday afternoon and Saturday evening will fall to Dr. Muck and the orchestra unassisted. Three pieces fill their programme—one a light but classic symphony; another new to Symphony Hall but already heard in Boston; and the third a revival off the shelves of the library, searched as never before since newly published music ceased to come from Europe. The symphony is the eighth of Beethoven in biennial and always warmly welcomed performance. The quasi-novelty is Balakirev's tone-poem, "Thamar," heard twice in Boston as music to the like-named mimodrama of the Russian Ballet but hitherto overlooked at the Symphony Concerts. It is the graphic tale in tones of the savage and sensual Georgian princess who dwelt in rugged solitudes by an icy river and there ensnared wayfarers to be her lovers. And when she had taken her fill of them, she slew them for further cruel and perverse pleasure. No music by Balakirev has been so generally admired. Finally, the revived piece is a set of variations for orchestra on a Lutheran choral, written by the Berlinese composer, Georg Schumann, and played at the Symphony Concerts under Mr. Gericke fifteen years ago.



One of the Newcomers

Alfred Holy, the first harpist, played at the Harvard Club yesterday afternoon, and is a new member of the band

Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1916--17.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

Dr. KARL MUCK, Conductor.

NINTH PROGRAMME

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 22, AT 2.30 P. M.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 23, AT 8 P. M.

LISZT,

A FAUST SYMPHONY in Three Character Pieces,
(after Goethe)

I. FAUST. Lento assai. Allegro impetuoso.
Allegro agitato ed appassionato assai.

II. GRETCHEN. Andante soave.

III. MEPHISTOPHELES. Allegro vivace ironico.

Final Chorus, "Alles vergänglichhe:" Andante mistico

MALE CHORUS FROM THE CHORAL MUSIC SOCIETY.

ARTHUR HACKET, Tenor

SCHUMANN,

CONCERTO for PIANOFORTE and ORCHESTRA in A
minor, op. 54

I. Allegro appetuoso.

II. Intermezzo: Andantino grazioso

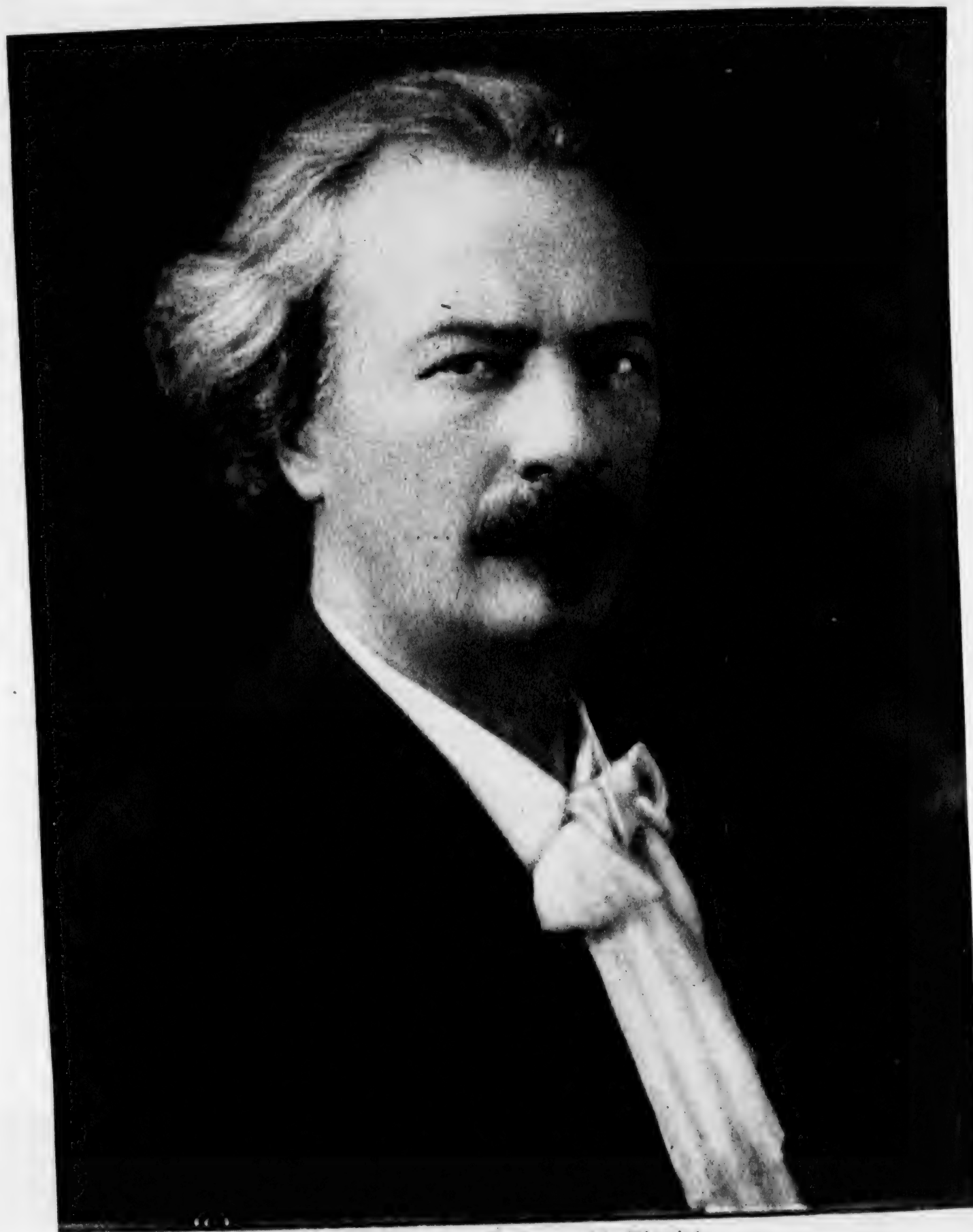
III. Allegro vivace

Soloist:

Mr. PADEREWSKI

Acknowledgment is made of the kind co-operation of Mr. STEPHEN TOWNSEND,
Conductor of the Choral Music Society.

Steinway Pianoforte used



Ignace Jan Paderewski, Pianist.

MEMORABLE PERFORMANCE BY SYMPHONY

Herald — *Dec. 23/16*
Orchestra in Ninth Concert

Plays Liszt's "Faust" Symphony and Schumann's Piano Concerto—Tenor Arthur Hackett and Paderewski Take Part—Dr. Muck Conducts.

By PHILIP HALE.

The Ninth concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Muck conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program included Liszt's "Faust" Symphony and Schumann's piano concerto. The orchestra was assisted in the symphony by Arthur Hackett, tenor, and a male chorus from the Choral Music Society. Mr. Paderewski was the pianist.

This concert will not soon be forgotten. The symphony made a marked impression when it was performed two seasons ago although the solo tenor, Mr. Draper, was not the man for the allotted task. Yesterday the impression made was still deeper. The effect of the finale, the "Chorus mysticus," was overwhelming. The orchestra played throughout as though it were inspired by the genius of the composer and by the genius of the conductor. Mr. Longy outdid himself in the solo passages for oboe, nor were Messrs. Witek, Ferir, Sand, the only other virtuosos: every man in the orchestra was for the time being a virtuoso musician. The chorus, which had been prepared by Mr. Townsend, the conductor of the Choral Music Society, gave an imposing performance. Mr. Hackett, who sang at these concerts for the first time, has a true tenor voice of unusually agreeable quality; it is warm, pure, sympathetic, virile. He sang with musical and rhetorical understanding. For important concerts in this city it will not be necessary to import a tenor.

The program book showed at a glance what a prominent role Liszt has taken in the concerts of this orchestra since 1881. Yet there are some who still pooh-poo his music and dismiss it in a lump as barren of ideas, bombastic, tricky. We find no less a man than Sir

Charles Villiers Stanford in the recent "History of Music," written by him and Mr. Forsyth saying that Liszt as a composer was always "a virtuoso first and a composer afterwards"; the symphonic poems are "lacking in the power of development and concentration which alone could make them live"; and Sir Charles speaks of "Dante" and "Faust" as two "grandiose but unconvincing" symphonies. Is the "Faust" symphony "unconvincing"? Sir Charles should have heard the performance yesterday.

Liszt's greatest orchestral works demand an unusually efficient orchestra and a conductor who not only appreciates the imaginative pages of the symphonic poems and symphonies, but has the skill to impart vitality to pages that are more prosaic. Furthermore this conductor must not only be master of his orchestra, endowed with the qualities just named; he must also be a romanticist, not afraid of dazzling effects and startling contrasts, which, under the baton of an honest conductor, good enough in routine work, careful in paying tithe of mint and anise and cummin, but by nature a pedestrian, may seem brutal and vulgar. The ideal conductor of Liszt's music must drive Pegasus in his prancing and furious bursts of speed with loose reins. It is a pity, we repeat, that Sir Charles has not yet heard an important work of Liszt played by the Boston Symphony Orchestra led by Dr. Muck.

After the colossal symphony with the movement entitled "Gretchen," one of the most beautiful and profoundly emotional things in all music; with a first movement in which the restless, unsatisfied mind of Faust is dramatically portrayed, with a characterization of Mephistopheles that has been surpassed only by Berlioz, and with the noble final chorus, the concerto of Schumann might have seemed tame if the pianist had not been Mr. Paderewski. The effect of Liszt's music would have made the skill of many pianists following seem impotent, but the concerto, as played by Mr. Paderewski in the peculiarly romantic and poetic manner that was befitting and necessary, was not in the nature of an anti-climax. Mr. Paderewski played as he alone can play when he is wholly in the mood. It would have been better if the audience had been dismissed with the memory of two unsurpassable performances. With his accustomed good nature Mr. Paderewski played charmingly a group of little pieces, for many hearers, insatiate as Oliver Twist, wished a memorable Symphony concert turned into a piano recital.

Dr. Muck was enthusiastically recalled again and again after the symphony. Mr. Paderewski was honored in his turn in a like manner.

The concert will be repeated this evening. The program for next week will be as follows: Beethoven, Symphony No. 8; Balakireff "Thamar" (first time at these concerts); Georg Schumann, Symphonic Variations on the Choral "Wer nur den lieben Gott laestt walten."

"FAUST" SYMPHONY IN BOSTON; SOLOIST MR. PADEREWSKI

Monitor Dec. 23/16
Boston Symphony Orchestra, Karl Muck, conductor, in ninth program of thirty-sixth season, afternoon of Dec. 22, Ignace J. Paderewski, soloist, male chorus from the Choral Music Society, and Arthur Hackett, tenor, assisting. The program: Liszt, "Faust" symphony in three character pieces (after Goethe); Schumann, concerto for pianoforte and orchestra in A minor.

In many respects the Boston Symphony concerts of this week will stand out as among the most noteworthy of the year. In the first place Dr. Muck reached a high point in conductorship and the orchestra in accomplishment in the "Faust" symphony; second, they are the occasion of Mr. Paderewski's regular appearance with the orchestra, and third, they witness the triumph of a new tenor singer who takes rank among the best of the younger singers of the country.

It would be difficult to point to an occasion on which Dr. Muck and the orchestra have surpassed or even equaled the performance of the symphony. Long and arduous rehearsal is implied in the delicacy of shading, the obedience to the conductor's instinct for atmosphere or climax, the unusual excellence of attack, the unison bowing to the violins, the control and power of the woodwinds and the smooth sonority of the brasses. Likewise diligent study is indicated by the strong, clear characterization achieved by the conductor, the marvelous color and the intensity of dramatic feeling.

Hampered little by scholastic restrictions of development, because in the quasi-symphonic form he employed he was at liberty to treat his material in free fashion, Liszt used his themes not to tell a story, but to describe and characterize, and a genius for orchestration led him instinctively to give the statement of them to the proper instrument. Where Strauss is more concerned with cataloguing the affairs of his Don Juan, and creating a certain sympathy for his roguishness, Liszt in grander fashion sets forth his Faust clearly, for all to loathe, or to pity, quite unconcerned as to which emotion is stirred, and totally indifferent to a recital of the story of Faust's adventure.

So, too, with grave and delicate pathos he delineates Marguerite, describing not the object of Faust's affection, but the tremulous, maidenly joy and the womanly sorrow that culminate in the love before which Mephistopheles is powerless and through which Faust is finally transformed. And in the mocking Mephistopheles, no creature with cloven hoofs, tail and horns is manifest, but rather the diabolic perversity that would turn hope into despair, love into bestiality and nobleness into meanness. When finally the pure love of Marguerite redeems Faust from his baseness and leads him on it is no picture of celestial glories that appears, but aspiration, strong faith and glorious peace. Literalism has no place in Liszt's music; he deals with ideas.

Thus did Dr. Muck interpret the work, characterizing Faust and Mephistopheles clearly and eloquently, but not so definitely showing Marguerite, missing somewhat the tender dignity portrayed. Of the three movements the last was read with most power and the breathless climax achieved will linger long in the memory of those who heard it.

The singing of the men's chorus from the Choral Music Society showed proficiency of tone, and under Dr. Muck great flexibility and precision, but was somewhat lacking as to volume. Arthur Hackett in the tenor solo disclosed a wonderfully agreeable lyric quality of voice, admirably controlled. The young man received an ovation from the men of the orchestra when he appeared on the stage again after the intermission, and the audience was not slow to join in the approbation. The applause for conductor and men after the symphony was unusual in its heartiness and duration.

Mr. Paderewski chose what is perhaps the pleasantest to hear of all the popular concertos, and his understanding vested the music in new beauties. As showing the nature of his performance was his repetition of a theme stated by the orchestra early in the second movement; under his hands it took on a romantic delicacy noticeably at variance with its somewhat playful statement. As is his custom, Mr. Paderewski remained long at the piano in an attempt to satisfy the clamorous seekers of encores.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT Trans. Dec. 23/16 LISZT, SCHUMANN, DR. MUCK AND MR. PADEREWSKI

Lavishness as Lavishly Rewarded—The
Pianist at His Finest in Lyric Music—
A Performance of the Faust Symphony
Excelling Its Predecessors—The Glories
of Conductor and Composer Divided

THE conductor and the manager of the Symphony Concerts go their own way, indifferent to custom or precedent. By all wont in such matters the concert of yesterday afternoon should have been a routine occasion to be gotten through as easily as might be because the schedule called for it even if the public was more disposed to other matters. On the contrary, Dr. Muck put upon the programme Liszt's "Faust Symphony" to renew and even surpass the multiloquent and remembered performances of the music that he and the orchestra achieved two years ago. For the finale in particular, he assembled a larger choir from a new source—the men of Mr. Townsend's Choral Music Society—and summoned a fuller voiced tenor, Mr. Arthur Hackett, for the solo part. Here was interest enough for one concert; yet to it, besides, the management called Mr. Paderewski, for what of late years has been his annual appearance with the orchestra. Here, again, would have been clou enough for a single pair of concerts, especially as the pianist was to play Schumann's concerto for the first time in many seasons in Boston. But lavishness prevailed and joined acclaimed symphony to acclaimed virtuoso.

The public, in turn, rewarded conductor and manager in kind, until the auditorium was nearly as crowded as a stage upon which were compressed a conductor, an orchestra at least ninety strong with an organ to boot, a piano, a pianist and, say, seventy or eighty singers. As with these numbers so with the applause. Long and loud the audience lavished it upon the conductor, orchestra and choir, recalling Dr. Muck twice and thrice, bringing his forces to their feet and stirring him to return thanks to them by a hearty handshake with Mr. Witek. Indeed, a seeming following of Mr. Hackett, ignorant or careless of the etiquette of the Symphony Concerts tried to single him out by fitful applause during the intermission, whereas he had been but one of many and acquitted himself no better and no worse than twenty virtuosos of the orchestra. Finally at the end of the concert, Mr. Paderewski though he was suffering from a hurt finger, played his usual group of extra pieces for the musically thrifty who would have two concerts in one and what is called a "memorable occasion" was tied, wrapped, labelled and put away.

Mr. Paderewski played Schumann's concerto, which he had never before undertaken at a regular Symphony Concert and in which he had not been heard in Boston since 1892, the season of his first coming to the United States. As some will have it, he was then at the height of his poetizing powers. If so, he can still summon them at will, and even brighten and deepen them. In itself the concerto, though it falls by date within Schumann's later and troubled years, is intrinsically a lyric music. It charms throughout by the play of fresh, sunny and seemingly effortless melodies; it sparkles with smiling or pensive fancies of rhythm, inflection, color and ornament; it is brightly romantic, teeming with the composer's impulsive moods; it seeks and serves the characteristic and ingratiating voice of the piano; yet it has its technical and even formal piquancies that the lay as well as the expert may enjoy. Always it is a self-contained music that gives pleasure in and by itself—a pleasure that so far has withstood the dimming and the changes of the years.

In the very voice and spirit of the music, Mr. Paderewski and Dr. Muck played it without thought of themselves, with impression upon their hearers through it only. The pianist's tone was of the lovely softness and luminosity that when he chooses is of his later no less than his earlier years, limpid as light, supple as air. Upon it went endless and changeful charm of color as though he were catching Schumann's fancies in his own. In instrumental song, his lightly moulded phrase, his gently undulating melodic line might have come from the lips of a perfect singer. His rhythms, especially in the syncopations of the finale seemed to sparkle upon the ear; his pace was sensitive to the slightest stirrings of his own or Schumann's fancy. His euphonies with the orchestral choirs were as the meeting and the melting of two perfect tones. Over the whole music, over its loveliness as pattern and imagining in sound—pianist, conductor and orchestra, with Mr. Paderewski for leader in the deed—shed the romantic glow, the poetizing impulse that are nearly the whole magic of Schumann. Such a performance indeed was a magic in itself. It is hard to recall when Mr. Paderewski here in Boston has done a more perfect thing.

The complement to the beauty of the performance of the concerto was the power of the performance of the symphony. It gained most over those of 1915, as memory vividly recalled them in the larger numbers, the ampler sonorities, the greater surety of the men's choir obviously thoroughly practiced by Mr. Townsend before he turned it over to Dr. Muck, and by the warmth and freedom of tone that Mr. Hackett brought to the solo part. Thus better provided, Dr. Muck could give this apotheosis—in the poetic and not the theatrical sense of the word—a sweep of ascent, a breadth of far-flung phrase, a weight of climax, a general tonal magnificence that he could not risk two years ago. Then it was gravely beautiful to hear. Now power

deepend the beauty. It would be unjust reproach, perhaps, to the men of the orchestra to say that they also were more secure and so the more plastic and eloquent in their parts; but beyond preadventure, they were on that "fine edge" with them—au point is the more elegant French phrase—which in a measure is the chance of the day as well as the outcome of arduous preparation and eager readiness.

Being so, the three or four virtuosi of the audience to which solo-parts fell as though they were actors in Liszt's music-drama—Mr. Witek and Mr. Férlir, Mr. Longy and Mr. Sand—outdid themselves in that union of beauty and expressiveness of tone which is their fine distinction and which is also the essential voice of the music. The several choirs of the orchestra were like their outstanding fellows. The brasses proclaimed the pride and the passion of Faure in his final motif of puissance as even the soaring Liszt may not have imagined it; the strings sharpened by their attack, their rhythm, their acid cuts and flashes of tone the ironies and the mockeries of Mephistopheles; the euphonies of the wood-winds were as the little sigh of Gretchen's dreams or the tremors of her apparition; while the whole orchestra, deep from the tonal darkness of the beginning, rose through the whole gamut of its manifold voices into the radiant exaltation of the end. More than once the ardent Liszt believed that in his music he had reached the heavens. Perhaps—but in this finale to the Faust Symphony, music and performance alike thus before him and his hearers, and the vision of the two poets—or three, if Dr. Muck is to be included—was like that of John in Patmos.

It is the just custom to attribute the glories of such a performance, now for the fifth time renewed before similar audiences, to the unique powers of Dr. Muck with Liszt's music in general and with this Faust Symphony in particular. Hereabouts at least, only he has so released the full ardors of Liszt's romantic voice and romantic imagery with Faust and Gretchen and Mephistopheles; attained to his saliency of characterization, his force of emotion, his intensity of illusion; raised the romantic glow in which the composer visioned his figures; wrought out of music music-drama and stretched it as it were in memorable scene upon a great canvas. He proclaims Liszt as a composer of high intellectual force—else he would not have conceived, conducted and culminated so large and various a design; else he could not have so projected his three protagonists in his tones. He proclaims Liszt as poet—since none other could have achieved the long-drawn yet various beauty that fills the music of Gretchen or the apocalyptic ecstasies of the finale. He proclaims Liszt as dramatist in music—for though he wrote no opera the Faust Symphony is more dramatic than many a piece of the theatre. He proclaims Liszt, finally, as masterly and imaginative technician with the orchestra inasmuch as no other

could have the means to make motive and melody, rhythm and modulation, harmonic suggestion and instrumental color, work his wonders of characterization, his miracles of transition. With his own recreative power and imagination he has supplemented the creative force and vision of the composer. More and more as audiences come to know the Faust Symphony, period by period, measure by measure, stroke by stroke, do they know the truth and justice of these proclamations, the fullness and the fineness of the re-creation.

Yet Dr. Muck would be the first to say that the qualities he has so released and revealed must be intrinsic in the music, else he himself, whatever the measure of his interpretative powers, could not find and place them there. The greater glory he would say, is for Liszt, the creator and not for him the revealer. He would so say truly, plausibly. Yet Liszt in so many other of his pieces would be similar creator and yet has fallen short of his purpose. In the Faust Symphony he has achieved it, seemingly to the full and therein lies its distinction as his masterpiece of symphonic music. The design upsprings to the end and seems to order its own advance and rounding. When it is done it is fulfilled and complete. There is no halt, hesitancy, gap or misproportion in it. Almost never does the musical matter that it encloses decline in intrinsic substance, in characterizing power, in intensity of passionate utterances, in the clear means to the foreseen end. The manifold illusion—of Faust, Gretchen, Mephistopheles, of the opened heavens, never flags. For once on every side and on the largest possible symphonic and orchestral scale, Liszt has done what he would and persuaded hearers of his accomplishment. Consciously or unconsciously he made his masterpiece and left the world to receive or reject it. Between either fate it has swung long because it awaited an apostle. Here in Boston, the apostle has come—and to Pharisees as well as Gentiles—in Dr. Muck. H. T. P.

SYMPHONY AND PADEREWSKI IN RARE CONCERT

Journal. Dec. 23/16
Liszt's "Faust" Symphony
and Schumann Concerto
Played Brilliantly.

In this week's Symphony concerts the

musical season in Boston reaches a climax. The performance of either one of the two numbers on the program—Liszt's "Faust" Symphony, with the choral finale, and the Schumann concerto for piano and orchestra, with Paderewski as soloist—would make the concert one of the extraordinary events of the year. Presented together, these two masterpieces lend memorable importance to Dr. Muck's ninth program, more particularly as the performance itself marks perhaps the most brilliant feat the Symphony Orchestra has yet achieved under its present distinguished conductor.

The "Faust" symphony, in its revised form, was performed here twice during the season of 1914-15. It is a monumental work, a series of symphonic poems depicting Faust, Gretchen and Mephistopheles, the first two being suggested by themes of a lyrical character—the Gretchen theme, especially as played by Mr. Longy, is one of thrilling beauty—while the Evil Genius of the Goethe drama is represented by music that travesties the Faust and Gretchen themes in diabolical fashion.

It is a wonderful composition, notwithstanding its redundancy—the performance yesterday occupied about 70 minutes—and in this instance the performance is eminently worthy of it. The orchestra is assisted by a chorus of male voices from the Choral Musical Society, with Arthur Hackett singing the tenor solo.

The always enthusiastic matinee audience outdid itself yesterday in acknowledgment of Dr. Muck's masterly conducting. It recalled him again and again. There was applause, also, for the orchestra and chorus and for Mr. Hackett.

Giants were fairly matched in the performance of the Schumann concerto—Paderewski and Dr. Muck and the players whom the prince of pianists has repeatedly acclaimed as the finest orchestra in the world. The romantic charm of the concerto was evoked most eloquently and poetically. Paderewski played as if stimulated by the performance of the symphony. With Dr. Muck's co-operation, he wove a spell as of magic harmony. Such beauty of tone, in piano and orchestra both, and such poetic utterance as marked this particular performance are among the joys tasted "once in a lifetime."

This, by the way, was the first time the premier pianist of the times ever played the Schumann concerto at one of the regular Symphony concerts. He, too, deserved his ovation. He responded with encores, although the hour was late.

Next week, Balakireff's symphonic poem, "Thamar," will have its first performance at a Symphony concert. Georg Schumann's symphonic variations on the choral "Wer nur den lieben Gott laesst walten," will be presented for the first time since 1901. Beethoven's eighth symphony will complete the program.

PADEREWSKI AND ORCHESTRA EXCEL

Adv. Dec. 23/16
TRIUMPH ACHIEVED

BY ALL CONCERNED

Choral Musical Society Sings

With Creditable Steadiness

And Beauty

BY LOUIS C. ELSON

PROGRAM

Liszt—"Faust" Symphony.
Schumann—Piano Concerto.
Soloist, Ignaz Paderewski.

Electricity was in the air, in Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon and the concert was a triumph from beginning to end.

The program looks very short, in print, but it was not so in fact, for two reasons. First, both the symphony and the concerto are long works. Second, the "non-encore" rule is lifted when Paderewski appears in these concerts and there is always a Coda added by the great pianist.

Generally when Paderewski appears he swings the entire proceedings; it is "Paderewski et praeterea nihil!" But yesterday, we are glad to say, it was a divided consulship, and the conductor and the orchestra shared the honors with the gifted artist, and those honors were an absolute triumph for all concerned.

After the performance of the first number one could exclaim, enthusiastically, with the ghost in "Hamlet,"—"Liszt, Liszt, oh Liszt!", for it was an inspiring work grandly interpreted. And it requires a good deal of tact to conduct the great works of the Hungarian.

His loyal disciple, the great conductor Weingartner, has summed up some of the points which are necessary. He confesses at once that the large works are unequal and suggests that the conductor emphasize the points where the spasmodic genius blazes forth. He believes in making especially powerful climaxes in order to conceal their similarity to each other. He suggests much free time-keeping—"Tempo Rubato." Something of diffuseness and prolixity must be hidden.

All of these points are instinctively

attended to by Dr. Muck, who interprets this work better than anybody that we have ever heard. The whole symphony is made to excite the auditor so that he is far removed from an analytical mood. Three times have we had this symphony under Dr. Muck, and each time it has been a triumph. Yesterday afternoon it was especially so because of the lofty character of the choral ending.

The male chorus, the Choral Music Society, sang with a steadiness and beauty that was a credit both to themselves and their director. Stephen Townsend, and the tenor. Arthur Hackett, splendidly effective in the solo phrases.

Of the work itself nothing new can be spoken, it has been so recently reviewed in these columns, but one can state that the third movement, "Mephistopheles," grows more powerful with repeated hearing. The tender simplicity of the Gretchen movement makes it always the most intelligible and most popular portion of the symphony. The lofty aspirations of Faust, and the yearning of the lover, are also comprehensible enough, and the first movement reveals nothing new upon repetition. But one finds richer meaning, and more of sardonic sneering, in the Mephistopheles portion of the work, in renewed study of it.

The symphony awakened tremendous enthusiasm and, for once, the orchestral portion of the program was not merely a prelude to usher in the greatest living pianist. Dr. Muck was recalled over and over again, with great applause, and in every way the audience showed that they appreciated the fact that they had heard something far out of the common. Of all the great performances of the Faust Symphony the one of yesterday afternoon was the most inspiring, and we do not recall such excitement in a Symphony Hall concert for years.

Then came Paderewski and the Schumann piano concerto. It was a good object lesson to find this loyal and true-hearted Pole choosing a great German work for this concert. The lesser men nowadays are allowing partisanship to warp their views of art. Even in these bitter days music should know no national boundaries, and Paderewski's wonderful versatility makes him great in every school.

We have not had this concerto, we believe, since it was well played at a Friday afternoon concert (a few years ago) and turned into a musical hur-

die-race in the concert of the day after, thanks to the caprice of a soloist.

We have found Paderewski somewhat too free in a previous interpretation of this work: yesterday he was broad, dignified and effective in every part of the concerto. The beauty of the chief theme of the opening movement was splendidly effective. This theme, in all its transformations, was made the most of, and if the piano was much in the foreground that fault was Schumann's and not Paderewski's.

One may find some fault with this work if one takes the strict concerto standpoint (as also with Chopin's two concertos), for it has not the symphonic, orchestral effect that one finds in Beethoven or in Brahms, when they used the concerto-form, but the richness of melodic invention, the beauty and romance of the themes and their treatment make the concerto a joy to listen to, and especially when Paderewski glorifies it as he did on this occasion. It is unnecessary to state again how frenzied the plaudits became, and all this extreme applause was deserved.

That was the end of the concert. But very few left their seats. The horny-handed encore-fiend was here in his proper element, for Paderewski does not seriously object to an Oliver-Twist demand for more, and in response to the usual wild enthusiasm he was soon again at the piano adding a recital to the symphonic occasion. This appendix requires no detailed criticism, greatly enjoyable although it was. Altogether those who were at this concert will not soon forget it.

Liszt's "Faust Symphony" and Schumann's Concerto with Mr. Paderewski Fill Dr. Muck's Programme—"The Messiah" as Usual—Mr. Spalding and Mr. Powell for Charity

Press. — Dec. 10 '16
AFTER an interval of two years, at the Symphony Concerts of next Friday afternoon and Saturday evening, Dr. Muck and the orchestra will repeat their applauded performance of Liszt's "Faust Symphony." When the conductor restored the piece to the active repertory, in entirety and with the composer's final revisions, he stirred the four audiences that heard it in a single season as even he himself had seldom done. Under his hand and with his forces of like zeal with him, he made the symphony a veritable music-drama in which Faust, Gretchen and Mephistopheles were characterized and contrasted in tones; that unfolded the

episodes in Goethe's poem in which they are concerned; and that in the choral close wrought them and it into the larger substance and purpose of the whole. Throughout the music sounded with graphic power; and wherever there was warrant, with the romantic beauty and exaltation which were also Liszt's goal. Never before, probably, in this country had the symphony so spoken with true and thrilling voice. A remembering public welcome the repetitions of next week, with a men's choir from the Choral Music Society and Mr. Arthur Hackett, the notable young tenor of the Pop Concerts last September, for new forces in the final episode. As though the "Faust Symphony" in such performance were not enough for one pair of concerts, Mr. Paderewski will also be heard next Friday and Saturday for the first times in Boston in Schumann's Concerto for piano. The music invites and stimulates his best powers and it seems singular that never in the past has he played it at the Symphony Concerts.

MEMORABLE CONCERT BY SYMPHONY

Liszt's "Faust" Given
With Chorus—Paderewski Soloist

Post — Dec. 23/16
BY OLIN DOWNES

The concert given by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Karl Muck conductor, yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall, was one of the most memorable in the history of this organization. Liszt's "Faust" symphony, one of the great works of modern music, and a work of which Dr. Muck is an incomparable interpreter, was the orchestra's contribution, and Ignace Paderewski, the soloist of the occasion, played Schumann's piano concerto.

CHORUS AMPLE AND GOOD

Twice before Dr. Muck has given exceptionally impressive performances of Liszt's work, but never before in this city had the symphony been heard with such adequate forces. The male chorus heard at the last was for once sufficient in its numbers to make itself felt against the orchestra, and to summon whatever degree of sonority was required. The tenor soloist, Arthur Hackett, who was heard for the first time at these concerts, is the possessor of a voice of very exceptional freshness and beauty.

The chorus had been rehearsed for this performance by Stephen Townsend. It consisted not only of members of the musical society which he conducts, but of other singers, professional and non-professional, who had worked devoutly in preparation for the event, and more than vindicated their labors.

Highest Traditions Fulfilled

It was an occasion worthy of the highest traditions of this orchestra, and particularly appropriate to the season. Heretofore Christmas programmes have been made of music of a graceful or festive character, which implied that you could not afford to ask an audience to feel deeply or employ its intellect to any alarming degree in the days immediately before Christmas. But yesterday, as brilliant as was the effect of the concert, it had also the solemnity and the uplift of a religious occasion.

It would not be amiss, indeed, to have repetitions of this work each Christmas week, which, with Dr. Muck on the conductor's stand, and with the orchestra he has at his disposal, could hardly be given a more ideal performance anywhere in the world, even in times of peace. And in time of war, what could be nobler and less reminding of jealousies and strife than this exalted expression of Liszt?

Dr. Muck, the Master Conductor

Dr. Muck is beyond question one of the greatest, and perhaps the greatest, conductor the Symphony audiences have known. At the same time he has himself under control to a degree which causes some to misunderstand his sincerity and artistic enthusiasm. Under so finished an exterior, what is the man? But there are occasions, such as that of yesterday, when no amount of self-command and polish of demeanor hides the intensity of his devotion to the task in hand. And when this is the case the result is certain to be memorable, for the man who projects his artistic conceptions the most powerfully and effectively is the man with a sufficient grip of himself, for his feelings never get the better of him; and where other men, superficially more impulsive, might be made ineffectual with the half of Dr. Muck's comprehension

of his music, his power of execution and command becomes the greater. To conduct is a strong man's task, anyhow, and never was this better exemplified than yesterday. The man at the conductor's stand was as self-controlled as ever, but in the mind of every performer and listener, and in the atmosphere itself, was the reverence he feels toward the composer and the work which it was his task to interpret.

Liszt's Greatest Work

Therefore it was no wonder that the audience sat in the most intense absorption as this performance progressed and at the last applauded the conductor and the orchestra for nearly half of the intermission. As for the symphony itself, its significance becomes greater as it is better understood. Barring passages that today are the material of all the composers who have helped themselves so liberally and often so unconsciously to the heritage left by Liszt, the "Faust" symphony stands as one of his highest and most original inspirations. It is also, in the final movement, the irrefutable proof of the practical importance of Liszt's manner of metamorphizing his themes. Here are no new themes, but rather the themes of the preceding "Faust" and "Gretchen" movements restated, and in the case of the themes of "Faust," parodied with a sarcasm and ingenuity that gives modern music itself a power of expression denied to music before Liszt's time. This is indeed the "spirit of denial," of negation, the mocking of all effort and aspiration.

The "Mephistopheles" movement of the Faust symphony, by itself, would put Liszt in a niche of his own, and would explain a hundred pages of men like Richard Strauss. But the whole work is eloquent. The portrayal of Gretchen is for the writer the nearest approach to Goethe's heroine in music. This is the true loveliness and naivete of the character, not coarsened, as by Boito in his opera "Mefistofele," which is probably the next nearest approach to Goethe's character in music; not sentimentalized by a Gounod or made sensual as by Berlioz in his "Damnation of Faust"; but the true Marguerite, as she walks out of the pages of the poem.

Bombastic at Times

In the Faust movement there are theatrical passages, and passages of bombast, and yet the opening might be by the most modern mystic of them all, and the moods of aspiration, pride of spirit, despair, and the vision of Marguerite—all this is surpassingly dramatic and fascinating in the last degree.

But how many realized during this performance how much they were indebted to Dr. Muck for the refinement and distinction of the music? How miraculously he dusted off what was tawdry in it! How musical bombast

became true dramatic fire! How the smallest detail of Liszt's masterly orchestration was exposed in its just relation to the whole! How incomparable the irony of the Mephistopheles music! It takes not only a composer of great genius to achieve such music, but a conductor of the highest idealism and musical and intellectual perception to present it adequately.

Paderewski Suffers Injury

Then came Mr. Paderewski, who, though he had hurt a thumb in playing at the rehearsal, and therefore suffered pain from it during the performance, played in a great spirit which gradually overcame all physical obstacles. It is rather singular that this concerto, which he plays with such fire and healthy romantic spirit, should not have been played before by him at any of the subscription concerts of the Boston Symphony.

In March, 1892, he gave a performance of this concerto at a concert for the benefit of the Boston Symphony players, but the extraordinary success of that performance did not cause him to repeat it with the Boston organization before yesterday. It was a pleasure to hear such a poetic but broad and open-air treatment of the work. No sentimentalizing! No artifice for the sake of an effect! And yet a spontaneity, a wonderful singing tone, a clanging attack in the proper places and a virtuosic spirit that swept all before it. Then, making the exception to the Symphony ruling against encores by soloists, an exception only extended to this pianist, he added to the programme.

"FAUST" SYMPHONY NOBLY PERFORMED

9 o'clock — *Dec. 23/16*
Mr Paderewski Inspired in
Schumann Concerto

Remarkable Concert by Virtuoso Conductor, Pianist and Orchestra

A virtuoso conductor, pianist and orchestra, the rare, one might say unprecedented demonstration given Dr. Muck, the aid in Liszt's "Faust" symphony of Arthur Hackett for the solo voice and of the male choir from the Choral Music Society of which Stephen Townsend is conductor, made yesterday afternoon at Symphony Hall an extraordinary occasion, one to be remembered out of

other concerts when the supreme genius of Dr. Muck shone in its own splendor, or in understanding with a soloist of true distinction.

What other pianist than Mr. Paderewski would have dared to follow Liszt's noble symphonic narrative and characterization, nobly performed as it was yesterday? For the great work, sweeping and transcendent in its expression of life, speaks with overwhelming dramatic power. The maiden innocence of Gretchen, Faust's brooding unrest, the song of love, the demon's ironic spirit of rancor and destruction, the note of culminating tragedy—all these denote the enkindling imagination and the astonishing warmth, vigor and fullness of romantic expression through the orchestra. This 60 years after the work was written, a period in which Wagner, Strauss, Debussy and now Stravinsky have developed an individual idiom to be narrative, expository, pictorial or characterizing.

As to the score found by Dr. Muck at Wagner's home at Bayreuth and given him by Siegfried Wagner for use as he saw fit, we are told that Liszt's revisions made in 1883, three years before the body of the work, but affected principally the body of the work, gut affected principally the orchestration. The acquisition of the more modern bass clarinet reminds of its distinctive color in the first act of Verdi's "Othello" which its voice gives to the scenes denoting the nobility of the Moor's nature and fixing his rank.

Wagner's Comment

The Princess Caroline Wittgenstein, who smoked long black cigars, and shared the domestic and artistic happiness of Liszt's sojourn at the Altenburg at Weimar, assumed the responsibility also of the final chorus and apotheosis of the "Faust." When Liszt first played the score to Wagner, the latter was delighted with the "delicate fragrance" of a last reminiscence of Gretchen.

Visited by Liszt at Zurich in the Autumn of 1856, Wagner was pained to find not only that the close of the "Dante" symphony, which he advised and Liszt approved, had been discarded, "but even the delicate ending of the 'Faust' symphony, which had appeared to me so particularly, had been changed in a manner better calculated to produce an effect, by the introduction of a chorus. And this was exactly typical of my relations to Liszt and to his friend Caroline Wittgenstein."

But how infinitely preferable to the theatrical manipulation by Gounod in his opera of the organ and the angelic choir. How incomparable throughout with the Frenchman's polished, euphonious but sentimentalized score. Nor does the opera of Boito nor the so-called opera of Berlioz maintain as consistent or convincing a level.

The performance well might have broken down the complacent traditions for the Friday afternoon audiences. As Dr. Muck's second return to the platform he invited the orchestra to stand with him, a circumstance now familiar. Thrice, if not four times, thereafter he was recalled. Once he shook Concertmaster Wittek's hand as symbolical recognition of the orchestra. The applause continued even after the players had left their seats for the intermission.

The performance was one of golden euphony, of eloquence and dramatic understanding. Dr. Muck conducted with masterful authority, inspiring his forces and recreating in the music the images of those who peopled Goethe's universal, ne'er ending drama. The choral epilog, unquestionably impressive with organ and orchestra as a climax, was heard on this occasion with an adequate body of tone. Two rows of chairs along the back of the stage were filled with the men singers from Mr. Townsend's chorus, and sang with security in attack and intonation, and with fine resonance of tone, not covered even by the brass; a choral performance reflecting the highest credit on Mr. Townsend and arousing pleasurable anticipations of his entire society.

Mr. Hackett enjoyed gratifying success in the biggest achievement thus far of his career. The incidental part for the tenor soloist is more difficult than an aria, but he sang the brief recurring phrase with authority, precision in entrances and abundant tone of good quality, and with appropriate expression. The audience recognized and rewarded his performance.

Lyrical Conclusion

The lyrical A minor concerto of Schumann in ardently romantic, but not dramatic vein, was a fortunate choice to follow the soaring flight upon the mountain top. Purple or dithyrambic verse could have added nothing more. It was for the piano to sing in another mood, and Mr. Paderewski, given an overwhelming welcome, played as an inspired poet, with improvisational freshness and beauty of song.

The intimate thoughts of Schumann were as secrets revealed to him in the characteristic phraseology which is only for the miniaturist to cherish, for the painter in water colors, as well as for him whom Schumann at times bids sweep a broader canvas. The slow movement glowed. The embroideries of the final one were appropriately rhapsodical, and in all the orchestra sang with equal loveliness.

Recalled thunderously, Mr. Paderewski translated his hearers to the tenderness, the arch elegance, the old world grace of Rameau, or was it Conperin or one of their school? Then graciously he added Daquin's "Le Coucou," with its plaintive note of heavenly melancholy. The piano was closed and the lights lowered or the concert still might be unended. Altogether a towering vision of great thoughts and beautiful, and a transporting expression of them.

"Thamar" for Novelty at the Next Symphony Concerts — *Jan. 1, 2, 3, 4*

THAMAR, the tone-poem by Balakirev that Dr. Muck will add to the repertory of the Symphony Orchestra tomorrow afternoon and Saturday evening, has been seldom played in the United States—or indeed anywhere else outside Russia—until the peripatetic ballet of Mr. Diaghilev utilized it as music to Bakst's like-named mimodrama, with rather less mutilation and manipulation than is its wont in such transfers. So far as readily available records of performances in America go, Theodore Thomas put the piece on his programmes as early as 1896; it was repeated

by the Chicago Orchestra in the spring of 1905; it has been played at least once by the Russian Symphony Orchestra in New York; and once again, a few years since by the orchestra of the Boston Opera House under Mr. Caplet. Twice also—once under Mr. Ansermet, last February and once under Mr. Monteux last November—it has been heard in Boston as music to Bakst's glowing setting and Mr. Bolm's and Miss Révalles's vivid miming. As some cynically say, were "Thamar" more familiar, it would hardly enjoy the prestige that has long hung about it as the most remarkable of Balakirev's symphonic pieces and a notable example of half-Russian and half-Oriental music.

Longer even than Mr. Loeffler, Balakirev meditated his symphonies and tone-poems or withheld them from publication for revision upon revision. He began "Thamar" in 1867, soon after his return from a visit to the Caucasus where he lays his musical scene; he was not content with the music and ready to publish it until 1882. A long poem by Lermontov suggested the legend to him for translation into tones and the composer sufficiently summarizes it in his prefatory note to the score:

In the narrow Dariel Pass, where the River Terek roars, covered with heavy mists, there rises an ancient tower, in which there lived Queen Thamar, an angel in beauty, a cruel, wily demon in thoughts, and yet at the same time divine. At her enchanting call the passing traveller entered the tower to take part in the banquet in progress there. Shouts and cries of revelry awakened echoes in the darkness, as if at a great feast a hundred young, pleasure-loving men and women were gathered, or as if in that great tower, erstwhile forbidding, the celebration of funeral rites were taking place. At the break of day gloomy silence again reigned, broken only by the foaming Terek as it hurried away a corpse. At this moment there appeared at the window a pale shadow. It waved from afar a last farewell to the loved one. That farewell breathed such tender ecstasy, the voice which uttered it was so sweet, that its every accent, filled with promise, seemed to tell of near, unspeakable happiness.

The tone-poem begins descriptively, as though to set the scene, with suggestion of the rush and rumble of the dark and foaming river, with atmosphere of savage solitude and ominous fate. Motives, more easily disentangled by the eye from the engraved page than by the ear in the actual progress of the music, hint at the alluring call of the queen, at the shepherd, the merchant and the warrior beguiled by it. There is crescendo and climax and at last, sung first by the clarinet against the harps and then in full harmonic and instrumental panoply, emerges the sensuous song of the queen. Using motive and counter-motive, and laying on his Oriental suggestion, Balakirev continues his tonal narrative through the barbaric and lustful fete, the stillness and the disillusion of the morning. Once more the river rushes and rumbles darkly through the music; there are measures of destiny fulfilled; and faint

and far or near and piercing rises the farewell song of Thamar to the lovers she has slain. Everywhere in the music, Balakirev is lavish with Oriental harmonies and progressions; often his motives, and occasionally his modulations bear suggestion of Russian folk-song. The outcome has been variously viewed. Devotees of Russian nationalistic music and of Balakirev in particular have hailed "Thamar" as a masterpiece; more detached judges have affirmed that the music fell far short of the suggestion of the legend and of the composer's design. Beyond peradventure, apart from the picture and the passion with which the Russian ballet has enriched it, it does read and sound somewhat dryly. And Mr. Henderson, hearing Thamar's song of ecstatic farewell once wrote, "It was a mean little love-song, because it had no tune, and it would not have lured a red-headed boy, let alone a dead man."

R. H. STEAR

at Zone as suggested by Maj-Gen. Goethals, "is impossible thing, either or in the light of international law."

minister's statement upon a letter resenting a suggestion that the United States take over not only the zone, but the whole territory of the Republic of Panama.

CONGRESS QUILTS KING LAWS OR HOLIDAYS

WASHINGTON, Dec. 23.—Congress yesterday for the Christmas days to reconvene Jan. 2. In weeks of the session the passed five government supplies, the urgent deficiency, Indian, District of Columbia and diplomatic and consular appropriation bills, more than ever passed in the brief period pre-

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CLUYAS WILLIAMS

by the Chicago Orchestra in the spring of 1905; it has been played at least once by the Russian Symphony Orchestra in New York; and once again, a few years since by the orchestra of the Boston Opera House under Mr. Caplet. Twice also—once under Mr. Ansermet, last February and once under Mr. Monteux last November—it has been heard in Boston as music to Bakst's glowing setting and Mr. Bolm's and Miss Révalles's vivid miming. As some cynically say, were "Thamar" more familiar, it would hardly enjoy the prestige that has long hung about it as the most remarkable of Balakirev's symphonic pieces.

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MME. PADEREWSKI MAKES APPEAL FOR HER COUNTRY

Record Dec. 28/16
**Urges American Women to Give Money for Relief of
Great Distress Among Girls in Poland—Has
Dolls for Sale at Touraine Today**

"Poor Poland has been sadly neglected by the charitable people of America," declared Mme. Helena Paderewski, wife of the great pianist, last evening, in her apartment at the Hotel Touraine, where she has on display and for sale about 100 dolls of all descriptions, which were made by the Polish artists who, with their families, are refugees in Paris.

"I don't mean to say that the American people have not helped Poland and her starving populace," continued Mme. Paderewski, "but they have been so busy helping France and Belgium, that, somehow or other Poland has been forgotten."

"There are in Paris now about 500 artists with their families, who are absolutely dependent upon the money which the sale of these dolls brings them. They are artists of all description—musicians, painters, sculptors, and architects. These dolls were all made by them. I have dolls here which show the change of Polish dress from the 14th and 15th centuries right up to the present day. I also have French dolls which show the styles from 1830 to now."

"I would like to make a general appeal to the women of America for their help in relieving the conditions in my native country. Thousands and thousands of men, women and children are starving and homeless in Poland today. More than 500,000 girls—victims of the men of the fighting armies—have been or are to become mothers. I recently started a fund for the establishment of the Ameri-

and far or near and piercing rises the farewell song of Thamar to the lovers she has slain. Everywhere in the music, Balakirev is lavish with Oriental harmonies and progressions; often his motives, and occasionally his modulations bear suggestion of Russian folk-song. The outcome has been variously viewed. Devotees of Russian nationalistic music and of Balakirev in particular have hailed "Thamar" as a masterpiece; more detached judges have affirmed that the music fell far short of the suggestion of the legend and of the composer's design. Be-

can Home for the Suffering Womanhood in Poland and which I hope to be able to establish in Warsaw.

"To carry out my plans I need money—Oh, so much money—and it is for that that I wish to appeal to the women of the United States. I do not believe in philanthropy, but this will not be philanthropy in a way."

"These girls are going through a period of terrible mental agony right now and if we help them, they in turn will be able to assist others. They and their children must be cared for or they will be easy prey for other men. This is more important than that they should be fed, for the morality of the people of a nation is of much more consequence than the conditions of their stomachs."

Mme. Paderewski also has for sale a number of etchings and Christmas calendars, all made by the Polish artists in Paris. She is selling also autographed photographs of her husband. Each doll has around its neck a string to which is attached a metal tag bearing the words "Polish Victim's Relief Fund," on one side, and on the other a few words of thanks with the signature of Mme. Paderewski. The dolls will be on sale today from 11 to 5.

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by the Chicago Orchestra in the spring of 1905; it has been played at least once by the Russian Symphony Orchestra in New York; and once again, a few years ago, by the orchestra of the Boston House under Mr. Caplet. Twice also under Mr. Ansermet, last February once under Mr. Monteux last November it has been heard in Boston as must be Rakst's glowing setting and Mr. Beethoven and Miss Révalles's vivid miming. As cynically say, were "Thamar" more familiar, it would hardly enjoy the prestige that has long hung about it as the remarkable of Balakirev's symphonic pieces.

MME. PADEREWSKI'S APPEAL

Record Dec. 28/16
Urges American Women to Buy Great Distress Dolls for Sale

In the River of America," declared Mrs. Paderewski, pianist, last evening, in her address she has on display and for sale which were made by the refugees in Paris.

"Poor Poland has been the victim of America," declared Mrs. Paderewski, pianist, last evening, in her address she has on display and for sale which were made by the refugees in Paris.

"I don't mean to say that American people have not helped Poland and her starving population," continued Mme. Paderewski, "but we have been so busy helping France and Belgium, that, somehow or other, Poland has been forgotten.

"There are in Paris now about 100,000 artists with their families, who are absolutely dependent upon the sale of these dolls for their support. They are artists of all professions—musicians, painters, sculptors and architects. These dolls were made by them. I have dolls which show the change of dress from the 14th and 15th centuries right up to the present. I also have French dolls which show the styles from 1830 to now.

"I would like to make a general appeal to the women of America to help their help in relieving the suffering in my native country. Thousands of men, women and children are starving and homeless in Poland today. More than 500,000—victims of the men of the armies—have been or are to be mothers. I recently started for the establishment of the Ameri-

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The Pale Pink of Pianistic Perfection



Mr. Paderewski

CLUYAS
WILLIAMS

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Discovered at the Pop Concerts



Arthur Hackett

As Promising a Young Tenor as Boston Has Heard for Long

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Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1916--17.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

Dr. KARL MUCK, Conductor.

TENTH PROGRAMME

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 29, AT 2.30 P. M.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 30, AT 8 P.M.

BEETHOVEN,

SYMPHONY No. 8, in F. major, op. 93.

I. Allegro vivace e con brio.

II. Allegretto scherzando.

III. Tempo di menuetto

IV. Allegro vivace.

BALAKIREFF,

SYMPHONIC POEM, for Orchestra, "Thamar."

after a Poem by Michail Lermontoff.

First time at these Concerts.

GEORG SCHUMANN,

SYMPHONIC VARIATIONS on the Choral, "Wer
nur den lieben Gott lässt walten," op. 24.

There will be no Public Rehearsal and Concert next week.

6
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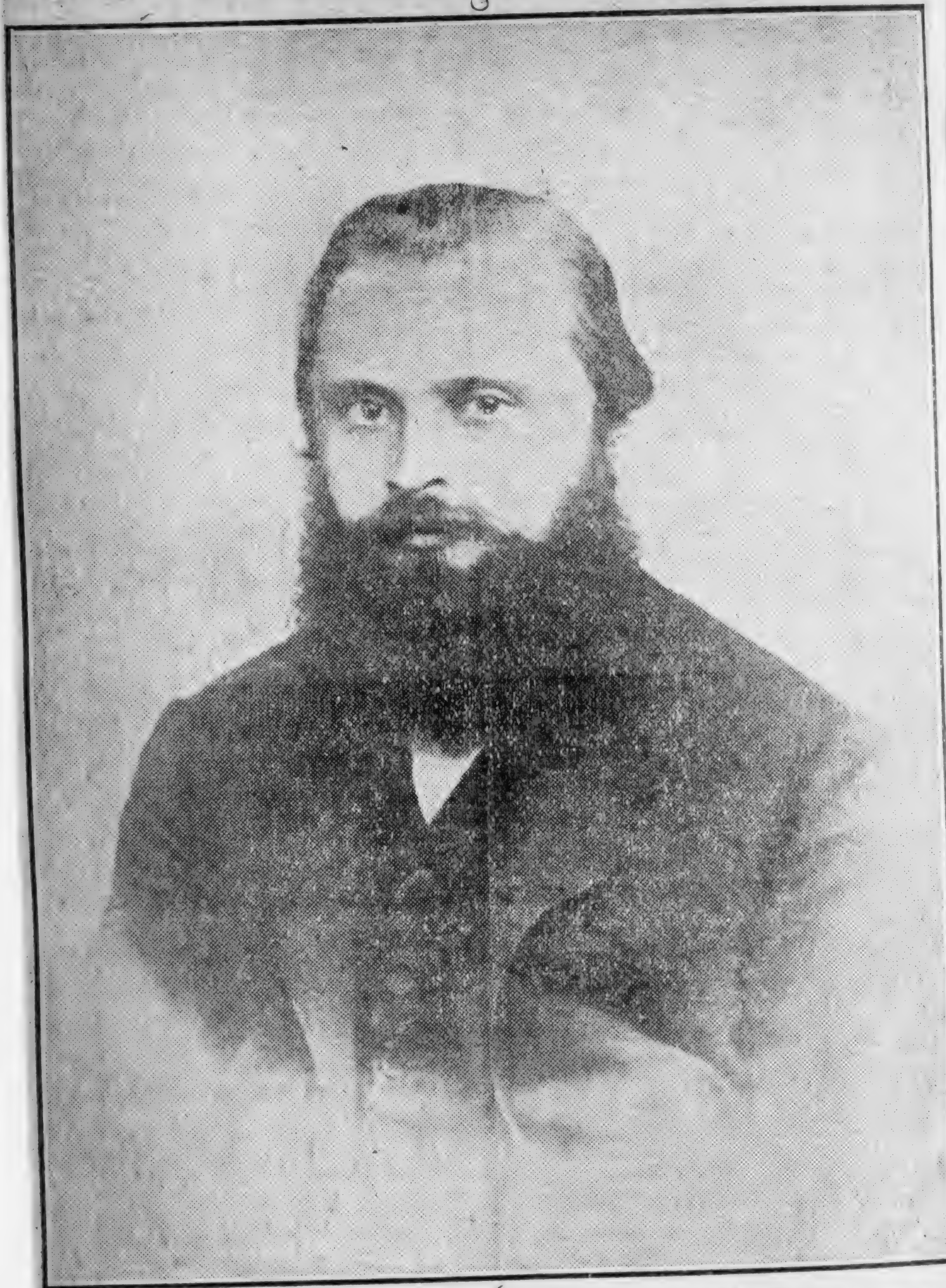
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Mild But Militant



Balakirev (Photograph by Findeisen of Petrograd)
Composer of "Thamar"

BALAKIREFF'S 'THAMAR' HEARD AT SYMPHONY

Herald — Dec. 30/16

Follows Fine Performance of
Beethoven's Symphony No. 8
and Is Succeeded by Playing
of Georg Schumann's Sym-
phonic Variations on a
Choral.

By PHILIP HALE.

The 10th concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Muck, conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows: Beethoven, Symphony No. 8; Balakireff, "Thamar," symphonic poem after a poem by Lermontoff; Georg Schumann, Symphonic Variations on the Choral "Wer nur den lieben Gott lässt walten."

After a finely proportioned and rhythmical performance of Beethoven's Symphony, a symphony always welcome, although for many years it was underestimated, not ranked among the great ones, Balakireff's "Thamar" was performed, for the first time at these concerts. It was played at concerts of the Boston Opera Company in 1912 and recently was heard with a ballet in the repertoire of Diaghileff's company. Unlike the suite "Scheherazade," this symphonic poem gains by the miming and dancing on the stage. As a translation into music of Lermontoff's poem, it is lacking in sensuousness, passion, wildness and horror. The most significant portions of the work are those that por-

tray the roaring of the River Terek with the sinister suggestions of the tragedy to come, and the ending with the farewell of the corpse by the wanton, demoniacal Queen. The melody typifying the amorous Thamar is not seductive, nor are the themes portraying her victims lured in the night mists by the inviting and hospitable light in any way characteristic. The music of the orgy is labored and dull. Lermontoff's poem might have attracted Richard Strauss. The story is that of Margaret in the Tour de Nesle, but Buridan was more fortunate in Dumas's drama than were the lovers of Thamar.

As in other works of Balakireff that have been performed here, there is a dryness in the music of "Thamar," a lack of fancy or imagination. No doubt he was a wise counsellor to the men in his group, a guide, philosopher and friend; it is said that he was an excellent pianist, but with the exception of his "Islamey" and some of his earlier songs the music that we have heard is not conspicuous by reason of ideas or poetically dramatic treatment. As an original musical thinker he stands below his associates, Borodin, Moussorgsky and Rimsky-Korsakoff, nor did he have the technic and the sense of color possessed by the last named.

Georg Schumann's Variations were brought out here 15 years ago by Mr. Gerike. This Schumann belongs to the class characterized by the Germans as "solid" musicians. In one season he played all the sonatas of Beethoven in successive piano recitals. What might not be expected of one so lost to all sense of humor? In the present instance he took academic liberties with a staid Choral, but he strayed for a moment from the conservatory into an opera house where he heard "Tristan and Isolde" and then went back to work with a passage remaining in his mind. No doubt the variations are "well-worked," highly respectable, and at the end there is the anticipated, inevitable apotheosis of the Choral, allegro glorioso, brass and wood-wind and organ in full blast with fiddles in counterpoint, which brings the expected and desired applause. These Variations were composed at Bremen. They might have been composed at Stuttgart or at Eisenach.

The concert will be repeated tonight. There will be no concerts next week. The program of the concerts Jan. 12 and 13 will include three pieces by Sibelius, "Pohjola's Daughter," "The Oceanides," "Night-ride and Sunrise" (first time here); Beethoven's violin concerto (Albert Spalding, violinist); and the overture to "Egmont."

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT

Trans. — Dec. 30, 1916

SPIRITED ORCHESTRA, BUT LAGUING AUDIENCE

Contrasts and Consequences—Beethoven's "Little Symphony" in High-Mettled Performance—Georg Schumann's Safe and Sane Variations—Balakirev's "Thamar" as a Music That Defeats Its Own Purpose

AFTER the fine excitements of the Symphony Concerts of last week, the relative repose of the concert of yesterday afternoon. None in the course of the season, thus far, has been so short, while not one of the three pieces on the programme could—or did—much stir those that heard them. Yet two were comparatively novel—Balakirev's tone-poem, "Thamar," played "for the first time at these concerts" and Georg Schumann's Symphonic Variations (with a longish introduction and a fugued finale) upon an ancient chorale unheard at these same concerts for fifteen years. The third number, which in the order of the day began the concert, was Beethoven's "little symphony" in E, presumably pleasurable to the audience, since it makes easy listening, and in Dr. Muck's time one of the "virtuoso pieces," besides, of the conductor and the orchestra. It was well received on Friday, as it always is, but not applaudively enough to recall him at the end or to bring the band to the standing posture that is acknowledgment. As usual, "Thamar," in spite of the prestige that has long haloed it, won no more than courteous plaudits, while the sonorous variations of the estimable and expert Schumann were no better than workaday music. It is related that, of old time, when Clara Morris was the leading woman of a stock company at the vanished Union Square Theatre in New York, she played, a day or two before Christmas, in the presence of a meagre audience. A line in her part spoke of holiday revels and she thrust it at the spectators with meaningful malice. The audience at Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon was not exactly keeping its Christmas revels (as the line went) but it did hear in its after-Christmas lassitude.

Not so the orchestra and the conductor, outdoing even themselves in their playing of this eighth symphony of Beethoven. The sheer exhilarating rush with which they began; the zest of rhythm, the mingled suavity and elasticity of phrasing with which they proceeded through the first movement; the snap of their chords; the light brilliance of their tone and the light

energy of their progress might well have set sparks to their hearers. The truth is that we are spoiled with the perfections to which Dr. Muck has brought the band; and sitting under them from week to week, we take for granted what would kindle less habituated hearers into a lusty glow of applause. Here was music that sparkled like clear autumn air, that tingled on the ear like dry champagne on the tongue; and nobody, except, perhaps, Beethoven hearing across the Elysian Fields, was much stirred by the aptness and the spirit of the performance. As light of tone, as fascinating and flawless of rhythm, as succulent of moulded phrase, went the second movement of the celebrated "tickling." The third—the much-mooted "tempo di minuetto"—radiated a lively spirit and a genial vigor between the darting horns and trumpets and the songful wind-choir. Clearly Dr. Muck would have the symphony a symphony without a slow movement in any severe sense of the words. He was content to give the allegretto light, even, undulating flow; he was light-runnning and graceful with the ensuing "minuetto"; while he and the orchestra sped through the final rondo at a racing pace, stayed by little artful suspensions only to spring forward again in fresh zest of rhythm and fresh turn of happy phrase.

Yet with all this eagerness for the quick spirit, the lively fancy and the technical spontaneity of the music, Dr. Muck did not forget the characteristic mellowness of Beethoven's instrumental song, the clear play of his warm harmonic imagination, the long progressions and the snapping repetitions that are a challenge, almost, to a conductor's sense of artful advance and emphasis. In the performance, the beauty, the fancy, the charm, the ardor of the music seemed to flower as lightly and brightly as they were born of Beethoven's gay. In one and another "virtuoso piece," the orchestra has won its note. In this eighth symphony of Beethoven, as the music sounded yesterday, it seemed more apt, more sparkling, more finely touched than in all the rest.

Such music radiates itself whereas Schumann's variations need the glamor of such illuminating and heightening performance as they received. The learned writers upon the aesthetics of music are wont to say that the justification of variations—other than as an academic exercise taken in public—is the play through them of ardent creative zest enkindling alike composer, players and hearers. It would hardly be the truth to say that this generative force runs in ready invention and keen imagination through the twelve metamorphoses into which the diligent Schumann winds his chosen chorale. Of course it serves him well to the average ear when ever the square-cut phrases and the square-toed progressions return; more than once the organ, ready to his hand, helps him

out with timely and surging sonorities; his contrapuntal ingenuity is often considerable; and not once does he linger to wring a variation dry. Indeed he sounded uncommonly terse as such fluent music-making goes; his introduction impressed the ear in the preparation for the emergence of the chorale; and he worked his fugued finale in the big voice and the big stride that in contemporary German music touch climax in Reger's "Hiller Variations." Throughout the piece was full-bodied and free-footed; unmistakably well-made and "effective"; over-thick sometimes and over-luxuriant as is—or was—the German manner. Yet who could distill from it any clear impression of the busy Schumann as an individually imaginative composer with an invention and a procedure of his own. The final sonorities were hardly still before chorale and variations had vanished into the crowded limbo of the regular thing in the regular way.

Balakirev's tone-poem was indeed of another voice and texture. Though the Russian fondly signed it in 1882, after fifteen years of recurring preoccupation with it in some respects the music might have been dated 1912 or even 1916—in freedom, for example, from any sort of superfluous rhetoric or formality, in directness and exactness of tonal speech, zeal for concision rather than luxuriance, openness of structure, economy and exactitude of means, occasional harmonic and instrumental subtlety. Even through revision upon revision, Balakirev kept his eye upon the objects of his tonal narrative and delineation; while very seldom, after the manner of those who meditate long over detail, does he write music that reads better than it sounds. Every note tells in the voice of the instruments no less than on the printed page. Every note, so far as he could make it so, is, in its place, the inevitable note. The insistent chromatic quality of the music never becomes mere minute juggling with sharps and flats. More than once Balakirev seems to etch in his modulations, so incisively do they cut the surface of the music. His Oriental color never glows; he prefers that it dart and bite, his melodies of Thamar pierce rather than pulse. He is never luxuriant in his revels after the manner of Rimsky-Korsakov in the finale of "Scheherazade"—the suite and not the ballet; the dances of "Thamar" insinuate and tingle.

There is no mistaking the terse and astringent suggestion of the beginning of the tone-poem. The music does summon the rugged, solitary, ominous and darkening scene; at the end again it recalls it no less graphically in the pale and windless dawn. Between and both prologue and epilogue are short—Balakirev would evoke Thamar in bitter-sweet allurements and summon a revelry that should sting as often as it should caress. It is in these long pages, heightening as Dr. Muck was with them in his rhythms and suggestive

as he was in his shadings, that the tone-poem somehow goes dry. Balakirev's quest for exactitude with Thamar leaves her neither sensual nor sinister. The revel is of the composer's exacting and expository brain and not of the revellers' enkindled and careless flesh. It quite misses either wildness or fatality. Throughout the tone-poem Balakirev purposed to paint in color. In actual result he has oftener etched in line. H. T. P.

DR. MUCK GIVES INTERPRETATION OF "THAMAR" PIECE

Monitors — Dec. 30/16

Boston Symphony Orchestra, Karl Muck, Conductor—Tenth program, presented in Symphony Hall, Boston, Mass., afternoon of Dec. 29: Beethoven, Symphony No. 8 in F major, op. 93; Balakireff, symphonic poem, "Thamar"; Georg Schumann, symphonic variations on the chorale, "Wer nur den lieben Gott lässt walten," op. 24.

Russian composers of the Nineteenth Century were all more interested in making the orchestra sound well than in making it record poetic sublimities or philosophical profundities. They seem to have acted on the idea that whatever they asked their public to listen to must be pleasing to the ear, else it could never pass as music. It is a question, indeed, if the aural pleasantness maintained in the works of Tchaikowsky, Rimsky-Korsakoff, Borodin and Balakireff is not the great and saving quality of Russian musical art.

The symphonic poem "Thamar," rather long as it is, has no passage but sounds well; it has no pages that are written merely to get notes fitted together according to some plan of thematic development or some scheme of counterpoint. It has constant lyrical beauty. It always sings, never sacrificing suavity of melodic line or charm of instrumental concord for any purpose of realistic description. It is an idealized type of program music, telling its story but never breaking from the domain of tone and invading the realm of literature.

In quite another style is the music of Georg Schumann, in which agreeable sound is subordinate to display of the technique of composition and orchestration. But the display is entertaining and it has the merit of being economical and concise. Both this piece and the Balakireff work

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were zealously played and won applause. The Beethoven symphony seemed more or less of an improvisation, but was perhaps all the fresher for not being played in the orchestra's grand manner.

Dr. Muck takes his men on the monthly trip the coming week, giving concerts in Philadelphia, Washington, Baltimore, Brooklyn and New York. In Philadelphia, Baltimore and Brooklyn the soloist will be Ossip Gabrilowitsch, who will play the Rachmaninoff piano concerto. In Washington the soloist will be Carl Friedberg, who will play the Schumann piano concerto.

Cesar Franck's symphony is scheduled for Philadelphia and the evening concert in New York; Tschalkowsky's first suite will be played in Washington and at the matinee concert in New York. In Baltimore Schumann's "Rhenish" symphony and in Brooklyn Beethoven's eighth symphony will be played.

BEETHOVEN'S SYMPHONY THE FEATURE

Traveler Dec. 25/16
Although the patrons of the Symphony concerts had their first hearing of Balakireff's symphonic poem "Thamar" at these concerts yesterday afternoon and Georg Schumann's Symphonic Variations on the Choral "Wer nur den lieben Gott laesst walten" was also on the program, they voted without hesitation the honors of the afternoon to Beethoven's Symphony No. 8.

The Beethoven number is real music. There is no striving at puzzling effects and no effort to see how many instruments can be possibly employed, but rather to make the most of such instruments as are used. It is just a real musician speaking from the heart in unmistakable, ever fascinating terms. It was delightfully played. Incidentally, it is to be noted, Beethoven says more of interest in this brief work than many another has said in a work twice as long.

Balakireff seems to have struggled through his "Thamar" without the ability to clearly set forth his ideas. After it is all over there is something lacking. It is a puzzle without a solution when played without the ballet.

Georg Schumann was certainly not in his happiest vein in his Variations. One could well wish for more of the real musician and less of the student.

SYMPHONY GIVES PLEASING PROGRAM

Adv. Dec. 25/16
WORK WELL READ

AND EXECUTED

Dr. Muck Recalled by Enthusiastic Audience — Greater

Simplicity Desirable

By LOUIS C. ELSON
PROGRAM

Beethoven—Eighth Symphony.
Balakireff—Symphonic Poem, "Thamar."
Georg Schumann—Symphonic Variations on a Choral.

Strange as it may appear, there was once a man named Beethoven who wrote a symphony which lasted only about half-an-hour, was full of pretty melodies and playful and unaffected. This symphony and his others (for he wrote some others) had considerable vogue in their time, but, of course, they are not to be compared with our present hour-and-a-half symphonies, without tune and with an enormous orchestra with many more kinds of instruments.

In spite of this, the audience seemed to welcome this unambitious sister of the Brobdignagian works and to enjoy the humor which sparkles through every movement. It might be called a symphony without a slow movement, for the Allegretto, with its playful dialogue between violins and cellos (plus contrabasses) is more of a Scherzo than a true slow movement.

It is almost a "Bassoon Concerto" at times, for although that instrument has not any very difficult work to do, it is made constantly prominent. Beethoven loved the bassoon, and thoroughly enjoyed himself when writing for it. He had a name for his jovial moments and he called this mood "Aufgeknoepft," "Unbuttoned."

All through this symphony he is in this "unbuttoned" frame of mind. We need only record the points as they were made, in succession. The first movement gave its two jolly themes, its brusque development, its coda with the comical bassoon octave figure; the Allegretto Scherzendo its charming string dialogue aforesaid;

the Minuet served to show that Beethoven did not abolish the Minuet by inventing the Scherzo, and was given in the delicate rococo style its antique effects demand; but the Finale was an entire frolic, and here the Coda, with that wild lead from flutes and violins to contrabasses alone (from the garret to the cellar of the orchestra) and the quaint joining together of bassoon and kettle-drum in obligato work and the suddenly sentimental contrabasses, made a climax that was as rollicking as possible.

And all this was read by Dr. Muck and played by the orchestra as if they heartily enjoyed it, as certainly the audience did. The evidence of appreciation was not lacking, for not only was there applause at the end of each movement, but at the close of the work Dr. Muck was recalled. Nevertheless we think that the conductor tried to make too much out of the work. Greater simplicity would have suited it better.

Then came something much more earnest, much more heavily scored, yet still belonging to the field of true music, Balakireff's "Thamar." We have had this recently with short-skirted, pedal accompaniment,—as a Ballet,—but its symphonic rendering gave it immeasurably greater importance.

It began in the deepest depths, as the Russians love to do, and was portentous to the last degree. It was easy to read some meaning into it. The rushing torrent and the seductive song of Thamar, for example, could be identified. There were oriental dance rhythms with triangle and tambourine for tropical effects. There was the Oriental monotonous reiteration of kettle-drum strokes. Nevertheless the picture was somewhat vague. Passion and mystery were there, and a Thamar night seemed to be as fatal as "une nuit de Cleopatra," but the end was so ecstatic and tender that we judge that the lovers did not disapprove altogether of this form of death. The orchestration of the composition was, of course, ultra-modern.

In the matter of variation-composition one can change the old saying into "A lot of learning is a dangerous thing," for whether the name of the composer be Beethoven, Brahms,—or Georg Schumann, the result is a tonal display that is remarkable for length and in some degree for conventionality also. There must be an exhibition first of this instrument, and then of that; there must be a variation in Minor to contrast against

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one in Major; there must be a fugue; there must be a grandiose or bombastic finale. Schumann's teachers, Reincke and Jadasohn, equipped him thoroughly for this kind of task. Counterpoint sits easily upon him, and he can make rhythmic transformations with juggling skill. But such compositions are seldom very far from "Kapellmeistermusik."

Yet we must make an exception here. The combination of organ with orchestra was very fitting in such a religious theme, and it was well managed. The use of fugal form was also fitting in the treatment of a Chorale, and the counterpoint commanded all respect. And in the final variations there was a degree of development that was not only ingenious but inspiring, so that one cordially forgave the pedantic touches that were in some parts of the earlier treatment.

These variations may take rank with the large variations of Beethoven and of Brahms. In both of these composers, as in Georg Schumann, we find much freedom in the treatment of themes, and in this work sometimes even the transformation, by figure development, into new, strange and rich guises. Yet we doubt if the ingenuity of such music can ever be understood by the laity. Bulwer-Lytton once claimed for one of his works that it was not written for the common herd. Much the same might be said about such masterly variations.

The playing of the strings in the fugue finale was masterly in the highest degree. The trombones, too, did very well, although too strident toward the close.

The overwhelming power of the finale would impress any audience, and we were not astonished to see Dr. Muck twice recalled at the close. The work of the entire orchestra and his own interpretation certainly deserved it, as this concert, like a wasp, had its most powerful part at the end.

BEETHOVEN WORK WELL PERFORMED

Journal Dec. 25/16
Beethoven's eighth symphony—the "little symphony," as the composer described it, when comparing it with the seventh, the "great one in A"—is the most familiar and impressive number on this week's Symphony program. The performance yesterday, which Dr. Muck

conducted in a fashion that revealed its manifold graces, also served to recall Beethoven's opinion that this melodious symphony in F major is one of his happiest works.

For the first time, Balakireff's symphonic poem, "Thamar," is based on the gloomy poem by Michail Lermontoff, is offered at the Symphony concerts. It is not an unfamiliar composition, nevertheless, for it has been played here in recent years by the Boston Opera Company orchestra, with Andre Caplet conducting, and by the Ballett Russe orchestra. The ballet "Thamar," with Balakireff's music, was presented here last month, with Flore Revalles appearing as the queen who lures men to their death through her baleful beauty. The music pictures the adventures of several victims of the siren who dwell by the waters of Terek. The performance was excellent, but not exciting.

The last number on the program is Georg Schumann's symphonic variations on "Wer der lieben Gott," an early 17th century German choral, which calls for full orchestra and organ. It is an old-fashioned work, with a stirring finale.

Next week the orchestra will be out of town. At the concerts on Jan. 12 and 13 the soloist will be Albert Spalding, who will play the Beethoven violin concerto. Three tone pictures by Sibelius will be performed for the first time in Boston. Beethoven's overture to "Egmont" will complete the program.

SYMPHONY PLAYS NEW TONE POEM

Balakireff's "Thamar"
Is Given First
Hearing

Post Dec. 30/16
BY OLIN DOWNES

Beethoven's eighth symphony, Balakireff's "Thamar," symphonic poem after Lermontoff, and George Schumann's variations on the choral "Wer nur den liebe Gott lasst walten" made

the programme of the tenth Friday afternoon concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Karl Muck conductor, yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. Balakireff's work was heard for the first time at these concerts.

POETRY IN DULL COLORS

The performance of the delightful symphony of Beethoven was all that it should have been.

The symphonic poem of Balakireff had evidently been studied with as much care for detail and reverence for the intention of the composer as the symphony of Beethoven—which in a sense, was quite wrong. For the methods so admirable in the performance of Beethoven's work were quite out of place when it came to the gorgeous, glowing music of Balakireff, music, whatever its defects, of an enormous and overwhelming vitality, music Asiatic in its excitement and sensuality.

The symphonic poem by Lermontoff which inspired Balakireff tells of the castle of the Queen Thamar, which still looms, in ruins, over the bank of the River Terek in the Darial pass in the Caucasus, and of the wild fetes held there; of the travellers who became the victims of the beautiful and terrible queen, and whose bodies, in the gray light of the dawn, were carried away by the river "mad with fright," as a sigh comes from afar to the departing beloved. There is in the poem, and there is in the music, a vigor and imagery and opulence which should be felt to the utmost in any performance, and which were not felt. The most effective passages were those of which the orchestration was most piquant and refined, and the conclusion, where Dr. Muck was poetic. For the rest, there was constantly a restraint and an obsession with detail wholly out of place in this score. As a whole he have seldom heard this great conductor put himself more conscientiously at the service of the composer, and yet show so plainly his lack of sympathy with the music.

But those who were disturbed—if any one could be disturbed by such a polite performance of this work—could console themselves of course for respectability and routine itself entered the hall with the performance of Mr. George Schumann's variations on a choral theme, which were for some reason or other repeated after a lapse of a few seasons.

SYMPHONY CONCERT

Georg Schumann Dec. 30/16
Balakireff's Thamar, First
Time by the Orchestra

Excellent Performance of Variations by Georg Schumann

The 10th Friday afternoon Symphony concert consisted of Beethoven's eighth symphony, Balakireff's "Thamar" (symphonic poem for orchestra after a poem by Michail Lermontoff), first time at these concerts, and Georg Schumann's symphonic variations on the choral, "Wer nur den lieben laesst walten."

Georg Schumann, no relative of Robert, a choral conductor, teacher and composer, now living in Berlin, has written more inspirational music. The variations are respectable. They denote contrapuntal learning, a cunning ingenuity in the various devices which disguise, paraphrase and relentlessly pursue a figure through many transitions. The chief subject of the final fugue sounds equally dull whether inverted or in its original position. The expanse of a figure may be halved or doubled, and it may provoke a procession of forms of it in the theorist's terms of inversion, augmentation, diminution and whatnot.

The choral as such, and noticeably this one, has character. This example suggests the cathedral. Its melody is broad and uplifting; the harmonization noble. The whole is sturdy, wholesome, devotional. Made to dance in these masquerades and its character is lost. Becoming a tune to serve as fodder for a composer's invention it wears this or that costume which may display a certain skill in manipulation but rarely reveals beauty.

The two variations on an organ point first in tympani, then in double basses, in a sense restore the mood of dignity and of deep and quiet strength. The variation in B major, which suffered an unfortunate slip in the horns, escaped in its spirit of freedom and sincerity from the ponderous artifice, the assumed and noisy importance of the fourth. The levity and grace of the seventh as a mere fantasy was welcome. The work as a whole is swollen and pedantic. Cesar Franck's choral prelude and fugue for piano treated the choral as an art form, but kept its dignity. The great Bach ennobled it on the organ. Schumann's use of the organ for its sheer tone color is at moments arresting, majestic, but the final apotheosis of noise is not one of these. It is a score inviting an orchestra to virtuosity, and Dr Muck availed himself of it with a

brilliant performance.

Balakireff's music of the baleful Georgian Queen Thamar, who, in her mountain castle high over a gorge of the Terek, lured and reveled with her lovers for a night, then threw their bodies into the dark current below, needs the powerful stimulus to the eye of the Ballet Russe. They mimed the tale to it for the first time in America in Boston last February. There is Oriental suggestion; there is the visualizing figure of premonition in violas which returns in English horn and cello; there are the shimmering harmonic transitions near the close, but one misses a more compelling portrait of the cruel, sensual Queen, whom men yet called divine, and for whom they sold their lives. One misses the barbarous splendor with which Bakst drenched his stage picture in colors of settings and costumes.

The orchestral performance of this, as of the symphony, found Dr Muck in his accustomed keenness of perfection in music of varying periods and character. Beethoven's Scherzo was played with surpassing rhythmic and tonal delicacy. The orchestra will be away next week.

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ARY 13, AT 8 P. M.

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Boston.)

O for Violin in D, op. 61

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SPALDING

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Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1916--17.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

Dr. KARL MUCK, Conductor.

ELEVENTH PROGRAMME

FRIDAY, JANUARY 12, AT 2.30 P. M.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 13, AT 8 P. M.

SIBELIUS,

a) "Pohjola's Daughter." Symphonic Fantasia, op. 49

b) "The Oceanides" ("Aallottaret") Tone Poem, op. 73

c) "Night-ride and Sunrise" Symphonic Poem, op. 55

(All performed for the first time in Boston)

BEETHOVEN,

CONCERTO for Violin in D major, op. 61

I. Allegro ma non troppo

II. Larghetto

III. Rondo

BEETHOVEN,

OVERTURE to "Egmont"

Soloist:

Mr. ALBERT SPALDING

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT

Trans. — Jan. 13/17
THREE REMARKABLE TONE-POEMS
BY SIBELIUS

A Land-Piece of Night and Dawn, a Sea-Piece of Many-Colored and Many-Motioned Ocean, and a Wintry Tale Out of Finnish Legend—Music of Invention, Individuality and Illusion—Mr. Spalding and Beethoven's Concerto for Violin—Also an Over-Played Overture

AMONG the present conductors of symphony concerts in the United States, Dr. Muck passes for the scorum of novel pieces. This season they are admittedly hard to discover. The presses of Europe have let fall few new folios since the war began; for two years already the conductors have been burrowing among their stores. Yet from October into January Dr. Muck has outdone all his fellows. Mr. Damrosch's "novelties" have been for the most part overlooked trifles; Mr. Stock's and Mr. Strinsky's have been too sparse, almost for counting; Mr. Stokowski has declined from the Mahler of songs with orchestra into Bruch for two pianos. Yet here in Boston Dr. Muck's programmes have abounded in novel music, produced or received, in every instance deserving a hearing, in most plainly interesting the audience; while much more of equal promise is in prospect. Yesterday afternoon, indeed, in part doubtless as a pleasurable change from routine, he put by a symphony with which the concerts usually begin and substituted three tone-poems by Sibelius, each new to his hearers. The most imaginatively conceived and graphically fashioned of them, "Pohjola's Daughter," is of the Finn's less-known pieces in a series that now in his fifty-second year is rising to the seventies in opus-numbers. The second, "The Daughters of Ocean," which is really free sea-picturing, was first played at Norfolk in the spring of 1915 and in the following autumn and winter received into many symphony concerts; while the third, "Night Ride and Sunrise," has been "intended for performance" these six years at Symphony Hall. Possibly, if Sibelius's new symphony were not locked in a manuscript score until the end of the war sets free the presses, it along with the daughters, allike of Pohjola and Oceanus, might still await a hearing.

Tonal narrative, tonal impression, tonal picture—which one will in the delineative designation of music, no one of the three lacked the Sibelian individuality of design, imagination, procedure. "Night-Ride and Sunrise" might label eminently con-

ventional exercises in tone-picturing. The scaffolding for such pieces is kept standing in most yards for music-making and serviceable plaster is always at hand to cover it. But Sibelius sets up his own framework, chooses his own building material, follows his own methods, and makes his music, as it seems, out of keen personal impression and imagination. Recall the reiterated figure of the beating hoofs of the horse repeated until the ear, the nerves and every other source of sensation tingle with it. The convention of such pieces certainly—if only Sibelius's figure were conventional. But it is not. It is a figure of the sound of those hoof-beats through darkness and stillness, when as any one may testify who with a grain of imagination has ridden fast, far and smoothly by windless night, they begin curiously to haunt the ear, to fall with an uncanny evenness and isolation. In mingled fact and fancy, Sibelius knows whereof he tonally affirms. In like fashion, he experiences and suggests in his music, the tremulous, expectant stir that seems to haunt the dark in waste, silent, solitary places before it turns into dawn. That strange tremor is in his harmonies. The Sibelian sun rises simply and calmly without a Mascagnian gesture or a Straussian sarge—the very note of high imagination with a daily spectacle that yet yields the impression of a daily miracle. Then of a sudden in the music comes a jagged, piercing dissonance rending the ear; but so a shaft of light in a northern dawn will thrust and tear at the green-gray sky. Again the actual impression and the tonal imagery are in exact accord. Sibelius sees and paints for himself in the realities of nature, in the illusion of tones. Scarcely another composer of our day so strips to the quick his sensations and his music.

Yet somehow the land by night and in the dawning seemed to yield Sibelius keener sensations, and so to prompt him to a more intensely pictorial music, than did the sea, sunlit and twinkling, restless and ominous, or heaved in tempest against the angry heavens. Nonetheless, the naked directness, the naked sensibility of the delineative suggestion in the ocean-music was marvellous to hear. Nowhere in the familiar sea-pieces of the concert-room — Rimsky-Korsakov's, Debussy's Wagner's, Gllson's — is there such suggestion of the flutter to the eye of sunlit ripples when light breezes fleck them as Sibelius's rhythmic movement and harmonic color bear. Little less graphically, as his waters darken and roughen, do the strands of the music take on the ropiness of such a forbidding sea. Then the music proceeds, yet with unfolding unity and unhesitating cumulation, from impression to impression. The troubled ropy waters coalesce into a single black surge, swaying upward, swaying downward, in insistent, rhythmic suspense, shattered at last into what

before long will be fluttering ripples again. And the impressionistic Sibelius's storm-wave is not the storm-wave again of the impressionistic Debussy. The foam at the top of it catches the Parisian's eye and curls into the music. The blackness of the lashed waters arrests the Finn's imagination and darkens his measures. The sweep of the wave intrigues them both; but the mass and the weight of it sink deeper into the Northern composer. Each gives his music a curious rhythmic cohesion; each in his own way makes acrid chord, harmony or timbre do its delineative office. Often this sea-music is akin in bitterness, brevity, broken suggestion to that much questioned fourth symphony of Sibelius.

In turn "Pohjola's Daughter" was a yet more graphic music but now of inner and haunting mood as well as of external sensation. Once more there is tonal journeying over northern plain, through northern forest, but this time no horse, but a sledge, bears the wayfarer—the old hero of Finnish legend, Väinämöinen, monotonously speeding home, dull of heart. Suddenly the reiterated minor music brightens, blazes, dazzles with the blue sky, the white snow and the high sharp lights of winter. In this white fire of tones, crystal and crackling, on the top of the rainbow sits the wilful and wanton daughter of Pohjola. The old hero burns for her; she will descend to him if only he will make a boat for her out of her spindle and so fulfill her heart's desire. But Väinämöinen knows no such magic and wofully rides away. The icy brilliance fades out of the softening music; less the vision of the mocking girl than the vision of his longing remains in the old man's heart. It haunts, maybe it comforts, him. Again, as in the sea-piece and for that matter in the earlier tone-picture of the ride and the dawn, short rhythmic figures, time and again repeated, varied as imaginative composer—and imaginative conductor no less—may vary them, summon the Sibelian illusion, work the Sibelian spell. The motives expand into no large-spun melody until the music begins to sing the longing that, instead of Pohjola's daughter, sits besides Väinämöinen in the sledge. Upon the dark harmonies of the music the melody rides the darkness of the forest, the darkness of his heart. Between

melody and background the inner emotional and the outer pictorial illusion are wholly fused. Out of subtlety of means flows exceeding directness of affect. The hearer's sensations answer to the music as they might answer to an old fantastic ballad sung in as rich voice as is Sibelius's with the orchestra. And never did music of ice and crystal air burn sharper, brighter, whiter than Sibelius's of the girl on her rainbow. His imagination and his idiom are hardly to be matched in potent

individuality in the music of this day. And three such tone-poems in one afternoon!

The rest was the Beethoven of the overture to "Egmont" and the Beethoven of the concerto for violin at the hands of Mr. Spalding. In recent years, perhaps for many years, both have been played quite as often as need be at the Symphony Concerts, however eloquent the performance. No doubt the overture to Goethe's play well survives the years alongside the overture to "Coriolan." Agreed, that both are classic masterpieces. If they do miss the everlasting power of the third "Leonore" overture. But they are also hackneyed masterpieces. For the time, an overture of Beethoven that was not a masterpiece at all, that was even a job in the musical fashion of Vienna a century ago might sound fresher in ears staled beyond any new sensation from those repertory classics. Why not try one for once in a way—if Dr. Muck were so minded—try one even for sport's sake. If we were all disillusioned, to be so would at least be a new sensation from Beethoven.

Mr. Spalding's choice of the concerto was another matter and it is not in reason to expect an "assisting artist"—and at his first invitation to the Symphony Concerts—to consider how many times his practiced audience has heard the piece in which he would prove his prowess. Nay, familiarity with it may enable his hearers the better to appreciate his excellent parts with the music. So Mr. Hofman likes to reason, but Mr. Spalding is a modest spirit and may have chosen the concerto for no other reason than that it personally charms by plastic and songful beauty and invites the finer distinctions of his tone and the more graceful qualities of his style. As it was, he played with keen perception of the quality of the concerto as a lyric and elegant music. His technical means, even in an exacting cadenza that may have been his own, were apt and supple to the instant in the music or the violin, suave always and unobtrusively artful. His tone was fine, clear, soft, bright, sensitive, undulating to the music, in edgeless euphony with the other instrumental voices—the shining thread in the web that Dr. Muck and the orchestra wove in tones as exquisitely as he. Mr. Spalding set the pressure work of the first movement in lace-like pattern, as fine of texture as it was delicate of line and coloring. He drew out the slow song in musing but not sentimentalizing sweetness; he was light elegance itself in the finale. From the first measure to the last the sensibility of the violinist was as unerring as the fingers and wrists that gave it voice. The charm never dimmed, the elegance never faded. It was easy to imagine that the Vienna of Beethoven's time, which loved all these qualities in its virtuoso music, might so have heard the concerto. There are other Spaldings—

larger of voice and style, mood and impression—than that which he disclosed yesterday, but it is his characteristic virtue to unify himself with his music.

H. T. P.

SIBELIUS' PIECES BY SYMPHONY

Post Jan. 2/17
Three Sketches Played

for First Time
in Boston

BY OLIN DOWNES

Three compositions by Jean Sibelius were played for the first time in Boston yesterday afternoon at the concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Karl Muck, conductor, in Symphony Hall: "Pohjola's Daughter," "The Oceanides," "Night-Ride and Sunrise." Albert Spalding played the Beethoven violin concerto. The overture to Egmont brought the concert to an end.

NATURE SKETCHES

All of these pieces of Sibelius are nature sketches. "Pohjola's Daughter" is inspired by the charming episode of the Kalevala, the Finnish epic, in which the aged hero, Väinämöinen, encounters the daughter of Pohjola sitting on a rainbow. She weaves and laughs at his suit. She coquettishly suggests several tests of the hero's wisdom and valor. But his achievements are of no avail, and the sledge-ride is resumed.

The music starts in the manner of a legend, with a sort of recitative for the cello, which later becomes a persistent accompanying figure that suggests the ride. The vigorous rhythm is developed with constantly more force and momentum. The brass choir throws out a wild call. This call is in the

major key, and thus contrasts effectively and joyously with the minor tonality that has preceded and the intentionally monotonous rhythm of the ride. Then comes the meeting with the daughter of Pohjola. There is laughter in the wood-wind, and dialogue which becomes more and more strenuous. There is a humorous suggestion of the anger of the enraged minstrel, and again the music of the ride returns.

New, Sensuous Theme

Again are heard the defiant fanfares of the brass, and a new theme, sensuous and full of melancholy—the longing, one would say, of him whose years and wisdom are increasing, for young arms and laughter. This melody, flung across the darkly colored pulsating orchestra, is not quickly forgotten. It is in its color, its suggestion and exceedingly ingenious manipulation of short figures that this piece makes its effect. And the effect is superbly imaginative and suggestive of the ruggedness and sadness of northern nature. There are colors not found in the orchestra of other composers than Sibelius. There is the emotion of one inspired by the nature about him and the legends of his own land.

In the "Oceanides" Sibelius is still more of an impressionist. This piece, too, has true imagination, but not such distinctive material, throughout, as the piece that preceded. Yet there are prodigious pages. There is the feeling of the vasty deep, of the thresh of waters and the sigh of winds, of the song and the crash of great waves. Few composers could be so simple and elemental in feeling.

In "Night-ride and Sunrise" there are fantastical measures in the transition from the wood of suspense and darkness and agitation to the calmness and majesty of the rising sun, and at the last there are superbly simple and imaginative effects of color in the orchestra. But again, in the latter section, there is a tendency to harmonic commonplaceness. The earlier pages—those of the "nightride" have the suggestion of that which is mysterious, even sinister, and of grotesque shadows.

Mr. Spaulding in his performance of the Beethoven concerto showed his sincerity, his musical understanding, and a fine, clean-cut technic. It was a sane and satisfactory performance, and a performance by a young man too reverent toward his art to do other than place himself wholly at the service of the composer. Mr. Spaulding was heartily applauded and recalled.

SPALDING

ALBERT SPALDING HEARD AS SOLOIST WITH ORCHESTRA

Monitors — Jan. 13/17

Boston Symphony Orchestra, Karl Muck, Conductor, Albert Spalding, Soloist—Eleventh program, presented in Symphony Hall, Boston, Mass., afternoon of Jan. 12: Sibelius, "Pohjola's Daughter," op. 49; "The Oceanides," op. 73; and "Night-Ride and Sunrise," op. 55 (first time in Boston). Beethoven, concerto for violin in D, op. 61, and overture to "Egmont," op. 84.

In just eight years, Mr. Spalding has grown from an apprentice among violinists to a master-player. And in five years, he has advanced from a soloist who was fortunate to get a chance to appear in Boston with a visiting orchestra, to one who does the Boston Symphony Orchestra itself honor by appearing with it, conservative though that institution is in choosing guests to assist in its august ceremonies at Symphony Hall Friday afternoons and Saturday evenings. He might reasonably have been admitted into the fellowship of first-rank artists sooner, for that is what his engagement to play with the orchestra will mean hereafter, as he goes about on the North American concert circuit. But probably all the better for him, now that he is at last initiated, that the ministrants of the musical Eleusinia of the United States are so circumspect.

Standing up as soloist with the orchestra on this occasion, and stating himself before a large and permanently organized audience, he disclosed the same traits as when he stood up in January, 1909, before a sparse and casual group of listeners in a small hall. He showed himself at this time as then, one who speaks earnestly and profoundly and who will let no false accent or inflection mar what he says; as one, also, who speaks fluently and directly, leaving no gap between his thought and his expression of it for finicality or priggishness to occupy. In youth he came breaking the traditions of make-believe that have surrounded concert artists. In maturity he comes, still making no pretense about himself as a man of the platform, though asserting frankly enough the illusion of the poetic for his art.

The Beethoven violin concerto, performed by such an artist, could hardly help meaning something new. Almost never is a long Beethoven work presented with unbroken elegance of style. To the majority of interpreters the composer would not be himself if his music were so played. He would lack, for one thing, his supposed egotism. And then there might be monotony. But the violinist at the matinee played with consistent polish of phrase, and held the attention of his listeners to his discourse at the same time. Seldom, however, does a Beethoven work get presented with uniform smoothness and richness of tone. Yet the violin concerto was so performed, last movement and all. Nor was contrast of moods weakened by the procedure.

The violinist's methods reacted on the conductor, who gave an accompaniment for the concerto that was of almost string quartet delicacy. The visitor's methods, indeed, seemed to affect the program even where he had no part. The Sibelius selections, new to the repertory of the orchestra, were read with a lightness that was hardly to have been looked for, their contents considered. But if kept somewhat subdued, they were read with care on everybody's part for the best effects of interpretation. The three pieces are interesting experiments in the short story form, in which the Finnish composer is expert. They do not, however, represent him at his best in that form. They have none of the beauty of the "Swan of Tuonela" music. The "Pohjola's Daughter" fantasia has much preluding in the grave registers of the wood, wind instruments, which leads to little except academic developments in the acute registers of the violins. "The Oceanides" was written to order for a music festival, and there seems no good reason for anybody's denying that the order was honestly enough filled. "Night-Ride and Sunrise" for the first half is an interesting study in rhythm, having somewhat the same irresistible mingling of realism and romance as Schubert's "Erlking" song. The composer, exchanging in the middle of the work rhythm for color, may have carried out logically some scheme of description, but he gives the idea of having arbitrarily fastened together two independent narratives, rather than of having told one tale in two chapters.

IMPRESSIVE NEW MUSIC BY SIBELIUS

966 — Jan. 13/17
Three Compositions Read
by Dr Muck

Albert Spalding, as Soloist, Plays Beethoven Concerto Beautifully

At the Symphony concert yesterday Dr Muck produced for the first time in Boston three compositions by Sibelius. Albert Spalding, the violinist, was soloist for the first time at these concerts.

The pieces by Sibelius, the first to a published program, are these: "Pohjola's Daughter," symphonic fantasia, op. 49; "The Oceanides" ("Sallottaret") tone poem, op. 73; "Night Ride and Sunrise," symphonic poem, op. 55. The first was published in 1906, the third in 1909. The second was written for performance at a concert of the Litchfield County Choral Union, Norfolk, Conn., at the invitation of Mr and Mrs Carl Stoeckel, and was so performed for the first time, June 4, 1914. It does not bear the usual signs of music written by invitation or for an occasion.

The program book tells us that Sallottaret are the Oceanides of Finnish mythology, the daughters of the Titans, Oceanus and his sister Tethys, or according to Apollodorus of Uranus and Gaea, and that their names were Asia, Styx, Elektra, and "many others." The latest work from the great Finn shows his broad vision, his epic imagination, his majestic, rugged individuality in expression to be still a luminous, dynamic force in music. His thought obviously was of the sea. His score is saturated with the mystery, the terror, the lure of the myriad colored voice and bosom of the deep. His musical symbols suggest the infinite individuality of nature. One may say there is in the thematic outline an organic vagueness. There is identity, but it ebbs and flows through many phases.

Voices of the Sea

Compositions leaning heavily upon tonal color often reveal a paucity of ideas. The indeterminate character of this music has no association with the commonplace or vacuity. There is dominance of mood. There is incessant appeal to the imagination. Should one never having seen the sea, hear this

music, he must feel ushered before a presence of awe and majesty, a cosmic force, not of yesterday or today, but of all time, the silent keeper of many tragedies, the treacherous mistress who makes no promise to deliver that entrusted unto her, yet invites with sunny skies and smiling waters other adventures. A score which at first hearing discourages a usual following of a theme or of its development, but seizes and controls with a narrative of primitive, elemental simplicity, with the conviction of poetic truth.

The Symphonic fantasia has a more definite program. From the verses printed in the score, the scholarly author of the program book would call it the homeward ride of Vainamoinen, he who was "one of the four principal heroes of the epic, the son of the Wind and of the virgin of the Air, represented as a vigorous old man, a patriarch, a minstrel."

Carried by an eagle to a spot near the castle of Pohjola, personifying the North Country, he is promised by Louhi, mistress of Pohjola, her beautiful daughter, if he will forge her a talisman. Replying that he cannot and will send his brother, a cunning smith, he is given a horse and sledge by the old woman and sent homeward, with the warning to look only straight before him if he would avoid harm.

On the rainbow he sees Pohjola's daughter spinning. Her beauty entices him. She promises at length to come down and follow him if he will make a boat out of her spindle and to gratify a long desire—reveal the secret of his magic. He labors only to find the spell has gone from him. Rudely disappointed and disgruntled, he journeys on, but courage returns to him.

Fascinating Folk Lore

The myth reminds of analagous Biblical stories. The folk lore is fascinating in its wild ardor, its haunting melancholy. The metamorphosis of the beautiful daughter finally into a fearful and cruel woman is dramatic and picturesque. Sibelius spans the enchanting and the hideous with bold and commanding strokes. There is sharp contrast and sweeping characterization. The third piece less varied, maintained a remarkable development of the galloping rhythmic figure and followed with a resplendent picture in perspective and color which might have denoted the peace and grandeur of sunrise after the long feverish flight. All three pieces were read with the utmost sympathy by Dr Muck and played with virtuosity.

Mr Spalding, a welcome addition to the ranks of established soloists at these concerts, played the Beethoven concerto with fine conception of its nobility, its tenderness, its closing optimism, played with a ravishing beauty of tone, with a polished style which was of far more than mere surface, and with mastery in the beavura of the cadenzas that clearly established his title in this last new honor. Dr Muck and the orchestra assisted as only they can. The Egmont overture closed the program.

BOSTONIANS HEAR THREE NEW WORKS

Adv. Jan. 13/17
NOVELTIES BY SIBELIUS
ON SYMPHONY PROGRAM

Entirely Modern and Well
Played, Despite Difficulties,
Says Prof. Elson

By LOUIS C. ELSON
Program.

Sibelius. "Pohjola's Daughter."
Sibelius. "The Oceanides."
Sibelius. "Night-ride and Sunrise."
Beethoven. Violin Concerto.
Soloist, Mr. Albert Spalding.
Beethoven. "Egmont" overture.

Three works, new to Boston, by Sibelius, began the program. The great Finnish composer is always picturesque in his small forms of program music, and these works formed no exception to the rule. Yet there was a degree of sameness in the three compositions and we think that they would have gained by having contrasted works placed between them. Pohjola's daughter pictured the love-making of Wainemoinen, the hero of the Finnish classic, the Kalevala, a strange tale of northern myths and demigods. The harp might have been made more prominent, for Wainemoinen is said to have made a harp of dead men's bones with strings of drowned maiden's hair, but such an instrument would probably not be obtainable in Boston at present.

The picture of the daughter aforesaid, on a rainbow, was easily recognized, but there is a much finer rainbow at the end of Wagner's "Rheingold." The work begins with the old formula of pianissimo growls in the deep instruments working gradually up to more passionate utterance. It is intentionally fragmentary and spasmodic, it is thoroughly odd and original, with the usual touches of picturesque monotony.

"Oceanides" we scarcely dare judge of at once. It seemed dull to us. It was intended probably to be dreamy and vague, but too much vagueness easily palls.

"The Night-ride" had a very different figure to express galloping from those found in Frau Holle, Lenore, Faust's "Ride to Hades" or "The Walkyrie." Possibly the night-ride was in an auto; in that case we know what that sudden drumstroke meant—a definite blow-out or a large puncture. Even in the sun-rise we felt that Grieg does more justice to the solar beams. But here there were some fine pizzicato passages on the strings and some excellent flute-work.

It was all very modern and it was very well played, although it has many difficulties. Yet we were not much moved by the works, because of their successive sameness. We ought to pay tribute to some difficult work of the brasses in the first movement. But every part of these three sombre bits of reiteration was well read and well played, and we may suppose the applause a tribute to that. We can scarcely imagine that the average auditor enjoyed the long succession of shadows any more than we did.

Whenever we hear the great Beethoven violin concerto we think of what the English marine outlook said to Queen Victoria at the great yacht race years ago. "The 'America' is first, Your Majesty." "But who is second?" anxiously inquired the Queen. After sweeping the horizon with his field-glass, the searcher replied: "There is no second!" Similarly the Beethoven violin concerto is first in its field, and there is no second.

But it requires an artist combining soul and technique, virtuosity and breadth. Albert Spalding has all of these except the last. As with the interpretation of Sarasate, we must find his performance of this work too delicate, not mighty enough. The work also requires thorough orchestral support, for Beethoven's concertos are always symphonies with a solo thread woven through, never merely solos with orchestral accompaniment. The artist had excellent support on this occasion and the ensemble was excellent, had only the solo voice been broader, at least in the first movement.

This movement needs ponderous power when it comes to the treatment of that strange figure of four repeated notes which dominates a great part of it. It is said that Beethoven had this figure suggested to him by a drunken man who was pounding at a closed door, but it certainly sounds

more like destiny knocking at the door than even the four-noted figure of the fifth symphony. The orchestra gave this power excellently, the soloist less so. The cadenzas of first and last movements, however, were fine displays of technique, and the final rondo was given with lightness and brightness. Therefore, Mr. Spalding won a great amount of applause, of which we were glad, for we consider him one of the great violinists, even if, in this concerto, we much prefer Kreisler or Mischa Elman.

The lightness of Beethoven as displayed in the finale of the concerto was well contrasted with his dignity, force and frenzied rejoicing, as revealed in the "Egmont" overture. Of the technique of this performance nothing new can be said. It is strange to think that once upon a time the first violins rebelled at being forced up to four-lined C in the Coda of this. Now every great orchestra plays the passage with comparative ease. Again here, as in the concerto, there was a ponderous and mighty figure (five chords) to which the orchestra did full justice, and the stern and tender themes were given with beautiful contrast. But the Coda, with the violin passages aforesaid, and with the piccolo runs at the end, was especially inspiring. Beethoven never rejoiced mildly, and nothing could stir him more than the triumph of Liberty, wherefore the piccolo yells were very appropriate.

One thought of the line that used to be recited in school—"Freedom shrieked when Kosciuszko fell"—(possibly he fell on her corns) and felt that she might also shriek, in triumph, when the death of Egmont led to the final victory of the Netherlands. It was a fine ending to a fine concert.

SPALDING WINS NEW HONORS AS SYMPHONY STAR

Journal Jan. 13/17
American Violinist Plays

Beethoven Concerto Artistically.

Tribute is paid at the Symphony concerts this week to the virtuosity of Albert Spalding, the young American violinist. For eight years, or since just after he turned his 20th year, Mr. Spalding has been giving recitals in Boston, showing every season steady progress in his art and in this way strengthening his appeal to critical appreciation. He has fairly won this invitation to appear as Symphony soloist, and yesterday his performance of the Beethoven concerto was rewarded with enthusiastic applause. He was recalled several times, in fact.

His tone is warm and bright; his interpretative power betrays the sensitive feeling and intellectual keenness of the true artist; his technique especially as it proved itself in the bristling cadenzas, is brilliant in the highest degree. He has the poise as well as the ability of an exquisitely cultured artist. It was with the profoundest pleasure that the audience witnessed the genuine triumph achieved yesterday by this gifted native musician.

Next in order came Dr. Muck's splendid reading of Beethoven's "Egmont" overture, a beautiful and dramatic composition, and the only number of this week's program that shows the great orchestra at its best.

The concert opened with the performance of three pieces by Jean Sibelius, the Finnish composer, these being "Pohjola's Daughter," a symphonic fantasia; "The Oceanides," a tone poem, and "Night Ride and Sunrise," a symphonic poem. These were performed for the first time here. The "Sunrise" music provided a rather stimulating finale, but what preceded it would excite much more admiration in Helsingfors than in Boston. The heroic efforts of Dr. Muck and the orchestra to interest the audience were of little avail.

The program next week will include Schubert's "Unfinished" symphony; a new tone poem, "The Eve of St. Agnes," by Mr. Ballantine of the Harvard music department; the introduction and bacchanale from the first act of Wagner's "Tannhaeuser" (Paris version), and vocal numbers by J. S. Bach and Sidney Homer, with Mme. Louise Homer as soloist.

SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA GIVES CONCERT

Herald Jan. 18/17
Mr. Spalding Makes First Ap-
pearance with Players in
Present Series and His Per-
formance Is Both Thoughtful
and Careful—Program Will
Be Repeated Tonight.

By PHILIP HALE.

The 11th concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Muck conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows: Sibelius, "Pohjola's Daughter," "The Oceanides," "Night Ride and Sunrise" (the three for the first time in Boston); Beethoven, Concerto for Violin (Albert Spalding, violinist); overture to "Egmont."

"Pohjola's Daughter" was published in 1906; the "Night Ride" in 1909, and "The Oceanides" written at Mr. Carl Stoeckel's invitation, was performed for the first time at a concert of the Litchfield County Choral Union at Norfolk, Ct., in June, 1914, when the composer conducted it with other pieces by him.

Of the three pieces "Pohjola's Daughter," the earliest, is to us the most musically poetic. For inspiration Sibelius went to the Finnish epic, "Kalevala," and chose the episode in which the old and steadfast Vainamoinen is fascinated by Pohjola's daughter sitting and spinning on a rainbow. At once enamored, he begs her to come down and sit on his sledge. She lightly says that if he will fashion a boat out of her spindle she'll gladly follow him. This he fails to do, and, sorely wounded by the rebounding axe, he goes his way, alone, but with the memory of the girl's seductive voice, with the hope of winning her.

A condensed version of the story is printed in German verse in the score; but, fortunately, to our knowledge, no commentator has pointed out different motives, the rainbow, the girl's me-

ery, the shaping of the boat, the axe, the wounded leg. As the music goes on, wildly beautiful for the most part, the hearer, if he is so disposed, can hear the story in the music, and say: "Now the hero is coming on his sledge; there sits the girl on the rainbow; I hear the talk and the work of the axe"; there will be no one to contradict him, though Sibelius, if he was present, might reply: "Not at all, my dear sir; you have the wrong theme"; or the hearer may be conscious only of something original, peculiar, forcible, always impressive and at times entrancing.

Now "Night Ride and Sunrise" has no printed argument. We are not told who rode, who saw the rising sun, or whether the title came from some personal experience in Finland that suggested the music. Some one rode, we infer also from the music; rode long, hard, and monotonously. The galloping figure is abused until it frets the nerves. The ride outlasted the night of a northern land. When the sun did rise, it made a mighty ado about it, but the sonorous pages at the end did not console one for the endless repetition in those preceding.

"The Oceanides" is unabashed impressionism. The daughters of Oceanus—or the corresponding sea-nymphs of Finnish mythology—disappear with the tootling of the flutes. Then there is a picture in tones of winds and waves. Here the composer does not seem to us to be so successful as Rimsky-Korsakoff in the sea music of "Scheherazade," as Debussy in his symphonic sketches, as Paul Gilson in his symphony played here a good many years ago, or even as the genteel Mendelssohn in his "Fingal's Cave" overture. We do not mention Rubenstein's "Ocean" symphony with so many movements that the hearers usually makes the second for himself. The tone-poem of Sibelius, however, should be heard again. It is not music to be recklessly accepted, or jauntily dismissed. Remy de Gourmont thought that the sea was the most original creation of the 19th century. "How beautiful the ocean must have been, when it was unknown and solitary! Now it has too many lovers. Few men and only some women embellish landscapes." The ocean may not yet be ready to confide its secrets to composers. Rimsky-Korsakoff had sailed the seas. Sibelius had crossed the Atlantic. But the ocean is not the same to even the imaginative.

Mr. Spalding appeared for the first time at these concerts. About five years ago he played with the visiting orchestra of Chicago the interminable and ungrateful concerto of Elgar and then showed courage and endurance. Of late years he has given recitals in which he displayed his steady growth in the finer and nobler qualities of violin playing. No doubt he thought it obligatory for him, a newcomer in concerts of the Boston Symphony orchestra, to select either Beethoven's or Brahms's concerto. Would that the former could be laid on

the shelf for a few seasons! Then played in a masterly manner, it might again be accepted as a marvellous work. Mr. Spalding gave a thoughtful, careful interpretation of it; a rather cool and chaste performance as a whole, though in the second movement his tone was warmer and his playing more emotional. His tone in the first movement was small and pure, his interpretation too often non-committal, and the movement seemed longer than ever before. We do not speak of his technical accuracy and facility.



Irma Seydel, Violinist.

tra. Mr. Spalding played the great Beethoven Concerto in D major. Mr. Spalding's abilities are well known through his appearances here in recitals. His debut was most successful. There were outbursts of applause at every opportunity, with the close of the number being followed by enthusiastic recalls.

Sanders Theatre: Mr. Schmidt

Irma Jan. 12/17 and Miss Seydel

THE Symphony Concert at Cambridge last night divided the new and the old—from past concerts—Schumann's "Rhenish" Symphony and Borodin's orchestral sketch on the subject of Middle-Asian Steppes; and for the occasion Wagner's overture to "Rienzi," and a new violinist, pupil of Auer, and daughter of the double-bassist, Irma Seydel, in Saint-Saëns' Concerto in B minor. A fine array

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And it is startling to listen to the composer grappling with the theatrical ways of his time, and at the very beginning of things pushing on, with his giant's voice, the iconoclastic process of renovation. And even here is evident the flexible manipulation of theme and of orchestra, and the dramatic robustness, soon to develop into the colossal power which seizes, impells, overthrows, and holds for all time.

J. N. B.

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Herald Jan. 18/17
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By PHILIP HALE.

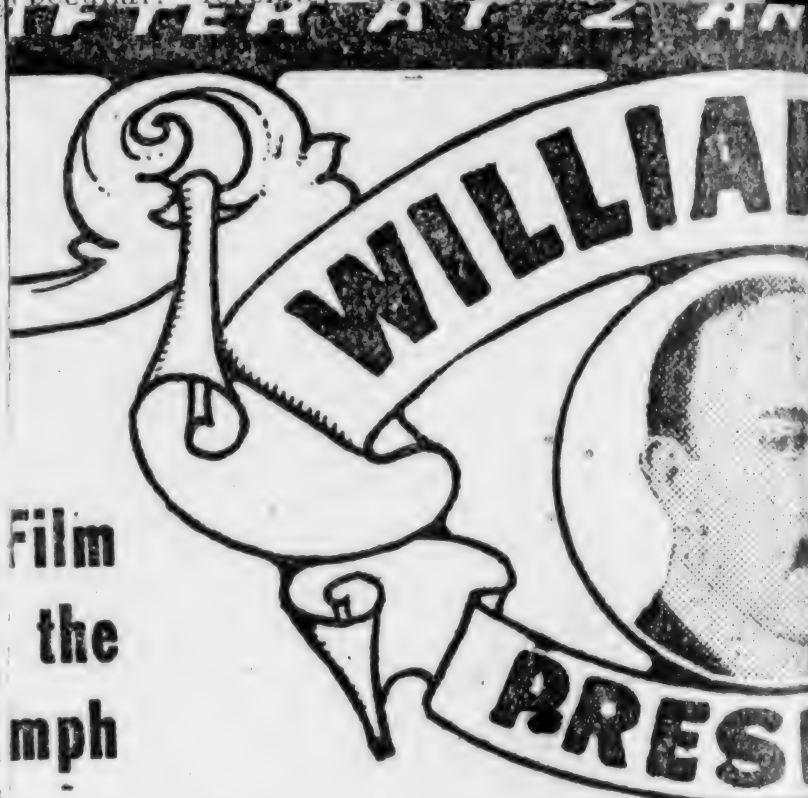
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The concert will be repeated tonight. The orchestral pieces next week will be Schubert's Unfinished Symphony, "The Eve of St. Agnes," by Ballantine, and the Introduction and Bacchanale from "Tannhaeuser." Mme. Homer will sing "It Is Finished" from Bach's Passion Music according to John the Evangelist; Bach's "My Heart Ever Faithful" and three songs of her husband's: "From the Brake the Nightingale," "Sing to Me, Sing," and "The Song of the Shirt."

JANUARY 13, 1917

THREE SIBELIUS SELECTIONS GIVEN FIRST HEARING

Transfer
Three numbers by Jean Sibelius, the Finnish composer, provided the feature for yesterday afternoon's concert by the Boston Symphony Orchestra. They were "Pohjola's Daughter," symphonic fantasia; "The Oceanides," tone-poem, and "Night Ride and Sunrise," symphonic poem. They were given at this concert for the first time and created a most favorable impression. All three are in the composer's best vein and in spite of their sombreness have a beauty and fascination peculiar to the works of Sibelius.

Second only in importance to the presentation of the Sibelius numbers was the debut of Albert Spalding, the American violinist, as soloist with this orchestra. Mr. Spalding played the great Beethoven Concerto in D major. Mr. Spalding's abilities are well known through his appearances here in recitals. His debut was most successful. There were outbursts of applause at every opportunity, with the close of the number being followed by enthusiastic recalls.

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But the interpretive opportunities of Saint-Saëns are more easily grasped, and conductor and soloist accordingly left little to desire. Miss Seydel's playing was a pleasure always—she must certainly rank high among the violinists of her sex. Her technical and tonal speech is accomplished and well-rounded. She is confident and incisive of rhythmic attack, she is fluent in knotty passages, with slips very occasional and inoffensive and delicate of tone-quality, with a pitch very close to infallible. She is never ponderous or labored, and where her interpretation might be mechanical in music of greater importance and significance, she falls gracefully into the melodic rhythmic and violinistic enthusiasm of the Frenchman. Saint-Saëns, versatile of media, was in this case particularly gratifying to soloist and orchestra, enabling them to run along together on good terms and on smooth cogs. The themes are melodic and impressionable, with even a hint of the famous operatic duet, and the violinist is made insistently important, with hardly a pause, following the orchestra into strange climatic paths. In short, a workable piece, with facile delights for all concerned, before stage and behind. The Overture to Rienzi makes a vigorous and hearty close to an evening—also, an impressionable one, which tends, with the advantage of its position, to seize and hold the memory, obliterating everything previous. And it is startling to listen to the young composer grappling with the theatrical ways of his time, and at the very beginning of things pushing on, with his giant's voice, the iconoclastic process of renovation. And even here is evident the flexible manipulation of theme and of orchestra, and the dramatic robustness, soon to develop into the colossal power which seizes, impels, overthrows, and holds for all time.

J. N. B.

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Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1916--17.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

Dr. KARL MUCK; Conductor.

TWELFTH PROGRAMME

FRIDAY, JANUARY 19, AT 2.30 P. M.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 20, AT 8 P.M.

SCHUBERT,

UNFINISHED SYMPHONY in B minor

- I. Allegro moderato
II. Andante con moto

J. S. BACH,

- a) AIR, "It is Finished," ("Es ist vollbracht,") from
"The Passion Music according to John the Evangelist"
b) AIR, "My Heart Ever Faithful" ("Mein gläubiges
Herze,") from the Cantata, "Also hat Gott die Welt
geliebt"

BALLANTINE,

"The Eve of Saint Agnes." SYMPHONIC POEM,
after Keats
(First time at these Concerts)

HOMER,

SONGS with ORCHESTRA

- a) "From the Brake the Nightingale" (Henley)
b) "Sing to Me, Sing!" (Henley)
c) "The Song of the Shirt" (Hood)

WAGNER,

INTRODUCTION and BACCHANALE from Tann-
häuser, Act I. (Paris version)

Soloist:

Madame HOMER

There will be no Public Rehearsal and Concert next week.



Louise Homer, Contralto.

HOMER IS SOLOIST AT SYMPHONY

Post — *Tan. 20/19*
Orchestra Plays New
Work by Ballan-
tine

BY OLIN DOWNES

Mme. Louise Homer was soloist at the concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Karl Muck, conductor, yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. She sang two airs of Bach, "It Is Finished," from the Passion music according to St. John, and "Heart Ever Faithful," from the cantata "For God So Loved the World," and three songs by her husband, Sidney Homer: "From the Brake the Nightingale," "Sing to Me, Sing," and "The Song of the Shirt." The orchestral pieces were Schubert's Unfinished Symphony and Wagner's Introduction and Bacchanal from Tannhauser (Paris version), and a new work by Edward Ballantine, of the music department of Harvard University, "The Eve of St. Agnes," symphonic poem after Keats.

INSPIRING SUBJECT

Mr. Ballantine's work does not consist in slavishly realistic treatment of episodes from Keats' poem. But there are melodic ideas definitely associated with certain fragments of the text. There is the suggestion of the night and the driven snow; of the charm, of the melancholy of the old Beadsman, etc. There are themes for Porphyro and

Madilive. The most realistic moment is that of the "silver snarling trumpets" which "begin to chide." Here is the thought of the "hyena foemen." Later the themes thus stated are treated freely and with brilliant instrumentation, and sensuous love music brings the conclusion.

The subject is one calculated to inspire a composer to musical expression. Mr. Ballantine has been moved to such experiment, and certainly for his own good, since he has now heard his composition and can profit by the perspective. We personally think that he has undertaken to fill a frame that is larger than his present powers warrant. This composition is weak in invention and it lacks firmness of structure and force, and originality in the development of the ideas.

Patch-Work Impression

What is pleasing is an evident refinement and poetic intention wholly appropriate to the matter in hand. But the ideas do not stand out each with a convincing physiognomy of its own, and, while the love themes have a pleasing curve and sufficiently colorful orchestration they are not original in character and there is seldom the impression of continuous thought. Rather is there the impression of patch-work.

This is a composition of a composer's formative period, chiefly valuable for what it teaches him. The work was played conscientiously and brilliantly by Dr. Muck and his men. Tonight, when it is repeated, will be the anniversary of St. Agnes' Eve. After the performance there was cordial applause, and the composer, who was present, rose twice to bow his acknowledgements.

Mme. Homer Welcomed

There were other American compositions—witness the songs of Mr. Homer. The first two of these songs are mediocre. The third, "The Song of the Shirt," made an immediate impression by reason of its directness and force and the definiteness of the ideas. It was the one song of the three which justified orchestral setting, a setting very effective. But the song would stand whatever the nature of the accompaniment. Mr. Homer feels his text and interprets it in his own way. So doing, he moves his hearers. Mme. Homer sang with her wonted simplicity and sincerity, and was recalled repeatedly by the audience.

The performance of Schubert's symphony was a model of proportion, euphony, and dramatic eloquence. It is one of the greatest symphonic fragments in existence. It is the token of a genius who, if he had lived longer, might have obliged the world to listen to another Beethoven.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT

MME. HOMER AND A NEW TONE-

POEM

Trans. — Jan. 20/17

The Singer Under Nervous Disadvantage
and in None Too Happily Chosen Pieces
—Mr. Ballantine's Music to Keats's
"Eve of St. Agnes" — A Hard Task
Various Accomplished—Schubert and
Wagner for Beginning and End

NOT to use the phrase despitefully, if there is an old hand of the opera house and the concert hall, it is Mme. Louise Homer. For eighteen years she has practiced her profession of singing-actress in the theatres of Europe and America; for almost as many she has been a familiar figure of the stage that is set only with orchestra or piano. Four times, as long ago as 1904, as recently as 1914, she has sung with the Symphony Orchestra here in Boston. Yet, when for the fifth occasion, she appeared in Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon, she was too nervous to do herself justice. That perturbation is the chronic malady of the "assisting artists" at the Symphony Concerts for which, as yet there is no remedy. Almost invariably it affects newcomers and for a few minutes last Saturday evening Mr. Spalding, the violinist, experienced a severe seizure; while Mr. McCormack—to sing with the orchestra early next month for the first time—is reported as already disclosing unmistakable symptoms. Sometimes there is no recovery from it, and to this day Mr. Ysaye, the violinist of many stages and many concerts, vows that he can never play at his best with the Symphony Orchestra behind him and the public of the Symphony Concerts before him. Again there are occasional relapses and it was such mischance that on Friday befell Mme. Homer—the more susceptible, perhaps, since she had three of her husband's songs among her numbers. Yet others more illustrious than she have experienced these disturbing tremors. Mme. Melba at the noon of her powers has confessed to them; the poised Mr. Kreisler does not deny them. Of such is the established prestige of the orchestra and the accepted prestige of the audiences—and there scrutiny may stop.

Mme. Homer's uneasiness disclosed itself in the usual fashion—in the dryness and even occasional sharpness, of tones that are normally warm, round and mellow, in sundry slips from the true pitch and in sedulous and unconcealed pains, especially with details, that deprived her singing of the customary freedom. In a sense she was herself, as the long and loud applause

of that mistrusted audience testified, but it was an unstable, laboring and somewhat overclouded herself. Perhaps, too, other numbers would, from two points of view, have lent her more confidence and more freedom. She does well to search out the airs of Bach; but her first choice—music of sombre meditation from "The Passion According to John"—little impresses ear or imagination out of its place in the course and circumstance of the whole oratorio. Interjected into the concert of yesterday, it did no more than serve the darker colors of Mme. Homer's tones and her practised skill with broad declamatory phrases. Her second number from Bach—the more familiar "My Heart Ever Faithful" out of one of his last church cantatas—bears ill transposition from a soprano to an alto voice. So shifted, the music loses ardor, elasticity; while Mme. Homer's singing itself was not exactly plastic and ardent with the glad-some progressions. Moreover, in spite of all her honest zest with them, Mr. Sydney Homer's songs are hardly distinguished pieces, with or without the orchestral decoration and over-decoration Mr. Stock has bestowed upon them. The swift, expansive, upward progressions of "Sing to Me, Sing" are a well-trying means to a sure effect, no less effective because it happens to be only a blur racing past ear and fancy. "The Song of the Shirt," in turn, is too simple, commonplace and reiterated a ballad to bear the tone-poem in little that Mr. Homer has erected upon it with a tingling modulation as often as the text gave him remotest warrant for it. In fact, the far less aspiring and labored song of the nightingale and the rose—melancholy musing upon the transitory nature of all created things—better proved him a composer of pleasant lyrical invention and sensibility. Wifely zeal and rising confidence warmed Mme. Homer's tones in these final songs, and once again she sang in rich and long-spanned phrases. Her audience heard kindly.

The other adventure of the concert was Mr. Edward Ballantine's tone-poem, "The Eve of St. Agnes," suggested and in some degree following the like-named verbal poetry of Keats. The verse teems with sensuous imagery, sensuous sensation translated into streaming word, silver-splendent phrase and velvety or gleaming cadence. There are sensuous music akin to it, such as Strauss, for example, has written in "Don Juan," or Stravinsky in parts of "The Fire-Bird" and "The Nightingale," or Wagner in the rites of the grail in "Parsifal." Keats's poetry, in and out of "The Eve of St. Agnes," may well tempt composers to translate the sensuous sensation that pulses endlessly through it into a medium that can be, at a tone-poet's hand, yet more sensuous. But the anomaly—repeated time and again in all the arts—is that the composer who essays the translation may be, so far as his work discloses

him, obviously lacking in the essential sensuousness of mind and will, invention and imagination. Not by meditation alone, not by carefully considered means, not by expert application of them, may the suggestion of sensuous verse pass into the suggestion of sensuous tones. With the best will and the keenest application in the world, Mr. Ballantine seems not of the temperament that achieves "Don Juans," "Fire-Birds" or even "Eves of St. Agnes."

Thoughtfully the composer apprehends the poetry, every image, every implication of which was to Keats a sensuous tremor undulating as sensuous a melody. Thoughtfully, he sets about the making of the design, the assembling and the working of the means by which these sensations shall pour through him into his music. He gains his end, as it seems by a curious mingling of insistent will and adroit procedure, at the beginning of the tone-poem in the music of the still, silvery, glinting cold; in the music that weaves the spell by which maidens on St. Agnes's Eve—this very night by the way—may vision their lovers. The means are ultra-modern in harmonic and instrumental color, in play with chord and progression; imagination utilizes them; the impression is keen, subtle, sensuous, mysterious. Thence forward, however, the tone-poem withers into thoughtful ingenuity, making discriminating use of artful resource. Madeline is appropriately defined rather than glowingly visioned in her white fires. There is large stress upon a conflict "of foemen" that is more of the composer's than of Keats's imagining, since the formula for a symphonic poem and of orthodoxy in music in general insists upon contrasting passages. There is final love-music, as of Madeline and her knight, but music that lacks tingling eagerness and piercing elation, that is of mental rather than spiritual process. (Besides, the figures of Keats's imagining were by no means bodiless). In a world, once past cold and spell, which praise him, Mr. Ballantine's music misses the moonlit shimmer, the silvery melody, the passion white and virginal in youth as well as maid that are the sensuous beauty, the sensuous thrill of "The Eve of St. Agnes." As he should he has written a finely-tempered and finely-fibred music—that for most of the way gives off cerebral, not sensuous impression. It lacks the molten silver which in the poem was Keats's ink.

There was no lack of sensuous quality in the repertory piece that began the concert, Schubert's Unfinished Symphony, or of sensual quality in the repertory piece that ended it, the abbreviated version of the overture to "Tannhauser" as Wagner joined it to his mature and Parisian music of the Venusberg. Neither, however, was played—as few are in Dr. Muck's day—after the manner of

a repertory piece. In fact, the Unfinished Symphony, like Beethoven's eighth symphony of three weeks ago, deserves more to be counted among the finer virtuosos pieces of orchestra and conductor than three "Españas" or six "Spanish Caprices." Where in these virtuosos pieces with intention so to be, may the wood-wind choir play with such loveliness of translucent tone, with such perfection of euphonious phrase as they may through music of Schubert? Where may the strings flow in such perfectly rhythmized tone? Where may the conductor seem more the master who finds the animating and distinctive voice for motive and melody and then leads it, like some radiant figure of even Keats's imagining, through the lights and shades of Schubert's fancy and Schubert's feeling that welled on the instant into the making of music? A few have said that Dr. Muck's insistence upon the flawlessly exact phrase stays the flight of such a lyric music as Schubert's. Rather it mounts higher on such sure and gleaming wing.

Some like to flatter themselves—and impress others—with the belief that they have outgrown Schubert. As well outgrow the pleasures of spring sunshine, spring air, spring impulses, spring melancholy, for with all the undernote of passing passion and pain, the Unfinished Symphony sings a springtime music. Some also flatter themselves that they have outgrown the very different music of the Venusberg—conventional Wagner, conventional nineteenth-century romanticism, conventional eroticism of the opera house. But who before or who since has written such music of impulses and excitements that are not less human because even the arts usually hush them, or satiated them out of the imaginative power of music that first kindles and then burns them away? No: the Venusberg music is unique in a kind that even the super-sensual generation presumed to follow Wagner, has not remotely attained. And the Paris version is not a new one, as it was possible to hear in Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon, "made by the French on account of the war." And for thirty long years there has been a programme-book. H. T. P.

LOUISE HOMER SOLOIST WITH BOSTON SYMPHONY

Winter — Jan. 20/17
Boston Symphony Orchestra in twelfth concerts of season, Jan. 19 and 20, Dr. Karl Muck conducting. Mme. Louise Homer, contralto, soloist. The program: Schubert, symphony in B minor ("Unfinished"); Bach, air, "It Is Finished," from "St. John Passion," "My Heart Ever Faithful"; Ballantine, "The Eve of St.

Agnes" (first time at these concerts); Sidney Homer, three songs with orchestra, "From the Brake the Nightingale," "Sing to Me—Sing," "The Song of the Shirt"; Wagner, introduction and bacchanale from "Tannhäuser," Act I.

Not until the Wagner number at the end of the program did Dr. Muck and his men measure up to the standard of a Boston Symphony performance. The Schubert symphony, beloved of many for its warmth of poetry, its wealth of melody and its wholesomeness of emotion, was strangely ineloquent. Even mere beauty of sound, which at least might have been expected, eluded the effort of the conductor, except for certain flashes, as in the second movement, where the oboe and the clarinet rise in transcendent song against a background of shimmering string tone.

Mr. Ballantine's symphonic poem, played for the first time at these concerts, fared somewhat better, and the composer, who was forced to rise in his seat to acknowledge the applause, may congratulate himself that his music had a fine and fair presentation. How many instructors of music in institutions of learning are privileged to hear their early efforts given the careful attention that Dr. Muck bestows on all that he undertakes? For all that this is a well-made piece, with careful attention to form and orchestration, it is to be hoped that it will soon be surpassed by the young composer. The hasty impression of a single hearing leaves much to be desired in the way of more definite statement of themes, clearer contrasts of themes, and indeed more worth in the themes themselves. In favor of the composition, however, and it counts for much in the way of promise of work to come, is a rigorous resistance of the temptation to elaborate and develop beyond the importance of the idea. Mr. Ballantine in repressing the academic tendency to squeeze all there is out of a musical idea has gone far in his way.

Mme. Homer, warmly and affectionately welcomed, gave her best interpretation in her husband's setting to Thomas Hood's "The Song of the Shirt." The "Heart Ever Faithful" aria of Bach demands a certain steadiness and smoothness of tone that Mme. Homer did not quite achieve.

WORK BY SCHUBERT IS WARMLY GREETED

Adv. — Jan. 20, 1917
"UNFINISHED" SYMPHONY
IS WELL PERFORMED

Followed by "It Is Finished"

By Mme. Homer—Ballantine

Composition Given

By LOUIS C. ELSON

Schubert—B Minor Symphony.
Bach—Air from St. John Passion—Music,
"My Heart Ever Faithful" (Whitsun-
tide Cantata).
Soloist, Mme. Louise Homer.
Ballantine—"The Eve of St. Agnes."
Symphonic poem.
Sidney Homer—Three songs with orchestra.
Mme. Louise Homer.
Wagner—Introduction and Bacchanale,
"Tannhäuser."

A program which avoided musical problems from first to last. The way in which Schubert's "Unfinished" symphony holds its own is a good proof that there is something imperishable in pure melody, for this work has the maximum of tune and the minimum of development. The two movements were given with a directness and lack of affectation that merited all praise. Of course there is nothing technical in them but what is child's play for our orchestra, but there is a temptation to over-refine, just as a Prima Donna does with a Falk-song, and this flaw was not altogether avoided.

Every time that one hears this simple and sweet symphony it sets the musician wondering what Schubert would have been like if he had lived five years longer and had taken the proposed contrapuntal lessons from Sechter. He might have become greater than Beethoven, but it is by no means certain. It might have happened as with that "natural" eye-doctor in France, who excited the amazement of the trained physicians so that they had him thoroughly educated in surgery; but after that he feared to make the operations that he had boldly done before, and his technical training ruined his career. It is possible that Schubert might not have dared to

have been so simply melodic after he had achieved a contrapuntal education. But this is one of the "ifs" of musical history. As it is, musician and non-musician unite in loving the "Unfinished" symphony, and laughing at the audacious German who tried to "Finish" it. It was bountifully applauded by the large audience.

After the "Unfinished" symphony Mme. Homer sang "It Is Finished," which seemed flatly to contradict the statement regarding the Schubert work. The two Bach numbers were delightfully contrasted and beautifully sung. Sometimes the music-lover finds greater pleasure in hearing a broad contralto voice than in listening to a showy, flexible soprano. The first number was sad and serious, the second ("My Heart Ever Faithful") full of jubilation. How much there is in rhythmic treatment of a melody! If any of our readers will compare the beginning of this aria with the first part of Jensen's "Murmuring Breeze" they will find the same musical thought, but with the widest possible difference.

Mme. Homer gave the joy of this happiest of Bach arias with charming effect, which was only heightened by its contrast with the first number. Spite of the fact that it was originally a soprano song, it suited well to the singer's voice, and won a decided success.

It may have been conjugal loyalty which caused Mme. Homer to sing three of her husband's songs—just as Katherine Goodson (Mrs. Arthur Hinton) puts her husband's concertos upon her programs; but that did not concern us since the numbers were excellent in their own right.

There were broad climaxes in each of the songs, and these were made the most of. The "Song of the Shirt," is long enough (but not varied enough) to be made into a cantata rather than a solo song, and the music does not always reflect the words. The ending is as powerful as if the singer were making a shirt of mail. "Sing to Me, Sing" is a very fine work and very effective. It was a noble composition nobly sung, and won a deserved and emphatic success.

We should like to dwell longer upon the excellences of Mr. Homer's songs, and Mme. Homer's singing of them, but a large composition by a new and native composer demands the space. Mr. Edward Ballantine has given a long and heavily scored com-

position for his debut in these concerts. By a pretty coincidence "St. Agnes' Eve" will tonight be played on St. Agnes' Eve itself.

We do not find Mr. Ballantine as impregnated with Keats as our other native composer, Mr. Frederick S. Converse. He does some touches of combat which are not in the poem at all, but such a deviation is more than pardonable, since it gives effective contrast. But at the beginning there is definite tone-picturing, and the tremolo strings, we imagine, portray:—

"St. Agnes' Eve—Ah, bitter chill it was!
The owl, for all his feathers, was a-cold;
The hare limped trembling through the
frozen grass,
And silent was the flock in woolly fold."

But there is nothing like the bleakness here which Puccini attains with his empty fifth-progressions in the third act of "La Bohème."

There are motives and guiding themes galore in the work. St. Agnes, the patient, holy beadsman, Madeline, Porphyro, and several others have their musical tags, some of which, as the simple tenderness of the Madeline motive, and the heroic character of the Porphyro theme, are very fitting and commendable.

But the music which Porphyro hears when he is smuggled into the enemy's house scarcely reaches the sublimity of Keats' line—"The Music, yearning, like a God in pain." The sweetness of the Madeline theme is added to by the sugar of the Celesta, while Porphyro has trumpet passages for his own. The old bel-dame, Angela—"weak in body and soul," we could not, on a first hearing, identify.

Mr. Ballantine was right not to follow Keats too closely in the Castle music which Porphyro hears. Keats describes it as:—

"The boisterous midnight, festive
clarion,
The Kettle-drum, the far-heard
Clarionet,"

which is about as bad as Tennyson's "violin, flute, bassoon," which he invites Maud to come into the garden to hear; (we hope she didn't go); these poets sometimes evolve strange bands of music.

We did not find adequate portrayal of the chamber-scene (only paralleled by the celebrated Shakespearian Balcony Scene), nor was there a graphic portrayal of the tiptoeing exit of the eloping pair. A Chorale theme however indicates triumph,

and the Madeline and Porphyro themes indicate who triumphs, and these come in C major, as if Mr. Ballantine wished to elucidate Brown- ing's line ("Abt Vogler")—

"My rest is found, the C major of this life." The end is tranquil. If the work is not great it was worth doing nevertheless, even to exhibit and encourage a new native composer of merit.

The work showed much skill in the handling of a large orchestra—but they all have that. The composer received an ovation at its close, and was obliged to bow twice from his seat in the audience.

Not since Abraham started to sacrifice Isaac was there such a musical sacrifice as when Wagner discarded his "Tannhaeuser" overture because it did not represent his ideas of continuity, and replaced it with a much cheaper Prelude, leading into the first scene of the opera. If only he had been stayed as Abraham was! There is no finer climax in modern overture music than the apotheosis of the Pilgrim's Chorus at the end of that overture. This is cut out altogether in the so-called "Paris Version," and replaced by inferior fortissimo maun- derings which finally lead into the Bacchanale of the first act, when matters are quieter but still some- what dull.

We wish the "Paris Version" might be shelved altogether and the great overture come into its full rights again. Of course it was interesting as a matter of curiosity to those auditors familiar with the troubles that beset the first performances of the opera in Paris, but those who had this curiosity might have satisfied it by looking over the score, or the piano transcription. The long selec- tion does not display Wagner at his best, especially through its central and final portion.

It was played excellently and read with the utmost intelligence, so that none of the effects went to waste. But here the musical public will dis- card Wagner's hobby-horse and choose the original overture almost unanimously, and spare the Bacchan- ale altogether.

SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA'S 12TH CONCERT

Herald Jan. 20/17
Dr. Muck and His Players Give

Beautiful Performance of
Schubert's Unfinished Sym-
phony in B Minor, the Open-
ing Work — Mme. Homer
Sings Several Songs.

PROGRAM WILL BE
REPEATED THIS EVENING

By PHILIP HALE.

The 12th concert of the Boston Sym- phony orchestra, Dr. Karl Muck con- ductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. Mme. Homer was the singer. The program was as fol- lows: Schubert, Unfinished Symphony in B minor; Bach, Air, "It Is Finished"; Air, "My Heart Ever Faithful"; Bal- lantine, Symphonic Poem, "The Eve of St. Agnes" (after Keats); Sidney Homer, three songs: "From the Brake the Nightingale," "Sing to Me, Sing," "The Song of the Shirt"; Wagner, In- troduction and Bacchanale, "Tann- haeuser."

Dr. Muck and the orchestra gave an uncommonly beautiful performance of Schubert's music. For once the second motive sung by the violoncellos in the first movement was not sentimentalized. The delicacy of the treatment through- out was never finical. There was an ever abiding sense of poesy. Even the second movement, a falling off in im-

agination from the first, for once did not seem too long drawn out, and its sweetness was not cloying.

Mr. Ballantine's symphonic poem was played for the first time. Born at Ober- lin, O.; reared in Springfield of this com- monwealth, he studied music at Har- vard University, later in Berlin, and for a short time in Paris. Living in Boston, he is an instructor of music at Harvard.

It is a bold man who thinks of illus- trating by purely orchestral music Cole- ridge's "Kubla Khan," or poems by Swinburne, Shelley, Poe and Keats. The music of the verse mocks the composer. It may be said that there are contrast- ing episodes and action in "The Eve of St. Agnes." There are the "hyena, foe- men," the sworn enemies of Porphyro's family; there is the thought of magic spells worked by maidens expectant of a lover; there is the revelry of the "bloated wassailers"; there is the flight of Madeline and Porphyro. But these are only incidental. The lines that speak of them are not in sharp contrast with the prevailing mood. That mood is sensuous. The "snarling trumpets" are "silver." The magic spell is described most sensuously. The foemen do noth- ing except quaff Rhenish. The lovers "glide like phantoms" into the storm without. The poem reeks with sen- suousness. Even the supper that Por- phyro prepares for Madeline is described in a famous stanza: "And lucent syrups, tinted with cinnamon," is only one of the lush lines.

Tennyson's "St. Agnes" is a nocturne in the purest, chastest white. "The Eve of St. Agnes" is like unto a tapes- try gorgeous with all the colors of luxury.

Mr. Ballantine, in order to gain re- lieving episodes and dramatic contrasts, lays stress on that which is incidental. There is really no "conflict between Porphyro and his foes"; no fierce strug- gle to win his ladylove; yet there is much music that suggests this; there is more than a hint at Porphyro with his sword drawn. Too much of the sym- phonic poem is out of keeping with the prolonged mood of the poem itself, and the music describing the unessential is the least satisfactory. The most poetic section of the music is the final love song, but as an illustration of the poem it would be short and fragmentary. If the whole symphonic poem were a love song, there would be no contrasts. The choice of a subject, therefore, seems to us unfortunate.

There are undeniably musical thoughts and there are pages of felicitous or- chestral expression. The thematic ma- terial is too often cerebral when there should be, if not passion, at least the sensuousness of Keats, the poet that put red pepper on his tongue so that

claret might seem the cooler to him, for the misguided man insisted that claret should be cold. We should like a more rapturous, a more ecstatic note in the love song, or even a touch of amorous languor. The music is that of a com- poser, musical by nature and of a fine taste, who has studied intelligently and learned much, but does not yet speak with full authority; whose thoughts are as yet episodic, whose expression is not flowing and continuous. His melodic sense is not sufficiently developed; he is reticent when he should speak freely, as Hazlitt would have said, with gusto. The Symphonic poem is written for a large orchestra, which includes three kinds of drum, cymbals, triangle, and tam-tam. Keats, it is true, speaks of the hoisterous clarion, "the kettle drum, and far-heard clarinet"—we regret to say that he spelled clarinet with an "o"—but he adds, "though but in dying tones." We do not associate Porphyro and Madeline or St. Agnes's Eve with lulsatile instruments. The music was received by the audience with marked favor.

Mme. Homer sang two airs by Bach and three by her husband. "It is finished" from Bach's "Passion music according to John" is not well suited to concert performance and, though it be rank heresy to say it, is a perfunctory setting of music to the words, without religious emotion, quite dull. Mrs. Homer sang "My Heart Ever Faithful," with the fitting jubilant note. Bach gave the indication "Presto." It would be interesting to know the precise sig- nificance of this indication in his time.

The piano accompaniment of Sidney Homer's song was orchestrated by Mr. Stock, the conductor of the Chicago Symphony Orchestra, and none too well. That of the first song is particularly ineffective. Of the three songs the second has the most character. The music to "The Song of the Shirt" is singularly incongruous. The woman of Hood's poem sang "with a voice of dolorous pitch." Her heart was sick, her brain benumbed, her hand weary. The composer turns her into a dramatic singer; the song into a cantata. The only music for the poem should be an intense, subdued, monotonous wail. That would not do for concert purposes, and there would be no room for Mr. Stock's orchestration, some of it mere clap-trap. Mme. Homer sang her hus- band's song dramatically and was loudly applauded.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The program of Feb. 2-3 will include Mozart's overture to "The Marriage of Figaro"; Reger's variations on a theme by Hiller, and Strauss's "Don Juan." John McCormack will sing an air from Mozart's "Il Curioso Indiscreto" and an air from Handel's "Acis and Galatea."

MME. HOMER IS SOLOIST WITH THE SYMPHONY

Journal Jan. 20/17
Harvard Instructor's Tone
Poem Played—McCor-
mack Next Soloist.

Greater Boston figures with unusual prominence on this week's Symphony program. The orchestral novelty is a symphonic poem by Edward Ballantine, a young musician who lives in this city and teaches at Harvard. It is entitled "The Eve of St. Agnes," as it is based upon the beautiful poem by Keats, although it does not translate the whole text literally into tone. The soloist of the concert is Mme. Louise Homer, who lived in Boston for many years and here made her professional start; and three of the songs she sings are works by her husband, Sidney Homer, a Bostonian by birth.

Mr. Ballantine, who wrote the new tone poem, was present yesterday and he responded modestly to the applause that followed its performance. On the whole it is perhaps the most agreeable composition presented in recent years by any member of the Harvard school of composers. It reflects much of the spirit of Keats' verses, and, wonderful to relate, largely in a melodious and therefore grateful and becoming manner. It is modern enough in its orchestration. Too many of the new writers are content with technical displays, and maybe that is the best they can do. Mr. Ballantine writes poetically as well as skillfully. The audience took pleasure in the music.

Mme. Homer was also roundly applauded for her singing. Her voice has a quality all its own. Yesterday it sounded as rich and fresh as ever. Her numbers are two Bach airs, "It Is Finished" and "My Heart Ever Faithful," and three songs by Mr. Homer, two of which are settings of Henley poems, "From the Brake of the Nightingale" and "Sing to Me, Sing," and the third is a setting of Thomas Hood's "Song of the Shirt."

Dr. Muck conducted a charming performance of Schubert's "Unfinished Symphony." The program ends with the introduction and bacchanale from the first act of "Tannhaeuser," Paris version.

The orchestra will be out of town all next week. At the concert on Feb. 2 and 3 John McCormack, who has just decided to become an American citizen, will be the soloist. As he is acknowledged to be the foremost exponent of the classic style of singing, he will naturally be heard in old operatic airs. "Per Pieta non Ricercate," from Mozart's "Il Curioso Indiscreto;" and "Shepherd, What Art Thou Pursuing?" from Handel's "Acis and Galatea," are the numbers he has chosen. The orchestral numbers will be Mozart's "Marriage of Figaro" overture, Reger's "Variations on a Theme by Hiller," and one of the Richard Strauss tone poems, "Don Juan."

SYMPHONY CONCERT

"St Agnes Eve" New Work
of Poetic Qualities
Globe Jan. 20/17
Mme Homer, Dramatic Singer, in
Her Husband's Songs

The Symphony concert last night offered music familiar and new. Schubert's "Unfinished Symphony," a microscopic glass to enjoy the art of the virtuosi in the wood wind choir, is always a pleasure. Dr Muck paid it many deft and tender courtesies yesterday, keeping its music eternally fresh, buoyant, a pure spring of inspired song. Mme Homer, grown in vocal, and as the three grateful songs of Mr Homer denoted, also in interpretative powers, was a well received soloist.

The Paris version of the overtures and Bacchanale of "Tannhaeuser" was played with gorgeous beauty of color. One might have awaited, as in the theatre, to hear the voice of the knight awaken to the sound of bells. The Symphonic Poem, "The Eve of St Agnes," by Edward Ballantine, the instructor in the music department of Harvard University, was performed for the first time.

Mr Ballantine based his score upon Keats' poem of the saint whose name figures in religious legend, in the dreams of virgins and their divinations of a lover. Employing the subject, it is reassuring that Mr Ballantine has avoided the frequent sickly sentimentality of style of his literary inspiration. Without considering too literally the paral-

lism between Madeline, her lover, Porphyro, and the "hyena foemen"—a noble, swashbuckling phrase, one to set the teeth into—and their themes, also the Magic Spell, there is enjoyable music for itself.

Romantic Flavor

As a whole, the score has a romantic poetic flavor. The ideas have form and usually significance. There is characterization; there are adroit and imaginative touches in orchestral color and in the harmonic scheme, although Mr Ballantine does not continually remind the hearer that he strives to outdo Stravinsky.

He does not effect dissonance for its own sake nor does he assume the mask of genius and end merely by being a bore or exhibiting bad taste. There are instances early in the work of fine transitions from mood to mood, effective contrasts, as of the foemen's introduction. Later, as in the love song, there would seem to be prolix development; there is nothing more of importance to be said and the close well could be hastened. Altogether a score with much to admire in spirit and execution. The composer was compelled to rise from his seat on the floor twice if not three times.

Mme Homer's Singing

Mme Homer sang two excerpts from Bach's music for the church service, the air "It Is Finished," from "The Passion According to St John," and the "My Heart Ever Faithful," from the cantata "God So Loved the World." Applause is incongruous after the first, nor is it appropriate for the concert hall, although noble in sustained line as in the dramatic passage. The second shows its hybrid character and is preferably for high voice.

Frederick Stock has orchestrated Mr Homer's three songs with a cunning hand, preserving their individuality, and in the last, the grimly sordid "Song of the Shirt," has given dramatic touches in orchestral detail, as the dissonant horn on the word "dirt" of the last stanza. The lyric, "From the Brake the Nightingale," and the rhapsodic "Sing to Me, Sing," called forth appropriate sentiment and a prodigal wealth of beautiful tone on long-spanned phrases from the singer.

In the last she became the dramatic interpreter and colorist with poignant intensity. Not within memory has an assisting singer at these concerts been heard only in the English language and Mme Homer's texts were heard having both clearness and character.

As New York Heard Dr. Muck, Mr. Kreisler and Mr. Paderewski in a Single Concert—Young Players and Fresh Music—Items and Announcements

Trans. Jan. 17/17
THE desire of Miss Anne Morgan is at last fulfilled. For two years she has purposed a concert in New York at which the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Kreisler and Mr. Paderewski should all appear for the profit of her Vacation Association, a charity for working girls.

The difficulty in the way was the discovery of an evening on which the orchestra, the violinist and the pianist could join forces without disarrangement of their several schedules. Last season it could not be found, this season managerial fate and adjustments have been kinder and on Tuesday evening the concert of concerts befell in the Metropolitan Opera House. Upstairs and down, boxes, parquet, galleries and standing room, it was filled to the last place; prices were uniformly high and the gross receipts are estimated at \$25,000. The concert was proportionately long, beginning at eight-thirty and ending at eleven-thirty after the orchestra had been heard in three numbers, Mr. Kreisler in a concerto and solo pieces; Mr. Paderewski in like items. All this music was familiar; for the orchestra Smetana's overture to his opera, "The Bartered Bride," Strauss's tone-poem of Eulenspiegel and Enesco's "Roumanian Rhapsody," light and displayful numbers suiting the occasion; for the violinist, Mendelssohn's easy concerto and four trifles; for the pianist, Schumann's songful concerto and a similar miscellany. All concerned from Dr. Muck and the two virtuosos downward dutifully fulfilled expectations and the only perceptible shadow on the occasion was the wish of a few to hear Mr. Paderewski and Mr. Kreisler together in a single piece. Double concertos for piano, violin and orchestra are, however, an unknown quantity and the Metropolitan is hardly the place for sonatas. The unusual, however, was not altogether lacking, thanks to the cat of the opera house. Though he has been schooled to shun the stage when opera is set upon it, he knew no such restriction in the case of concerts; ascended through the prompter's box; observed Mr. Paderewski to that pettish pianist's obvious annoyance; amused the patiently waiting Dr. Muck and finally, under prodding from Mr. Witke's bow, withdrew to repose among the unlighted footlights. Otherwise the first appearance of the Symphony Orchestra in New York in twenty-three years—outside the annual series of subscription concerts—was uneventful.

Globe Jan. 16/17
BOSTON ORCHESTRA IN N. Y.
Symphony Players Will Give a Concert Tonight From Which the Receipts Will Be \$24,000

The Symphony Orchestra with its entire personnel leaves Boston this morning for New York, where it will give this evening a special concert in the Metropolitan Opera House in aid of the Vacation Association. The orchestra will have the assistance of Paderewski and Kreisler as soloists.

The prices of tickets for this concert range from \$1 for the back of the top-most gallery to \$10 for the entire parquet and boxes have sold at \$150 and \$100 each. The house is sold out and the receipts will be about \$24,000. The orchestra returns at midnight.

ON THE EVE OF ST AGNES

Edward Ballantine's
Symphonic
Poem Played Last
Week
For the First Time—
Young Composer's
Brilliant Musical
Career at Harvard

Globe Jan. 21/17
The idea of writing "The Eve of St Agnes," the symphonic poem played by the Boston Symphony Orchestra last evening—which, according to the church calendar, is actually St Agnes Eve—was first conceived by Edward Ballantine, its composer, more than 10 years ago, during his undergraduate days at Harvard, where he is now acting as an instructor in several courses given by the Department of Music.

The writing of this beautiful orchestral work was suggested by Keats' poem of the same name, which has always appealed very strongly to the young composer and which inspired him to this end even before he had undertaken the study of orchestration.

About seven years ago Mr Ballantine began to collect the various themes which he employs in his symphonic poem, and during the Summer of 1914, while a member of the MacDowell Colony at Peterboro, N H, he composed the actual score, which was presented for the first time on Friday afternoon, at the symphony "rehearsal," and again at last evening's concert.

These two performances are the first of any work of Mr Ballantine's which the Boston Symphony Orchestra has given in this city, although an earlier composition of his, the prelude to the play, "The Delectable Forest," was played by that famous organization at a concert in Sanders Theatre, Cambridge, on Dec 10, 1914.

Inspired at Peterboro

To the MacDowell Colony of Peterboro, with its wonderfully congenial atmosphere to all artistic persons, Mr Ballantine feels that he owes a debt for the success of his work in composing the scores of both "The Delectable Forest" and "The Eve of St Agnes," which he did in the Summers of 1913 and 1911, respectively.

"Conditions at Peterboro," Mr Ballantine declared the other day, "were absolutely ideal for my work. I was very happy there, the atmosphere was congenial, my fellow workers in all branches of art were most interesting and the colony itself proved a great inspiration. 'I always feel,' he continued, 'that the colony gave me my first real start in the world of professional music, for it was there, at the MacDowell Music Festival, on Aug 22, 1911, when 'The Delectable Forest' was first presented, that any composition of mine was played professionally for the first time.'

To be strictly accurate, Mr Ballantine's first orchestral composition, "The awakening of the Woods," was played at a pop concert in Symphony Hall, in the Spring of 1907, but the composer modestly disclaimed all responsibility for that, insisting that it was done merely as a compliment to Frederick Converse, under whom he was then studying orchestration at Harvard.

This same piece was later played by the Pierian Sodality of Harvard at the celebration of its 100th anniversary.

Not of the "Artistic" Type

Mr Ballantine is very anxious that everyone who hears his latest composition, "The Eve of St Agnes," should first read Keats' poem. "That poem means so much to me," he explains. "I have tried to embody its general spirit in my symphonic poem and to reproduce definitely certain important characters and elements."

"It is based upon the ancient superstition concerning St Agnes' Eve, and it is no small satisfaction to me that it should be played here on that very night. Dr Muck was kind enough to arrange it that way when he found that the actual St Agnes' Eve was so nearly at hand."

Neither in physique, appearance, or manner, does Mr Ballantine suggest the popular conception of the "typical" musician. But, if the young composer himself is to be believed, the "typical" musician is rapidly passing off the map.

Mr Ballantine is of rugged physique, a man obviously fond of out-of-door life; of quiet, modest and highly engaging personality and with absolutely no sug-



EDWARD BALLANTINE.

Composer of Symphonic Poem, "The Eve of St Agnes."

gestion of the eccentric or—to employ that much-abused word—the "artistic" about him.

Born in Oberlin, O, Aug 6, 1886, where his father, William Gay Ballantine, a noted educator, was then president of Oberlin College, Mr Ballantine is now 30 years old. No one else in his family has ever taken up music as a profession, although his mother is an excellent pianist. His father is now president of the Y. M. C. A. College in Springfield, Mass.

From the Age of 7

He began to take piano lessons at the age of seven and soon developed a great fondness for that instrument. In 1897, when he was 11 years old, the Ballantine family moved from Ohio to Springfield, where he continued to study piano and harmony under the direction of Miss Mary L. Regal. While a student in the Springfield High School, about 15 years old, Mr Ballantine definitely made up his mind to go in for music as a profession.

He entered Harvard in the Fall of 1903, and specialized in musical theory there, continuing piano studies meanwhile with Edward Noyes and Mme Helen Hope-Kirk in Boston. In 1907, his senior year at college, Mr Ballantine, then under 21, won the highest honors in music which the university accords. It was that year that he wrote "The Awakening of the Woods," and also composed the music for "The Lotus Eaters," the Hasty Pudding show of 1907.

As early as his sophomore year Mr Ballantine began to write songs, and he is well known for a series of variations on "Mary Had a Little Lamb," in the style of various composers.

The two years after leaving college Mr Ballantine spent in Berlin, studying composition with Philippe Rufer and pianoforte with Arthur Schnabel and

Rudolf Ganz. In 1909 he entered the Schola Cantorum at Paris, but ill health necessitated the discontinuance of his studies there after the Fall term.

Returning to this country, Mr Ballantine made his home in Cambridge for some years, giving lessons in pianoforte, and, in the Fall of 1912, joining the department of music at Harvard as an instructor. He has now discontinued giving lessons, devoting his time mainly to his work at Harvard and to study and composition.

New Artistic Colony

Some of Mr Ballantine's compositions have been published in the Harvard Musical Review. A song, "Retrospect," was published in April, 1913, and a piece for the piano, "Morning," appeared there in December of that year.

Mr Ballantine was married last April to Miss Edith Perry, a daughter of Thomas Sergeant Perry and Lila Cabot Perry, the portrait painter, who is secretary of the Guild of Boston Artists. Mr and Mrs Ballantine now make their city home at 497 Beacon st and are building a Summer home in Hancock, N H, which is near the MacDowell Colony in Peterboro.

"We shall have a little artistic colony of our own at Hancock," Mr Ballantine explained, "for of course I shall do a great deal of my composing there, my mother-in-law will have a studio there for her painting and my wife's sister, Margaret Perry, the author, will probably do much of her work with us."

Mr Ballantine is looking forward to the presentation in Chicago, by the Chicago Symphony Orchestra, of his prelude to "The Delectable Forest," Feb 2, with Frederick Stock as conductor. Mr Stock conducted this piece last Spring when it was given at the Springfield Music Festival.

SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

The Symphony Orchestra leaves tonight on its January trip of a week to the middle West. Its first concert will be given in Syracuse tomorrow evening, then it will proceed in order to Buffalo, Pittsburgh, Cleveland, Ann Arbor and Detroit. It will return direct from Detroit to Boston, arriving here Sunday evening, Jan. 28.

I, "Don Juan"

ist:

McCORMACK

Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1916--17.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

Dr. KARL MUCK, Conductor.

THIRTEENTH PROGRAMME

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 2, AT 2.30 P. M.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 3, AT 8 P. M.

MOZART,	OVERTURE to the Opera "Le Nozze di Figaro"
MOZART,	RONDO, "Per Pietà non ricercate," written for Anfosse's Opera "Il Curioso Indiscreto"
REGER,	VARIATIONS and FUGUE on a Merry Theme by J. A. Hiller (1770), for full Orchestra, op. 100.
HANDEL.	RECITATIVE, "Stay, Shepherd, Stay," and AIR, "Shepherd, what art Thou Pursuing?" from "Acis and Galatea"
STRAUSS,	TONE POEM, "Don Juan" (after Nicolaus Lenau) op. 20.

Soloist:

Mr. JOHN McCORMACK



MAX REGER

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT

Frank. — Feb. 3/17
REGER, STRAUSS, McCORMACK AND
MUCK

The "Hiller Variations" After Six Years
—"Don Juan" and a Tale That Is Told
—The Perennial Overture to "Figaro's
Wedding"—The Tenor Sings Eighteenth-
Century Airs with Eighteenth-Century
Perfections

AS the event will sometimes go—and for no obvious reason—the Symphony Concert of yesterday afternoon yielded less than the anticipated excitements. The eighteenth and the twentieth centuries, Händel and Mozart, Strauss and Reger, Dr. Muck and Mr. McCormack divided programme, interest, expectation. For the first time in six years, conductor and orchestra were to play Reger's Variations and Fugue on a Theme of Hiller, and the long sweeps, the mounting sonorities and the dynamic energy of the finale had of old stirred stage and auditorium. Perhaps because recollection ran too high, that celebrated Fugue seemed to go somewhat tamely; whereas more than one of the preceding Variations sounded with a songfulness of speech and an intensity of mood that tricky memory had overlooked. The fires of Strauss's "Don Juan"—the heat of idea and imagery, march and manipulation—are more familiar; yet, as it seemed Friday afternoon, they have burned brighter in some of Dr. Muck's previous performances of the piece. Finally, Mr. McCormack was to sing for the first time at the Symphony Concerts. With Mr. Caruso, he is the most admired tenor of this day in this land, but not exactly by the public he was now to encounter or in the circumstances he was now to try. The quality of his voice, his skill in the arts of song, his distinctions in eighteenth-century airs, proved often in his own concerts, all warranted the call. Those that anticipated some anomaly in his presence by Dr. Muck's side could discover hint of none. He was as much in place and manner as Mme. Melba when in her prime she used to grace the concerts and his old airs from Mozart and Händel were more in accord with the orthodoxies of the occasion than some of the operatic numbers she used to choose. The mischance was that, for better or for worse, Mr. McCormack made no appreciable sensation. He was cordially received and heartily applauded; he sang with his wonted intelligence, taste, artistry and intuition in this ancient music; but many another "assisting artist" in the round of the season has given in kind, equal pleasure to equal acknowledgment.

The one item of the programme surpassing all expectation was that which seemed in anticipation merely to begin the concert and serve as congenial preluding to one of Mr. McCormack's airs—Mozart's overture to his operatic comedy, "Figaro's Wedding." The opera is not heard so often in Boston—it is ten years since it was last represented here—as to make the overture familiar, nor does it recur so frequently in the Symphony Concerts as, for example, the overture to "The Magic Flute." Moreover, if ever there was music proof against time and change, it is these gay and artful measures, as illusory preluding to light and artificial lyric comedy, as though they had been written in these days when "atmosphere" is one of the magic words of music. No less it is the work of the skilled and ready symphonic composer that Mozart—in his thirties, when he wrote the opera—had long been. The melodies sing out of the music; the running figures glint above, below, beside them; the contrasts are high spirits themselves. Yet the formal progress of the overture is as elastic and elegant as the most exacting purist of the Vienna that first heard it could have wished; while the Mozartean freshness and fecundity, light energy and light fancy shine in material and process. The books say that in "Figaro," Mozart first began to characterize personages and incidents with his music. In the overture he has characterized the whole comedy of gay intrigue, sentimental encounter, merry contretemps and polished presences. As he wrote, so conductor and orchestra played—at light swift pace; in elastic phrase and figure; elegant of intonation and euphony, sprightly, sunny, songful always. Never, after all, are they so much the virtuosi as in their finesse—and also their freedom—with eighteenth-century music.

Reger's Variations, if not his Fugue, fared as well from band and conductor. They renewed the charm of the pretty, flowing, lightly rhythmized theme—a happy discovery in Hiller's musical plays—and they gave the more songful and musing Variations a richness of tone, a warmth of color, a glow of sustained mood, that seemed at last the true voice of a music over-easy to depreciate. The Reger of the more declamatory and restless Variations is the Reger of what, now that he is untimely dead, may become the tradition—the strenuous and strident composer, sometimes harsh of idea, often incessant of modulation, acrid not seldom in harmonic and instrumental color, somewhat coarse-fibred in his tonal weaving, more remarkable for a workmanship of the mind than for an imagery or an emotion of the spirit. This Reger, however, wrote relatively few of the "Hiller Variations" but wrote them none the less with his wonted heady energy. Many more of them are music of meditative, intensifying and songful mood, warm of invention, soberly ardent of progress, full-voiced, lustrous, with not a

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little of the sentiment that quickens some of Reger's later pieces, like the Romantic Suite, and that deepens on occasion into a characteristic poetry and passion.

Reger was not the talent or the temperament to write in Straussian expanses of glowing and climactic instrumental song or to drench his music in all the colors of the harmonic and the orchestral rainbows. Yet he had faculty and feeling that could flow from him in the melodic warmth and even the melodic intensity of the first, the eighth and the final Variation for example; that could sustain the contemplative and songful mood and enrich it with many an expressive and imaginative stroke. The Reger of such music, though he tends to make it over-long and to hold it too steadily in subdued voice and cadence, does persuade the ear and illude to answering emotion; while, played as it was yesterday, it does rise to tonal beauty. Nor is a Reger, who could have his fancies and give them rein in his music, absent from the Variations in the dry snap of the tarantella or the scholarly playfulness of the minuet. As for the Fugue it is of the Reger of an inexhaustible dynamic energy, flinging about in "subjects" and fragments of "subjects," tossing Hiller's theme and his own variations in showers of scraps and then catching them all in the net of a workmanship and resource, that binds the music in march, unity, solidity and climax. Never was a Fugue stouter—or more "jumpy"; seldom is there one more sumptuous and sonorous. There is more fanciful artifice in the Serenade, more glamor in the Romantic and the Ballet Suites; but the "Hiller Variations" seem upon each repetition the most characteristic and eloquent of Reger's orchestral pieces.

The contrast, with which the audience lingered to applaud, whereas it had been luke-warm with the Variations, was the familiar splendor of Strauss's "Don Juan." To hear it anew is half to believe the legend of Munich that he wrote it in the belief that tuberculosis was upon him; that at twenty-four he had but a few years in which to live and work; that it was "now or never" for a mind and spirit quick with ambition; and so flung into the tone-poem the wealth of resource, the passion of imagination and the passion of expression already his. Hence a music that seems to create itself at a white heat, in molten measure upon molten measure; that holds integral unflinching, undiminished, to the last bar; that not only sees the end from the beginning but that fills and accomplishes it with a superb prescience and prodigality. Hence again, the glowing tonal projection of Don Juan at the beginning against a harmonic background and amid flashing timbers as opulent as the colors of Titian or Veronese when their Venetians sit banqueting. Hence the sen-

suous beauty, the thrilling impulsion of the music in which Don Juan loves and idealizes and the sensual tang—for Strauss was already the youth of mind as well as the youth of temperament—of the music in which he pursues, is satiated—and disgusted. Hence the flaming horns that goad the music anew into the chromatic orgy, the sharper and sharper colors, the fiercer and fiercer progressions, the sensual confusion before the final snap and dissonance—a master stroke—of the end. At twenty-four to have written not only one of his own masterpieces but one of the masterpieces of the music of our time! And not to die of tuberculosis, after all, though as that same legend goes, Strauss was more than ever sure of his fate when he writhed and blazed a year later, through "Death and Transfiguration." Yet, somehow, Dr. Muck and the orchestra hardly "let themselves go" yesterday, as they have sometimes done with a "Don Juan" in which for years security has been the spark to eloquence.

Mr. McCormack, finally, who has affectionate curiosities over eighteenth-century music and who likes to make his own discoveries in it, sang one almost unknown air—a piece by Mozart written to oblige a friend who wished to interpolate it in an unpromising opera by another hand—and a second, little more familiar, from a boy's part that Handel wrote into his masque of "Acis and Galatea." In spite of the tenor's liking for them, it was possible for the mere listener to find neither notably interesting in itself or characteristic of the composer. In spite of the illustrious signatures both might readily have been the one early, and the other late, eighteenth century music written by nobody in particular. Yet by those same tokens, they gave Mr. McCormack tempting room for the soft lustres, the pure timbre, the vibrant sweetness of his tenor tones, the clear nicety of his diction, the flow of his phrases into the unbroken current, and the gentle undulation of the melody, the aptness of his vocal ornament, the justness of his sentiment, the poise and elegance of his appropriate style. To hear his Mozart and his Handel was to recall what the eighteenth-century writers set down of the technique and taste, the felicity and charm of those that sang such music to them. H. T. P.

JOHN M'CORMACK IS SOLOIST WITH BOSTON SYMPHONY

Monitor Feb. 3/19
Boston Symphony Orchestra in thirteenth program of thirty-sixth season, Feb. 2 and 3, Dr. Karl Muck conducting. John McCormack, tenor, soloist. The program: Mozart, overture to "Le Nozze di

Figaro"; Mozart, rondo, "Per Pieta, non Ricercate," written for Anfossi's opera, "Il Curioso Indiscreto"; Reger, variations and fugue on a merry theme of J. A. Hiller, op. 100; Handel, recitative, "Stay, Shepherd, Stay," and air, "Shepherd, What Art Thou Pursuing," from "Acis and Galatea"; Strauss, "Don Juan," tone poem (after Nicolaus Lenau), op. 20.

13-3
The advent of an artist into the ranks of those selected to appear before a Boston Symphony audience is always an occasion of interest, and especially when the artist is one who has, like Mr. McCormack, achieved immense popular acclaim. There is always a challenge in the polite applause of greeting and in the settling into places preparatory to listening to and estimating the value of the new message. Likewise there is on the part of the artist a pardonable anxiety to do his best, for here is no easy approbation to win. Of one thing he may be sure, and that is the help and support he will receive from conductor and orchestra.

So Mr. McCormack, appearing at these concerts for the first time, may be pardoned for his evident solicitude that he make a favorable impression on an audience of somewhat different caliber from those made up of the cheering throngs that are swept to their feet at his popular concerts. That the audience of Friday afternoon was not swept to its feet, but on the contrary took what was offered with rather perfunctory approval, may well afford the popular tenor, used to adulation, a chance to take stock of himself, and see whether he is measuring up to the standards of which he is capable, and which his ability and his reputation warrant an audience in expecting.

In one sense the arias which Mr. McCormack essayed to sing Friday may not have been a fair test of his artistry, for deprived of the opportunity to set forth the sentiments of a ballad through his matchless enunciation—no artist on our concert stage does more than he for the cause of songs in English—he had to fall back on beauty of tone, facility of phrasing, musical understanding or personal appeal. However, against the background of the orchestra his tone lacked sweetness, smoothness and volume. No one expects notable phrasing in a florid Handel air, but

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Mr. McCormack was more concerned in fitting syllables to notes and making sure that he came out even than in taking account of the words he sang. Indeed, he seemed handicapped by a lack of words that he could put emotion into. Occasionally in the Mozart aria he rose to an understanding adequate to present the music, for he sings Mozart unusually well; most of the time, however, he remained outside what he was singing. As to his personal appeal, he seemed singularity ill at ease and lacking in animation and notably cold to the assistance he was receiving from Dr. Muck. So he was rather coldly received by the audience, which was not a ballad audience.

There can be nothing but praise for the work of Dr. Muck and his men in the Reger variations and the Strauss tone poem. For many, the value of the entire set of variations lies in the glorious fugue at the end. There are few loose passages in the whole work, however, for though not parsimonious with ideas, Reger worked economically with his material. The Strauss piece as usual received an exact and illuminating reading, with no attempt to show the rascally Don Juan in any other guise than that belonging to him. Like a scintillant jewel the oboe solo of Mr. Longy stood out, calling attention again to the great value of the wood wind choir in this orchestra.

SYMPHONY CONCERT *Globe* Feb. 3/19 Brilliant Performance of Reger's Variations

The performance of Max Reger's variations on the theme from Hiller's operetta at the 13th Symphony concert yesterday afternoon by Dr. Muck and the orchestra was euphonious, brilliant, sympathetic to the best qualities of the music, that of the concluding fugue one of supreme virtuosity. And yet how many of these 11 variations are a kind of epitaph to the late composer? They are in many respects typical. There is the bluster, the boisterous haste, as though notes were flung upon the paper, without true perception, without reconsideration. Then there are the passages, as in the fifth, as in the graceful intermezzo, and particularly the finely seri-

ous, even poetic vein of the 11th and last, music in this which brings regret at the interruption of the noisy fugue at first clever, then stupendous.

Mozart's overture to "Figaro's Marriage" sparkled like champagne. The whirling opening figure went at a magical breath-taking pace, and all with a transforming spirit of lightness and zest, an illuminating testimonial to the fleet virtuosity of the strings. A performance of "Don Juan," which was more reflective than participative, brought the concert to a close.

Dividing these numbers, John McCormack, a singer who in ballads has given pleasure to many and who is remembered agreeably in lyric operatic music, sang twice, a rondo by Mozart, interpolated in Anfossi's opera, "Il Curioso Indiscreto," and the recitative, "Stay, Shepherd, Stay," with the air "Shepherd, What Art Thou Pursuing," from Handel's "Acis and Galatea." Mozart's music is amiable, but if not wholly distinctive, is of more dramatic character than it appeared yesterday. Handel's shepherd, whether he stays or pursues, is equally a harmless person, nor did Mr McCormack's singing disturb him. A clear enunciation is still a feature of the tenor's singing. He was warmly applauded.

The program next week will be as follows: Busoni's "Turandot" suite, Cesar Franck's Symphonic Variations and Strauss' Burleske in D minor, both for piano and orchestra (Heinrich Gebhard, soloist), Smetana's overture to "The Sold Bride."

M'CORMACK STARS AT THE SYMPHONY

Advs — Feb. 3/17

CHARMS IN ENGLISH AND ITALIAN ARIAS

**Tenor Shows Himself More
Versatile Than Is Gen-
erally Imagined**

By LOUIS C. ELSON

Programme.

Mozart—"Marriage of Figaro," Overture.
Mozart—Aria from "Il Curioso Indiscreto."
Soloist—Mr. John McCormack.
Reger—Variations and Fugue on a Hiller Theme.
Handel Air from "Acis and Galatea."
Strauss—"Don Juan," Tone-poem.

When John McCormack appears with a Symphony Orchestra it is likely to become a vocal recital, with instrumental numbers added. He was undoubtedly the chief attraction yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. His delightful Irish folk-songs were,

however, laid aside, and he appeared in an Italian and an English Aria, both works rather unfamiliar at that. Our recollections of this great tenor in Italian work are connected with stage performances of opera.

We prefer him on the concert platform, for his histrionic ability is not on a par with his vocal attainment. But, in his own field of folk-song and ballad, McCormack stands alone, while in this Italian and contrapuntal school he has at least many equals.

Musicians will look in vain for "Il Curioso Indiscreto" in a list of Mozart's operas. The work was by Anfossi, and Mozart obligingly added three arias to it when it was performed in Vienna in 1785. This particular aria, however, was not sung at the performance. Its title is "Per pietà non ricercate." It displayed Mr. McCormack's vocal technique very finely, but both this and the Handelian aria obscured the charm which lies in this singer's emotional power and the naivete of his direct simplicity. Nevertheless, it showed Mr. McCormack as more versatile than is generally imagined.

From "Acis and Galatea" we generally get the soprano "As when the Dove," and especially the bass, "O, Ruddier than the Cherry," but "Shepherd what art thou Pursuing?" is more rarely heard. If it were not for that long roulade on "Pleasure," it might be made a fairly simple melody, but the Handelian fireworks must needs come in at least once. The vocalist executed the difficult passage with clearness and did not dismember it, in spite of its length. To cut a Handelian phrase is, to the Englishman, as wicked as to cut an oyster, and Mr. McCormack gave the long phrases with splendid breath-control. In all his work there was surety and fine tone quality. He was recalled after each number with great enthusiasm, and many regretted the stern non-encore rule of the concerts.

And now, having dismissed the singer, we may speak of the orchestra, which also appeared. All of its music had a jocund flavor. The pretty little sonatina-form overture to the "Marriage of Figaro" is as sprightly as anything in the overture repertoire. We should like a little less of whipping-up the pace in this, even though Mozart did mark it "Presto," and after all a Mozart Presto is not to be taken as a Strauss one. It was a delightful interpretation, however, a bright introduction to a lively concert. Supposedly bright, also, were Re-

ger's Variations on a "Merry Theme," by Hiller, but Reger's learning took some of the merriment out of it. The composition shows Reger in the zenith of his ingenuity and contrapuntal powers. These variations are a vastly different matter from the usual orchestral dress parade which takes place when this form is used. Generally each instrument is exploited in turn, from flutes to contra-basses. But Reger's work is on a much broader plane, and he makes a short symphonic movement out of each treatment. Everything is broadly planned even if it is not exactly as merry as old Hiller might have expected. The 7th, 10th and 11th variations seemed especially strong, but all were worthy. The fourth was a veritable canon foundry. But the most astonishing feat of all is the final fugue. It is possibly the finest modern fugue in existence. A splendid Exposition with a long and very characteristic subject, is followed by stretto after stretto, a monument to Reger's contrapuntal skill. In the final Coda the trombones fairly blow their lips off. It is all far more exciting than one would deem a fugue to be, and we imagine that if Browning could have heard it he would at once have revised his "Master Hugues, of Saxe-Gotha," in which he sneers at the complexities of fugal work.

The work was gloriously played and it was well worth hearing again. It is better that the public should study such a great composition than be ever fed up on novelties. It was greatly applauded.

Richard Strauss' "Don Juan" scarcely wears so well. His "Death and Transfiguration" and his "Till Eulenspiegel" gain steadily on repeated hearing, possibly also "Zarathustra," but "Don Juan" becomes somewhat weaker in spots, after one has become used to the glitter of its tone-colors. But this work also attempts joviality, at least during the moments of the Don's dissipation, even if the end preaches a sermon which even Billy Sunday would endorse.

M'CORMACK SINGS WITH

SYMPHONY

Post — Feb. 3/17
**Tenor Heard in Arias
From Mozart and
Handel**

BY OLIN DOWNES

John McCormack, tenor, was soloist at the concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Karl Muck, conductor, yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The announcement of his appearance caused the "rush line" to grow to proportions greatly exceeding the numbers of the lucky 525 who can be admitted to the 25-cent seats in the upper balcony. At the box office hundreds of requests for seats at any price were refused hours before the performance began.

MOZART AND HANDEL

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The most delightful of all the orchestral compositions was the sparkling overture to Mozart's "Marriage of Figaro," which was played in a superbly brilliant and vivacious manner. Probably, also, the crispness of the weather had its due effect in giving an added glow and vibrancy to the tone of the strings.

ous, even poetic vein of the 11th and last, music in this which brings regret at the interruption of the noisy fugue at first clever, then stupendous.

Mozart's overture to "Figaro's Marriage" sparkled like champagne. The whirling opening figure went at a magical breath-taking pace, and all with a transforming spirit of lightness and zest, an illuminating testimonial to the fleet virtuosity of the strings. A performance of "Don Juan," which was more reflective than participative, brought the concert to a close.

Dividing these numbers, John McCormack, a singer who in ballads has given pleasure to many and who is remembered agreeably in lyric operatic music, sang twice, a rondo by Mozart, interpolated in Anfossi's opera, "Il Curioso Indiscreto," and the recitative, "Stay, Shepherd, Stay," with the air "Shepherd, What Art Thou Pursuing," from Handel's "Acis and Galatea." Mozart's music is amiable, but if not wholly distinctive, is of more dramatic character than it appeared yesterday. Handel's shepherd, whether he stays or pursues, is equally a harmless person, nor did Mr McCormack's singing disturb him. A clear enunciation is still a feature of the tenor's singing. He was warmly applauded.

The program next week will be as follows: Busoni's "Turandot" suite, Cesar Franck's Symphonic Variations and Strauss' Burleske in D minor, both for piano and orchestra (Heinrich Gebhard, soloist), Smetana's overture to "The Sold Bride."

M'CORMACK STARS AT THE SYMPHONY

Advs. — Feb. 8/17
CHARMS IN ENGLISH
AND ITALIAN ARIAS

Tenor Shows Himself More
Versatile Than Is Gen-
erally Imagined

By LOUIS C. ELSON

Programme.

Mozart—"Marriage of Figaro," Overture.
Mozart—Aria from "Il Curioso Indiscreto."
Soloist—Mr. John McCormack.
Reger—Variations and Fugue on a Hiller Theme.
Handel Air from "Acis and Galatea."
Strauss—"Don Juan," Tone-poem.

When John McCormack appears with a Symphony Orchestra it is likely to become a vocal recital, with instrumental numbers added. He was undoubtedly the chief attraction yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. His delightful Irish folk-songs were,

however, laid aside, and he appeared in an Italian and an English Aria, both works rather unfamiliar at that. Our recollections of this great tenor in Italian work are connected with stage performances of opera.

We prefer him on the concert platform, for his histrionic ability is not on a par with his vocal attainment. But, in his own field of folk-song and ballad, McCormack stands alone, while in this Italian and contrapuntal school he has at least many equals.

Musicians will look in vain for "Il Curioso Indiscreto" in a list of Mozart's operas. The work was by Anfossi, and Mozart obligingly added three arias to it when it was performed in Vienna in 1785. This particular aria, however, was not sung at the performance. Its title is "Per pietà non ricercate." It displayed Mr. McCormack's vocal technique very finely, but both this and the Handelian aria obscured the charm which lies in this singer's emotional power and the naivete of his direct simplicity. Nevertheless, it showed Mr. McCormack as more versatile than is generally imagined.

From "Acis and Galatea" we generally get the soprano "As when the Dove," and especially the bass, "O, Ruddier than the Cherry," but "Shepherd what art thou Pursuing?" is more rarely heard. If it were not for that long roulade on "Pleasure," it might be made a fairly simple melody, but the Handelian fireworks must needs come in at least once. The vocalist executed the difficult passage with clearness and did not dismember it, in spite of its length. To cut a Handelian phrase is, to the Englishman, as wicked as to cut an oyster, and Mr. McCormack gave the long phrases with splendid breath-control. In all his work there was surety and fine tone quality. He was recalled after each number with great enthusiasm, and many regretted the stern non-encore rule of the concerts.

And now, having dismissed the singer, we may speak of the orchestra, which also appeared. All of its music had a jocund flavor. The pretty little sonatina-form overture to the "Marriage of Figaro" is as sprightly as anything in the overture repertoire. We should like a little less of whipping-up the pace in this, even though Mozart did mark it "Presto," and after all a Mozart Presto is not to be taken as a Strauss one. It was a delightful interpretation, however, a bright introduction to a lively concert. Supposedly bright, also, were Re-

ger's Variations on a "Merry Theme," by Hiller, but Reger's learning took some of the merriment out of it. The composition shows Reger in the zenith of his ingenuity and contrapuntal powers. These variations are a vastly different matter from the usual orchestral dress parade which takes place when this form is used. Generally each instrument is exploited in turn, from flutes to contra-basses. But Reger's work is on a much broader plane, and he makes a short symphonic movement out of each treatment. Everything is broadly planned even if it is not exactly as merry as old Hiller might have expected. The 7th, 10th and 11th variations seemed especially strong, but all were worthy. The fourth was a veritable canon foundry. But the most astonishing feat of all is the final fugue. It is possibly the finest modern fugue in existence. A splendid Exposition with a long and very characteristic subject, is followed by stretto after stretto, a monument to Reger's contrapuntal skill. In the final Coda the trombones fairly blow their lips off. It is all far more exciting than one would deem a fugue to be, and we imagine that if Browning could have heard it he would at once have revised his "Master Hugues, of Saxe-Gotha," in which he sneers at the complexities of fugal work.

The work was gloriously played and it was well worth hearing again. It is better that the public should study such a great composition than be ever fed up on novelties. It was greatly applauded.

Richard Strauss' "Don Juan" scarcely wears so well. His "Death and Transfiguration" and his "Till Eulenspiegel" gain steadily on repeated hearing, possibly also "Zarathustra," but "Don Juan" becomes somewhat weaker in spots, after one has become used to the glitter of its tone-colors. But this work also attempts joviality, at least during the moments of the Don's dissipation, even if the end preaches a sermon which even Billy Sunday would endorse.

M'CORMACK SINGS WITH

SYMPHONY

Post — Feb. 8/17
Tenor Heard in Arias
From Mozart and
Handel

BY OLIN DOWNES

John McCormack, tenor, was soloist at the concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Karl Muck, conductor, yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The announcement of his appearance caused the "rush line" to grow to proportions greatly exceeding the numbers of the lucky 525 who can be admitted to the 25-cent seats in the upper balcony. At the box office hundreds of requests for seats at any price were refused hours before the performance began.

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The most delightful of all the orchestral compositions was the sparkling overture to Mozart's "Marriage of Figaro," which was played in a superbly brilliant and vivacious manner. Probably, also, the crispness of the weather had its due effect in giving an added glow and vibrancy to the tone of the strings.

More remarkable, of course, from a technical point of view, was the performance of Max Reger's "Variations on a Merry Theme" of Hiller of 100. To say that these variations are of uniform interest and value would be mistating the fact. One is conscious a part of the time of the composer doing "stunts." The merry theme is man-handled. It is stretched and twisted without mercy. But there is in this work much of a beauty that is curiously and incongruously characteristic of Reger in his more lyrical moods, and by contrast a lusty humor, which in the fugue is a splendid development and accumulation of music over the booming B's in the bass has a very inspiring effect. But we like the "Don Juan" of Richard Strauss better when it is more sumptuously colored.

SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA'S 13TH CONCERT

Herald Feb. 8/17
John McCormack, Tenor Soloist,
Makes Deep Impression—
Overture to Mozart's "Marriage of Figaro" by Orchestra,
Enjoyed by Audience—Dr.
Karl Muck Conducts.

PROGRAM WILL HAVE
REPETITION TONIGHT

By PHILIP HALE.

The 13th concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Karl Muck, conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. John McCormack, tenor, was the soloist. The program was as follows:

Mozart, overture to "The Marriage of Figaro"; Mozart, Rondo "Per pietà, non Ricercate"; Reger, variations and Fugue on a Theme by Hiller; Handel, Recitative, "Stay, Shepherd," and Air, "Shepherd, What Art Thou Pursuing?" from "Acis and Galatea"; Strauss, Tone poem, "Don Juan."

The sparkling overture, which was played crisply, delicately and with great verve, recalled for some of the hearers delightful performances of this charming opera: the unforgettable singing of the Letter Duet by Mmes. Eames and Sembrich; more than one roguish Cherubino with her Armorous ditties, and the sight of Edouard de Reszke, elephantine as the gallant Count, not at all at ease with his music. The last performance, in which Mme. Eames unfortunately did not appear, was made conspicuous by the conducting of Felix Mottl.

The most hardened concert-goer turns pale and shudders when he sees on the program a set of orchestral variations. More than once we have suffered from works of this kind, relieved slightly by trying to find the theme in the complex and long winded variation. "Theme, theme, who's got the theme?" may be asked of the groups of instruments. There were those variations by Koessler in which the composer fondly thought he pictured the excellent Johannes Brahms communing with nature, in the restaurant, with his friends, also the mind and purposes of Johannes. Then there is Georg Schumann, another industrious weaver of portentous variations.

Yesterday it was Reger's turn. His thunder-and-lightning variations on a merry little theme of Hiller remind us of an improving and historical anecdote. The sailor King, William IV. of England, heard a Fantasia played by Miss Blakelka at a concert in St. James's Palace in 1836. He said to Sir George Smart, afterwards characterized by Thackeray in "The Ravenswing": "The queen requests me to say something civil to the young lady, but I cannot make out what she is playing. It sounds like 'God Save the King' but then it goes off into something else. What do you call it?" Sir George explained to him that it was the national melody with variations. "Damn variations!" said the monarch, and he immediately left the concert room.

There was a brilliant performance of "Don Juan." Would that Strauss had always written in this manner! Would that in his later works he had invented melodies like the love song for the oboe played beautifully by Mr. Longy.

Mr. McCormack sang for the first time at these concerts. He should have been associated with the orchestra long before this. We know of no one, man or woman, in this country, with the possible exception of Miss Hempel, who is so accomplished a singer of Mozart's music as Mr. McCormack.

To sing Mozart's music is the supreme test. Many of us remember with pleasure Mr. McCormack's Don Otavio at the Boston Opera House four years ago. His performance then enraptured Mr. Weingartner, who wished to take him to German opera houses. The war prevented Mr. McCormack from taking part in the Mozart Festival organized

by Lilli Lehmann at Salzburg.

Yesterday he sang an unfamiliar Rondo by Mozart written to be interpolated in an opera by Anfossi. The air of Handel was also unfamiliar to many. Mr. McCormack phrased the Rondo as a rare musician among singers, singing it as Mozart would have liked to hear it. In Handel's air the roulades were remarkably clear and even and the command of breath was noteworthy. Here is a singer who has not merely a beautiful voice; his art is as conspicuous as the natural tonal charm. Nor did a slip of the orchestra at the beginning of the reprise; quickly remedied by Dr. Muck, disconcert him. Nor should the distinctness of the singer's enunciation in Italian and English pass unnoted.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The program of the concerts next week will be as follows: The whole of Busoni's "Turandot" Suite in which a female chorus will take part; Franck's Symphonic Variations for piano and orchestra, and Strauss's Burlesque for piano and orchestra (Mr. Gebhard, pianist), and the overture to "The Sold Bride," by Smetana.

M'CORMACK AS SYMPHONY STAR FOR FIRST TIME

Journal Feb. 8/17
Tenor Warmly Applauded
For His Singing of Two
Classic Numbers.

John McCormack made his first appearance as Symphony soloist yesterday in numbers reminiscent of his bygone operatic days. These two solos, manifestly chosen for the purpose of showing the best part of his voice and the grace with which he can adorn classic song, were the Mozart rondo, "Per pietà, non ricercate," and the recitative, "Stay, shepherd, stay," and air, "Shepherd, what art thou pursuing?"—from Handel's pastoral opera, "Acis and Galatea."

These are characteristic but not popular McCormack pieces. No doubt his

admirers would much prefer to hear his melting voice in "Mavis" or "The Old Refrain" or some such heart-reaching work. But the two selections happened to be in his repertory and they also happened to suit Symphony traditions in the matter of song. No other tenor sings this archaic music in so felicitous a manner, with so smooth a flow of tone and a diction so admirable. This Mr. McCormack has demonstrated here repeatedly, but with especial success in the memorable performance of "Don Giovanni" given at the Boston Opera House four years ago this month under Weingartner's direction.

The applause yesterday was enthusiastic enough in the circumstances. There will be twice as much enthusiasm, and deservedly so, when the most popular tenor of the day sings "Reynardine" or some other delectable ballad at Symphony Hall during McCormack week; and he will put just as much artistry into the old folk song then as he did into the Handel air yesterday.

To introduce these ornate old-fashioned songs, Dr. Muck heads the program with the overture from Mozart's "Marriage of Figaro." The other orchestral numbers are Reger's "Variations and Fugue on a Merry Theme of J. A. Hiller"—a work almost as long as the average symphony, and pedagogic as well as long-winded—and one of the early Strauss tone poems, "Don Juan," which adds a very welcome pinch of spice to a conservative program.

Dr. Muck conducted the orchestra through the usual brilliant performance, and the students and nonagenarians present waxed enthusiastic.

Heinrich Gebhard will be the soloist at next week's concerts, when the program will comprise Busoni's "Turandot" suite, Cesar Franck's symphonic variations for piano and orchestra, Richard Strauss' burlesque in D minor for piano and orchestra and a Smetana overture, "The Sold Bride."

MASTERPIECES AND DR. MUCK

Trans. Feb. 2, 1917
A Notable Concert of Franck, Wagner and Strauss by the Symphony Orchestra in Cambridge

FREE from the obligations and preoccupations of a soloist, the Symphony Orchestra gave a concert in Sanders Theatre last evening that in pieces and performance was of its proudest and best—a concert that, except for the absence of Beethoven, might have stood at the beginning or the end of a season; and a concert which even those of Cambridge who dearly love to look over a new "soloist" clapped in entire satisfaction. For in the


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"Siegfried Idyl," no less than in the overtures, Dr. Muck reveals his own secrets from the inexhaustible stores of Wagner's genius; while "Till Eulenspiegel" is one of his special achievements for very special concerts, and music which may well stand forth as Strauss's most perfect work of art, with not a weak spot, not an over-stressed theme, and not the minutest slip in the great orchestra which moves in complex unity, which evaporates and intensifies in flashes, describing events with the instantaneous succession of dreams in a powerful and lightning-like way that no other artistic medium, choreographic or other, may presume to pursue. And Dr. Muck's performance of Franck's Symphony is of that rare sort where the worshipful hearer may forget the orchestra and conductor, and live with Franck himself through the highest moments of his life and inspiration. It is the symphony which above all others, in this particular time, grows with every hearing—the seemingly obvious, mystic and sensuous becoming the lofty and exalted. There is nothing revolutionary in its outward aspect; the composer did not make over the orchestra; indeed he ventured hardly more material innovation than did Brahms. If we could isolate the motives, particularly that of the second movement, we might almost call them trivial; and so also with a turn of the development here and there, at the first hearings. But with increasing acquaintance these things are forgotten or denied. Pristine or otherwise, when the Franck whom we come to love is once started upon a masterpiece, some power beyond analysis or scholasticism or definition carries him gloriously to the end, and those motives attain triumphant significance. Such is the magic force which cares not for theories of form or theories of style, considers neither precedent nor originality; but finds its own heaven-guided way transforming the ordinary into the divine. Then it is that in the face of musical experience and musical common sense we cannot detach a motive from its significant and transfusing associations and call it trivial; and then it is that we no longer care to question or weigh, but, boasting of our partiality, give ourselves over to the master, and take everything that he says for the utmost that we can find in it. J. N. B.

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Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1916-17.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

Dr. KARL MUCK, Conductor.

FOURTEENTH PROGRAMME

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SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 10, AT 8 P. M.

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VARIATIONS SYMPHONIQUES for Pianoforte and Orchestra.

RICHARD STRAUSS,

BURLESKE in D minor for Pianoforte and Orchestra.

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Ferruccio Benedetto Busoni

"TURANDOT" AT SYMPHONY CONCERT

Adm. — Feb. 10/19

Work by Busoni, Dedicated to

Dr. Muck, Given in

Its Entirety

ENTIRELY MODERN

PROGRAM GIVEN

Music of International Char-

acter—Mr. Gebhardt

Is the Soloist

By LOUIS C. ELSON

Program.

Busoni. Suite for Orchestra, "Turandot."
Franck. Symphonis Variations for Piano
and Orchestra.

Strauss. Burleske, for Piano and Orchestra.

Smetana. "The Sold Bride" Overture.

Pianist, Mr. Heinrich Gebhardt.

Italian, Belgian, German and Bohemian were the nationalities presented in this most modern program, and it showed the international character of music that no one could have discovered the nation of origin of any of the works save by consulting the program-book, except possibly in the case of the ponderous Burleske.

Busoni is an Italian, but even when masquerading as a Chinaman, as in the "Turandot" Suite, he might be judged a disciple and countryman of Reger. Six years ago we heard part of this suite, when the composer himself was present. Now Dr. Muck, to whom the work is dedicated, determined to give the composition in its entirety.

The present suite is not in the least akin to the music which Weber and Reissiger evolved from Schiller's play of "Turandot." (Schiller took his plot from Gozzi, the Italian). Weber went at once to original sources and used a Chinese melody for the substratum of his numbers, beginning his overture with it. Busoni also used Oriental melodies, but he idealizes them grandly. One finds the atmosphere of Oriental music, sometimes a touch of the pentatonic scale, which is the foundation of Chinese music, as Debussy's six-note scale is the es-

sence of Siamese music; but the composer does not attempt a servile imitation, which would only have failed, but allows his imagination to suggest the Chinese phases of "Turandot, Princess of China." But he gives all the strongly rhythmic effects which are present in Oriental music, and he employs every possible kind of drum almost continuously.

It seems to us even more than that; it is one of the great triumphs of modern tone-coloring. By many this suite is considered Busoni's best work. It is of course scored for an extensive orchestra, but has not the prolixity of many modern scores. It may be considered a fault that there are four marches in the seven movements, but these marches are of different emotional content, all the way from a funeral march to a Marcia Grottesca. There is much that is bizarre in the composition and almost every part of it is exotic.

The first movement, "The Execution, the City Gate, Taking Leave," is sinister enough. A Masso Ostinato with wailing phrases above it and a very quaint bit of ascending and descending scale work at the close make a very original introduction to the subject; and the little drum begins what Falstaff would have called "damnable iteration" even from the first.

The second movement, "Truffaldino," is grotesque. Here we have a march which is oddly scored, the wind instruments only against all kinds of drums, and bells and triangle. There is a thin, acid quality achieved here, and a constant bustle that speaks of a chattering busy-body.

The third movement is a march of wholly different character; it ushers in the Emperor, and is appropriately solemn, even bombastic. But the fourth movement is the gem of the work, a picture of the Princess. It is another march, but so different from the preceding two that it seems as if Busoni had purposely set himself to show what variety he could achieve within a limited form. Majesty, caprice, tenderness, passion, are all displayed in this character sketch. Yet there is fascinating melody to be found here, and some good canonic writing too, but the difficult rhythmic changes make the melodic effects anything but restful, and there is a degree of clatter on all kinds of percussive instruments, so that we may not forget that we are in China. We had enough drum playing in this to last us a year.

No. 5 is a picture of the Women's

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Now follows an Oriental Dance and Song (No. 6), which carries on this sensuous, languid style and has a very bright chorus for female voices as its central episode. This chorus was well sung by female members of Mr. Stephen S. Townsend's Choral Music Society and Musical Art Club, and the short passages were creditable to the singers and to Mr. Townsend, who had trained them. The chorus in upon an Arabian theme and pictures night changing to day, and love changing from absence to reunion and happiness.

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The variations too, are intrinsically beautiful, therefore the work won a great success in spite of coming after Busoni's masterpiece, and Mr. Gebhardt was most vehemently recalled several times. He was equally artistic in the Strauss Burleske, but Strauss did not shine by the side of the more modest Franck.

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THE SYMPHONY CONCERT

Drawn. — Feb. 10/17

ONE DULL PIECE, AND THREE FOR PLEASURE

The Blank "Burleske" of Strauss' Youth Revived — The Contrasting Charm and Fancy of Franck's Variations — Mr. Busoni's Suite of Stage Music; "Turandot" for New Revelation of His Qualities as Composer—The Vividness, Fancy and Humor of the Pieces—Dr. Muck and His Public

WITH two items in the Symphony Concert of yesterday afternoon precedent was piquantly reversed. For once Strauss, who is usually interesting, however sharply the hearer may quarrel with his music, was downright dull. For once, also, Mr. Busoni, who is often baffling or barren when he sets pen to music-paper, was amusing, stimulating, gay. The occasion of Strauss's mischance was the revival of his "Burleske" for piano and orchestra, which Mr. Gebhard, the "assisting artist" of the day, elected to play anew with the band as he had played it originally in 1903. The occasion of Mr. Busoni's happy fortunes was the first performance in Boston in entirety of the Suite for orchestra that he wove out of his incidental music to Gozzi's play of Chinese fantasy, "Turandot." Since one division of it requires momentarily a chorus of women, Dr. Muck, loyal to the slightest obligation a composer or his own artistic conscience may impose, had it assembled, eighty strong, from the Musical Art Club and the Choral Music Society, and trained to the minute by Mr. Townsend, even though its participation in the concert was of the briefest. Relatively light, too, were the other pieces of the afternoon—Franck's Symphonic Variations for piano-forte and orchestra, again for Mr. Gebhard, and the racing, smiling, almost gesticulating overture to Smetana's opera of "The Bartered Bride." A programme to please the audience in all but the "Burleske"; a pianist whom it knew familiarly, heard gladly and rewarded heartily, and a concert without incident outside music and performance, except in the applause that seemed to single out the conductor as he came to his place and to testify to the good will of his public toward him. A week ago the audience of Saturday evening similarly and even more heartily received him. In view of this clear and sincere mood of his audiences at a time when the town simmers with anti-German feeling, is it quite wise or even tactful on his part to persist in the concert that he and Miss Gerhardt purpose to give a fortnight hence for the fund to despatch an American surgical unit

to the armies of the empire? For those who must deal with the public, however intense their personal loyalties or however honorable and laudable their purpose, there is a discretion in times and seasons. The present—and in a perfervid and self-centered New England city—seems hardly such for a concert in behalf of a German war charity. By a single error of tact it would be a pity to see Dr. Muck lose in an evening even a measure of the respect, admiration and good will that shield him against many a gust of anti-Germany sentiment or folly.

The misfortune of the "Burleske" is to burlesque nothing an attentive ear can discover in performance; while the pianists who occasionally venture the piece would probably admit, did they open their secret hearts, that they only persuade themselves by a kind of auto-intoxication to find travesty in it. Even scrutiny of the score is no more enlightening. "With humor" or the like phrase Strauss time and again labels a measure; but few readers, for the life of them, can discover any "humor" in it. The truth is that the undated piece, which Strauss probably wrote in his nineteenth or his twentieth year, is no more than an excuse in which like a stripped and sinewy athlete, he shows his "development" in the resources and the processes of music-making on the academic model. Here and there, indeed, in the "Burleske"—to continue the figure—he is straining for the start into his own courses of imagination and expression, into the free play of his personality, that was to sweep him soon into "Don Juan," "Till" and "Death and Transfiguration"; but for the most part the piece of yesterday might have been written by any able youngster of the eighties with his Brahms and his lessons in the conservatory well in mind. Indeed it might have been written more brightly and amusingly and less dryly and laboriously by many a youth who was to prove no Strauss or even a shadow of a Strauss. Such a one, perhaps, would not have expected an audience to be diverted by tweaks of the piccolo, sudden stranglings of a motive or portentous interpositions of the kettle-drum.

Yet, as chance would have it, Mr. Gebhard played this dull and clumsy piece more animatedly and eloquently than he did the lovely and enkindling Symphonic Variations of Franck, which were his other number. In them he was strangely dry and expository, unfolding theme and metamorphoses in the white light of pure precision with far too little suggestion of the airy and enwreathing motion with which the Parisian propels his music or the endless play of pianistic and orchestral color with which he glamors it. For the Symphonic Variations are a marvellously fluid music, in incessant motion upon the piano and through the orchestra. The separate

variations comb and curl wave-like into the design of the piece; currents and cross-currents, eddies and momentary pools dapple them; while over them all and variously rippling them play the sunshine and the breeze of Franck's fancy, bright and light, capricious and lyric. Or, to shift the figure, here is music of arabesque that ever finds new convolutions of graceful and elegant line, while over it falls a whole palette of gleaming color. Theme and variations are of the very voice of the piano when it sounds as no mere serviceable box of felt and wires but speaks in fleeting loveliness of phrase and figure, in glints and glows of color, in fantasies of run and rhythm. The music may be of the minor and not the major Franck, but it teems with lyric fancy and lyric ardor perfectly expressed in a medium that it makes of like poetic voice and glamor. More than once Franck in his graver music seems to fall short of his aspiring purposes. The Symphonic Variations are completeness itself of matter, method and means. If Mr. Gebhard and Dr. Muck played a little masterpiece yesterday, it is none the less so because it is short, swift, luminous.

Smetana's overture may be taken for granted like a cocktail before dinner—and the more because, in the flying pace, the sharpened accents and the flashing precision in which Dr. Muck has schooled the orchestra to play the piece, it has become to the frequenters of the concerts like a cocktail of Czech melodies and rhythms swallowed in one tingling gulp. Perhaps however, there might be keener appreciation of the contributing Czech liqueurs and spirits did the palate of the ear have a bit more time to savor them. To whip the overture forward a shade faster and more snappily at each repetition has now become one of the obligatory feats of conductor and band. So it was that outside the Franckian variations, the lively pleasure of the concert sprang from Mr. Busoni's Suite. Of course, even in assemblage and adaptation for the concert-hall, it remains intrinsically music of the theatre, to be heard at particular moments, under particular circumstance and against particular scenic backgrounds upon the stage. Even the lights in the Deutsches Theater—Mr. Busoni used to say—contributed to the illusion of the music. The more the pity, then, that the programme-book, instead of heaping up chronological tables of the composer's appearances in Boston as pianist and lists of his published pieces, did not attempt to reconstitute a play known to the contemporary German, English and American stages and to describe the incidents or the personages—for which purpose there is much readily accessible material—that the music accompanies or suggests. As it was, the listener, even with the hints of Mr. Busoni's programme, needed lively imagination to feel the pictorial quality, the warmth, the fancy, the whole gay or graphic illusion of the music.

The play—Gozzi's, Schiller's, Vollmöller's MacKaye's "Turandot"—retells the Persian legend of the remote, proud, perverse and cerebrally wanton Chinese princess, who bade her lovers guess three riddles that she propounded, and if they so much as failed in one despatched them forthwith to execution. Upon a day there came so to woo her Kalaf, Prince of Astrakhan, youthful, but wise; high-hearted, but wary; comely as Turandot herself. And lo! he guessed the riddles; whereat the princess was perturbed, and the more since she could learn neither his name nor nativity. But already she loved him and was conquered, and so at last, after more ruses as is the way of women, he possessed her. In the Suite Mr. Busoni first sets the stage and preludes to the succeeding dramatic narrative. Distant drum beats in reiterated rhythms, entering instruments in Oriental interval hint the fantastic scene. Trumpets proclaim a prince come to a trial of amorous fate. Foreboding, sombre are the auspices; confused, menacing the tumult at the city gate, with the heads of the executed lovers stark upon it.

So, with the music, into the palace, where first it sketches Truffaldino, chief eunuch and also comic figure out of Italian commedia dell'arte, pitterpatting and leering over his preparations for the trial of wits or teetering with his fellow-eunuchs through a squeaking march. Next the formidable fanfares that bring upon the stage that venerable emperor. Altoun, but he is by no means such a stupendous sovereign as the sonorous brass and the rolling drums would make him, but really a wabbling and comic old fellow (as a kind of intermezzo in the march hints) somewhat pensive of this new "crisis" in the amatory adventures of his daughter. Then Turandot herself in music that stirs out of hushed and mysterious preludings into the slow, still march of a gliding train of women; that swells into the stately clangors of august presence and ceremonial state; and then droops into dark-hued and sharp-set melody, yet with soft and pulsing underbody, as though Mr. Busoni would so delineate the moody and perverse princess, remote, self-absorbed, implacable, yet not insensitive to gentler impulses of passion. Mystery shrouds her in the advancing music; yet ceremony still attends her.

Forthwith from day and the great hall, where Kalaf has guessed the riddles, into the night and the languorous and perfumed solitude of the women's apartments. Lasciously yet monotonously Mr. Busoni's suggests the scene; his rhythm is quasi-Oriental; his melody is quasi-Italianate—by sheer dint of blood in spite of scholarly resolution not to forsake his eastern motives and modulation. A dance of the women, titillating through monotonous repetitions; a song of the women above it in the high range of their voices, in interrupted and sensuous phrases—both intensify atmosphere. Then in sudden shift to the chamber of the prince, where in ominous and sinister waltz of broken and lugubrious measures, darkling phantoms haunt his

shallow sleep. For in and out of the chamber fit the emissaries of Turandot with ears pointed to hear him mutter his name. Measures, next, for her final ruse—the feigning of woe in the trappings of woe—music of melodious melancholy that harsh and dissonant instruments begin to mock; that professes wistfulness and then whips it and the deceit away for a wild and whirling, snapping, scintillant and sonorous Finale alla Turca, with all the personages clearly dancing down to the footlights with the orchestra twisting them in rhythms and festooning them with color, as though it were flinging confetti. After all this is a merry world.

A vivid music to hear, especially with a little knowledge of the course of legend and play and enough imagination withal to visualize setting, episode, personage upon a stage on which orchestra, chorus and piano hardly left room even for figments of fancy—a music quick with invention, instant (as it seemed) with means and procedure, bright with color, graphic with delineative suggestion, vibrant with implication of atmosphere. Throughout Mr. Busoni has courted oriental intervals, rhythms, melodies, and deployed no little scholarship in the search, the choice and the treatment of them; but steadfastly he has manipulated, colored, contrasted them as a composer of the West who did but seek Eastern suggestion and illusion. Where the circumstance of the stage bids he writes with shrewd, yet vivacious humor as in the music of the teetering eunuch, the senile emperor, the scintillant and snapping finale. His ceremonial music, though it is haunted by march rhythms, runs in energetically sonorous poms of tone. Mystery, then sentiment and characterization always speak out of the music of Turandot, with little need or aid from extraneous suggestion. Yet more mysterious and fantastic are the broken phrases and rhythms of the nocturnal phantoms. Wholly atmospheric is the music of the harem in the soft and sensuous night. Yet through the whole Suite goes the capriciousness of mood, invention, method, means that is spice to a half-Chinese, half-Italian (and perhaps not a little German) fantasy. For once—to bring back beginnings—Mr. Busoni has been not only a singular but a stimulating composer. Largely and justly his hearers applauded him.

H. T. P.

"TURANDOT" SUITE OF BUSONI PLAYED BY ORCHESTRA

Monitor Feb. 10/17
Boston Symphony Orchestra, Karl Muck, conductor; Heinrich Gebhard, soloist. Fourteenth program, Symphony Hall, Boston, Mass., afternoon of Feb. 9: Busoni, suite for orchestra from the music to Gozzi's "Turandot" (chorus of women from Musical Art Club and Choral

Music Society assisting); Franck, symphonic variations for piano and orchestra; Strauss, burlesque in D minor for piano and orchestra; Smetana, overture to the opera, "Prodana Nevesta."

Dr. Muck has been cleaning house. With a large company of Boston women to help him, he has thrown out from the garret a lot of musical clutter known as the "Turandot" suite; and with a man-of-all-work, Mr. Gebhard, helping, he has sent off some respectable but out-moded goods known as symphonic variations and burlesque in D minor. The job is a kind which gives the people taking part the thrill of having done something important, yet which leaves neither them nor others much the richer. It is one of those enterprises that sum themselves up in the words: Anyhow, it's done and hasn't got to be done over again right away.

The Busoni group of tone poems on the one hand, and the Franck and Strauss pieces for piano and orchestra on the other, represent types of dullness so diverse as almost to make an interesting program compound. The eight-movement suite is a splendid example of monotonous fluency; the single-movement solo pieces are no less mark-worthy specimens of labored simplicity. "Turandot" is the sort of composition that neither time nor study can vitalize. It was lumber the day it was written. As for the symphonic variations and the burlesque, they are little else but accurate musical tailoring. The thing most certain about them is that they are correct to the fashion plates of 30 years ago.

Max Fiedler, who had the right conception of a symphony concert program, whatever may have been his failings as a band leader, handled the "Turandot" suite properly when he presented only selections from it. True, he left out the best part of it when he omitted the number that contains the chorus for women's voices; yet in confining his performance to half the suite he economized the attention of his hearers, and furthermore gave them the whole of the composer's message. For whatever variety of thematic plan the work may show, it shows little variety of rhythmic design; and it is quite wanting in contrast of moods. In this last respect "Turandot" betrays Busoni, the composer, as of identical temperament with Busoni the pianist. And it is a proof that musical interpretation is a different thing from musical writing.

if it is not an argument that interpreters should be contented with their position and stay out of the strife for documentary immortality. The advantage interpreters have is that they can ignore contrast and many another convention that writers are bound down to. They have, indeed, far the greater freedom of self-expression on their side. Through the gray tones of his piano playing, Mr. Busoni has revealed a world of sentiment that was inarticulate before his time. Through the orchestral monochrome of "Turandot," however, he adds but a word or two to the musical thinking of the day, and that of trifling consequence.

The presentation of all the music on the program was in the best manner that could be desired. The soloist did himself credit as a technician in the variations and the burlesque, compelling the close attention of the matinee audience to his playing and winning enthusiastic applause. With the Smetana overture, which stands firmly in the repertory with "Egmont," "Euryanthe" and "Meistersinger," the conductor gave the occasion a characteristically strong close.

SYMPHONY CONCERT

Cube Feb. 10/17
"Turandot" Suite / First
Time Complete

Mr Gebhard Soloist in Franck's
Variations and Strauss Burlesque

Dr Muck and the orchestra gave a performance even of unusual brilliance yesterday. Busoni's suite for orchestra from music to Gozzi's "Turandot" was played complete for the first time in Boston. Of the eight numbers, 1, 2, 4 and 8 had been played in Mr Fiedler's day.

The score is dedicated to Dr Muck. It is based upon the story of the proud, passionate and beautiful Chinese Princess Turandot, who invites wooers, but demands that the accepted shall guess correctly three riddles she will propound, with his head as forfeit for his failure. Kalaf, a foreign Prince, although a good guesser and socially eligible to the best Chinese society, is denied his reward by the capricious Turandot. Like a gentleman, he will waive his claim if the Princess will

guess his real name.

One night carelessly exclaiming "O, un happy Kalaf," in his sleep, he betrays his secret, but the triumph of the Princess yields to the love she will no longer conceal and all ends with rejoicing.

From Oriental Sources

There is surprise at finding the scholastic Mr Busoni, a herculean pianist in black and white, a fashioner of ponderous and noisy transcriptions for the piano from music Bach intended to be played on the organ, engaged now in a study in colors upon this Oriental conceit. He has said that in choice of themes he has drawn upon Oriental sources other than China.

Judging from performances by Chinese men and women singers and players upon instruments, their folk song literature would not be of great service to the Occidental. There is more often the suggestion of a more sensuous Orientalism, a thing which a Russian named Rimsky-Korsakoff did far better.

The idea of elemental rhythm, making the tam-tam and drums share great responsibility in the orchestra, is worked diligently. Its expression is the most primitive in the musical evolution.

There are characterizations of the doddering eunuch, and of the pompous Emperor. The haughty young Princess is not to be mistaken. The sixth number of dance and song has little character in the music for the women's voices, which was well sung by members from the choruses of the Musical Art Club and Choral Music Society. The closing festivities have the note of barbarous splendor, as the opening number did of severed heads with ghastly grin.

Franck's Variations

Cesar Franck's symphonic variations for piano and orchestra are too fine in structure, too much of interior beauty rather than display, for popular favor or frequent performance. In one movement, they are too short to take the place of a concerto. Mr Heinrich Gebhard, the soloist of the week, surpassed himself in this music. There was spirituality, a keen sense of its inwardness, a luminous technic and admirable proportion.

It would indeed be an extraordinary pianist who could compass this music of deepest perceptions, and the amiably superficial bombast of Strauss' youthful Burlesque in which the piano is as a member of the orchestra; a score much overdeveloped for its inherent ideas, but with a stimulating assumption, a certain garish exterior. Here a style more bold, more obvious, more daring with abandon less carefully and sensitively considered would have been truer to the vein.

The closing performance of Smetana's overture to his "Sold Bride" was challenging in its breath-taking pace. Yet what clearness in the upper strings in the whirlwind fugue. The slower vibration of the contrabass tone reasonably would make its figure acoustically blurred at such a tempo. The whole piece sparkled with the spirit of comedy.

VOICES OF WOMEN AID SYMPHONY

Host. Feb. 10/11
Busoni's Suite, Dedicated to Dr. Muck,
Given

BY OLIN DOWNES

Ferruccio Busoni's orchestral suite, "Turandot," made of incidental music composed for a play of Gozzi and first performed in 1905, was the novel item of the programme of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Karl Muck, conductor, yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall.

The suite is dedicated to Dr. Muck. The 1st, 2d, 4th and 8th movements were played at these concerts, under the direction of Max Fiedler, Feb. 18, 1911.

WOMEN'S CHORUS AIDS

Yesterday the work was heard for the first time in its entirety, and the women's chorus in the sixth movement was sung by members of the Musical Art Club and the Choral Music Society, Stephen S. Townsend conductor. Heinrich Gebhard, pianist, was the soloist. He played the "Symphonic Variations" of Cesar Franck and Richard Strauss' "Burlesque" for piano and orchestra. Smetana's overture to "The Sold Bride" ended the concert.

Busoni has stated that he has employed oriental melodies as the sole melodic material of this suite. Curiously enough, one of the tunes has an exact resemblance to a familiar English folk-tune, "Greensleeves," but the origins of many folk-tunes are matters of mystery. They travel through many countries and are appropriated by various peoples, although usually modified in the process. The lyrical theme of Turandot's march is an adapted Chinese melody, and the song of the women in the movement "Dance and Song"



FERRUCCIO BUSONI,

Composer of suite dedicated to Dr. Karl Muck and performed by the Boston Symphony Orchestra yesterday.

is, according to the composers' statement, "the oldest known Arabian song."

Clever Yet Boreome

The first movement of Busoni's suite pleases because of the indubitable orientalism of the themes, the ingenuity and the characteristic quality of the orchestration, and also a more truly imaginative quality than is found in the later movements.

The second movement, "Truffaldino," has a rather ordinary kind of humor. After this the music becomes "deucedly clever," and in its cleverness very much of a bore. Is this the best Mr. Busoni, a past master of the art of musical composition, and one of the greatest musical intellects in the world today—is this the best he could do with his material? The rhythms are monotonously alike. The orchestral combinations have a family resemblance which ultimately becomes irritating. What is the use in quoting themes if the themes awaken no response in the imagination of the composer—if, in other words, the themes do not call out in him that which is himself? Not only is the greater part of this score, with all its clever tricks, barren of anything but the most unrelieved literalism, but most of it is common in the last degree. Who has not marvelled at the sounds of the circus band as the ladies rode forth on the tigers and the Indian rajahs bestrode the elephants in high estate? Mr. Busoni's music would serve admirably for such an occasion. It would thus be in place.

At the bottom of it all is a hideous lack of taste. But the difference between the first movement and the other seven is mainly a difference of detail, and a lamentable difference in the amount of imagination displayed. The voices of the women give the offering a pretty effect. But by that time one has had nearly enough of effects, and hoped for a little inspired music—in vain. The performance, however, was a feat of virtuosity, and this, with the picturesqueness of the instrumentation and the jolly orientalism of the tunes, interested and amused the audience, which bestowed a tribute of applause well deserved by the orchestra, if not by the composition.

The other performances, too, were of exceptional brilliancy. Mr. Gebhard had never played more authoritatively, with more broad or a bigger, fuller tone. Not all pianists could understand so well at one and the same time Cesar Franck and Richard Strauss. Franck's charming variations need no comment at this time.

A welcome foil to this was the virtuoso performance of the delightful overture to "The Sold Bride," which was played with the utmost clearness and brilliancy at a breath-taking pace. In fact, a little too fast, in our opinion, for the composer's purpose. But if it was naughty, it was nice, and the open-air feeling and humor of the music made this an ideal concluding performance.

SYMPHONY GIVES UNUSUAL CONCERT

Journal Feb. 10/11
Gebhard and a Chorus of
Women Assist—Brilliant
Performance.

This week's Symphony program is noteworthy for its unconventional make-up and for its employment of a Boston soloist, Heinrich Gebhard, the pianist, and a female chorus from two resident organizations, the Musical Art Club and the Choral Music Society.

Three of the four numbers on the program are unfamiliar. The first, a suite comprising the music written by Ferruccio Busoni for an old fairy play, "Turandot," is offered in its entirety for the first time here. "Turandot" is an Oriental story by Gozzi, an Italian dramatist who flourished in the eighteenth century. It was presented, in pantomimic form, at one of the Boston theatres several years ago in the vivid, poetical style of production devised by Reinhardt.

Busoni's music is intellectually and technically impressive, as always, and the authenticity of the Oriental themes that he employs is vouched for, but the fact that the suite is tragic in mood, for most part, must for the present militate against its popularity. Nevertheless, it is one of the most interesting of the twentieth century orchestral works, and its superb performance yesterday was roundly applauded. The chorus did its little part well indeed, and Dr. Muck insisted that all should share the ovation with him.

Cesar Franck's "Variations Symphoniques" and Richard Strauss' "Burleske" are the two pieces calling for soloist. Both have long been absent from Symphony programs. Mr. Gebhard's performance was brilliant.

The concert, which will be repeated tonight, closes with a performance of the popular Smetana overture, "The Sold Bride."



VOICES OF WOMEN AID SYMPHONY

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SYMPHONY UNION GEBHARD WOMEN

This was a noteworthy up and for soloist, and a few organized the Choral Three program suite composed by Ferruccio "Turandot" for the first an Oriental dramatist eighteenth in pantomime theat vivid, posed by



Head of a Prominent Section

W. Habernicht may be seen at concerts of the orchestra in his position as leader of the second violin section.

Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1916--17.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

Dr. KARL MUCK, Conductor.

FIFTEENTH PROGRAMME

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 23, AT 2.30 P. M.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 24, AT 8 P. M.

CHERUBINI,

OVERTURE to the Opera "Les Abencérages"

BRAHMS,

CONCERTO in A minor for VIOLIN & VIOLONCELLO
with Orchestra, op. 102.

I. Allegro

II. Andante

III. Vivace non troppo

MOZART,

SYMPHONY in C major, with Fugue finale, 'Jupiter'
(K 551)

I. Allegro vivace

II. Andante cantabile

III. Menuetto: Allegretto; Trio

IV. Finale: Allegro molto

Soloists:

Mr. ANTON WITEK, Violin

Mr. HEINRICH WARNKE, Violoncello



THE SYMPHONY CONCERT

Trans. — Feb. 24/17
BRAHMS DULL VERSUS MOZART
INSPIRED

The Contrasts of Dr. Muck's Classical Programme, Which Revived a Sterile Double Concerto and Set Against It the Fruitful "Jupiter Symphony"—Cherubini for Preface

IN programme-making, Dr. Muck has his little ironies. If a local work comes along, wading in amateurish muddiness, you may be sure that he will set directly against it some brilliant gem of orchestration. Prolixity brings conciseness on its head; triviality, inspired thought, tediousness, light gaiety, and so forth. Nor is this unfair, for the Symphony Concerts are justly grounds of Spartan testing, where the weak must brave the worst weathers and direct comparison with the strong. The results are often subtly humorous—and also instructive. The concert of yesterday was a beautiful example, with a double concerto of Brahms at his most tedious, put in the stocks between a brilliant overture, and a more brilliant symphony. Next week's programme may also have its antitheses.

Why this Double Concerto has been revived once more, is not to be explained. Suffice it that, the date once set, Dr. Muck made an object-lesson of it. For if any one has made a more labored, profuse, unvaried, and solidly conscientious concerto than this, it was not Brahms. The best that can be said of it is a touch of poetry here and there—a pleasing rhythmic idea, or a strain of songful melody. But these passages soon relapse into tedious thematic development, as reasoned, tiresomely deliberate, and as forced as the themes themselves are entirely lacking in remarkable or memorable characteristics. The first movement has cadenzas without even the lure of virtuosity. (For it is still a lure to some.) The Andante promises to be ingratiating at least, but it does not fulfill the promise; the finale starts with an enlivened rhythm—and again disappoints. Through it all, Mr. Witke and Mr. Warnke played their full scored parts with conscientious industry, and as much spirit as was grudgingly allowed to them. There was no diversity, no distinctiveness of orchestral coloring; in fact, scarcely any observable coloring at all, except that of the solo instruments standing to rich tonal advantage against an orchestral background. To use two, indeed to use any at all, seemed unnecessary; the themes and the elaborate working-out, humanity could have perfectly well dispensed with, in fact, there is no reason at all—except pos-

sibly the value of object-lessons, for the being of the concerto or for the quinquennial resurrection of it at the Symphony Concerts.

Cherubini preceded Brahms in the overture to his opera, "Les Abencérages," sparkling, witty, concise and light-mannered; definite and engaging of theme, and with crystalline clarity of orchestration. It is unpretentious, perhaps inconsequential yet with a certain fine dignity and with an unmistakable theatrical tang; it has the brevity of a composer, unweighted with any sense of his own importance, who has a keen eye on a definite and limited result, and it makes a stimulating swallow to throw one into a genial, musically expectant mood. And then the Double Concerto! What a blessing it is to be able to conquer one's gravity. Cherubini was an aging, poor, and disappointed man, famous for his choleric disposition; he was eminently contrapuntal, and musically learned; one-half of his composition was church-music. But the overture has not a shadow to mar its brightness.

After the unfortunate Concerto came a masterpiece at the very opposite pole, the "Jupiter Symphony" of Mozart. If some Germans are noted for their ponderous absence of humor, there are other Germans to tip the balance. Mozart knew suffering and neglect, and he did not know appreciation. He had to compose by courtesy or contract such uncongenial hybrids as double concertos. He, too, had his Joachims and his Hausmanns to oblige. But he did not devote laborious, conscientious and earnest months to his concerto-making, and having finished one he did not anxiously tramp Germany with the manuscript in his hand. He met the matter as lightly as you please, turned forth the music in two sittings to warm the hearts of simple-minded virtuosi and gratify their pomposity. They never suspected that he was having his little joke and tossing them a sop, scarcely disturbed in the process of his real and creative work. The concertos are duly forgotten, and everybody is let off easily. But with Brahms it is far different, and the result of his intense seriousness and tediously important application is a musical world loaded with burdens and duties it has not even yet been able to shake off, owing to the influence of unreasonable, fond and immoderate Brahmsites.

Mozart treated his world the more easily, while it treated him the more hardly, with its stupidity and unhandsome indifference. He always had his fun with it; it never knew whether he was giving them a masterpiece or merely an order well fulfilled, and it was usually the latter. When a masterpiece did come along, such as the "Jupiter Symphony," he clothed it in the semblance of the accepted ways and mannerisms, and it passed among a hundred others, a little less agreeably by virtue of its innovations. That same world was peacefully oblivious of the fact that each little added detail or flourish—a soft note

from the flutes, or a counter-melody from the 'cell—was a wondrous and unprecedented stroke of genius; that outward pomposity, "to tickle long ears" as Mozart said, was in reality the dignity and nobility and immortal serenity which some one since associated with Olympus; that the elaborating figures of the slow movement in reality breathed in every delicate nate the elation of great genius; that the delicate course of the whole pivoted again and again on gleams of the most delicate coloring. The Finale was to some a good burlesque on a sober cantus firmus, to some an interesting turn in contrapuntal ingenuity, to most, a merely repetitious and circumstantial string of clap-trap, to be yawned at as the approved and unnoteworthy way to wind up a symphony. While its intricate canonical and fugal manipulations, with inversions and strettis and all the rest, five deep, absorb the pedagogues, they pass the layman unnoticed in a few scintillating moments, while both are smug enough to believe that they have heard it all.

No one could hear it all with live appreciation except the master himself, with his superhuman clarity and fineness of musical conception. So intricacy passes for simplicity—the supreme joke of all; while the supremacy of genius is to make the most profuse elaboration heighten with every stroke the elemental melodic and rhythmic structural lines, intensifying instead of concealing them. It is genius making sport of the learned contrapuntalists. (Wagner had his laugh, too, in the "Meistersinger" Prelude.) Brahms belongs to that learned kind. Play Mozart's bubbling Finale as a slow movement, emphasizing every voice and pointing out every cog of its machinery, and you would produce something akin to Brahms, who in a certain Double Concerto at least laid bare the "insides" and spread forth his counterpoint with the most painstaking deliberation. Thus the "Jupiter Symphony" is still playing its pranks and pointing its morals, to the discomfiture of another unfortunate pedant, and to the enjoyment of another conductor, inasmuch as Dr. Muck is with Mozart in those marvellous details of genius, balancing and proportioning them to perfect advantage, combining breathless speed with a translucent nicety of every turning and tripping phrase, transfixing all with the pervading mood which mingles unaccountably the highest spirits and the loftiest inspiration. For it is indeed a divine joke, the subtler

for that reason. And Mozart at his best gazing directly upon Brahms at his worst is God's sunshine looking down upon a struggling mortal of a toiler, who has set his plough to stony ground and is bound to see it through. J. N. B.

SYMPHONY GIVES PLEASING PROGRAM

Advs. Feb. 24/17
CHERUBINI WORK
IS MUCH ENJOYED

Double Concerto, With Witek
And Warnke as Soloists,

Performed

By LOUIS C. ELSON

Program.

Cherubini. Abencerrages Overture.
Brahms. Concerto for Violin and Violoncello.
Soloist, Messrs. Witek and Warnke.
Mozart. Jupiter Symphony.

This program had not a taint of modernism, giving pure and unadulterated classicism all the way through. Nevertheless, it was enjoyable in a calm and placid way. Its moments of agitation were not strong enough to greatly excite the modern auditor, and there was no frenzy of enthusiasm as when Liszt or Wagner are on the program. Yet it is well, especially for the younger concert-goers, to have an occasional concert of this sort, for it makes them familiar with the foundations of good instrumental music. Too often the auditor's musical training, as far as concerts are concerned, begins with Richard Strauss, Debussy, or Schoenberg.

Cherubini is splendid pabulum for the true music-lover, and he is not heard often enough to become faded. What clearness and nobility are in his overtures! His counterpoint is always unforced, his melody sufficient, and his great knowledge never obtruded upon the auditor. The simple scoring, too, is something of a relief to the reviewer who has been crushed with heavy orchestration. But let no one imagine that such an overture is entirely easy. In such clear scoring the mistakes would show forth with fatal clearness. But our orchestra does not make mistakes, and it shades with an ensemble that would surprise the composer, whose own orchestra was so much smaller.

The overture was most heartily

applauded as its excellent performance and worthy musical construction deserved to be.

If there was enjoyment in Cherubini, there was less in Brahms. The innate learning of the composer is by no means kept in the background in the first part of this concerto for violin and violoncello. He develops, and develops, and develops, until one is quite sated with figure transformation. Beethoven could develop a figure and remain emotional while doing it, but not so Brahms in this concerto. There is no more inspiration in this long first movement than in the multiplication table.

But two things saved the movement from weariness; firstly, the excellence of the two artists, who made the most intricate passages clear; and secondly, the fact that Brahms properly keeps the work orchestral, a true concerto, and never makes it merely a solo duet with accompaniment. Messrs. Witek and Warnke really submerged themselves in the ensemble in a manner that spoke of the highest artistic perception. It was pleasant to see this abnegation of personal display of these two great performers, and to note that the public recognized it by abundant applause, which scarcely could have been aroused by the skillful combinations with which Brahms had played his game of musical chess.

The slow movement had a more sustained interest. It had some good touches of tone-color, especially in the deep strings. We are not of those who believe that Brahms is always colorless in his scores. Very often his subdued tints fit best to the sober thoughts he desires to express. A certain quaintness of thematic treatment added to the charm of parts of this movement.

But the Finale was the best of the three, and its Hungarian flavor was well caught up by Messrs. Witek and Warnke. If the concerto were not so overweighted with its profound first movement it might make a popular success. But as it stands it is a thorough example of "musicians' music," which only those can enjoy who can follow thematic juggleries, and not even all of these. The breadth of tone of Mr. Witek and the surety of both artists calls for unstinted praise.

Then came something of just the opposite character, a work in which the consummate art is so concealed that the public can enjoy it heartily, utterly unaware that they are hearing fugal progressions, and entirely innocent of the fact that quadruple coun-

terpoint is generally the most rigid and difficult expression of music, yet the Finale of this work can be enjoyed by the public at large, while the musician stands in reverence before the most wonderful display of orchestral counterpoint that he knows of.

The work is rightly named the "Jupiter Symphony" (although that title does not come from Mozart) for it is the greatest symphony of the 18th century, and it has never been surpassed in its own field. Dr. Muck evidently thought of Jupiter Tonans while reading it, for he gave it great force and virility, especially in the finale.

The learning of some parts of this work was even greater than that of the first movement of the concerto, yet the symphony came like a pleasant rest after a severe task. The intricate portions were very clearly played and well balanced in the different voices, while the tenderness of the muted strings in the Andante was very effective. It is well that Dr. Muck turns back the pages to Mozart and Cherubini once in a while. If they were studied more we should have less meaningless dissonance in the music of today.

MESSRS. WITEK AND WARNKE PLAY IN BRAHMS PIECE

Monitor Feb. 24/17

Boston Symphony Orchestra, Karl Muck, Conductor; Anton Witek and Heinrich Warnke, Soloists—Fifteenth program, presented in Symphony Hall, Boston, Mass., afternoon of Feb. 23: Cherubini, overture to the opera, "Les Abencerrages"; Brahms, concerto in A minor for violin and violoncello, with orchestra (Mr. Witek, violinist, and Mr. Warnke, violoncellist); Mozart, symphony in C major, "Jupiter."

Dr. Muck maneuvered well to win the attention of his public to a dry classic. For in choosing concerts at which to present the work of Brahms for solo violin, solo violoncello and orchestra, he took the pair falling after the fortnight's interim caused by a monthly tour. He could thus expect fresh and keen audiences. In addition to this, when arranging his program he permitted nothing to precede the piece but a curtain-raising overture by Cherubini. So, whether the Symphony conductor shines or not in the grand strategy of the show busi-

ness, whether in the long run he is a brilliant program-maker or, as some say, but an indifferent one, he must at least be accepted as a good field tactician.

He probably knew from his own experience and from that of other orchestra leaders, too, that the ponderous Brahms work, in order to be successful, at all events in the United States, must not only be the most important number as far as position on the program goes, but must furthermore be the main thing to which the house is to turn its afternoon's or evening's thinking. He, perhaps, knew how far the piece fell short of the desired effect when Max Fiedler, in the Boston Symphony concerts of seven seasons ago, treated it as a breezy introduction to the "Zarathustra" tone poem of Strauss; and he must have known how, according to report, it missed the mark when Frederick Stock, at a recent Chicago Symphony concert, made it a light diversion, following the second "Leonora" overture and the fifth symphony of Beethoven.

Shrewdly and honestly the conductor brought the double concerto forward as a sufficient task in listening for the Symphony public for one day. To his great praise, he acknowledged it to be what its outward design plainly declares it, an intellectual crossways.

It were only a revival of civil and flattering phrases to tell how the concertmaster and the first violoncellist, taking their desks out to the front of the platform, read the solo parts in the massive opening movement of this composition. It were a long story to tell how one minute the lighter toned instrument called listeners down the road to the left, how the next minute the heavier toned one called them to the right, and finally how the two grew disputatious, leaving wayfarers on the musical highway uncertain which way to turn.

The Brahms music, in particular the far from breezy, yet interesting and elevating allegro, gave the matinee such acclaim as it had. The Cherubini overture had too roughshod a presentation to count significantly in the year's record. The Mozart symphony was played with the big, distorted sonority of all Eighteenth Century works in the orchestra's repertory. But no doubt the "Jupiter" symphony

keeps its proportions when magnified to the modern standard of sound better than most old masterpieces.

SYMPHONY IN 15TH CONCERT OF THE SEASON

Herald Feb. 24/17
Dr. Muck Directs Interesting
Program, Although the Double
Concerto of Brahms Cannot
Ranked as Among the Com-
poser's More Important
Works.

THE PROGRAM WILL BE PLAYED AGAIN TONIGHT

By PHILIP HALE.

The 15th concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Muck, conductor, took place yesterday afternoon. The program was as follows: Cherubini, overture to "The Abencerrages"; Brahms, concerto for violin and violoncello (Messrs. Witek and Warnke); Mozart, "Jupiter" symphony.

It is customary to speak of Weber's "chivalric" spirit as shown in the overtures to "Euryanthe" and "Oberon," also in some of his piano music. There is also talk of his "chivalric flourish." The dominant characteristic of Cherubini in his overtures to "Anacreon," "Medea" and "The Abencerrages" is a certain nobility. In "Anacreon" it might be called Sophoclean nobility. In "The Abencerrages" the nobility includes a more modern stateliness. Witness the introductory measures, by no means a perfunctory flourish, an announcement of sawdust pomp. It is as though Cherubini, like Spontini, had been influenced in a measure by the Empire, although Napoleon, not liking his music, took every occasion to slight him. It has been said of Haydn that his workmanship is admirable, however small the occasion that required

it. This might be said of Cherubini as a composer of instrumental and church music. Mozart himself might have envied in this overture to "The Abencerrages" the chromatic measures for the strings that lead to the second subject. No wonder that Beethoven greatly admired this Florentine, who made Paris his home. We remember nothing trivial or mean in his music, nor is it easy to understand why as a composer he has been called cold and dry.

The double concerto of Brahms can not justly be ranked among his more important works. His warmest friends and admirers shook their heads when they heard it. Even Hanslick, whose articles about him were often as the rhapsodies of passionate press agents, had much to say by way of apology for not liking the concerto. He found that it was a mistake for Brahms to choose the two instruments; that the work was not a concerto after all, but a symphonic composition with embroidery for two solo instruments; that the thematic material was not happily invented and the development was laborious, that the chief theme of the Finale was insignificant, etc., etc. In other words Hanslick was probably bored stiff when Joachim and Hausmann played the concerto in Vienna. Age has not blunted the boring force, which surpasses that of the celebrated teredo, or ship worm. There are pleasing measures in the Andante, which is by far the most spontaneous and musical movement. What possessed Messrs. Witek and Warnke to spend their time in preparation and performance? Had they registered an oath in heaven that before they were overtaken by the Lean Fellow with his scythe they would play together this concerto?

Perhaps there is danger of Mozart's Symphony in C becoming too familiar, but how this music laughs at envious Time! To hear the orchestra led by Dr. Muck play music by Mozart is a great pleasure. Were skill and beauty ever so closely wedded as in the Finale of the "Jupiter"? Even Debussy cheerfully admits that Mozart has "style."

The concert will be repeated tonight. The program of the concerts next week will be as follows: Goldmark, overture "In the Spring"; Mrs. Beach, piano concerto in C sharp minor (Mrs. Beach, pianist); Loeffler, "Hora Mystica"; symphony in one movement for orchestra and men's voices (first time here). A male chorus from the Choral Music Society will assist.

CONCERT NOTES

There will be no Symphony concerts the coming week as the orchestra is making its fourth monthly trip South. It will give its usual concerts in Philadelphia, Washington, Baltimore, New York and Brooklyn. Mr. Witek will be the soloist in Philadelphia, Carl Friedberg in Baltimore and Brooklyn. There will be no soloist in Washington or at either of the New York concerts.

"JUPITER" SYMPHONY FEATURES

Post Feb. 24/17
Brahms' Concerto Also
Given Splendid
Performance

BY OLIN DOWNES

Brahms' double concerto for violin and violoncello was played, with Messrs. Witek, concertmaster, and Mr. Warnke, first cello, as soloists, at the concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Karl Muck, conductor, yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. Cherubini's overture to "Les Abencerrages" and Mozart's "Jupiter" symphony completed the programme.

MORE BRILLIANT

The concerto of Brahms was played with exceptional spirit. We remember a performance of this work by Franz Kneisel and Alwin Schroeder, under Wilhelm Gericke, in 1902. Memory easily tricks one, but of the two performances that of yesterday seems to have been the most brilliant and "Brahmsish." This concerto has unusually broad melodic lines, and in the slow movement a true folk-spirit. It was played with due simplicity, clearness and healthy musical feeling. Dr. Muck was a third soloist, and not inferior to the other two. All three men collaborated like the admirable and experienced musicians that they are. A substantial, beautiful and brilliant work, the concerto and the performance were much enjoyed.

But the work that dominated the programme was the Mozart symphony. It would be foolish to claim that all of the symphonies Mozart wrote were distinguished by the unique qualities of this one. Mozart also wrote routine music. But the Jupiter symphony is a work which constantly grows more tremendous with closer acquaintance. Above all, there is the fugue finale, one

of the most mighty and glorious passages, for us, in orchestral literature. The movement is the more astonishing after all the great things which have been heard before—after three movements of unflagging inspiration—and its strength and a radiance of spirit and of coloring approached, probably, by no other composer of Mozart's period or any other, make an impression that is unique among the impressions of 16 years of symphony concerts in Boston. Even in many orchestral masterpieces there is a certain amount of musical machinery which impresses one as essential to the life of the piece, but nevertheless taking the place of indispensable machinery important from a structural point of view rather than in itself.

But in this finale of Mozart, distinguished by its profound scholarship as well as its melodic inspiration, there is nothing of mere scaffolding. The whole tonal structure is alive and glowing in every one of its units. The music seems not to be of the earth, but to rest, like some marvellous and perfect mirage, in the air. The vision shows it is true, beams and joints, but they are as transparent and as fine in their lines as they are powerful, and they irradiate light. If everything else in all of the symphonies of Mozart were lost, this fugue finale would be enough to satisfy the world and mark a Titan among composers. It must not be forgotten that Dr. Muck and the Boston Symphony Orchestra were the agents who revealed the full measure of the greatness of this work.

Trans. — Feb. 28/17
AN "INCIDENT" AND VARIOUS
INFERENCES

As to a Recent Happening at the Symphony Concerts—Miss Ware, Violinist—Scheduled Singers — Mr. Chadwick's "Aphrodite" Played in New York—Items, Reflections, Information

BYOND all memory of the music played at the Symphony Concert of last Saturday evening, the recollection of an extraneous incident lingers in the minds and on the tongues of those that heard the one and saw the other. The programme began with Cherubini's overture to his opera, "The Abencerrages," to which succeeded Brahms's Double Concerto for violin, violoncello and orchestra. That piece runs in three movements, and almost as the conductor was raising his stick to begin the finale—that is to say, well toward nine o'clock—three or four late-comers were lengthily ushered down an

aisle and slowly took their seats. The eyes of the audience, hushed and intent for the beginning of the music, followed the little procession. Dr. Muck, watch in hand, gravely timed it; one woman laughed audibly and amusedly—and at length the concerto proceeded. In ten minutes came the intermission and the inevitable buzz of varied comment. Some, ever eager to find cause for offence in a conductor who happens to prefer to keep to himself and who has a just resentment of such interruptions to the progress of a concert, were loud in reproof of Dr. Muck and his watch; others were as resentful of the laggard intruders; some were amused; a few, being merely materially minded, blamed the usher-boy for the admission of the late-comers when the music was on the point of beginning. For all and sundry there had been an "incident" and "incidents" are not common at the Symphony Concerts.

Above question the public is wary of any restriction upon its right to enter or to leave a concert for which it has paid, at any time that happens to suit its necessity, convenience or whim, and such regulations as managers may impose, like that which forbids entrance into Symphony Hall while the music is proceeding, must be formulated and applied discreetly. Beyond equal question, any conductor who takes his work seriously is resentful of late-comers when they arrive processionally at the very moment in which he is about to beat the measure. Dr. Muck, being of nervous temper when he is absorbed in actual performance and long habituated to the continental custom of the shortest of pauses between the movements of a single piece, has often shown a natural irritation over these lengthy entrances and departures. No doubt, on Saturday, when he timed the laggards, he felt himself at the end of the endurance of a much-enduring man and conductor and relieved himself and administered his satirical rebuke accordingly. On the other hand, as every manager of a theatre, every player upon the stage and every giver of concerts from the Atlantic to the Pacific will testify, there is no persuading a part of the public into the smallest consideration for piece and actors, music, singer, conductor; fellow-spectators or fellow-hearers. It will come when it chooses, it will go when it chooses; and often it seems nothing loth when curious, amused or irritated eyes follow either process. It is "only pretty Fanny's way" and there is no altering it in the present stage of American civilization in the playhouse and the concert-hall. Thus, there is no solvent for such "incidents" as that of Saturday; but there is a salve compounded say of patient courtesy, slightly cynical amusement and appreciation of another point of view, mixed according to the needs of those to whom it is to be administered.

A Symphony Concert at Cambridge with Miss Nash for an Able and Interesting Young Pianist—Mr. McCormack in American Songs, or Sentiment Upon Sentiment

THE Symphony Concert at Cambridge, last night, was divided between two classics, the First Symphony of Brahms and the Egmont Overture, and a novelty, Miss Frances Nash, playing in Saint-Saëns's piano Concerto in G minor. As for the Symphony and the Overture, they are of the sort that successive seasons and many hearings confirm as masterpieces to live and grow with; that never wear out, but are always welcome at every return with the resilience and life which Dr. Muck always gives to them. If we have come to take the familiar figures of the Egmont Overture and its theatrical orchestration as a matter of course, it is like the permanently standing works of genius that, as it seems, always have been and always will be. And the huge and expansive Symphony of Brahms, with his most pregnant themes, his best development, and his best inspiration, shows, in its long and varied course, no parts that wear. All of the movements vie for supremacy, from the introduction of the manifold first, to the culmination of the impassioned last, through many pages to a magnificently graduated climax, and ending seemingly by its own gathered impetus.

Miss Nash did not have fair judgment at her introductory recital in Boston, early in the season. A calumny was circulated that she was a society girl, whose parents had directed her into pianistic occupation for want of another. This rumor, added to her extremely comely appearance, prejudiced against her those who would judge her from a purely musical standpoint, but who tend to regard with suspicion a musician who gives some care to her looks. All of this is beside the point, for music speaks eloquently for itself. It tells in a moment about character, motives, sincerity, and artistic devotion, and in Miss Nash it bespeaks beyond doubt her truly musical nature, her devotion, her intent application and thoroughness, her intelligence and emotional eagerness which will inevitably guide her to excellent place in her calling. In the Concerto of Saint-Saëns she set herself a difficult task, for the work is a swift one, which Dr. Muck gave no thought to slackening in the least, and a large-voiced one of virile chords and octaves beyond the strength of young and slight femininity. Miss Nash accordingly had to race through it at the top of her bent and the utmost of her muscle. She came through it, not as commandingly and clearly as might be, but nevertheless, with alert and instantaneous response to its requirements, with efficiency, skill, good generalship, and emotional comprehension and expression; in short, with captivating success. Her recital, in more quiet and thoughtful vein, revealed in her a poise and self-sufficiency in individual expression not called for in a concerto of Saint-Saëns, and an emotional penetration beyond her years and beyond the limited potentialities which the French composer offers.

Hall.

16--17.

Y ORCHESTRA

Conductor.

ROGRAMME

AT 2.30 P. M.

H 3, AT 8 P. M.

In the Spring"

r PIANOFORTE and ORCHESTRA in C

; SYMPHONY in one Movement, ra and Men's Voices (in Boston)

Chorus from the Choral Music Society (uctor,) will assist.

hour and forty-five minutes.

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BEACH.

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Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1916--17.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

Dr. KARL MUCK, Conductor.

SIXTEENTH PROGRAMME

FRIDAY, MARCH 2, AT 2.30 P. M.

SATURDAY, MARCH 3, AT 8 P.M.

GOLDMARK,

OVERTURE, "Im Frühling (In Springtime) op. 36

H. H. A. BEACH,

CONCERTO for PIANOFORTE in C sharp minor,
op. 45

I. Allegro moderato.

II. Scherzo (Perpetuum mobile): Vivace.

III. Largo: Allegro con scioltezza.

C. M. LOEFFLER,

"Hora Mystica"; SYMPHONY in one Movement,
for full Orchestra and Men's Voices
(First performance in Boston)

The Male Chorus prepared by Stephen S. Townsend.

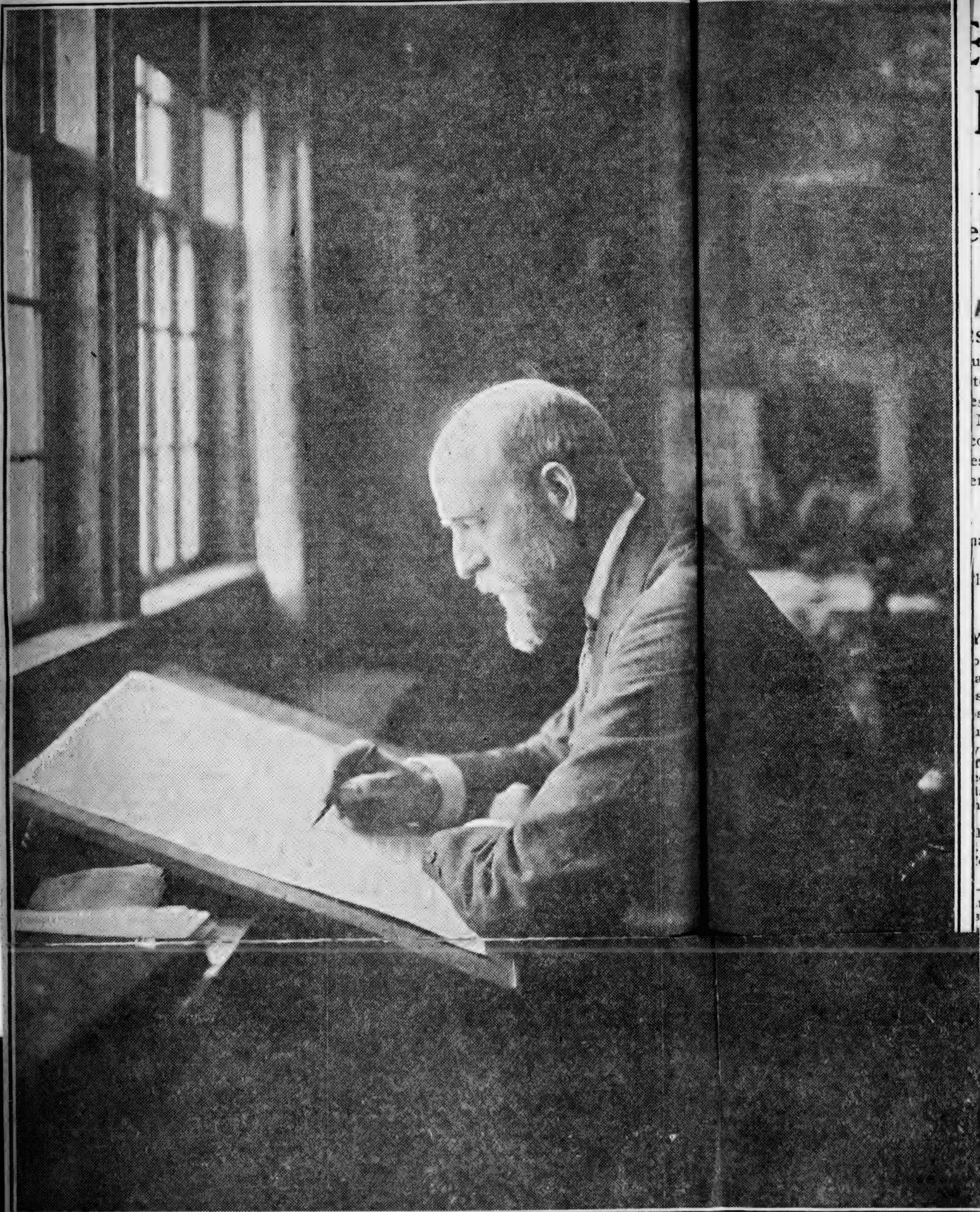
The length of this Programme is one hour and forty-five minutes.

Soloist:

Mrs. H. H. A. BEACH.

Steinway Pianoforte used

At the Work That Expresses Him



Charles Martin Loeffler

The Composer Whose Music Will Be Heard at Two Concerts of the Current Week
From a Recent Photograph Taken in His House at Medfield

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From Ancient Chants

Mr. Loeffler's symphony was first heard June 6, 1916, at a concert of the Litchfield County Choral Union at Norfolk, Conn. The score is dedicated to Mr. and Mrs. Carl Stoeckel, the patrons of this festival. Mr. Loeffler has been long and deeply interested in the music of the Gregorian chant. He has more than once made pilgrimages to monasteries in Europe, where he has heard performances of these ancient chants and carried away from such experiences ineffaceable impressions, of which his latest work is in a way a record.

In his own words "The mood is one of religious meditation and adoration of nature. A lonely pilgrim winds his way through a land of ever-changing enchantment, a land where clouds move like a procession of nuns over the hills or descend upon a lake, changing it into a mysterious gray sea—a land where shepherds still pipe to their flocks. From far away comes a curious tolling of church bells. At last the wanderer stands before the cathedral of a Benedictine monastery, contemplating its beauty—even the grotesque beauty of the gargoyles, placed on the house of worship to ward off evil spirits. In the church, with its rose window still aglow with the last evening light, the office of compline—known to the Benedictine monks as Hora Mystica—is tendered to God, and peace descends into the soul of the pilgrim.

Compels Consideration

"The symphony is woven round the recitation of the capitulum, 'Tu autem in nobis es, Domine,' the chant, 'In manus tuas, Domine, commendo spiritum meum,' and the antiphon, 'Salve Regina.' The principal theme of the symphony is inspired by the response of the capitulum, 'Deo gratias.' The succession of notes on the bells, B-flat, D-flat, E-flat, F, A-flat, comes from an old Benedictine monastery, near which the composer also noted the curious tolling of smaller village church bells. This motive is rendered in the beginning of the work by the harps and recurs repeatedly." The symphony employs a male chorus as well as an unusual number of instruments.

The mood as well as the texture of the music itself compels the closest consideration. At the beginning it is as if a mood of agitation were flung across the beautiful and mystical background of the orchestra. From here on the composer, like the fanciful wanderer, approaches through woods of rapt meditation and deep peace. The voices enter impressively with the fragments of Gregorian chant toward the last. The Benedictine monastery the composer had in mind is the monastery at Marialach, of which Huys-

At the Work



Charles

The Composer Whose Music Will Be
From a Recent Photograph

to grandson Joseph Middleby one-half of his estate to son Thomas of Concord, the other half to son Henry Lyon."

"Mack" construes the above as alleged son William, "brother of Thomas" was the one who went to Fairfield, Conn. mit that the concise phrasing may appear a little obscure, but the form system of Savage's Genealogical Dictionary is to treat the head of the family completely, and not to go trailing after an alleged son leaving the subject sketch up in the air; the son with a gible history is treated separately in appropriate place. I think I am in complete accord with Savage in saying William Bateman, the father of Bateman of Concord, and certain daughters left behind, was the one who moved to Fairfield, Conn. This construction placed upon it in the mention in the "Lyon Memorial" through years of consultation with informed genealogists I have not seen it considered otherwise.

Now I did not intend to seeming William Bateman of Charlestown, but there is a decided doubt that William Bateman was the freeman of 1641. Probabilities seem much stronger that the one admitted freeman was the one admitted freeman 1641. If there was any tangible that there was a "William Bateman, of Thomas," dwelling in Concord, be different. There may be such somewhere, but as far as my own tent search has gone nothing confirmed has resulted. It seems evident that William Bateman, the father, dwelt in Concord before removal to Fairfield, owned land there adjoining to Fox; and it seems probable that (2) Bateman, the son, succeeded home property when the father was dead. There is nothing that I have yet that Savage vaguely attributes to William, that could not have been the father. The vital records of Chelmsford, or elsewhere seem to show any such William Bateman. Now may have some evidence that will do, if he has I would be mighty see it; I am seeking actual facts making an effort to establish a the "actual facts" I mean what the records disclose; the opinions and of the early genealogical historians printed books are easier of access their value depends largely upon original records reveal.

To make my intent plain, I what Pope says of William Bateman, "William Bateman, Charlestown, man May 18, 1631. He died in exposure on an island in the harbor 16, 1631. William, Charlestown, 1638; freeman June 2, 1641." makes no mention of the William

SYMPHONY MAKES DEEP IMPRESSION

Loeffler's "Hora Mystica" Compels
Attention

Post ——— Mch. 3/17
BY OLIN DOWNES

Goldmark's "Spring" overture; Mrs. H. H. A. Beach's piano concerto, played by the composer, and Charles Martin Loeffler's symphony, "Hora Mystica," made the programme of the concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Karl Muck conductor, yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall.

Goldmark's overture was given a surpassingly brilliant performance. It has the freshness of feeling, the joyous exuberance of spring. This spirit was fully revealed.

DISTINGUISHED PLAYING

Mrs. Beach played the piano part of her concerto with astonishing authority and virtuosity. Few composers are associated more closely with Boston and New England, and with the musical development of this community. There was perceptible a pleasing informality and intimacy in her appearance on the stage. The sensation of a pianist on trial before a solemn and inexorable jury was wholly absent. The greeting extended by the audience was the greeting of friends to a friend. Mrs. Beach's concerto is in fairly orthodox form, but written with a clearness that many a young American intent on out-Straussing Strauss might take to heart. It is an excellent piece of workmanship. The themes, especially of the first movement, are grateful, and are competently handled. Without pretense or ostentation Mrs. Beach distinguished herself

as a pianist in her performance, and was recalled many times.

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In his own words "The mood is one of religious meditation and adoration of nature. A lonely pilgrim winds his way through a land of ever-changing enchantment, a land where clouds move like a procession of nuns over the hills or descend upon a lake, changing it into a mysterious gray sea—a land where shepherds still pipe to their flocks. From far away comes a curious tolling of church bells. At last the wanderer stands before the cathedral of a Benedictine monastery, contemplating its beauty—even the grotesque beauty of the gargoyles, placed on the house of worship to ward off evil spirits. In the church, with its rose window still aglow with the last evening light, the office of compline—known to the Benedictine monks as Hora Mystica—is tendered to God, and peace descends into the soul of the pilgrim.

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230
mans wrote in his "En Route," and which Mr. Loeffler last visited in 1909.

This work undoubtedly contains some of the noblest music Mr. Loeffler has ever penned, and it also contains wonders of workmanship. The blending of sonorities, of harmonies which on paper appear to clash in a manner incapable of any intelligible or beautiful result, blend most wonderfully. No doubt such effects are the result, on the one hand, of a profound knowledge of orchestral timbres and tone colors, and, on the other, of an inborn intuition that enabled the composer to translate on paper the precise sounds he has heard or imagined. The transparency—what one could call the luminosity of the instrumentation—is another feature of this work. There is a noble clarity in the coloring and in the polyphonic writing, bold as it is, and at times extremely dissonant.

Mr. Loeffler has been mentioned in the past—we think erroneously—as a composer who succumbed to the influence of Claude Achille Debussy. The fact is, in the first place, that many of Mr. Loeffler's pages which seemed to have a relation to certain of the harmonic effects of Debussy preceded instead of followed the publication of the works in which these effects occurred. On the contrary, in the composition heard yesterday, if there is any outside influence, it is the influence of D'Indy, shown rather, however, in a similarity of spirit and in the character of the polyphonic writing. This writing impresses one as having, in its best estate, a subtlety and a fineness not hitherto approached, even by Mr. Loeffler.

Endless Melodies

A work like his "Mort de Tintagile," despite its beauty and its imaginative sweep, is melodrama by the side of this symphony. There is also to be noted in this work a most interesting elasticity of rhythm and a new freedom which nevertheless does not dispense with a definite and consistent architecture in the melodic lines, lines at once singularly plastic and strong. The rhythmic strait-jacket has been thrown in the rubbish heap. The melodies are endless and enchain in a manner that shows the strongest, clearest thinking, as well as consummate technical mastery.

These latter characteristics hold true whether one agrees with the music or not. There are passages not readily "agreed" with at a first hearing, where one feels that the composer is having, as it were, a private conversation with himself, a sort of a musical masonry of which the secret could be discovered with longer and closer acquaintance. And there is also the impression, at this time, that the work is over long.

This symphony should soon be heard again. Neither one nor two hearings of such a work are sufficient for complete assimilation. As for its ultimate place in the repertoire—time only de-

termines the true value of a work of art, but it requires no great length of time to realize in this symphony one of the most individual and characteristic utterances of a composer exceptionally entitled to the attention of all lovers of his art, who has here expressed, in a manner that is of engrossing interest, his loftiest thoughts. No other new work of equal interest and importance has been heard at the Symphony concerts this season. The performance must have been one of great difficulty. It reflected infinite credit on Dr. Muck and his men. The composer himself was forced to respond to the applause.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT *Trans. — Mch. 3/19/17* THE RICH HARVEST OF A RARE AFTERNOON

Goldmark's "Spring" Overture in Uncommonly Stirring Performance—The Surprise and the Pleasures of Mrs. Beach and Her Concerto—The Unique Quality, Contents and Impressions of Mr. Loeffler's "Hora Mystica"—His Masterpiece, If Not a Masterpiece of Ultra-Modern Music

BETWEEN the routine of the Symphony Concerts of last week and the repetition of the Symphony Concerts of next week, stand the deep pleasure and the high stimulation of the concerts of yesterday afternoon and this evening, with novel music significant and stirring in itself and doubly such by the eloquence of the performance. After weeks of study and days of rehearsal, Mr. Loeffler's new symphony, "Hora Mystica" was played for the first time in the ordinary circumstances of the concert-room, since the original hearing of the piece last June befell under the exceptional conditions of a semi-private festival in a Connecticut town. It proved again—and the more clearly for the luminous, enhancing and reciprocally imaginative performance—music of unique design, content, manner, mood and accomplishment, music that no living composer except Mr. Loeffler could vision, hear and write, music that again affirms his just place above other composers dwelling and working in America, and beside those of the first rank in Europe. The concert further disclosed, almost as though it were a new piece, Mrs. Beach's concerto for pianoforte and orchestra—music that has withstood seventeen years of neglect by almost all pianists but her, yet which holds stoutly beside many a concerto written, applauded and far more warrantably forgotten within that

16-3
time. None of her music heard in Boston in Boston in recent years has deserved so well alike by intrinsic quality and the pleasure that it yields alike to lay and expert ears. Moreover, not within long recollection has the composer, who undertook the piano part, played here with such ready resource and ample range, felicity of touch, ardor of tone and freedom of rhythm and progression. No wonder the audience, mindful, friendly-wise of her long residence in Boston and not unimpressed by the sumptuous and stately figure in purples again and again recalled her. Though Mr. Loeffler's symphony ended the concert, his hearers summoned him once and twice to the stage, while his companions of old in the orchestra surrounded him with outstretched hands, and Dr. Muck, slipping away according to his custom, left the composer to undivided honors. For the conductor himself, however, as he came first to his place was one of those rounds of applause that seem to intensify as the breach between his Government and his audience's widens. Even in these days, in any rational view, the art of music and the abilities of Dr. Muck transcend in just place the pre-occupations of politics.

Even the familiar overture that led the programme—Goldmark's "In the Spring"—played for once in March weather that did not mock it—set the high pitch of the concert. Repetition may a little underscore the Wagnerian suggestion—a little of joyous "Die Meistersinger" and a little of the wood-notes wild of "Siegfried"—but it may not stale the leap of the first motive into being like the swift rush (as will sometimes and somewhere befall) of the springtime into lush and pulsing force; the full-bodied, warm-blooded, rhythmically animated and colorfully bright development; the whiskings of Goldmark into little decorative passages, like spring buds upon the stem of the music; the sense of out-of-doors when all the world of the Vienna woods is stirring anew and of impulsive human reaction to it even when a composer sits at his writing table; the moments of murky contrast, since spring has clouds as well as sunshine; the final bound into the first happy melody for the happier elation of the close. A tone-poem in short that by sheer human quality in the creative impulse behind and in the beauty of voice that it prompted may outlive Goldmark's more deeply meditated and opulently wrought overtures of Hindu heroines and Greek poetesses. Moreover, if repetition had staled the overture, the performance of yesterday would have revitalized it. It was rich in instrumental song; it glowed with Goldmark's luscious play of timbres and harmonies; it was rhythmic as it was euphonious; it tingled with the bright mood and the light fancy of the music. Once more the orchestra was a virtuoso orchestra unsurpassed; once more Dr. Muck's pace and

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accent summoned the very voice of the composer.

Mrs. Beach, in her turn, may have been enkindled by the share of the conductor and the orchestra in her concerto, especially when they answered to the pianist-composer in the Grieg-like suggestion of some of the melodic contours and the harmonic color of the first movement; when they wrought the filmy background and songful progress of the Scherzo against the reiterated figures of the piano; when they lent romantic glamor, a little Grieg-like again, to the slow intermezzo or caught with her the rhythmical alertness of the stilled and musing contrast of the finale. The concerto in itself deserved these pains no less than the felicities of touch, the ardors of tone, the re-creating animation that, as already specified, Mrs. Beach gave lavishly and elastically to her own music. (It is years since she has played with orchestra—and such an orchestra—in Boston and few could have remembered the fine powers that seemed yesterday second nature to her). Throughout, the music is expertly, sensitively and fancifully written for pianoforte with orchestra, at the golden mean that treats a concerto neither as a virtuoso piece for the solo instrument with accompanying band or as a symphonic piece that happens to add a piano to the other instrumental voices. Much of the music, again, has clear romantic mood and imagination, but the voice of that temper and design, especially in the development of the long first movement, summons a purely musical and occasionally scholarly invention that such calculating contrapuntists as still survive might envy. Yet ever it is an intrinsically songful and transparent music.

Imagination again prompts, while skill fashions, the technical feat of the unchanging pianoforte part in the Scherzo—the recent Sibelian repetitions as it were outdone. Perhaps the invention of the slow song is not so fresh and happy as the rest; yet it woos the ear and quickens lyric impulse, especially when it returns in the finale; while the rhythmic élan and the gleaming pianistic ornament of that last movement are of Mrs. Beach in the vein again. In fine, a concerto that is no monumental masterpiece in the species nor yet music of esoteric distinctions but that gives pleasure to ear, mind, fancy and feeling by the traits enumerated; that may excel all else that Mrs. Beach has written, and that deserves to be played by other pianists, even though she that wrote it still lives and plays it herself. Unfortunately the silly egotism, envy or etiquette of many a virtuoso will continue to deprive audiences of the pleasure of it.

Thereafter the intermission, possibly that the audience might return with perceptions freshened and sensibilities quickened to the exactions of the contrast and the climax—as the whole concert went—of Mr. Loeffler's

exacting and eloquent symphony. It bears title "The Mystic Hour," the name that monks give to the evening office following vespers, but of wider implication as to the whole substance and mood of the music. It runs in a single unbroken movement, say forty minutes long—an introduction, an allegro, an adagio, a return of the allegro and a choral close developed from and around the hymn of the service, "Salve Regina," as a men's choir sings it while the orchestra garlands it with ecstatic and ethereal arabesques. The symphony is scored for full contemporary orchestra—large wind choir, two harps, celesta, and the usual rest, plus a singular chime of bells—B, D, E, F, A, B—designed to recall a succession of notes that the composer heard and remembered, deeply moved by the beauty of the sounds, from a Benedictine monastery, on a hill above a village of the Rhenish Palatinate. The music, furthermore, is written with Mr. Loeffler's habitual technical skill, felicity, and exactness at their fullest and finest—the qualities of workmanship that set him above other composers in the United States, and beside the Europeans of the first rank. Not in all his previous work has he achieved such sustained feats of intricate and imaginative polyphony, devised his harmonic color with such craft, subtle and vivid invention, made such artful and significant play with instrumental timbres, or held so closely, variously and persuasively to his own characteristic idiom.

The gradual genesis of the chief motives of the symphony, from the germs of the introduction and from the suggestions of the Gregorian office whence the composer remotely derives them is thrilling alike to technical and imaginative perception. The main motive of the whole music has clear individuality to hold ear and mind and plain pregnancy of mystical mood to come. The theme of the slow movement—for it is long, self-contained and impressive enough to be called a theme—is of a rarefied and poignant beauty, as of spiritual vision and inner imagination. Heard for the first times, it kindles the mind and the heart. Subtly developed, transformed and transfigured, it loses none of its suggestive and intensifying power. Returning finally as the cantus firmus or the abiding melody of "Salve Regina," it uplifts thought and emotion by deepened and puissant beauty. Everywhere from end to end of the symphony, the evolution of the motives, the polyphonic procedure, the harmonic texture and background, the instrumental dress are in themselves rarely subtle and intricate; yet the impression of the whole music on ear and imagination is of deep intrinsic beauty and of high but reticent spiritual ecstasy. Out of subtlety springs fine intensity of expression; out of intricacy, is born as rare a fineness of mood, sensation, vision and suggestion. The nearest analogue are the matter, manner and spirit of some of d'Indy's work. Yet even so, the

symphony of "The Mystic Hour" is altogether and intrinsically Mr. Loeffler's own.

At the beginning, the chiming of the bells, while the harps answer them in high harmonies as of lesser bells heard afar, transports the hearer into a place of the imagination. Yet it is still a human place—a visioned monastery or sanctuary on its hill-top. Then, as the motives of the symphony develop in this atmosphere of a common reality transfigured in dream, they seem to guide the listener up the ascent, to prompt the sensations that he receives and to hear this stirring of the pilgrim's and the listener's spirit.

Sursum corda; lift up your hearts; and in the symphony, it is as though the theme—the beautiful, almost the great theme of the slow movement—spoke the words as the voice at last of the intensifying vision. Exaltation, aspiration, the passion of spiritual longing, wherein every impulse from within seems to find answer in some impulse from without until both are as high and deep ecstasy, flood the music; again, the Loefflerian harmonies are like the stir and quiver of such emotion, while in the play of the instrumental timbres are the changeable intensities of it. The spiritual passioning subsides; heard for an instant the bells recall the beginning of the vision which is also the goal. In the returning motives the pilgrim pursues his mounting way, glimpsing now, as the twilight deepens, only the shadowy phantoms of cloud and lake and all the images that were of fancy haloing actuality. In this transitional passage are the suspensive instants of a music that never loses its characteristic quality of quivering and poignant sensation written in as intense harmonies.

Then, of a gradual sudden—for the paradox of the words suits the course of the symphony—the pilgrim turns the shoulder of the hill; the sanctuary is beside him; out of court and door rise the chants of "The Mystic Hour"—"Thou art in us, O Lord"; "Into Thy hands we commend our spirits"; and above all the rest, as the pilgrim goes within the chapel, the antiphon, "Salve Regina," of prayer and praise to Her whose Son had set Her as Queen of Heaven, benignant, radiant, infinitely gentle.

Then do the aspiration and the exaltation become devotion and all the devout longing as is spiritual communion with the object and the end of its quest. Around as in yet another antiphon, the bells are ringing again, now as bells celestial, while the little notes of the high harmonies are the answering bells of earth. So, sealing its spiritual and musical unity and cumulating its spiritual and musical passion, the symphony ends, as it began, in the poetry of tones, bearing and translating vision. There is not a composer of our immediate time, save only Mr. Loeffler—and with d'Indy by no means forgotten—who could have written so his music of "The Mystic Hour."

It is easy to raise objection and to make

reservation. Both were plentiful after the concert of yesterday; neither will be lacking when the symphony is heard in New York and Chicago, and when it is repeated, as it surely should be, in Boston in the course of the spring. Between the enfolding beauty and illusion of the beginning as of earth twilight-transfigured and the etherealized beauty of the end as of the heavens opened radiant to answering spiritual ecstasy; before the rapturous glow and the piercing onging of the Adagio work equal spell upon listening mind and heart, there are passages that still baffle, that as yet seem born of a musical intricacy for its own sake rather than of a release of emotional speech that may not be stilled. Repetition may illuminate and intensify them, whereas excision would only cut away and disjoint music as close woven and self-contained as the patterns of rood-screen or altar-cloth. The Loefflerian idiom, more reticent yet more significant, more individual and intuitive yet more quickening and penetrating than ever to those that answer of it, rarefied and radiant even beyond the composer's growing wont, still falls mute upon many an anxious ear. The quivering Loefflerian harmonies, the super-sensitive Loefflerian progressions—sensibilities of spirit in vision or ecstasy made sound by as sensitive an imagination with means idealized, still fail to vibrate upon not a few that hear. The Gregorian voice, ever below the music or ever in the air above and around it, leaves some puzzled and unstirred.

For others there is no answering to the mood which fills the symphony, mystic exaltation, of the things of earth and man transfigured in the light of heaven and of them that sit upon celestial thrones benignant. For some Mr. Loeffler is too reticent; for others he speaks only of image and sensation that to them are prismatic vacancy. But for not a few that have now twice heard "Hora Mystica," he has enriched music with a strange, subtle and rarefied beauty new and of himself; and found disclosing and illusory voice for mysteries, longings and visionings of the spiritual faculty that dwells in man, as have few before him. For Liszt in the symphony of next week, for Wagner, "Das Ewig-Weibliche" incarnated this ideal that the soul pursues; for Franck, for d'Indy, for Loeffler, it wears less earthly and more heavenly guise. Not a few know the spiritual passion and the spiritual splendor that may suddenly blame white and high in great cathedrals from the celebration of the High Mass. This passion and this splendor, the music of "Hora Mystica" bears into the world of nature and then lifts high heavenward. Mr. Loeffler may or may not in this symphony have written one of the master pieces of ultra-modern music, but Dr. Muck, his orchestra and Mr. Townsend's choir played and sang it as men who for the time believed it such.

H. T. P.

C. M. LOEFFLER'S SYMPHONY, "HORA MYSTICA," GIVEN

Monday

March 3/17

Boston Symphony Orchestra, Karl Muck, Conductor; Mrs. H. H. A. Beach, Soloist—Sixteenth program, presented in Symphony Hall, Boston, Mass., afternoon of March 2, 1917: Goldmark, overture, "In the Spring"; Beach, concerto for piano and orchestra in C sharp minor; Loeffler, "Hora Mystica" symphony for orchestra and men's voices (first performance in Boston).

Mr. Loeffler has written much abstruse music, but none more remote from ordinary symphonic design and method than the "Hora Mystica." And yet the work has a far more tangible melodic outline than his "Pagan Poem," which was played at the Symphony concerts a few years ago. Indeed, as far as themes are concerned, the piece has clear continuity and convincing logic. The question arises why the composer should make such extraordinary developments as he has made of his rather simple material. His reasons for abandoning the conventional plan of four movements may be found in his desire to be modern, but his reasons for giving up all idea of contrast of mood are not easily grasped. Surely there never could have been social conditions, even in a wild mountain country, so static and changeless as those here described.

The general aim of the piece seems to be the representation of monastic loneliness. But surely the composer must have taken a very particular view of his subject to translate it into such gray music as he has found for it. Here is a study of life too remote, solitary and detached to mean anything to the ordinary person who goes to concerts. It does not reveal history in a way to benefit people of today. It does not interpret the past in terms of encouragement or even of rebuke. If it is to be classed as program music, it strangely, perversely, one might say, lacks that dramatic quality which has always given program music excuse and explanation.

But whatever may be said of the composer's main purpose, his work is written in a way to gain clear and round sonorities, it is judiciously scored in the passage for unison male voices with orchestral accompaniment.

and altogether it shows high quality of workmanship. If it failed to yield greatly on the side of expression, that may have been in the manner of performance, though how music could be more carefully and considerably presented by conductor, players and singers than it was by Dr. Muck, the Symphony men and Mr. Townsend's chorus, is not easy to see. Perhaps the composer has written ahead of the orchestra and its assisting choir. He has pretty certainly written a long way ahead of Symphony matinee listeners, curious to hear what is new and keen to applaud what is significant as they are.

The day was one of excellent performance all around. The piano concerto was magnificently played both by the orchestra and by the composer of it, who was the soloist. The work is interesting because of its freedom from angular and four-square classic patterns. It might well have some other designation than concerto, since it is a piano piece set in an orchestral background, rather than a work in which themes are developed on a scheme of conversational exchange between solo instrument and orchestra.

MRS. BEACH STARS AT SYMPHONY

Ador. ———— Mch. 3/19
Artist Possesses Breadth and
Power—Work Is Enthusi-
astically Received

GOLDMARK'S SPRING OVERTURE PERFORMED

Composition Has Fine and
Triumphant Coda, Which
Is Well Given

By LOUIS C. ELSON

PROGRAM

Goldmark—"In the Spring" Overture.
Beach—Concerto Piano and Orchestra.
Pianist, Mrs. H. H. A. Beach
Loeffler—"Hora Mystica." Symphony in one
movement.

Goldmark's Spring overture is a
rather inconsequential work. It is not

as varied as a New England weather report for April, or May, and its gentle warblings on wind instruments are conventional at best. This overture lags far behind the composer's Penthesilea or Sakuntala works in the same form. But it contains more melody than anything else in this severe program. It had a fine and triumphant Coda which was made the most of.

The gentle work, however, was but a prelude to a very masculine and powerful concerto. The remainder of the concert was quite Bostonian, for both Mrs. Beach and Mr. Loeffler belong to our city, if not by birth, at least by residence, and by achieving the chief part of their musical career here.

Mrs. Beach's piano concerto is what a concerto ought to be, an orchestral work with solo work interwoven. This is the more remarkable when we remember that the composer is a great pianist. Liszt, Rubinstein, Chopin and other pianist-composers generally give their favorite instrument the lion's share of the proceedings when they present a concerto, but Mrs. Beach has seen to it that the orchestra properly occupies the foreground.

In cadenza-work of the first movement, however, Mrs. Beach gave full evidence of her virtuosity, in an overwhelming display of technique and bravura. The first movement is however, not the strongest portion of the work. There is good figure treatment and some beauty of themes, but not the homogeneity of a Beethoven or Brahms first movement.

There is a Scherzo in this concerto an unusual proceeding which swells the work to four movements, for the Largo, although bracketed with the Finale is really a separate movement, but the Scherzo is quite short and very dainty, giving much fioritura against thematic work in the orchestra, which was performed by the composer-pianist with charming delicacy, with the rapidity of a "Moto Perpetuo."

The Largo was of pensive melancholy cast and gave prominence to a figure not unlike that used by Wagner to portray Fate, but it was used with originality and ingenuity.

The Finale seemed to us the best portion of the work. It had vigor and brilliancy from first to last, there was nothing redundant, no padding and the themes were well under control. The spirited playing of both soloist and

orchestra added effect to what was intrinsically an excellent concerto finish.

In her piano work Mrs. Beach seems a riper artist than ever. She has breadth and power, without any spasmodic effort, and in daintiness and delicacy the Scherzo of this concerto proved her very well equipped. Small wonder, then, that she was recalled again and again with abundant enthusiasm. Both as composer and pianist the tribute was deserved.

Not so very long ago Mr. Loeffler gave us an excellent picture of unregenerate joy, in his "Pagan Poem." Now he is picturing ecstasies celestial, and we do not like them quite as well as when Daphnis came home accompanied by a full (very full) brass band. The Mystic Hour (so-called by the Benedictine monks) is the office of Compline, coming after Vespers, but there was no need of making it so mystical that some parts are incomprehensible.

Mr. Loeffler is the best orchestral colorist that we have in America and his skill in handling the large modern orchestra was evident all through this score. The introduction of bells at the first and at the end is very effective, even if Arthur Sullivan and Berlioz have been before with this touch. This touch is an improvement upon Berlioz ("Childe Harold Symphony") where harp and horn give the bell-tones, for here the actual bell is echoed by harps with fine effect.

We have stood upon the Schlossberg, in the Black Forest, on a Sunday, and heard the distant cathedral chimes sing Peace through the Spring air, and any one who has had a similar experience in Europe will easily come under the spell of this part of Mr. Loeffler's picture. The mingling of pastoral effects "mixed with the sweet bells of the sauntering herd," is also an added charm. But we occasionally longed for more of simplicity and less of marvellous skill. The composer takes his time in giving a long series of impressionistic ideas, many of them vague.

The climax is well-worked up, to the appropriate "Salve Regina," and again bells mingle their tones with the hymn of adoration, a powerful culmination. Although there is but a single movement to the work ("the mystic hour" is only about 45 minutes long), there are changes of tempo which suggest different movements, and make the title of "Symphony" not out of place. The asceticism of parts of the work seem as if

Mr. Loeffler desired to go back to the Des Pres epoch of music when tonal beauty was wholly obscured under intricate progressions. Sometimes the monotony is picturesque—sometimes it is irritating.

The climax, when the monks intone the office, is very beautiful, and the clangor of bells added much to the effect, the vocal parts reflecting credit upon Mr. Townsend's training, while the final chord, infinitely long-drawn out, made a most dignified ending to a work whose unusual flavor must bar it from the public. Yet the audience proved themselves somewhat appreciative of the power of the work and of its performance, of Dr. Muck's reading and of Mr. Loeffler's visions. There was considerable applause at the end, in which conductor, orchestra and composer shared.

Such a work is what we might expect from Debussy if he could sustain his piano-sketch fantasy in the larger orchestral forms, or from D'Indy when he gives full scope to his asceticism.

SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA GIVES CONCERT

Herald ———— Mch. 3/19
Players Perform, for the First
Time in This City, Loeffler's
"Hora Mystica," a Symphony
for Full Instrumental Organi-
zation and Men's Voices, in
One Movement.

By PHILIP HALE.

The 16th concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Muck conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows: Goldmark, Overture, "In Springtime"; Beach, Concerto in C sharp minor for the piano; Loeffler, "Hora Mystica," Symphony in one movement for full orchestra and men's voices.

Mr. Loeffler's symphony was per-

formed for the first time in Boston. It was first played at a concert of the Litchfield County Choral Union at Norfolk, Ct., June 6, 1916, when Mr. Loeffler conducted the Philharmonic Orchestra of New York. He has given the argument of his composition. Put in a few words it is this: The mood is one of religious meditation and adoration of nature. A Pilgrim goes his way through an enchanting country. He hears shepherds piping to their flocks; he hears church-bells tolling curiously in a far-off village. At last he comes to the cathedral of a Benedictine Monastery. He gazes on its beauty and its gargoyles. In the church the office of compline—the last service of the day, the Hora Mystica as it is known to Benedictine monks—is tendered unto God. Peace enters the soul of the pilgrim. The symphony is woven around the recitation of "Te autem in nobis es Domine," the chant, "In manus tuas, Domine," and the antiphon, "Salve Regina." The chief theme of the symphony is inspired by the response, "Deo gratias."

When Debussy's Nocturnes were performed here for the first time under Mr. Lang's direction, they were played twice in the same concert. It might have benefited the composer and the audience if the program yesterday had consisted of "Hora Mystica" played twice with an intermission between the performances.

Walter Savage Landor, speaking of "Imaginary Conversations," said with superb confidence in his future: "I shall dine late; but the dining room will be well lighted, the guests few and select." This proud speech is sometimes quoted by a reviewer, who knowing that a new book, an ultra-modern picture, or a musical composition is caviare to the general, looks forward to confirmation of his superior judgment by the avenger Time. He may be found intimating that his own seat is already secure, reserved for him as guest of honor at the right hand of the gracious and patient host.

The speech of Landor might be fairly applied to the composer of "Hora Mystica," but who of us all will be among the guests? Mr. Loeffler is a musician of so marked and subtle technic, of so pure and lofty purpose, of so fastidious taste; furthermore he is so intellectually musical, that the boldest reviewer may hesitate in recording even impressions of this uncommonly complex work, especially when he is not filled with the spirit in which it was writ-

ten, when his acquaintance with the music must necessarily be superficial. He recognizes gladly and admiringly the supreme workmanship; he feels the spirituality of the composer; but he is in the dark concerning the exact train of thought as it is expressed in the music.

It was not to be expected of so rare a composer as Mr. Loeffler that in the section describing the pilgrim's journey through a landscape, now smiling and lovely, now mysterious, with the wayfarer reminded of humanity only by shepherds' pipes and distant bells, he should write program-music in a conventional and obvious manner. But this section seems to be first of all a study in overtones resulting at times in harmonic expression that unnecessarily throws off beauty without compensating effects. The landscape is for the most part a cerebral projection, not seen by painter or strolling lover of nature. In preceding compositions Mr. Loeffler has shown himself to be a master of exquisite coloring; in "Hora Mystica" the music, especially in the first section, is monochromatic. Nor do we understand the meaning of the anguish expressed by wailing or angry phrases, unless it be that Nature does not give rest to the soul of the pilgrim until he stands before the cathedral.

The Adagio section is warmer and more human. The use of the plain song for the male voices has the desired solemnity and mysticism. It might be said, however, that certain accompanying harmonies in the "Salve Regina," while they may suggest the sighing, mourning and weeping of supplicants in this vale of tears by their realism, disturb the prevailing serenity of the prayer to the Blessed Virgin. As performed yesterday, these harmonies at times obscured the chanting of the singers.

A remarkable work, this "Hora Mystica" suffered from its position after the long concerto of Mrs. Beach. We also think it a doubtful experiment to write an orchestral work of this importance and uncommon nature in one movement, when the ears of the most receptive hearers would be taxed if the music were in a more conventional manner.

Mrs. Beach played her concerto from manuscript at a Symphony concert 17 years ago. The concerto, which contains brilliant passages for the pianist, could easily endure condensation. Mrs. Beach yesterday was warmly applauded as composer and pianist. The orchestra gave a brilliant performance of Goldmark's familiar overture. Mr. Loeffler was called for after his symphony and he bowed his acknowledgment.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The program of the concerts next week will consist of Liszt's "Faust" Symphony, which will be played in memory of Mrs. Pauline Agassiz Shaw.

SYMPHONY CONCERT

9:30 *Mch. 3/17*
Mrs H. H. A. Beach Plays
Her Own Concerto

Mr Loeffler's "Hora Mystica" Given
the First Time Here

At the 18th Symphony concert yesterday afternoon Charles Martin Loeffler's "Hora Mystica" symphony in one movement for full orchestra and men's voices was given for the first time in Boston. The words of Mr Krehbiel, reviewing its production at the Norfolk, Conn, festival last June, and quoted in the program book, are illuminating.

They read: "The composer's conception of the plan of his work grew out of his interest in the Gregorian chant . . . of late years out of love for the ancient art, he has taught it to choristers in Medfield (Mr Loeffler's home). Two or three years ago (1909), he undertook a sort of artistic pilgrimage to a Benedictine monastery, built in the 11th century in a village of the Rhenish Palatinate. He had walked through the country, his heart no doubt expanding to the beauty of the landscape; he had heard the piping of shepherds and the chiming of the village bells, and had looked upon the cathedral with its grotesque gargoyles, and in the mood of pious contemplation, had joined the worshippers in the evening service. How deeply he was impressed by the sights and sounds may easily be imagined; how his experiences were transmuted into a musical composition is testified by his "Hora Mystica."

Mr Loeffler himself describes the mood as "one of religious meditation and adoration of nature. A lonely pilgrim winds his way through a land of ever changing enchantments, a land where clouds move like a procession of nuns over the hills or descend upon a lake, changing it into a mysterious gray sea—a land where shepherds still pipe to their flocks."

Then there are the tolling church bells for which Mr Loeffler finds graphic color in the curiously blunt tones of the harp and the piano, the grotesque gargoyles to charm away evil spirits, the piping shepherds, the chanting of the monks, the observance of the "compline," the office known as the "Hora Mystica."

Mr Loeffler has drawn upon the Gregorian music for his thematic ideas. The liturgical service of the early Roman church is one of strange names to modern ears—in capitulum, antiphon and compline. Ecclesiastical and archaic in character they give to the whole work in literal quotation and development a medieval flavor. The prevailing mood is

austere, but the general thought is one of reverence before beauty of nature and in devotional worship.

There are masterful touches of color, as in the dominant tones of the larger bells, surrounded by the lesser ones of the village, and learning displayed in contrapuntal treatment of material and in invention. The chanting voices of the men in unison make their own effect, and were excellent again through the offices of Mr Townsend and the Choral Music Society. Mr Loeffler was called to platform and applauded cordially. Dr Muck conducted with all evidence of interest and admiration.

Mrs H. H. A. Beach played her C sharp minor concerto which she had done with Mr Gericke April 7, 1900. Its grateful moments in lyric vein and in pianistic embellishment make their way clearly. Since her residence abroad, and appearances in German cities, Mrs Beach has grown in breadth and authority as a pianist, and played yesterday with fine command, at times with brilliancy. She was welcomed most warmly by her audience. Goldmark's overture, "In Springtime," which Dr Muck and the orchestra played with spirit, began the concert.

'HORA MYSTICA' PROVES PUZZLE AT SYMPHONY

Charles Loeffler's Work,
Performed for First
Time in Boston.

Journal Mch. 3, 1917
By F. Esposito

What is a symphony? If one reads the definitions of the books, he will find that it is a concerted work for orchestra, sometimes with chorus, almost always in several movements, tonally related and related in sentiment,—or, more simply, a consonance and harmony of sounds.

If, moved by curiosity to hear a new thing, one yesterday afternoon attended at Symphony hall while Charles Martin Loeffler's "Hora Mystica" symphony was performed for the first time in Boston, he would be compelled to revise either his definition or Mr. Loeffler's.

Mr. Loeffler calls it a symphony, though it has only one movement and not a single consonance in all its pages. The orchestra is made to sweep broad,

rich groundwork of color slowly along, while one set of instruments after another embroiders vaguely the themes; but not in a pattern, for that word suggests regularity or recognizable repetition.

Like Older Music

Forgetting for a while that older music in which one expected to hear a melody with a beginning and an end, or a pause and a rhythm, the hearer may possibly be able to yield to plain tone-sensation, to fall with Mr. Loeffler into "religious meditation and adoration of nature." To such a hearer, more especially if he is accustomed to the more ancient Catholic music, the plain song and the Gregorian chants, the "Hora Mystica" may have interest and meaning, even on one hearing. It is safe to say, however, that very few such persons were in Symphony Hall yesterday. The work was not hailed with rapturous applause; the audience dispersed with a puzzled look, for the most part.

Grave tones, rising in constant dissonance, open the symphony, and presently from the harps comes the suggestion of church bells, small and far away across a homely, quiet country. And now the notes are repeated by the bells themselves, falling curiously into a sequence that presently discloses the theme of the "Salve Regina." Through a movement called "allegro," a painted, slowly changing and dissolving mass of tone, this and the "Deo gratias" response appear.

In still more quiet and almost solemn dissonance, the wanderer comes at last to the Benedictine cathedral. Its rose-window is still aglow with the last evening light, and within the compline is sounding. This was sung, in rugged unisons of plain-song, by a chorus of men trained by Stephen S. Townsend. And so, even with its last stubborn chord, long drawn out and unresolved, the symphony falls to an end.

Performed Nine Times

The concert began with Goldmark's overture, "Im Fruehling," which might almost be called popular music by now; it has been performed nine times by the Symphony Orchestra since its first appearance in 1890. Dr. Muck's reading made the great work seem more Wagnerian than ever, the characteristic phrase-tags of the revolutionist of Bayreuth standing out clearly, and the delightful themes taking on unwonted brilliance at the conductor's swift tempo.

Mrs. H. H. A. Beach played her concerto in C-sharp minor. Its spirit, its clean-cut harmonies and delightfully open orchestration, are still refreshing, and Mrs. Beach herself never played more brilliantly, or with more command.

This movement sparkles so that it makes the earlier part of the work seem dull by contrast. Also, the regard for the piano as a solo instrument subdues the orchestra so that the beautiful cantilene melody which it sings against the piano accompaniment is hardly to be heard at all.

Mrs. Beach has avoided the frills of virtuosity in this work; she has supplied wonderfully artistic development of themes, and has sacrificed interest to repetition. The concerto still remains, however, one of the most delightful works of an American composer.

MRS. H. H. A. BEACH



Soloist with Boston Symphony Orchestra, Friday Afternoon, March 2, Saturday Evening, March 3.

Symphony Treat

Just one number appears on Dr. Muck's program for next week's concert by the Boston Symphony Orchestra. It is the "Faust" symphony of Liszt. The work is too long to permit of satisfactory linking up with another composition on these programs. Those who heard it at the Christmas concerts will appreciate the insistent demand for another hearing, which has caused Dr. Muck to repeat it. The orchestra will again be assisted by the male chorus of the Music Art Society, with Arthur Hackett as tenor soloist.

MR. LOEFFLER'S CROWN HIS NEW SYMPHONY TO BE HEARD TOMORROW

The First Public Performance at the Symphony Concerts of Music in Which He Excels All His Previous Work—"Hora Mystica" for Orchestra and Men's Choir—The Formal Procedure, the Tonal Substance, the Imaginative Impulse

THE outstanding novelty of this week's Symphony Concert, one which by virtue of its intrinsic significance not only takes precedence above the other new pieces of the year, but which also assumes a special import in the annals of American music, is Mr. Charles Martin Loeffler's "Hora Mystica" for orchestra and men's chorus, unheard as yet save for the quasi-private performance of June 6 last under the composer's baton at Mr. Carl Stoeckel's "Music Shed" in Norfolk, Conn. Since this work, a symphony in one movement, claims concentrated and enlightened attention on the part of the listener by reason of its complex though essentially well-knit and logical structure, and its sustained mood of mystical elevation, it may not be amiss to outline the plan and substance of this music, as well as to hint the composer's delineative intentions.

In this work, Mr. Loeffler had no thought of a slavish adherence to the letter of the time-honored type of form. Instead he has embodied clearly and persuasively the essential principles and the underlying spirit which are fundamental in its nature. The principal theme of the symphony is the ecclesiastic chant from the Compline to the words "Deo gratias"; other fragments are quoted in the course of the work, subsidiary themes are original, and the choral conclusion employs the recitation and chants to the texts of the Compline "Tu autem in nobis es, Domine," "In manus tuas, Domine, commendo spiritum meum," and the antiphone "Salve Regina."

Structure and Substance

The plan of "Hora Mystica" is virtually that of introduction, "first movement" or sonata form, with close analogies, despite the freedom of treatment, to the usual divisions of "exposition" "development" and "recapitulation" leading to the choral close which contains the emotional kernel of the whole.

Over a kettledrum roll, and accompanied by tremolo in the strings, flute and horn intone in slow tempo the motive from the chant melody "Deo gratias" followed by responsive phrases in wood wind and strings. Soon trumpets followed by trombones give out a bell-like phrase which

returns several times in the course of the piece, notably when the chorus begins. The orchestra swells to a slight climax in which bells complete the ecclesiastical suggestion. The chant theme is heard again in English horn and solo viola, developing with increased intensity it passes to the trumpets in notes of lengthened value (augmentation). The tempo changes from Lento to Andante Sostenuto. Here a new theme (still introductory) is heard for strings and wind instruments over horns and low strings. The chant theme persists even during a short adagio section where a new subsidiary theme appears in the oboe on which significant use is made later. So far all is introductory. Now a few measures agitato ed appassionata, in which the recent adagio theme is transformed into a rapid string figure (diminution) lead directly to the main body of the symphony, Allegro. The chant theme in rapid tempo sounds from horns and strings. It is "developed," appears in new instrumental guises and tonalities; it allies itself to fresh thematic material, including a reharmonization of the trumpet phrase near the beginning, which recurs with the chorus at the close. Then follows what constitutes the traditional "second theme" tranquillo, largely in the strings. After some development, this theme comes again to the strings, closing the "exposition" section.

With the "development section" the tempo reverts to allegro and the chant motive. While it is unnecessary to analyze this portion of the symphony in detail, it may be noted that the material is derived from the first chant theme, the phrase which accompanies the text "Salve Regina," the theme of the adagio from the introduction, the bell-like phrase which is first announced in the introduction also, the "second theme" proper, and some independent subsidiary material. These themes appear with fresh harmonic treatment and in contrapuntal opposition to one another.

While the element of the traditional "recapitulation," the third section of the sonata form, is less obviously observable, its function as far as securing structural balance is concerned is convincingly fulfilled by the reappearance of the initial chant theme, differently harmonized in allegro tempo. Its development, following the trend of modern recapitulation, is strictly devoid of any literal repetition, and with some material from the andante sostenuto in the introduction the composer passes to the climax of the work—the entrance of the chorus, preceded by a few measures of the bell-like phrase in fuller harmonization for wood wind, piano, celesta and harps.

With the entrance of the chorus follows a textual citation of the Complines, "Tu autem in nobis es, Domine," "In manus tuas, Domine, commendo spiritum meum," the latter with especially felicitous connotation, and the antiphone "Salve Regina." At first the bell-like figure accompanies the chant, with interludes derived from the "Deo gratias" theme; then the theme of Adagio from the introduction is combined contrapuntally with it with diversity of

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rhythmic effect. As the chant dies away, the bells sound, and after two expressive reminiscences of the "Deo gratias" theme, first by horns and then by trumpets, the symphony closes tranquilly upon a ninth chord left unresolved for a more sensitive suggestion of a mystic mood.

The Mystical Side

Thus "Hora Mystica" is disposed as regards structural outlines, and thematic material and development. Of far greater importance as far as the receptive interpretation of the listener is concerned is the emotional background which suggested the music to the composer. From material furnished for the Norfolk programme, the following is courteously placed at my disposition. "The mood is one of religious meditation and adoration of nature. A weary, contemplative wanderer winds his way through a land of ever-changing enchantments, where clouds pass like a procession of nuns over the mountains to descend upon a lake, changing it into a mysterious gray sea—a land where shepherds still pipe to their flocks. From far away comes a curious tolling of village church bells. At last the pilgrim stands before the cathedral of a Benedictine monastery, contemplating its beauty—even the grotesque beauty of the gargoyles placed on the house of worship to ward off evil spirits. In the church, with its rose-window aglow with the last evening light, the office of compline—known to Benedictine monks as Hora Mystica—is tendered to God, and peace descends into the soul of the pilgrim."

In Mr. Loeffler's symphony, as usually befalls in the most felicitous "programme music," the music itself now mystic, now ardent, by turns reflective, and passionately worshipful, interprets its title with admirable fulfilment. But the knowledge of the composer's descriptive intention illuminates poignantly and searchingly this music of revery, aspiration and prayer.

A Crowning Work

A preliminary article may fittingly end when a brief survey of the structure and delineative purpose of this symphony has been outlined. But it is not superfluous to add that "Hora Mystica" represents the crown of its composer's achievement. In it are united the ripeness of experience coupled with unblemished youth of imagination. In no work of Mr. Loeffler's has he so sustained profundity of thought with such vitality of expression and resourcefulness of harmonic subtlety. Mr. Loeffler is notable for the richness of his musical texture, but nowhere has he surpassed the spontaneous polyphony of "Hora Mystica," a polyphony not replete with the sterile ingenuity of devices on paper, but vital in its independence of part-writing. In orchestral style, Mr. Loeffler has long been distinctive for the opulence of his coloristic resource. In his latest work he

has even out-distanced his former attainment in shimmering interplay of timbres, in individualistic realization of orchestral eloquence. In the creation of mystical atmosphere he has been singularly felicitous. For these reasons then, Mr. Loeffler's "Hora Mystica" embodying the best qualities of its composer's maturity should meet with a quickened response from the audiences of Friday and Saturday. E. B. H.

Globe Feb. 25/17 Mr. Loeffler's Symphony This Week

Dr Muck has put on his program for this week Friday and Saturday Charles Martin Loeffler's new symphony, "Hora Mystica," which has been anticipated as an important novelty of the year. The symphony was first played last June at the Norfolk (Conn) festival. It is in one movement, scored for full orchestra and men's voices, again employing the admirable male choir of the Choral Music Society, of which Stephen S. Townsend is conductor.

Mr Loeffler has supplied this as the program of his symphony:

"The mood is one of religious meditation and adoration of Nature. A lonely pilgrim winds his way through a land of ever-changing enchantments, a land where clouds move like a procession of nuns over the hills or descend upon a lake, changing it into a mysterious gray sea—a land where shepherds still pipe to their flocks. From far away comes a curious tolling of village church bells. At last the wanderer stands before the cathedral of a Benedictine monastery, contemplating its beauty—even the grotesque beauty of the gargoyles, placed on the house of worship to ward off evil spirits. In the church, with its rose-window still aglow with the last evening light, the office of compline—known to the Benedictine monks as Hora Mystica—is tendered to God, and peace descends into the soul of the pilgrim."

"The symphony is woven round the recitation of the capitulum, 'Tu autem in nobis es, Domine,' the chant, 'In manus tuas, Domine,' commendo spiritum meum' and the antiphone, 'Salve Regina.' The principal theme of the symphony is inspired by the response of the capitulum: 'Deo gratias.' In the first part, preceding the principal allegro, the different motives gradually develop into themes; the exposition of themes takes place in this introduction. The allegro is followed by an adagio, which in turn leads back to the allegro, and the recitation of the capitulum, 'Tu autem in nobis es Domine.' Then follow the chants in unison: 'In manus tuas' and 'Salve Regina.' The symphonic part is closely interwoven with these chants. The antiphone, 'Salve Regina,' is the cantus firmus of the adagio with the repetition of which the work closes."

The succession of notes on the bells, B-flat, D-flat, E-flat, F, A-flat, B-flat, comes from an old Benedictine monastery, near which the composer also noted the curious tolling of smaller village church bells. This motive is ren-

dered in the beginning of the work by the harps and recurs repeatedly.

The orchestra employed is as follows: Three flutes (third interchangeable with piccolo), 3 oboes, English horn, 3 clarinets and bass clarinet, 3 bassoons, 4 horns, 4 trumpets, 3 trombones, bass tuba, 4 kettle-drums, 7 bells, 2 harps, piano, celesta, strings. The symphony was written in the Summer of 1915.

At these concerts Mrs H. H. A. Beach, the composer-pianist, who long made

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Boston her home, will appear as soloist with the orchestra, playing her own concerto in C-sharp minor, which she played also under Mr Gericke in 1900. Preceding the war Mrs. Beach spent several years in Germany, where she enjoyed many honors from the musicians of that country.

The program entire will be: Goldmark's overture, "In the Spring"; Mrs Beach's concerto, herself as pianist, and Mr Loeffler's symphony.

New Symphony Due

Loeffler's "Hora Mystica" to Be Played Here for the First Time Next Friday---Other Musical News of the Week

Charles Martin Loeffler's new symphony, "Hora Mystica," will be played for the first time in Boston next Friday afternoon and Saturday evening at the concerts of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. At the same pair of concerts Mrs. H. H. A. Beach will play her own violin concerto. Mr. Loeffler's symphony had its first performance in Norfolk, Conn., last June. This symphony is scored for full orchestra and men's voices. It will enlist the services of the admirable male chorus which took part in the performances of Liszt's "Faust" Symphony at Christmas time. This chorus consists of 80 singers from the Choral Music Society, trained by Stephen S. Townsend.

Here follows Mr. Loeffler's own explanation of his symphony: "The mood is one of religious meditation and adoration of nature. A lonely pilgrim winds his way through a land of ever-changing enchantments, a land where clouds move like a procession of nuns over the hills or descend upon a lake, changing it into a mysterious gray sea—a land where shepherds still pipe to their flocks. From far away comes a curious tolling of village church bells. At last the wanderer stands before the cathedral of a Benedictine monastery contemplating its beauty—even the grotesque beauty of the gargoyles, placed on the house of worship to ward off evil spirits. In the church, with its rose window still aglow with the last evening light, the office of compline—known to the Benedictine monks as Hora Mystica—is tendered to God, and peace descends into the soul of the pilgrim."

The symphony is woven around the recitation of the capitulum, "Tu autem in nobis es, Domine," the chant, "In manus tuas, Domine, commendo spiritum meum" and the antiphone, "Salve Regina."

The principal theme of the symphony is inspired by the response of the capitulum, "Deo gratias." In the first part, preceding the principal allegro, the different motives gradually develop into themes; the exposition of themes takes place in this introduction. The allegro is followed by an adagio, which in turn leads back to the allegro and the recitation of the capitulum, "Tu autem in nobis es, Domine." Then follow the chants in unison, "In manus tuas" and "Salve Regina." The symphonic part is closely interwoven with these chants. The antiphone, "Salve Regina," is the cantus firmus of the adagio, with the repetition of which the work closes.

The succession of notes on the bells, B-flat, D-flat, E-flat, F, A-flat, B-flat, comes from an old Benedictine monastery, near which the composer also noted the curious tolling of smaller village church bells. This motive is rendered in the beginning of the work by the harps, and recurs repeatedly.

The orchestra employed is as follows: Three flutes (third interchangeable with piccolo); three oboes, English horn, three clarinets and bass clarinet, three bassoons, four horns, four trumpets, three trombones, bass tuba, four kettle-drums, seven bells, two harps, piano, celesta, strings.

The symphony was written in the summer of 1915.

Mrs. H. H. A. Beach, who for many years was a resident of Boston, spent several years preceding the beginning of the war in Germany, where she was highly honored by musicians of that country. Since her return to America she has been doing much work as a pianist. She played her concerto for piano in C-sharp minor with the orchestra under Mr. Gericke in 1900.

Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1916-17.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

Dr. KARL MUCK, Conductor.

SEVENTEENTH PROGRAMME

FRIDAY, MARCH 9, AT 2.30 P. M.

SATURDAY, MARCH 10, AT 8 P. M.

IN MEMORY OF

Pauline Agassiz Shaw.

LISZT,

A FAUST SYMPHONY in Three Character Pictures
(after Goethe)

I. FAUST:

Lento assai. Allegro impetuoso
Allegro agitato ed appassionato assai

II. GRETCHEN:

Andante soave

III. MEPHISTOPHELES:

Allegro vivace ironico
Final Chorus, "Alles vergängliche:" Andante mistico

Male Chorus prepared by Stephen S. Townsend

ARTHUR HACKETT, Tenor.

There will be no Intermission.

There will be no Public Rehearsal and Concert next week.



Dr. Karl Muck Himself

He is a hard drill master, sensitive in his feeling, catholic in his taste, one of the Symphony's most popular conductors.

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THE SYMPHONY CONCERT
Trans. — M. B. 10/19
**A WHOLE PROGRAMME TO A SINGLE
 PIECE**

One More Repetition of Liszt's "Faust Symphony" with the Wonted Achievement of Orchestra, Chorus and Conductor and the Wonted Impression of the Music

THE seventh performance of Liszt's "Faust Symphony" in two seasons of the Symphony Concerts took place yesterday afternoon, making an unprecedented record in the way of repetitions by general request. The magnitude of the piece and the accomplishment of the orchestra in its performance have become familiar now, but to making the symphony fill an entire concert, as in the present pair, is a new step, and a distinct advantage to all but those who measure their music by the hour. A complete drama in itself, large in conception and execution, it certainly is ample musical food for an afternoon or evening, and like "Das Rheingold," for instance, deserves the dignity of standing alone for hearing, with no distracting elements from different periods and peoples. Music, being discursive, cannot be viewed as a whole in the direct absorption of it, as is a static work of art, but must be assimilated part by part, and contemplated in entirety only in after-reflection. It is for this reason that a concerto or a closing piece, hot on the heels of the great choral climax which is the accumulation and culmination of the whole work, mars and shatters in large degree an important after-effect.

Such frequent repetition is a severe test of the wearing qualities of any music and a searching scrutiny of its weaknesses. The test of yesterday indicated that the "Faust Symphony" does wear well—remarkably well for Liszt, and that while it is not as "Tristan," should be to any well-ordered opera house, it may continue recurrently in the repertory of the concerts, as the happy combination of a masterpiece, largely neglected, and an achievement of the conductor and orchestra which would make it a rare opportunity for enjoyment, even if it were not the music that it is. The performance probes every corner and every talent of the orchestra, from the mysterious depths of the bass clarinet at the start to the celestial harmonies at the close, exacting in the Faust section the most brilliant abilities of the brass, and in the Mephistopheles section lighter, swifter, and subtler use of that choir. Similarly the music of Gretchen requires wood-winds, solo viola and horns of great proficiency, and delicate individual power of expression. The clever, suave

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jeers of the devil, with their lightning incisiveness, and faultless effect exact also a diabolic skill in the telling. Yesterday the chorus was voluminous and alert, and may well be the first step in greater choral accomplishments to come. But most important of all, Dr. Muck, viewing the entire expanse of the drama, was the general that gave it coherence, unity, force, guarding and polishing its every detail, proportioning the intensity of the tonal masses, preparing climaxes and contrasts, and stimulating his orchestra to each rise, burst and cataclysm.

There are those who do not like Liszt, and cannot reconcile themselves to certain of his inborn traits which are never to be wholly escaped. But to be unmoved and unadmiring before the "Faust Symphony" indicates rather a lack in the hearer, for in it the composer not only appears to his best advantage, but actually exceeds himself, revealing rounding qualities that make the piece a masterpiece of very broad appeal. One might have predicted that Goethe's "Faust" would bring forth the utmost from Liszt. It gave him a limitless field for large, imaginative creation, without which Liszt's sort could not be content. It gave him universal figures in conflict and contrast under stress of as universal human passion. (The "Divine Comedy" of the "Dante Symphony" was much less suited to him, being impersonal, symbolic, and idealistic, too unworldly in subject to fire such a mind as Liszt's, whatever his pretensions, and in subject too vast and unmusical in structure). But Liszt knew his Goethe; he grasped the magnitude of Goethe's conception; he succeeded in turning congenial subject-matter to his own totally different medium and style, while he treated his orchestration and his programme making as never before or after. Of course Liszt had closer affiliation with the First Part than with the Second Part of "Faust," which he utilizes for his choral redemption; he was no doubt entirely sincere, but Liszt's religious fervor is one of his hardest attributes to understand and accept, and, with all respect to his remarkable personality, Liszt diabolic is apt to be more convincing than Liszt sanctified. The form and continuity of the symphony were fore-ordained, in that it follows the procedure and ordering of Goethe, added to which is the integral and sound conception of Liszt, dividing the tale into three parts as the main actors in turn assert themselves. Thus the whole music is carried by logical procedure to a logical conclusion. From first to last Faust is the central figure and the ego; Gretchen comes into his life in the second section as the primary vitalizing and spiritualizing force in human experience; then Mephistopheles, to put in his sharp argument in the decisive struggle of forces; and thereafter the celestial victory. Here certainly is constructive

achievement, after which it would be folly to accuse Liszt of lacking a formal sense.

But what gives the "Faust" Symphony true greatness is Liszt's noble appreciation and treatment of the subject, and, as seldom in his music, a searching, psychological character-analysis, close enough to Goethe for sympathy and identity, but not too close to hamper the composer's own imaginative and depicting powers. Liszt's Faust at the opening is the Faust of Goethe, gloomy and despondent over his books, perceiving the futility of his seclusive and dusty knowledge—applying it to nature, delving into the naked forces of creation and cosmos, startled at his own boldness, but reassured at his success. All this in vivid and unforgettable themes, increasingly significant in their development which yearns and strives upwards in ascending figures of persistent and dauntless ambition. Faust hesitates on the brink of divine secrets, feels his mortal helplessness, looks for enlightenment in human experience and turns with a sudden clear and pervading major to the rich stores of love. So he forgets his despair, and asserts his virile self-reliance and proud determination in flaring and sturdy trumpet rhythms.

Then comes Gretchen—not a Fredericka, but a wistful, innocent and entrancing Fräulein, in the poetic vein wherein Liszt so often falls into stereotyped sentimentality, but never here. The melody of the wood-wind is tenderly beautiful, with the delicate and rich color of the oboe most eloquent, and a chromatic figure of the solo-violin softly and finely interwoven, until it becomes far more than an accompaniment. The quiet of the opening may well be the hushed intimacy of Gretchen's chamber, which Goethe describes with such inimitable suggestion of its owner. It is from Gretchen's point of view that Faust is introduced, as he enters her life with a sweet acceptance, while their love and their themes are united in a wonderful and pure union, which precludes of its own accord all thought of evil. Even the devil must hold his peace. Finally, Gretchen alone again, firm, trustful and happy in her love.

Mephistopheles brings an entirely new point of view—the spirit of denial, turning Faust's themes upside down and inside out; reducing his cherished beliefs, hopes and aspirations ad absurdum, and mocking them with a hollow, echoing laughter, which is a triumph of musical description. This "spirit that denies" is neither the romantic marionette in red of Gounod nor the sinister and cynical fiend of Boito, but an engaging and acute gentleman, persuasively gaining one's sympathy with his irresistible and apparently harmless humor, and suddenly turning it with fiendish accuracy and ingenuity to his foul ends, debasing fond ideals with scoffing cynicisms, and destroying them with malicious parody. Liszt draws a complete picture with deft,

staccato and pointed strokes, now gracefully light, now mordant and swift, now unearthly and uncanny, with his cackling of muted trumpets, and his shrieking of incisive flutes. There is just the right compromise in his Mephistopheles between an abstract principle and a sardonic human jester that knows no discouragement and is never abashed. He simply awaits his moment, and makes the most of it unfailingly. At the vision of Gretchen he vanishes, but is back the instant that his time comes for struggle that now is sharp and fiendish. Such a drama, moving to a glorious climax, carries illusion with it, and makes the audience submissive to the accumulated forces of orchestra, organ, chorus and solo voice. Alone, the spiritual triumph might sound impotent, but in the crowning place it is as imposing as Liszt intended, with high beauty in the orchestral inter-weaving of the music of Gretchen idealized. It is as far above Gounod as it is below Goethe.

J. N. B.

Dr. Muck's Reading of Liszt's "Faust" Stirrs Even Sophisticated.

Journal — *March 10/17*
By F. Esposito

Liszt's glorious "Faust" symphony, though heard as lately as last December, was chosen by Dr. Muck for yesterday's rehearsal and tonight's concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. The conductor left the symphony standing bravely alone in the program. This was well; another work would have seemed colorless beside it, or else would have carried the exaltation of the afternoon to an exhausting point.

The version given was the "revised" score, which Dr. Muck found in the library at Wahnfried Wagner's home in Bayreuth. He was told that Liszt made the revision about 1883. Arthur Hackett sang the difficult "Ewig Weibliche" declamation. He was assisted by a large male chorus trained by Stephen Townsend.

As Mr. Hale and Mr. Apthorp, the writers of the Symphony program notes, have both pointed out, the "Faust" is less a symphony than a group of symphonic poems, or tone pictures. There is no descriptive program; none is needed beyond the names of the three movements, "Faust," "Gretchen" and "Mephistopheles."

"Faust" deals in reflective themes, "Gretchen" in smooth, curving melodies, and "Mephistopheles" in mockery of all the preceding material. Beyond that, every hearer must make his own visions.

The Faust of the legend is difficult to envisage in the music; he is a more youthful philosopher, just as Gretchen is less simple-minded. The childishness of jewels and flowers finds no place in the intense music of Liszt. And in the third movement one may fancy anything, from sheer glee in the dominions of Mephisto over humanity, wrecked and ridiculous, to a despairing cry at the uselessness of life.

Dr. Muck's reading of the symphony raises it to the highest dramatic pitch. He swept the orchestra along to the great shout of the triumphant Faust motif in the brass, and fairly thrilled his sophisticated audience with the full-throated cry of the strings in unisons that follow.

The "Gretchen" movement, full of amorous suggestion, and shading always the thought of the principal motive into new meanings, was never so full of color before. But it was in the tremendous third movement, with its devilish chucklings, its distorted mockery of the Faust theme, its scoldings, explosions, and finally, the noble "mystic chorus," that emotion was most roused.

Certainly it would have been a pity to add another number to the program.

LISZT'S "FAUST" REPEATED BY THE BOSTON SYMPHONY

Monitor — *March 10/17*
Boston Symphony Orchestra in seventeenth concerts of thirty-sixth season, Dr. Karl Muck, conductor, assisted by male chorus prepared by Stephen S. Townsend and by Arthur Hackett, tenor, in memory of Pauline Agassiz Shaw, afternoon and evening of March 9 and 10, 1917. The program: A "Faust" Symphony in three character pictures (after Goethe). Liszt.

Dr. Muck made no mistake in devoting the concert entirely to the "Faust" symphony. In the first place, successive hearings of this symphony reveal new beauties to be assimilated, and in the second place the unity of mood can hardly be kept if anything else precedes or follows this one tremendous work.

However much we may find in this piece, it must remain an incomplete expression of human life, and no matter how exalted the mood in which it is read, the nobility comes from the method of handling the subject matter rather than from an expression of transcendent completeness, even though the final apotheosis is of wonderful grandeur. Surely Liszt must have had in mind, when he wrote this, those words of Goethe's from the sec-

ond part of "Faust":

"Der Erdenkreis ist mir genug bekannt, Nach d'rüben ist die Aussicht uns ver-rannt . . ."

("The circle of this earth is known to me, All farther vision much impeded be")—

for the splendor of the closing, after all, represents only the tenderly human Marguerite leading Faust on and up.

Human frailty, human selfishness, even the selfishness of human love, and the diabolical mockery of human wisdom, constitute the material with which Liszt worked. At the very outset, the Faust motive represents a man disappointed and groping. Later, on the heels of the affirmation of Faust as a potent individual, there follow discontent and a relapse into uncertainty. Then in the Gretchen movement a very human picture is drawn of wonderfully tender love, tinged with sadness. The characterization of Mephistopheles ranges no farther than a whirlwind of mockery that would satirize Faust's noblest aspirations. Only the idea of Marguerite cannot be perverted, and in the midst of the diabolic madness of Mephistopheles the Gretchen theme breaks in, stilling the clamor with its pure loveliness. But it is identical with the statement of the theme in the second movement. And in the glorious close the only transformation is in the surroundings in which the characters are placed and not in the characters themselves. So, keeping always in the circle of his little earth, Liszt moved his puppets about, and portrayed, probably as clearly as can be done in music, the qualities which animated them.

As at the last performance of this work, the Boston Symphony under Dr. Muck, the men's chorus, trained by Mr. Townsend, and Mr. Hackett, the tenor, gave a consummate reading. Never did the plaintive tenderness of Mr. Longy's oboe sound more appealing and never did Dr. Muck's fondness for satire find greater opportunity. Mr. Hackett's clear, fresh voice, soaring upward, was dazzling in its purity.

anoforte used

one hour and forty-five minutes.

'FAUST' PERFORMED BY SYMPHONY

Adv. M. L. 10/17
A SHORT BUT
GLORIOUS CONCERT

Dr. Muck Interprets Work in
Characteristic Style—A

Superb Rendition

By LOUIS C. ELSON

PROGRAM

Liszt. "Faust" Symphony.

Undoubtedly the shortest musical list on record, and it was also the shortest symphony concert on record, and it demands the shortest review on record as well. Every Boston symphony attendant is familiar with the wonderful interpretation which Dr. Muck and our orchestra give to the great composition, and every good musician will dissent from Villiers Stanford's dictum that Liszt was always "a virtuoso first and a composer afterwards" and that this symphony is "grandiose but unconvincing." Its performance on this occasion was fully as powerful as its recent interpretations. It was altogether superb, and aroused as great enthusiasm as ever before.

The concert was given in memory of Pauline Agassiz Shaw, and it was a noble tribute to a noble woman. Whether a memorial concert is to be critically analyzed may be doubted, but there is nothing to criticize (in the sense of animadversion) in the Boston Symphony performance of the "Faust" symphony. We believe that it would make European audiences sit up and wonder, if it could be thus given in Paris, London, or Berlin. In about an hour it was all over, and it was not a "mystic hour" either, but one full of exaltation and dramatic power culminating with the overwhelming choral climax, as heretofore. In the next concert (two weeks hence) the normal length and normal conditions will be resumed.

Arthur Hackett's singing and the work of the male chorus prepared by Stephen S. Townsend call for superlatives. Dr. Muck began 15 minutes late, which is a bad example for auditors who are disposed to be dilatory.

'FAUST' REPEATED

Globe M. L. 10/17
Epochal Work by Liszt

Wonderfully Played

Symphony Alone Fills Program—To
Be Given in New York

Liszt's great "Faust" symphony makes a complete program in itself. At the concert yesterday afternoon Dr Muck added nothing to precede or follow it, and the result was one of singularly satisfying fitness, proportion and continuity. Earlier in the season Mr Paderewski followed the cosmic span of its scheme not with the heroic, but with a reposeful revisitation in archaic beauty. Couperin and Daquin did not disturb nor detract from the titian scheme of Liszt. No other living personality probably could have done the same.

Each hearing causes the listener of today the greater wonder, not only at the beauties of structure in this music, but the eloquence, the dramatic truth and searching imagination with which it paints divergent portraits and defines moods. In a day when Berlioz alone had employed the symphonic poem for characterization or emotional expression, Liszt wrote here with illuminating insight whether of the superbly daring Faust the younger, of Marguerite the maiden, in dreams and visions, or as Mephistopheles, the great sardonic spirit, whose railery embroiders the thoughts the young pair had spoken in the first two movements.

The performance again was one of transcending beauty. In the exquisite melodies of Marguerite's music the gentlemen of the woodwind choir—in particular Mr Maquarre and Mr Longy—distinguished themselves. Mr Townsend's chorus of men, which continues to grow in numbers, and Arthur Hackett, the solo tenor, again added to the impressive choral apotheosis. The symphony will make a novel item in the orchestra's concert in New York next Thursday night, with the chorus and Mr Hackett going down for the evening.

Liszt's "Faust" Again at Boston Symphony Concerts

Two years ago Liszt's "Faust" Symphony held a place on two different programs of the Boston Orchestra and this year it helped to make the Christmas program of the orchestra one of the most memorable in the history of Boston. Since that time requests have been coming to Dr Muck for a repetition of the symphony and he has decided to give it again next Friday afternoon and Saturday evening.

The former performances of the "Faust" Symphony have shown that it is very difficult to place anything with it. A work of importance makes the program too long, for the "Faust" Symphony plays one hour and 10 minutes, and a short work is buried. For this reason Dr Muck has decided to limit the program this week to the "Faust" Symphony.

Again the admirable male choir prepared by Stephen S. Townsend will be used in the "Chorus Mysticus" at the finale of the symphony. This choir has just sung in the Loeffler Symphony and again Arthur Hackett will sing the solo part. *Globe M. L. 4. 1917*

SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

There will be no Symphony concerts this week. The orchestra will be away on its fifth and last trip of the season to the South. The usual concerts will be given in Philadelphia, Washington, Baltimore, New York and Brooklyn, with Miss Gerhardt, soloist, in Philadelphia, Washington, Baltimore, and Joseph Malkin, soloist, in Brooklyn. On Thursday night in New York Liszt's "Faust" Symphony will be given with no other number on the program. The male chorus with Arthur Hackett as solo tenor will leave Boston Thursday noon on the limited, and will return at midnight. At the Saturday/afternoon concert in New York Messrs. Wittek and Warnke will play Brahms's Double Concerto.

"FAUST" IN NEW YORK

Dr. Muck and the Symphony Orchestra
Repeat There Their Celebrated Performance of Liszt's Music—The General Encomiums

In every detail Dr. Muck fulfilled last evening his purpose of a performance of Liszt's "Faust Symphony" in New York that should equal those that he has lately accomplished in Boston. The men's choir that sang the final chorus here in December and March, joined the Symphony Orchestra in New York yesterday. Mr. Hackett for the solo tenor voice went

with them; and thus the conductor had his usual forces arrayed in Carnegie Hall. The outcome is sufficiently indicated by the subjoined comment of the reviewers of music for the New York newspapers:

The Times—Applause was never better deserved. It was a wonderful performance in every detail of an orchestra's playing or in a conductor's reading. Dr. Muck was fired with enthusiasm for the music. He had elaborated and polished his conception of every phrase and every measure and the significance of every measure in the whole

movement. He communicated to his men not only his own enthusiasm, but as well the completest sympathy and understanding. There was something thrilling, exciting, in the delivery of many a passage in the first movement; and in the second there were beautiful things done by many of the players in themes and phrases that are momentarily solos. There was a loving hand applied especially to this movement. In the last there was a highly characteristic expression of the spirit of irony, of parody. The final chorus was sung admirably by a body of Boston men, and the solo in it most artistically delivered by Arthur Hackett, tenor.

The Tribune—The Boston Symphony Orchestra has made us its debtor many times, but never more utterly than last evening. Its concert at Carnegie Hall contained but one number, but of this one number the great band gave a performance which every member of the huge audience will not soon forget. Dr. Muck found in the symphony a work peculiarly sympathetic to his spirit and he gave it a performance such as might well occur but once in a lifetime in its variety of color, its sense of nuance, its exquisite dynamic adjustment, its polish, force, suavity. It was beyond all praise. The final chorus was superbly sung by a body of Boston singers trained by Stephen S. Townsend and the solo admirably sung by Arthur Hackett, a young tenor possessed of a clear, pleasing voice and a fluent style. No wonder that at the end of the symphony Major Higginson walked down the aisle and publicly congratulated Dr. Muck.

The Sun—The Faust Symphony is quite long enough to fill an entire concert and to send ordinary hearers away with sufficient Liszt to satisfy them for a considerable time. Of course, the true Liszt enthusiast is insatiable. Dr. Muck is very conscientious and he had the modifications covered so that in future performances of this work he might present it as it finally shaped itself in Liszt's mind. Without reference to the score even Lisztian enthusiasts would not be likely to find out just what changes had been made. The performance was one of high excellence. It could not set at rest the differences of opinion between those who regard the work as tweedledee and those who hold that it is but tweedledum. The truth, as usual, lies midway between extremes. There is both good and bad matter in this symphony. It is the product of a remarkable mind of which the tremendous force fell short of certain kinds of creative ability. But Liszt's style is always imposing and pomp and pageantry excite admiration the world over.

Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1916--17.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

Dr. KARL MUCK, Conductor.

EIGHTEENTH PROGRAMME

FRIDAY, MARCH 23, AT 2.30 P. M.

SATURDAY, MARCH 24, AT 8 P. M.

SINIGAGLIA,

OVERTURE to Goldoni's Comedy, "Le Baruffe
Chiozzotte" ("The Chioggian Brawls,") op. 32

BLOCH,

TROIS POÈMES JUIFS,

a) Danse

b) Rite

c) Cortège funèbre

First time in Boston.

To be conducted by the Composer

BRAHMS,

CONCERTO for Pianoforte and Orchestra, No. 2. in
B flat major, op. 83.

I. Allegro non troppo

II. Allegro appassionato

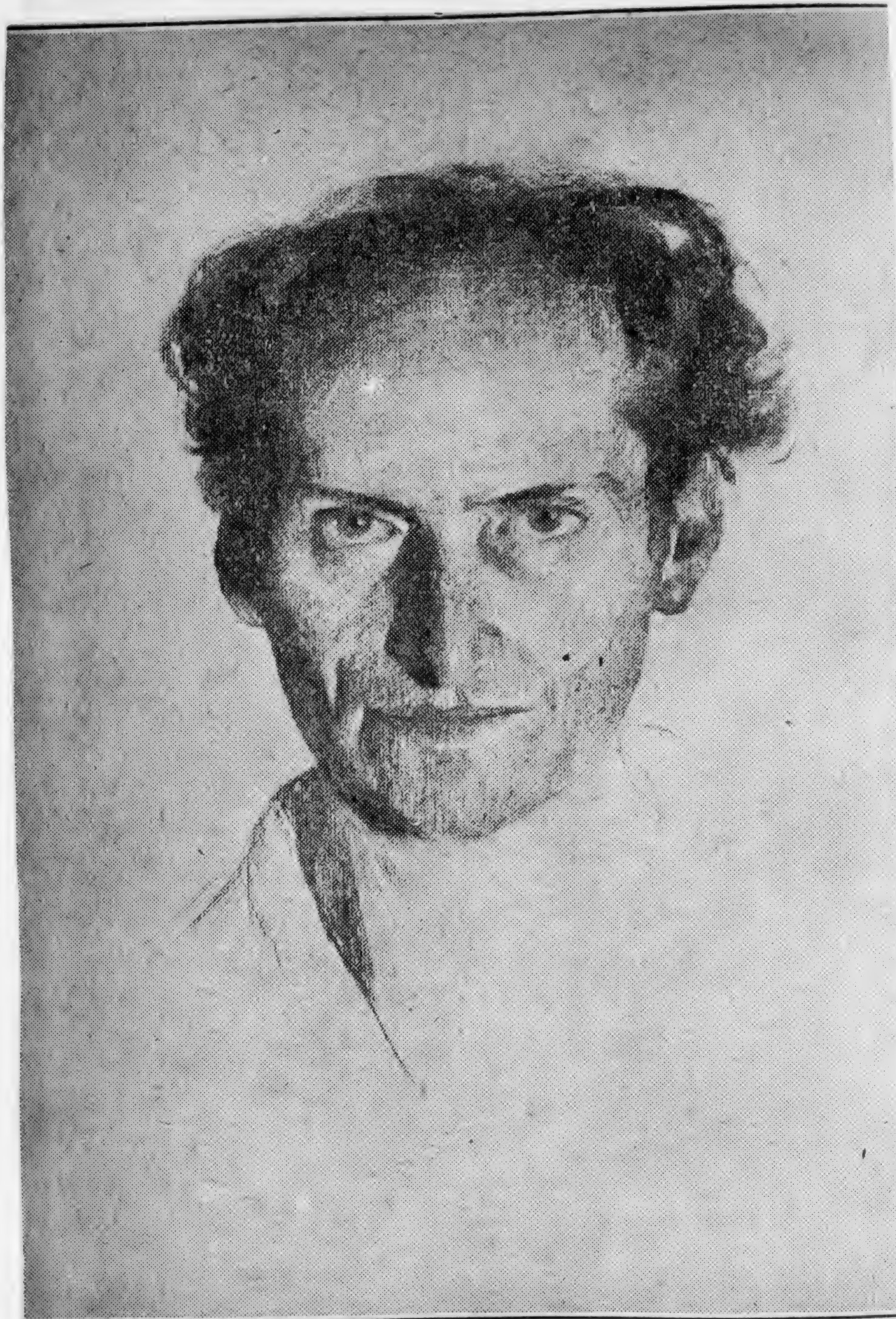
III. Andante

IV. Allegretto grazioso

Soloist:

Mr. CARL FRIEDBERG

Steinway Pianoforte used



Carl Friedberg

COMPOSER CONDUCTS SYMPHONY

Bloch's 'Jewish Poems'
Create Profound
Impression

Post ———— Nov. 24/14

BY OLIN DOWNES

"Three Jewish Poems," by Ernst Bloch, who directed the performances of his own works, and a memorable performance of Brahms' B flat piano concerto by Carl Friedberg, were distinguishing features of the concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Karl Muck, conductor, yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall.

DISTINCTIVELY HEBRAIC

The music of Bloch took everyone by surprise on account of its emotional depth and its novelty of color and accent. A number of new works of greater or lesser importance have been heard at the Symphony concerts this winter. None have made such a distinctive impression. No others have revealed, as we believe these "Jewish Poems" reveal, a new and important figure in the modern musical art.

Mr. Bloch, turning his back on precedent and the set formulas of European schools of composition, has essayed to write music which shall be fundamentally and distinctively Hebraic. He has succeeded in this in an astonishing degree. We feel that this music, not the most mature achievement of the composer, is in some respects tentative and experimental. As much is admitted by Mr. Bloch in the notes which he himself contributed to the programme book. But these characteristics are of negligible import in view of the originality and eloquence, and what one might call the essential naivete of true art, revealed in these pages. This is unmistakably the music of a new man, with something wholly his own to say, who composes not because he makes up his mind to do so, but because he must.

Orientalism From Inside

How did Mr. Bloch discover this freshness of idiom, this deep and fundamentally racial manner of speech? He does not believe that a composer who wishes to express the spirit of his race has necessarily to make use of folk-songs for such a purpose. He has gone deeper than this. It is true that his music has oriental characteristics of rhythm and melodic outline, but there is the heartening conviction on the part of the hearer that this orientalism comes from inside out, rather than from outside in. The composer has not found these rich and fascinating idioms because of a deliberate search for that which would be externally indicative of his quest, but because such forms of expression were forced into existence by the driving power of his own emotions and ideas, and by the birth-right inherited from his forefathers.

This music has the warmth, the melancholy, the sensuality, the prophetic fervor of Hebraic literature. It is at moments harsh and austere, of a passionate intensity, or it has oriental grace and languor.

Supple and Varied

Technically speaking, there are oriental rhythms conspicuous for their suppleness and variety; harmony that is intentionally simple, and often rugged and harsh; unusual and very effective schemes of orchestral color, and a manner of melodic ornamentation which, as it glides rapidly through chromatic intervals, gives the impression of intervals smaller than those of the accepted scales of Western Europe—an ornamentation which is as a diaphanous veil thrown about the main thematic fragments. This latter is observed particularly in the first movement. Other passages furnish a direct contrast in the breadth and simplicity and long line of the themes.

Of the three movements, "Danse," "Rite" and "Cortège Funebre," the first is perhaps the most tentative in its form and instrumentation. But it is enormously rich in material and suggestion. Thus the first theme, stiff and archaic in its steps, giving an extraordinary impression of the antique, yet having a wealth of the characteristically chromatic embellishments. Other short, wailing motives, which glide through half-tones that might as easily as not become quarter-tones, set over monotonous rhythms, and interrupted by outcries and dialogues of wind-instruments, make the material of the movement. The second movement opens with a grand simplicity and tenderness, and then, following impressive trumpet calls, a passage of fiery and majestic utterance that might well be the adjurations of the prophet in the temple. These last two movements—the Ritual and the Funeral Procession, are movements which, in spite of occasional thickness and lack of balance of instrumentation would remain monuments to the talent of the composer.

he left nothing else to the world. The emotional force of this music is startling. It was the more startling yesterday, as it was so unexpected, and so novel in its forms of expression.

Players Applaud Composer

Mr. Bloch was called back to the stage repeatedly. The orchestra, as well as the audience, impressed by his music and by the simple dignity of the man on the platform, joined in the applause.

Mr. Friedberg, in playing the Brahms concerto, displayed not only phenomenal virtuosity in dealing with a work which is one of the most ungrateful in existence for the pianist, but a never-falling beauty and sonority of his tone and a true nobility of conception. Dr. Muck and Mr. Friedberg collaborated in a wonderfully clear exposition of the contents of a complicated symphonic work, and for once this work stood revealed at its full stature. They understood the rugged, heroic spirit of the opening, the demoniac scherzo, the haunting poetry of the slow movement, and the humor and vigor of the finale. Orchestra and pianist out-vied each other. Not in 17 years at these concerts had this concerto been so superbly presented. More performances of this kind would bring about a more general appreciation of the rather formidable Brahms of the B flat piano concerto than now generally obtains. The audience was quick to appreciate the wholly exceptional qualities of the performance. As a matter of record, the concert opened with a performance of Sinigaglia's noisy overture to *Le Baruffe Chiozzote*, performed with exemplary precision and brilliancy.

NEW COMPOSER'S WORK IS HEARD

OVERTURE RESEMBLES "BARTERED BRIDE"

Ernest Bloch Conducts His
Own Compositions—Fried-
berg Pleases at Piano

By LOUIS C. ELSON

Overture, "La Baruffe Chiozzote".....Sinigaglia
Three Jewish Poems for Orchestra.....Bloch
Second Piano Concerto, B-flat.....Brahms
Soloist, Carl Friedberg.

Chiozza is a village not far from Venice. The inhabitants (according

to Goldoni's comedy) squabble and fight, in a good-humored manner; and the trouble is added to by their dialect being a strange gargle which is very cacophonous. They are vivacious and somewhat bacchanalian in their habits, and this conviviality is well conveyed in the overture, which is full of bustle and activity. Sinigaglia is among the "still living" unless the biographical dictionaries slander him, and was born in Turin in 1868. He is one of the few Italian orchestral composers, but it is pleasant to note that the number of these is increasing rapidly since the days when Sgambati was the only Italian symphonist.

The overture is akin in style to Smetana's "Bartered Bride" overture, in vivacity, but less contrapuntal. It has the geniality of the latter work, and seems to be a light opera overture magnified to symphonic score. The scoring is good and we are glad to note that Sinigaglia does not seek after modern tonal troubles, as his countryman Bossi does, but keeps to the paths of comprehensible melody and intelligible progressions. The overture was given with just the clattering, clattering, noisy style that suited its jollity and it made a success. Such effervescent and mercurial music has a peculiar charm.

Now followed something of more abstruse and modern bitter-sweet. Ernest Bloch, who conducted his own three compositions in this concert, is a Swiss composer (evidently also "still living") who has attained much celebrity abroad. His works have been given even at the Paris Opera Comique and he has been acclaimed as one of the really original and great composers of most modern days. He is steeped in a Semitic Orientalism which gives something of an individual note to his music, something different from the crabbed modern style, which, however, he also possesses in a considerable degree. He is undoubtedly a radical.

Mr. Bloch did wisely in not attempting definite Jewish tunes in his Jewish Poems. The Hebrew music is not a great mine to draw from. It is by no means as ancient as many of its devotees claim, and it is almost always tinged by the music of whatever land the Jews happen to reside in. But Mr. Bloch has poetically presented the earnestness, the tenderness, the melancholy and the nervous happiness of a race. The three works were entitled "Danse," "Rite" and "Cortège Funèbre." The

first of these began more like a cat-fight than a dance, but it soon developed beauty of theme and treatment. All three of the numbers were pictures of moods and decidedly impressionistic in style. The first seemed the least effective.

The "Rite" was at times so fierce that it suggested howling Dervishes or an Aztec human sacrifice, but this wild climax was followed by some exquisitely dreamy orchestration and beautiful melodic touches.

The Funeral number also had moments that suggested a wake, but the consolatory theme after this was very affecting, and so were the subsequent frenzies of grief.

Undoubtedly Mr. Bloch has great dramatic power. We might say that among all the distinctly Jewish composers,—Meyerheer, Rubinstein, Bruch, Goldmark, etc.,—he is the most individual, although by no means the greatest. He won a success both as a composer and conductor, and we are glad that so eminent a new-comer was given the compliment of conducting the Boston Symphony Orchestra, in his own works.

After the radical vein of these works, ancient in spirit yet modern in expression (we feel curious to hear Mr. Bloch's symphony—"Israel") and after three recalls of Mr. Bloch, there came modern classicality. Somewhat crabbed too, but in another direction, for in Brahms's second piano concerto one can find logic and remarkable symmetrical pattern if one has the patience to disentangle the web of remarkable figure development. Prof. Baermann once said to the present writer about this work,—"it seemed too involved and unnecessarily difficult to me at first. Only after I had practiced it for a long while did I comprehend that every difficulty in it was necessary point of expression. It seemed impossible to me then that it could have been written otherwise."

But the public will not take the time to study thus, nor should it be demanded in "the Art Universal," and the artist who plays this work makes something of a martyr of himself, at least in the first and last movements. Not in the Andante, however, which is clearly and serenely beautiful. The violoncello is here made prominent in a solo, which was beautifully performed by Messrs. Warnke and Malkin.

Brahms was very much in earnest in this concerto and not only expanded it into four movements, but did not use the cadenza, which might have interrupted the flow of the work. Mr.

Friedberg played with real artistic devotion, sinking himself in the assembly and treating the work as symphony with piano obligato. We remember Joseffy overdoing this self-abnegation and allowing the orchestra to monopolize the foreground. This fault Mr. Friedberg happily avoided, for he played quite a la d'Albert, but he never made the piano part too preponderant. In the development of the horn figure of the first movement piano and orchestra intertwined in a truly symphonic manner. We admired the dashing and tumultuous style in which the short second movement was taken up by pianist and orchestra. The themes of the finale were very melodious but they are treated at great length. In this matter of thematic development one can alter the old saying into "too much of learning is a dangerous thing," for your skilful composer is loath to let go of the figure until he has squeezed it quite dry. Therefore, in spite of the tremendous skill of construction, and of melodic content too, the reviewer enjoys the andante movement most.

But every movement was played in a worthy manner, both by pianist and orchestra, and Dr. Muck brings more out of Brahms than any conductor that we have ever heard. And if the work is too long, one can go to sleep serene in the conviction that nothing will be expounded, or pounded, from the platform that is at all heterodox. Mr. Friedberg was recalled with great enthusiasm.

The concert was throughout an interesting one and of good contrast, even if the intermission and the concerto both seemed too long.

ERNEST BLOCH'S NOTABLE NEW MUSIC

Globe — *Mch. 24/17*
"Three Jewish Poems" Are
Led by Composer

Music of Forceful Individuality—
Carl Friedberg Soloist

The Symphony concerts which bring anew an arresting, puissant individuality into the field of music are notable and few. Yesterday afternoon both Ernest Bloch, as conductor, and his

"Three Jewish Poems" appeared for the first time in Boston. This city had not heard Mr. Bloch as conductor for Maud Allan, the dancer, in her tour of the present season. It had heard his remarkable quartet played a number of weeks ago by the gentlemen of the Flonzaley quartet, music of distinctive spirit, born apparently of the deepest personal conviction, intrepid, resolute, even at times supremely daring in expression, yet never hinting at the poseur.

As an individualist, Bloch, now but 37 in July, reminds of Sibelius, not in thought or idiomatic speech, but in that zeal of soul which must find voice and in its own vein. The Finn has been taken by his annotators to write nationalistic music, in which one is to hear the oppression and the deathless courage of Finland. Living in a north land of austere physical characteristics, he has written what is probably his own emotional and spiritual consciousness.

Bloch makes the history and character of the Jewish people, their type of mind and soul, his inspiration. He finds an instinctive kinship between the spirit of portions of the Old Testament, as of the Psalms and the Song of Solomon, and his own feeling. Yet the composer states that he has not endeavored to use Jewish melodies or themes as elemental material. He professes to have written in his own vein, with the consciousness of a race as the general sources upon which he draws.

The three poems, Danse, Rite and Cortege funebre, do not rely for the arresting individuality displayed in them upon any form of extremism which parades manner above content. Even the first is serious. There the suggestion of ritual or ceremony which is carried much farther in the second, but throughout these two, although a thematic fabric is to be found, there is a rich color sense, at times gorgeous in its sensuous prodigality.

But this sensuous quality is never that of languor, or of the suggestion associated with the Orient. There is indeed a biblical, a patriarchal, even a savage splendor, which is a distinctively new note in modern orchestral literature. The climaxes are those of a multitude of virile, impassioned voices, in lamentation as in joy. Such a one brings to a majestic and elegiac conclusion. The cortege, written in memory of the composer's father, a movement in which the gray mood of the middle portion is somewhat overdeveloped, and notwithstanding its varying rhythmic figuration seems insufficiently winged to span the broad pace the composer took it.

The rich texture of the score of the two preceding movements in part reflects an opulent imagination and ready skill in orchestral color and a harmonic palette which secures depth of perspective at times by imposing one tonality upon another.

As a conductor Mr. Bloch makes his effects with point and authority. He was received with marked enthusiasm by audience and orchestra. Mr. Bloch's symphony, which he says has been refused in Europe because he "was unknown," should be worth a hearing. His "Macbeth," an opera, was produced in Paris in 1910.

Carl Friedberg played with virtuosity and with rhapsodic, poetic fancy in Brahms' concert in B flat major No. 2,

a work in which the piano is largely an incidental instrument in a symphonic structure of dramatic character. In four long movements, the concert might have been called a symphony with a part for piano. Sinigaglia's chattering overture, "The Chioggian Brawls," was brilliantly played by Dr. Muck, who made the orchestra in the concert a feature.

ERNEST BLOCH CONDUCTS AT SYMPHONY

Herald *March 24/17*
Directs Playing of His Jewish

Poems, Heard Here for the First Time and Fulfilling Expectations Roused by the Playing of His Quartet in B Major by Flonzaleys.

The 18th concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Muck, conductor, took place yesterday afternoon at Symphony Hall. The program was as follows: Sinigaglia, overture to Goldoni's comedy, "Le Baruffe Chiozzotte," Op. 32; Bloch, Trois Poemes Juifs, Danse, Rite; Cortege Funebre (first performance in Boston); Brahms, Concerto in B flat major, No. 2, for pianoforte and orchestra, Op. 83. Carl Friedberg, pianist, was the soloist.

Mr. Ernest Bloch appeared yesterday both as composer and conductor, for Dr. Muck had invited him to direct his Jewish Poems. He was born at Geneva, Switzerland, the son of a merchant. He soon showed musical talent and when he was eight years old began to play the piano. Jacques-Dalcroze and Toriges Rey taught him solfeggio, the elementary principles of music, and the violin. At Brussels he continued his violin studies with Eugene Ysaye and worked at composition with Rasse. After studying at Frankfort-on-the-Main with Ivan Klerr and at Munich with Ludwig Thuille, after a visit to Paris in 1903-4 he returned to Geneva to become book-keeper in his mother's shop. Spare hours were devoted to his opera "Macbeth." Mr. Bloch also gave lectures on aesthetic subjects at the Conservatory of Music. Romain Rolland, visiting Geneva, heard and

praised his symphony led by the composer.

Miss Maud Allen engaged Mr. Bloch as conductor of the orchestra to accompany her in her tour through this country. He made his first appearance in America as conductor in New York at the Forty-fourth Street Theatre, Oct. 16, 1916, when the orchestra played orchestral pieces, among others his "Hiver-Printemps."

At an extra concert last January the Flonzaley quartet made known to Boston Mr. Bloch's Quartet in B major, an important and striking addition to the literature of modern chamber music. The expectations awakened by this work were not disappointed yesterday.

The Jewish poems are the first work of a cycle, dedicated to the memory of Mr. Bloch's father and composed in 1913. It is not his purpose or desire to attempt a "reconstitution" of Jewish music, but to write genuine music, his music. It is rather the emotions of the Jewish soul that interest him, that he tries to hear within himself and to transcribe in his music. The poems are first of all impressive, remarkable for their originality, for the power and beauty of their emotional expression. The orchestration is rich in color. There are effective combinations of instruments. The Danse is exotic, in turn sensuous, languorous, frenzied, passionate. Rite has a solemn ecclesiastical character, the sombre loftiness of an ancient ceremony. The Cortege Funebre, perhaps the most remarkable of the three, is an extraordinary and poignant expression of grief, its violence, its despair. Mr. Bloch is thoroughly versed in the art of sounds and rhythms. In this poem the reiteration of severe rhythms suggests the Reaper, stern, inexorable, deaf to the anguish of those left behind. Then there is the passionate outburst, the impotent wailing and lamentation; finally the mourners are resigned, a sorrowful peace comes to them with the consciousness of faith, the eternal and living memory of those who have gone before.

In 1909-10 Mr. Bloch conducted subscription orchestral concerts at Lausanne and Neufchatel. Yesterday his experience as a conductor was at once evident. He conducted simply. His wishes were expressed with authority. There was intensity, but nothing spectacular.

Mr. Friedberg, who played here with the orchestra for the first time, is also a conductor and composer. As a pianist he is intellectual, brilliant. His mechanical proficiency is indisputable. The first movement of Brahms' Concerto is long-winded, tedious. The second is wholly superfluous. Only the third and fourth commend themselves to a then restless audience. The pianist's task is thus the more difficult. Mr. Friedberg's performance evidently absorbed the attention.

Sinigaglia's overture to Goldoni's comedy "The Chioggian Brawls," is amusing descriptive music. It was bril-

liantly played. There was applause for Dr. Muck, for Mr. Bloch and his music, for Mr. Friedberg and for the orchestra. The concert will be repeated this evening.

The program of the concerts next week will be as follows: Haydn, Symphony in C major (B. andtt. No. 90; Rieter-Bildermann, No. 3); Rameau's Ballet Suite from "Acanthe et Cephisse" (arr. by Herman Kretschman); Handel, Concerto Grosso in D, No. 21 (op. 6, No. 10, arr. by Seiffert); Dvorak, concerto for violin 'cello and orchestra, Op. 104. Joseph Malkin will be the soloist.

ERNEST BLOCH DIRECTS POEMS FOR ORCHESTRA

Monitor *March 24/17*
Boston Symphony Orchestra, Karl Muck, Conductor; Carl Friedberg, Soloist—Eighteenth program, Symphony Hall, Boston, Mass., afternoon of March 23, 1917: Sinigaglia, overture to Goldoni's comedy, "Le Baruffe Chiozzotte"; Ernest Bloch, three Jewish poems, "Danse," "Rite" and "Cortege funebre" (conducted by the composer); Brahms, concerto for piano and orchestra, No. 2, in B flat major, op. 83.

Sinigaglia and Bloch have strangely similar characteristics as composers. Both attain remarkable clearness in their orchestral scoring, both work out their musical design with great patience, and both stick to the mood they start with to the end. In fact, the Italian, in writing his overture, and the Swiss, in writing his poems, do almost too good a job. What they set out for they achieve, with a certainty that is not far from distressing. They are so sure of themselves that listeners are inclined, once the music gets fairly going, to let them alone. Everybody knows by the time the one man has got his ground plan of comedy rhythms laid out, just what the structure is going to be; everybody knows, as soon as the other man has the leading melodies of the "Danse," the "Rite" and the "Cortege" stated, just where the story is leading. All surprise is eliminated when logic reigns in the absolute way it does here. What, then, is there for hearers to give attention to?

Of all the arts, music is perhaps the one that most abhors consistency and singleness of purpose. No doubt because it requires two individualities to bring it to realization, the composer and the performer, it insists on being double all the way through. It wants the clash always of a pair of ideas. It thrives only on contrast. Find a

composer who ignores this demand, and you have a minor one. Technically, there may be contrasts in the three Jewish poems presented on this occasion, with the composer ably conducting, but in effect they are wanting. Each of the pieces, however, is admirably written in other respects, especially in dignity of style and novelty, yet restraint of color.

Contrast appeared in all its power in the Brahms second piano concerto, both in the music itself and in the interpretation. Mr. Friedberg, with his breadth of phrasing, was heard delightfully in opposition to Dr. Muck, with his agile and alert rhythmic manner. Like the visiting conductor, the soloist was enthusiastically applauded by the matinee audience.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT

Trans. — Mel. 24/17

STRANGE AND SIGNAL MUSIC OF ERNEST BLOCH

Three "Jewish Poems" That Evoke a Composer of Remarkable Idiom and Procedure, Invention, Imagination and Power—Pieces of a Stinging Vehemence—An Italian Overture for Prelude and a Concerto of Brahms Transformed at Dr. Muck's Hands

OUT of the three "Jewish Poems" of Ernest Bloch, heard for the first time in the United States at the Symphony Concert of yesterday afternoon, rose the impression of a composer of no small individual imagination, resource, power and predilection. Mr. Bloch himself, being a conductor of appreciable ability and experience, led the orchestra which, from the first rehearsal together, felt, respected, admired him. He looked a sinewy, alert, energetic figure of early middle age, tense yet controlled in suggestion of bodily, mental and spiritual vigor. His face, of the finer, opener, more ascetic and more dignified Jewish cast, implied both force and vision; his bearing to an eager orchestra and an applauding audience was that of a practised man of the world and the concert-room; his ways as a conductor, clear and compelling though more sweeping and vehement than those to which the public of Symphony Hall are accustomed. Since the visit of Mr. Rakhmaninov in a Fiedlerian time no composer-conductor has so carried the day with players and hearers. Yet to all but a few of those listeners, Mr. Bloch must have come nearly unknown—a Swiss Jew who has slowly fought his way—and that always and firmly his own—from neglected obscurity into recognized achieve-

ment; a writer of a music-drama, "Macbeth," which the receptive and catholic Opéra-Comique (in Mr. Carré's day) produced and sustained; a maker of symphonic and of chamber music in which he would release not only his own spirit but the spirit of his race as it stirs within him; a friend of "The Flonzaleys" and by them persuaded to forsake Geneva for New York; a composer heralded to Boston by the actual performance here of only one piece, the string quartet of last January which the merest fraction of his listeners yesterday may have heard. Yet no small part of his audience was as quick to discover the power and the individuality of the man as had been the orchestra in a week of work with him.

Between the single hearings of the chamber piece of midwinter and the symphonic pieces of Friday, it is possible to glimpse a few of the qualities that make Mr. Bloch such a composer. First of all he has mastered his media. There was no questioning last January his command of the string quartet for his expressive ends and characteristic procedure. He imbued it with power, he habituated it to a strident or piercing vehemence; he energized its timbres; for modulation he held it in the hollow of his hand; he diversified and intensified its voice; with widely ranging technical resource, imagination, invention, he made it do his imparting office. He put his little forces to their mettle, but in the process stirred them to eager response. Similarly, yesterday, with the large instrument of a full, but not extravagantly or freakishly augmented, modern orchestra. Through and through Mr. Bloch knows the several choirs and the manifold individuality of the instruments composing them; nor is he unmindful of the requirements that they by nature, and he by will, lay upon those who play them. Thus possessed of knowledge and sympathy, he can give invention, imagination, exaction, free and vivid wing. Through all three of the "Jewish Poems" strange new colorings flashed out of the orchestra or overspread it—tonal tints that were novel sensation to the ear, that wrought illusion and response, that bore unmistakably the image, inflection, suggestion that the composer would impart. As unforeseen and sustained combinations, contrasts, divisions and gradations of timbres wove as strange atmosphere about the "Poems." Modulation, not only masterfully imagined but masterfully accomplished, lent the music intensity, even vehemence, be it acrid or songful. An harmonic background as individual as it was incisive followed no "manner" but that which the composer's thought, heated into emotion, compelled out of his medium. In the terms of that medium—the full modern orchestra so used—Mr. Bloch always expressed himself without intervening veils or transliteration.

Again as in the string quartet, the musical speech that in this wise found

voice is sharply individual. It quite eschews orthodox formula, academic prescription. The thought, the imagery, the emotion to be imparted condition the procedure; yet in that procedure lurks no formlessness. Phrase advances from phrase, period rises upon period; through progression after progression, the design cumulates to come at last full circle. Seldom in ultra-modern pieces is there more suggestion than in these of Mr. Bloch, of a music that makes itself. Frankly, emphatically, especially in the first two "Poems," it is a restless music of diverse, quick-coming, instant mood, of incessant but usually significant modulation. Yet, as the third "Poem" proves, it is capable of a piercing rhythmical iteration, of long-held mood, of sustained and ascendant song. It is not usually a music of pregnant motive or of far-flung theme. Rather it would illude and compel by force of rhythm, by play of instrumental and harmonic color, by impinging stroke upon ear and sensibility. Sometimes the texture is as close-knit, the motion as tense, as though Mr. Delius had written it. It can even be a web, to the alarm of pedagogues, who may note an omission in their treatises, of parallel fifths. Again Mr. Bloch will sustain dissonance after dissonance in a fashion that even the battlepiece of "Ein Heldenleben" scarcely ventures. And yet again his music can be as hollow, ghostly, ominous, mysterious, as though it were of current Parisian facture. Stark chords sometimes give it piercing force; it abounds in the mournful plangencies of minor keys; it is not afraid to shriek, if the emotion behind clamors for such release; always it is a music of a vehement intensity, cleaving, tearing almost, its way to utterance. Those with memories for music will recall that in diminished scale and circumscribed voice the string quartet was also such.

The first of the three pieces in this strange poetry of tones, Mr. Bloch entitles "Dance"; the second, "Rite"; the third, "Funeral Procession." The illusion of "The Dance" is of sharp, bitter, quasi-Oriental sensuousness expressed in the shrilling tones of the wood-wind choir at its highest, of the sharper strings biting and piercing; moving in titilliant, elliptic, hectic rhythms, in tingling progressions. Sometimes the web of tone is close-drawn, glinting, opalescent; again it glows darkly, almost songfully. There is climax no sooner achieved than riven with the vehemence in which sensuousness becomes sensuality. Or the rhythms swinge savagely upon the ear, or dissonances reiterate themselves bitterly, mysteriously. So they may have danced behind the veils of the temples of old tribal gods, when Jewry went astray from Jehovah to idols; yet the Oriental progressions and coloring seem but incident to Mr. Bloch's individual imagining. . . . Behind those veils are also rites, barbaric rites of grave, ecstatic, secret ceremony surging under excess to savage tumult. At moments in this second

"Poem" Mr. Bloch writes a music of grave hierarchical sweep and subdued hierarchical splendor, slow-paced, broadly phrased, deep-voiced, plangent. Out of exaltation shrills ecstasy; out of ecstasy beats and blazes wild tribal tumult. The benediction of the deity descends; quaking dissonances answer it; the end is ecstasy, still, sharp, tumultuous, behind the veils. . . .

To these vehemences of sensuous and bitter dance, of rite mounting almost infuriate, succeeds the vehemence of savage and immense grief. "Now there is no sorrow like my sorrow" might plausibly have been the inscription over the third "Poem"—sorrow implacably anguished; sorrow reiterant, reverberant through every chamber of the soul like the march-like music bearing it; a sorrow that shivers itself in agony, beating and crying upon the immovable rock of loss and longing; a sorrow at once deep-seated and frenzied. Across it, when the fury is for an instant spent, pierces in low-voiced song a gleam of solace descendant. The melody deepens, softens, broods, hushes finally away the savagery of the devouring grief. Again, for those with recollection of music there is no need to labor the analogy of this third "Poem" first to the Lament that begins the string quartet and next to the melody that soothes the frenzies of the second movement of that chamber piece. And in the tumults of the "Poem" of "Rite" may be the complement to the harsh clangors of the finale for the four.

By title and by word of Mr. Bloch to learned "programmist" and inquiring "special writers," these "Poems" are a Jewish music—not in the sense that they are born of proven or attributed Jewish melody—for the germinal motives are the composer's own—or that they utilize at need or will Oriental progression and coloring. Rather, they are Jewish in revelation of racial mind and temperament, in proclamation of the ancient and still existent racial soul. Perhaps the Gentile may not well and truly answer yea or nay to Mr. Bloch's accomplishment of this intent, but to one such, listening yesterday to the "Poem" of "Dance" came thought of the sensuousness that sings shrill out of the lovers in the Song of Songs or of the bitter sensualities that peer out of nooks and corners in the tribal chronicles of the Old Testament; while out of the "Poem" of "Rite," rose quick recollection of the wild tonal ecstasies, the fierce and barbaric tonal tumults with which Florent Schmitt, in whom runs Jewish blood, set his psalm of the half-menacing and half-rejoicing hosts of Israel. Yet again in the ears of that same Gentile, the voice of Mahler, the Bohemian Jew, in the dead march of his fifth symphony, joined itself to the voice of Bloch, the Swiss Jew, in the funeral procession of his third "Poem." Then, too, did the agony of woe shiver itself into a hundred shrieking flinders like to the grief that the all-imagining Shakespeare outpours upon the head of Shylock by Jessica and all his kin forsaken. No doubt there are deep-

er analogies to the furies of sorrow, the cruelties of passion, the ecstasies of adoration that tribal Jewish book and legend record; but the impinging force, the piercing illusion, the acrid and irresistible vehemence of Mr. Bloch's music dwell not in racial quality, revelation, ambition. After all, Moussorgsky's music is only incidentally Russian, Debussy's only incidentally French, Strauss's only incidentally German beside the universal appeal of all three. That appeal springs primarily from the composer's self, even as Mr. Bloch's virtue in the three "Poems" has for source a singular and significant energy of invention, imagination, illusion and individuality, making him with the means and with the ends of music a figure of power swooping down upon our present tone-world of finesse and implication.

Sinigaglia's racing, sparkling, songful overture to Goldoni's comedy of the chattering, bickering, sportive and sentimental folk of Chiozzi preceded these strange and significant tone-poems; while Brahms's decent and orderly concerto in B-flat for piano—as it seemed in comparison—followed them with Mr. Friedberg, appearing "for the first time at these concerts," to play the solo part. The overture, for itself and for the performance, like more than one other that Dr. Muck has brought to perfect voice, deserves place among the displayful pieces of a virtuoso orchestra. With what speed yet with what rhythm do they keep to the flying and elastic pace, catch the Italian flow and turn, set free the Italian volubility, expand the Italian melody of music that breezes gaily or blusters whimsically along its way, with Sinigaglia hiding an artfulness by no means inconsiderable and never careless behind a breathless spontaneity! An overture, in short, that is a spicy gust of music; while, as Dr. Muck's manifold way is, for the instant he is as Italianate of tempo, accent and phrase as is the composer himself. There is room for gaiety and on a smiling spring afternoon, at the Symphony Concerts.

More and more, however, the conductor, with justifiable reason from substance and style, will have Brahms's concerto a symphonic piece in which the piano is but an intermittently outstanding voice. So conceiving and accomplishing the music, Dr. Muck, as his transfiguring hand has often gone with Brahms, vitalizes and humanizes it. With warmth he enriches the much-scorned motive of the spring that sounds at the beginning of the concerto and so deepens it through all the succeeding transformations. With a fine energy of rhythm, advance, cumulation, he lifts the whole first movement of the intricate lengths in which it almost stifles its winding self, out of the dryness with which the academic wither it. In similar fashion, he heightens the creative impulsion and the close-knit musical cogency, of the succeeding Allegro Appassionato until it gains al-

most ardent march and eloquence. Once more, he, sundry virtuosi of the orchestra and Mr. Friedberg with them, were sensitive and imparting masters of the dusky colorings that Brahms weaves about the wistful song of the Andante; while he infused into band and pianist his own rhythmic verve with the returning interplay of the three motives of the finale. Conductors search out the pace, the accent that will give Wagner's music truest and utmost voice. There is like obligation and like reward for him who with Dr. Muck will do as much for the more necessitous music of Brahms. For once, almost to the end, this usually resented second concerto so vitalized held the listeners engrossed. It is no meagre compliment to Mr. Friedberg that he played as one of the orchestra with whom he was for the time incorporate and enkindled to the divining and determining conductor's will.

H. T. P.

ERNEST BLOCH LEADS SYMPHONY PART OF CONCERT

Traveler — *March 24/27*

Full to overflowing was the measure offered at yesterday afternoon's Symphony concert. The program was: Sinigaglia, overture to Goldoni's comedy, "Le Baruffe Chiozzotte," op. 32; Bloch, Trois Poemes Juifs, Danse, Rite, Cortege Funebre (first performance in Boston); Brahms, Concerto in B flat major, No. 2, for pianoforte and orchestra, op. 83. Carl Friedberg, pianist, was the soloist.

It was a happy thought on the part of Dr. Muck to invite Mr. Bloch to lead the orchestra in his own compositions. The three Jewish poems made a favorable impression, as did also Mr. Bloch as conductor. The composer sets forth Jewish life in his own musical terms rather than Jewish music and does it interestingly. He was enthusiastically received and recalled several times at the close of the numbers.

The overture, beautifully given, made an excellent opening number. The concerto lost nothing by coming at the close of the concert, for Dr. Muck read it brilliantly and was fortunate in having Mr. Friedberg at the piano, an exceptional player who puts the music before all else. He created a general desire to hear more of his art. He was applauded at every opportunity and was kept busy at the close of the number acknowledging the tribute of the audience.



Gerda Friedberg

MR. FRIEDBERG APPEARS

Trans. Mch. 23/19
His Pleasurable Share in the Cambridge Concert of the Symphony Orchestra with Schumann's Concerto—Mozart and Wagner Complete the Programme

CAMBRIDGE anticipated Boston at Sanders Theatre last evening, when Mr. Carl Friedberg played with the Symphony Orchestra, and, to make the occasion the more enviable, gave them Schumann's concerto, which Boston is not to have the pleasure of hearing from him. However much the audience appreciated the privilege, Mr. Friedberg was acclaimed with the prolonged applause that was his due. For he seemed peculiarly fitted by nature and method for Schumann's concerto. He has neither the will nor the constitutional strength to make brilliance mighty, hard, and forbidding. His energy is rather of the nervous and electric sort, and his long hands, and sensitive wrists and finger tips find vigor not in masses and weight, but rather in biting rhythmic punctuation. So is the intent clear, and the touch more delicately responsive to the finer shadings of color, warmth and fancy. For he has a keen, searching, and instantaneous imagination to enliven his playing, to make his melody sing, and his rhythms dance. And in the insinuation of ornament, he carefully subdued his part, and carefully shaped and rounded his details, with the precision, poise, and flexibility of wrist which a skilled engraver might have. Indeed there were no end of mannerisms in the way of emphasis by wrists and arms which seemed to have little connection with the making of sound, but this should neither detract nor add to one's estimation of his playing, for whatever the means, the end was the intensely lively appreciation and communication of the finer beauties of the concerto—its brilliance, its success of theme and happy use of embellishment—never resting upon the virtuosity which was a practice foreign to Schumann's nature; also, the close connection of piano and orchestra, for, as the composer had many orchestral ideas in this particular work (notably its second portion), so did his inevitably pianistic habits of mind find their best expression, and so did he interwork the two mediums into an inseparable purpose. And Mr. Friedberg manifested this attainment by working in every way in perfect accord with Dr. Muck. His melody stood in contrasting advantage with that of the oboe, and to the fugal fancies of the orchestral part, or the syncopated theme, *grazioso*, of the muted violins, he added his enriching embellishment, or his contrasting retort.

For the rest, two masterpieces, and master accomplishments of the orchestra—Mozart's "Jupiter" Symphony, and the overture to "Tannhäuser." The orchestral Mozart stands the confinement of Sanders Theatre as the orchestral romanticists often do not. It is true that the structural beauties of the "Jupiter" Symphony can be appreciated to better advantage in the proportioning space and the clear, open brilliance of Symphony Hall, but on the other hand, Mozart always invites closer intimacy, and when we have contemplated a structure from a distance, we like to come close and examine to our heart's delight its variously beautiful detail. So, sure touches of color and the contrapuntal in this case, we may enjoy the light and intricacies here and there, at once mentally wonderful, and irresistibly playful and careless of spirit, scarcely perceptible, but the more rare for that, and for their delicately valued observance by the conductor. And the divine unquestioning optimism of the whole—an example and a reproach for the morose-minded. However numerous and endless the repetitions of the "Tannhäuser" Overture, Dr. Muck and his orchestra always seem to lend an especial significance and beauty to it—if such a thing can be possible with Dr. Muck's unfailingly remarkable interpretation of everything Wagnerian, and he seems always to be fired and carried along by the accumulating frenzies of the Paris version, as if he were traversing them for the first time. And there is always delight in the contemplation of how this unstinted, unflinching treatment of a carnal subject music, in the first great overture, have made the "purists" gasp. J. N. B.

THE REMARKABLE BLOCH

MORE OF HIS MUSIC HEARD IN NEW YORK

A Concert of His Pieces and None Other—The "Jewish Poems," Already Heard in Boston, the Rhapsody of "Solomon," the Settings of Three Psalms and the Unfinished Symphony, "Israel"—More Evidence of a Unique Composer of a Unique Music

LAST evening at Carnegie Hall, through the generous initiative of the Society of the Friends of Music, Ernest Bloch was presented to a New York audience as one of the major contemporary composers. It is rare that a "one-man concert" is accorded to an al-

most unknown composer. It is fair to call Bloch unknown up to this time, for his reputation has been slight in Europe, and only within the last four months have two of his works been heard by American audiences. Outside of the performance of the Jewish poems by the Boston Orchestra a few weeks ago, his orchestral works have been accorded only a few scattering performances principally by the minor orchestras, of Switzerland. His opera, "Macbeth," was sung at the Opéra-Comique in Paris in 1910, and according to the programme note "was deliberately killed by the critics." Whether or not this statement be true, it is certain that Bloch failed to place himself in the recognized paths that lead to recognition in Europe, and has been almost disregarded in the discussion of modern music. It became the good fortune of America to grant him the consideration he deserves. The Friends of Music have done nothing more worthy than the organization of this concert. But it was made possible, beyond a doubt, by the wisdom of Dr. Muck in recognizing the worth of the "Jewish Poems," and by the enterprise of Mr. Pochon, in commissioning the quartet for "The Flonzaleys."

Unquestionably last night's concert brought to notice one of the most potent creative forces in modern music. Mr. Bloch's idiom is original, his inspiration well high unique. For in all his larger works (including those played in last night's "Cycle Juif") he has sought to interpret the racial soul of the Jew. There has been music before this based on Jewish subjects, or built upon Jewish themes. But there were few or none which had this epic purpose. Traditional themes play but a small part in Mr. Bloch's work. Rather, from the racial poetry which he feels was handed on to him at his birth, he has sought to create a typifying music. His works sing the glorious days of the Exodus, the splendors of Solomon's kingdom, the bitterness of the Babylonian captivity. The Tribal God reveals himself in his music, and the rites of the national festivals are translated into song. Smetana in his Bohemian cycle was no more intensely national than Mr. Bloch. The "Jewish Cycle" as it grows year by year, is a sort of musical Iliad which takes for its hero a whole nation.

But it is not the Jewish race which most readily springs to mind that Mr. Bloch celebrates. It is not the race scattered, despised and suffering, nursing its religious fire through centuries in the subterranean recesses of society, learning bitterly its lessons of patience and craft, and now and then bursting into the light with its statesmen and financiers. It is the race that lived in Asia, wandered from pasture to pasture, tasted slavery and power, enjoyed life violently, and turned from god to god like a little child from toy to toy. The expression of this race in this age was not the

One God which is Spirit, but the trumpet and the dance the great temple and the golden calf. While the Greeks at Troy were intriguing with their various gods in beguiling human shape, the Jews were trembling before a tribal warrior deity who should chastise and utterly destroy all rival nations, make burning coals to fall upon them and let them be cast into the fire.

Such a race with such a god is inconceivable today; it exists as a splendid tradition. And tradition is the stuff of the epic. So Mr. Bloch does not hesitate to make his racial hero as primitive, as Oriental as his imagination desires. In his "Psalm 114" he pictures the people moving through the desert toward its promised land while the sea fled and the mountains skipped like rams before the glance of its god. In "Schelomo" he pictures the Solomon of tradition, surrounded by all the luxuries and riches which the East could provide and giving forth wise proverbs to his bustling amanuenses. In Psalms 137 and 22 he gives utterance to the soul of the nation in captivity to the Babylonian tyrant, cringing before the conqueror and hurling curses behind his back, reviling his god for his absence and extolling him with superstitious frenzy when he appears. In his symphony "Israel" he symbolizes the spiritual significance of the festival of Yom Kippur to the devout worshipper, and in the "Jewish Poems" he pictures the solemn rites of a primitive religion. All this, it is true, transpires in the imagination of the listener, for Mr. Bloch is loth to commit himself to a specific programme. But that it is such a race which he is celebrating his expository notes leave no doubt.

The "Poems" which have been heard in Boston are by no means the most representative of his works. They are more abstract, they commend themselves less to pictorial interpretation than the "Schelomo" rhapsody or the Psalms; they are in parts more suggestive of the prevailing European technique. In each of the three pieces, it is true, there are passages which suggest vividly the racial inspiration: the glittering dance rhythms of the "Danse," and the more ceremonial portions of the "Rite," are closely related to Mr. Bloch's most distinctive manner. But the total impression which they leave is rather that of a composition in one of the "regular" schools overlaid with a brilliant and bizarre technique. There is nothing "regular" in the other works, which reveal a consistent manner or idiom as completely personal as is that of Sibelius, for instance, in "En Saga." Schelomo, a "Hebraic rhapsody for violoncello and full orchestra," invites the listener's soul into a new world. Solomon in all his glory is here, seated on his throne, surrounded by his wives and concubines, flanked by his soldiers and slaves. Thus placed on the pinnacle of life, he discourses to his courtiers in pessimistic vein, informing them, with many variations of image, that all is vanity. One pictures this Solomon as a wrinkled old man,

The Discovered Composer of the Musical Year



Ernest Bloch (Photograph by Apeda of New York)

wearied of all in life save pomp and flattery. The 'cello, in long discourses, half-melodic, half-declamatory, utters the sententious pessimism that so flatters the royal heart. Now and again the orchestra bursts in with its applause, and seems to display before the doddering monarch the choicest fruits of his reign—baskets of gems collected by Phoenician sailors, vistas of buildings erected by Tyrian workmen, parades of soldiers recruited from the Euphrates to the Nile. Perhaps the Queen of Sheba herself appears before him with her train, and certainly the wives and concubines suffuse the roval chamber with their beauty. The music offers an amazing ever-changing picture of the world's splendors. Its clear-cut themes challenge the imagination; its exotic masses of tone intoxicate the ear. Rimsky-Korsakov wrote nothing more colorful than this. Mr. Bloch's mastery in this sort of instrumentation is absolute.

This vivid dramatization is continued in the "Psalms." Here a solo voice (soprano in two of the pieces; baritone in the other) intones the biblical words, translated by Edmond Fleg so as to preserve something of the rugged accent of the Hebrew original. These declamatory passages alone prove Mr. Bloch a master. His melody is never formally organic. His melodic genius expresses itself in brief, typical snatches of melody—true themes—which are piled one upon the other, or repeated with free variation so that the line is rugged and shifting, but the utmost eloquence of the declamation is retained. The vocal parts of the "Psalms" retain all the freedom of recitative with all the expressiveness of melody. The plaints and curses of the first of the "Psalms"—"By the Rivers of Babylon"—are supported by an accompaniment suggesting the quiet flow of the waters or the monotony of the landscape, but from time to time the sentiments of the singer are translated into savage eloquence by the orchestra. The second of the Psalms, "When Israel went out of Egypt," deserves to rank as one of the most brilliant examples of musical picturization that modern music can show. As a picture of barbarous frenzy the famous ballet in "Prince Igor" pales before it. Withal, its musical materials are of the simplest. The eloquence of the last of the Psalms is subjective. The Psalmist, or rather the race for whom he speaks, is in the bitterest agony of doubt. "My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken me!" All evils work their will, yet God is silent. Then the Psalmist, at the acme of his agony, cries: "Sow Thyself." And the music, like the noise of many waters, heralds the approach of God. But what a God! He seems armed with a thousand spears, and surrounded by strange beasts for his slaves. He is the old tribal god of the primitive imagination. And with barbaric glee the singer praises his god who has once more answered the call of his nation.

The musical workmanship of these Psalms is extremely direct. Though they are often technically complex, they make

upon the hearer a single, simple effect of th utmost vividness. The same cannot be said for the symphony, "Israel," of which the "first part," including the allegro and andante movements, were played last evening. The work, according to the programme note, "symbolizes the spiritual significance of the sacred festival of Yom Kippur—the Day of Atonement." The introduction opens in an introspective mood. We may picture to ourselves a man about to question his conscience, to search the recesses of his heart. Then the emotional storm breaks with the opening of the first movement proper. The man has come to a realization of his sins. There are gnashing of teeth and tearing of hair, a despair that bursts forth with all the traditional vehemence of the race. In the second movement the strife has ceased. The soul, cleansed through its confession, looks upward to God in a prayerful spirit. The choral parts (sung by a quartet of women's voices and by a baritone solo) are broad and sustained. Sometimes a great, summoning voice rises from the basses and is answered by renewed invocations. The symphony impresses, at times even overwhelms, the listener by the largeness of its conception and the power of its execution. But the mood in which it must be heard is not that one of child-like unsophistication which befits the Psalms. The work is highly complex; the form is not clear at the first hearing. In certain passages, especially in the second movement, the music is of great beauty. But ears tired by the magnificence and intensity of the preceding music, could not do justice to this symphony. As it seemed, the work was not throughout as personal as the Psalms or the Rhapsody. There was again more evidence of the influence of the composer's Belgian masters, as in the Poems. Yet this may be only the impression of a first hearing. The technical mastery of the work is beyond question, as well as the intense sincerity that dictated it. It deserves to be heard again, as it doubtless will be, and then more of its worth will become evident.

Mr. Bodanzky, conducting the first of the three numbers, obtained admirable results from an orchestra which has no corporate existence, but was assembled for the occasion. Unquestionably more freedom and eloquence of expression could have been obtained from a band accustomed to constant work together. But under the firm direction of Mr. Bloch in the symphony, they played even more admirably. Mr. Hans Kindler, cellist of the Philadelphia Orchestra, was distinguished as the soloist of the Rhapsody, and Carl Braun declaimed his Psalm splendidly.

The programme as a whole was as sombre and intense as a New York audience has listened to in many a month. From first impressions no very accurate appraisal can be made of Mr. Bloch's work. But the concert established beyond question his position as one of the more original and forceful of present-day composers.

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Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1916--17.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

Dr. KARL MUCK, Conductor.

NINETEENTH PROGRAMME

FRIDAY, MARCH 30, AT 2.30 P. M.

SATURDAY, MARCH 31, AT 8 P. M.

HAYDN,

SYMPHONY in C maj., (Rieter-Biedermann, No. 3)

- I. Adagio; Allegro assai
- II. Andante
- III. Menuetto: Trio
- IV. Finale: Allegro assai

RAMEAU,

BALLET SUITE, (arr. by Hermann Kretzschmar)

- a) Muzette } from "Acanthe et
- b) Rigaudon, Menuett, Rigaudon } Céphise"
- c) Menuet, in the manner of a viele, from "Platée"
- d) Gavotte, from "Acanthe et Céphise"

The dances from "Acanthe et Céphise" for the first time at these concerts.

HANDEL,

CONCERTO GROSSO in D, No. 21, op. 6, No. 10.
(Arranged by Seiffert)

- I. Overture
- II. Air
- III. Allegro
- IV. Allegro
- V. Allegro Molto

DVOŘÁK,

CONCERTO for Violoncello, op. 104

- I. Allegro
- II. Adagio, ma non troppo
- III. Finale: Allegro moderato

Soloist:

Mr. JOSEPH MALKIN

Steinway Pianoforte used

JOSEPH MALKIN



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SYMPHONY CONCERT IS CONSERVATIVE

Ador — *Musette 3/17*
Dr. Muck Reads Haydn in
Masculine Fashion—Ex-
quisitely Played

JOSEPH MALKIN
IS THE SOLOIST

Conductor Surprises Audience
by Taking Place at Piano—
Strings Play Well
By LOUIS C. ELSON

PROGRAM.

Haydn.—Symphony in C major.
Rameau.—Ballet Suite.
Handel.—Concerto Grosso, in D major.
Dvorak.—Concerto for Violoncello and Or-
chestra.

Soloist, Mr. Joseph Malkin.

Everything was safe, sane and con-
servative, in this concert of yesterday
afternoon. The pendulum swung de-
cidedly to the other end of the arc,
and Liszt and Loeffler gave place to
Handel, Haydn and Rameau. It is
just as well that the younger auditors
at the concerts should hear something
conservatively classical once in a
while, if the course is to be really
educational, but it is not exactly neces-
sary to put all the eggs in one basket.

Dr. Muck reads Haydn in good mas-
culine fashion and the old master is
always brief enough not to wear out
his welcome. Only the stereotyped
Minuets and the rather attenuated
slow movements verge on the "ennuy-
ante," but the first and last move-
ments are always genial and pleasant
to hear.

The Symphony was exquisitely
played, the variations of the Andante
passing several of the instruments in
solo review, the cellos playing in this
with especial beauty, and the applause
at the end of the work being enthusi-
astic.

But Haydn was musical confection-
ery, and Rameau in his Ballet Suite
was more. Why this addition of Suite
to the sweet? A modern work would

have made a better contrast after
Haydn. Rameau, by the way, was the
party who stated, somewhere about
1722, that Music had made about
every possible combination and was
then moribund and could not bring
forth anything new thereafter. Yet
the works of Bach, Handel, Bee-
thoven, Brahms, Wagner, and about
every other Master came afterward.
Nevertheless, Rameau himself made
some rather charming new combina-
tions and refuted his own theory.
The rustic "Musette" which begins
the Suite was daintily pastoral and
gave the wood-wind good opportuni-
ties, which they made use of. Then,
as if Haydn's Minuet had not been
enough, we had two more Minuets,
but their elegance was well-contrast-
ed with the hearty jollity of the
Rigaudon. The light and skipping
Gavotte made another good contrast
and an excellent Finale, making quite
a complete concert, eight movements,
in the olden style.

Then came a great surprise. The pi-
ano was moved to the front, head on
to the orchestra, and Dr. Muck took his
seat at it, just as Handel once used to
do at the clavicembalo, or harpsichord,
leading his men sometimes by playing
the "continuo," sometimes leading with
both hands, but generally beating
time with his right hand and playing
with his left, and playing gloriously
well, too! It was in the old style, but
with clavicembalo magnified into a
concert grand and the few old viols
grown into a full string orchestra, but
it sounded magnificently and aroused
tremendous enthusiasm. The old con-
certo has never been heard in this
way in Boston before and it became a
revelation.

Counterpoint has the advantage
that, if it does not attract quite as
readily, at a first hearing as homo-
phony (harmonic construction), it
does not so easily grow threadbare. A
well-constructed contrapuntal work
never grows old, and we are disposed
to place many of Handel's composi-
tions in this category. Besides, Han-
del was a radical in his time. He
brought the horn into the orchestra,
he was the first to employ the clari-
nette, he was the pioneer with contra-
bassoons, he wrote bassoon passages
as modern as Barlioz, in short he was
the Richard Strauss, or possibly the
Wagner of the middle of the 18th cen-
tury. His Concerto Grosso contained
no difficulties for our string orchestra
and it was good music to listen to.

The strings played as if inspired by

JOSEPH MALKIN



The CELEBRATED 'CELLIST

SYMPHONY CONCERT IS CONSERVATIVE

Ador ———— Min. 3/17
Dr. Muck Reads Haydn in
Masculine Fashion—Ex-
quisitely Played

JOSEPH MALKIN
IS THE SOLOIST

Conductor Surprises Audience
by Taking Place at Piano—
Strings Play Well

By LOUIS C. ELSON

PROGRAM.

Haydn.—Symphony in C major.
Rameau.—Ballet Suite.
Handel.—Concerto Grosso, in D major.
Dvorak.—Concerto for Violoncello and Or-
chestra.

Soloist, Mr. Joseph Malkin.

Everything was safe, sane and con-
servative, in this concert of yesterday
afternoon. The pendulum swung de-
cidedly to the other end of the arc,
and Liszt and Loeffler gave place to
Handel, Haydn and Rameau. It is
just as well that the younger auditors
at the concerts should hear something
conservatively classical once in a
while, if the course is to be really
educational, but it is not exactly neces-
sary to put all the eggs in one basket.

Dr. Muck reads Haydn in good mas-
culine fashion and the old master is
always brief enough not to wear out
his welcome. Only the stereotyped
Minuets and the rather attenuated
slow movements verge on the "ennuy-
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and it was good music to listen to.

The strings played as if inspired by

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having their conductor thus become part of the working force of the orchestra, and every voice in the contrapuntal web could be followed easily; the balance was perfect, the ensemble wonderful.

The Meiningen Orchestra once used to play piano concerts with Bulow at the solo instrument and no conductor on the stand. That was regarded almost as a musical miracle; but after yesterday afternoon's surprise we feel sure that our Boston Symphony Orchestra could rival it.

At the end the conductor-pianist received an ovation and the orchestra was obliged to rise for the second time, the first having been after the Haydn Symphony.

And now, at last, there came some modern music as dessert to the banquet. Not your radical modern with mystifications in 16 different rhythms and no particular tonality, but a moderate modern who had not lost the art of melody nor his belief in symmetry.

The placing of the soloist at the end of the concert is a new idea. In the last concert Mr. Friedberg's excellent performance gave the benediction, and yesterday Mr. Malkin's splendid violoncello playing made an equally effective ending. Yet it is scarcely just to the soloist to put him in where his finale comes at the point where ladies are pinning on their hats and men are contemplating an immediate rush for their trolley car.

This concerto was written just before the composer left America. It suggests some of the American themes which Dvorak used (He composed them himself) in his "New World Symphony." He evidently found them here for they have neither negroes nor sea coasts in Bohemia. There was much reiteration of figures in the first movement ("the demon of development hath thee in thrall") and the movement began in the old-fashioned mode of causing the orchestra to announce the themes of the exposition before the violoncello is allowed to enter, giving a good chance for the soloist to get nervous. But that is something which Mr. Malkin is too thorough for, and he played in a perfect manner. The first movement, however, is not very homogeneous; it seems sketchy and of short breath.

The Adagio seemed much better. It had some very pleasing duet work between flute and violoncello, and also between oboe and cello, which was given with admirable smoothness and expression. There were some fine contrasts of melancholy and frenzy,

which Mr. Malkin gave with great power, and his rich and sympathetic tone was displayed in the effective monologue in this movement. The directness of this slow movement was in vivid contrast to the rather artificial character of the opening Allegro.

The finale began with a march-like effect, but the composer marched straight into a melancholy mood, as Czechs often do. Again much reiteration and the skill of the composer in juggling with figures was once more in the foreground. Another soliloquy upon the violoncello, finely played by Mr. Malkin, and then, suddenly, a dissonant ending, as if the composer were determined that nobody should prevent him from being unhappy.

Not the greatest work in the world, but Mr. Malkin carried it to success. Although the concert was over almost everybody stayed long enough to testify by applauding and recalls that they appreciated Mr. Malkin and his splendid 'cello playing.

JOSEPH MALKIN HAS SOLO PART IN DVORAK CONCERTO

Malden Herald—March 31/07
Boston Symphony Orchestra, Karl Muck, Conductor, Joseph Malkin, Soloist—Nineteenth program, presented in Symphony Hall, Boston, Mass., afternoon of March 29; Haydn, symphony in C major, B. & H. No. 90; Rameau, ballet suite arranged by Kretzschmar; Handel, concerto grosso in D, No. 21, arranged by Seiffert; Dvorak, concerto for violoncello and orchestra, op. 104.

As an example of writing, the Dvorak work in which Mr. Malkin appeared is doubtless one of the most successful concertos to be found. The violoncello part is so well ordered that it stands out continually clear, while the orchestral part is so skillfully adjusted as to avoid the fault either of obtrusiveness or of reticence. The solo melody has other merit, too, besides clearness. It maintains itself at a comfortable and agreeable average of the instrument's vast range, preferring an easy middle flight to those falcon-like alternations of poise and swoop that make violoncello music, ordinarily, something to wonder at instead of to enjoy. Then, what a full and satisfying sonority the accompanying forces keep up! All the choirs have complete freedom of voice;

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string, brass and wood sections join in the thematic developments as unhesitatingly as they would in a symphonic poem. And for all that, there is never a note of the principal player blunted by the orchestra, never a phrase blurred.

The score of this concerto has the texture of hand-woven things, every thread running an individual thought into the fabric, and no repeated, standardized processes used. It is a delightful piece of craftsmanship. And yet, with all its advantages in quality and style of make, it is hardly a work to win the hearts of listeners. Not a passage can be selected from either its highly colored first division, or from its neatly patterned second, that can compare in fervor and glow with random passages in the opening allegro and the largo of the Dvorak symphony, "From the New World."

An artist interpreting the solo part of the concerto could be expected to mirror more or less exactly the traits of the composer. So it happened, at any rate, on this occasion. As Dvorak showed at his best in the mechanics of orchestral balance and contrast, so the violoncellist showed at his best in tone and phrasing and in other technical particulars. On the other hand, as the writer kept expression at low intensity, the soloist, correspondingly, rose to but a moderate level of eloquence.

For the first half of the program, the conductor brought out a strange assortment of old music. In doing this, he can give a valuable lesson in musical history, inasmuch as everything, except the Haydn symphony, was in the form of a more or less ponderous arrangement. The Haydn work was played with energetic, yet subtle rhythms, and with a scheme of shading that could be achieved only in an orchestra with a remarkable string section. The four dance movements from Rameau's "Acanthe et Cephise" and "Platée," as adapted by Kretzschmar, have more of the learned about them than the quaint. Eighteenth Century music, magnified and distorted as it is in this compilation, is about as pleasant to hear as a remodeled and modernized Eighteenth Century building is to look upon. The concerto grosso of Handel may have seemed to some to endure enlargement better than the Rameau pieces. For it is a

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common mistake for hearers to suppose that whatever is Handelian is big. Performances of "The Messiah" with enormous choruses have made that idea popular. The audience found much interest in the conductor's directing the concerto grosso from the piano. There was in that, perhaps, a picture of 150 years ago that could give a justifiable instant of pleasure.

HANDEL, HAYDN ARE FEATURED BY SYMPHONY

Herald—March 31/07
Former's Concerto Grosso in D Minor Is Given with Dr. Muck at the Piano—Haydn's Symphony in C Major Marked by Grace and Brilliance of Performance.

MR. MALKIN PLAYS DVORAK VIOLONCELLO CONCERTO

By PHILIP HALE.

The 19th concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Dr. Karl Muck conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows: Haydn, Symphony in C major (Rieter-Biedermann, No. 3); Rameau-Kretschmar, Ballet Suite: Musette, Rigaudon, Menuet, Rigaudon from "Acanthe et Cephise," Minuet from "Platée," Gavotte from "Acanthe et Cephise"; Handel, Concerto Grosso in D minor, Op. 6, No. 10; Dvorak, Concerto for violoncello (Joséph Malkin, violoncellist).

Handel apparently took a peculiar pride in his Concerti Grossi. He published them himself, and by subscription. They would probably be more popular today if all conductors realized the fact that music in Handel's time was per-

formed with varied and free inflections; that his players undoubtedly employed many means of expression. As German organists of 40 years ago insisted that Bach's preludes, fugues, toccatas, should be played with full organ and rigidity of tempo, although those who heard Bach play admired his skill in registration, many conductors find in all the allegros of Handel's concertos only a thunderous speech and allow little change in tempo. In the performance of this old music, old, but fresh, the two essential qualities demanded by Handel's music, suppleness of pace and fluidity of expression, named by Volbach, are usually disregarded. Unless there be elasticity in performance, hearers are not to be blamed if they find the music formal, monotonous; dull.

The 12 concertos were composed within three weeks. Kretschmar has described them as impressionistic pictures, probably without strict reference to the modern use of the word "impressionistic." They are not of equal worth. Romain Rolland finds the seventh and three last mediocre. In the 10th he discovers French influences and declares that the last allegro might be an air for a music box. However this may be, the music as performed yesterday was aristocratic and noble, justifying Mr. Runciman's remark: "Mr. George Frideric Handel is by far the most superb personage one meets in the history of music."

Dr. Muck used Seiffert's arrangement. The notes in the program book had reference to the original edition played at a previous concert. Dr. Muck played the thorough-bass part on the piano as Handel had played the cembalo with two banks of keys before him. An old picture thus represents Handel, with the violoncellist of the "Concertino" at his right, two violinists and two flute players in front of him, the other players behind him, while singers are on his left. Dr. Muck, who was heartily applauded as he took his seat, often played at will, as did his great predecessor. In Seiffert's arrangement the "Concertino" has less individual work, but in this instance arrangement is not necessarily perversion. The allegros were given in a spirited manner, like the rushing of many waters in the forte passages, and with relieving passages, while the stately Air, an air that only Handel could have written, was sung majestically.

Haydn's Symphony, written for a Parisian orchestra and first played at a concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra in 1899, is not too familiar. It is a delightful and, in some ways, a surprising work; witness the boldness of the modulations for 1788; the delicacy of the workmanship, the originality of the treatment, as in the use of the wind instruments at the end of the Andante.

Grace, brilliance, astonishing virtuosity marked the performance. The exquisite playing of Messrs. Maquarre and Longy was not the only noteworthy feature.

Rameau's ballet music as arranged by Kretschmar was performed here for the first time. Mottl's disarrangement of the charming Minuet from "Platee" has been heard. Rameau wrote the minuet for strings alone, employed no double basses, and gave this indication: "after the manner of the vielle," that is to say, after the manner of the hurdy-gurdy. It is needless to add this hurdy-gurdy was not the street organ to which the name is now given. It was a species of violin and the player turned a wheel to play the melody on one string and a drone-bass on the others. Mottl changed the pretty little minuet into a pompous, swollen thing with drums and trumpets and all that. Kretschmar contented himself with adding flutes, oboes and clarinets, an impertinence, because Rameau had these instruments at his disposal and used them freely in "Platee"; indeed, he was one of the first, if not the first in France, to use clarinets and horns in F. It would have been a pleasure to hear this minuet as Rameau wrote it; and all the ballet music would have gained if it had been possible to perform it with a small orchestra and in a small hall. Tinkered as it was by Kretschmar and played by the orchestra in Symphony Hall, it nevertheless gave great pleasure. It would not have been easy to copy Rameau's string parts for the minuet from "Platee" in time, and the hall was necessarily the customary one. It is a good thing to be reminded that there was beautiful music in the 18th century; that the French composer, as well as Handel and Haydn, was not dependent on a huge orchestra; that fine or lofty ideas could be fully expressed by strings and a few wind instruments. This ballet music of Rameau well suited the gallantry of the age.

Mr. Malkin, an accomplished virtuoso, gave a skilful performance of Dvorak's formidable concerto.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The program of next week is as follows: Clapp, Symphony in E flat major, first time, conducted by the composer; songs, Schubert, Sei mir gegruesset and Staendchen; Strauss, Morgen (Mme. Culp); Franck, Symphonic Piece from "The Redemption"; songs, Wolf, Verborgenheit; Mahler, Ich atmet' einen Linden-duft and Rheinlegendchen (Mme. Culp); Chadwick, Theme, Variations and Fugue for organ and orchestra (John P. Marshall, organist).

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT

Trans. — Mels. 31/47

EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY MUSIC AND A SURPRISE

Dr. Muck as Pianist-Conductor in the Ancient Fashion—The Similarities and the Contrasts of Seldom-Heard Haydn, Rameau and Haendel—Dvorak's Concerto for Violoncello as Postlude with Mr. Malkin

N OBODY, unless very young and courageous, dares venture comparison and contrast between the audiences of Friday afternoons and Saturday evenings at the Symphony Concerts. Yet the listeners by day have one advantage over the listeners by night. Surprises are not common in the course of the concerts wherein all things are usually pre-considered and foreordained; but when a surprise does come, as it did yesterday afternoon, only the public of Friday receives the full pleasure of it. Though no pianist was announced for the concert, a pianoforte stood on the stage, easy to account for as substitute of harpsichord in the eighteenth-century music of Rameau or Haendel that the programme proposed. The Parisian, however, made no use of it; but when the Londoner's Concerto Grosso for strings was at hand, it was trundled into the space between the two choirs of violins usually occupied by the conductor's stand. Then, for new sensation to an audience in lively speculation, Dr. Muck seated himself at the piano, back toward the listeners, to play the harpsichord part—the running bass of continuo—and lead the band in the fashion of composers from Haendel's time and earlier through Mozart's and Haydn's.

From the beginning of the concert, the house, as often of late, had quickly seized every opportunity to applaud the conductor. Now it clapped him so long and heartily that he had to rise from his new place and acknowledge as warm an expression of pleasure and good will as he has ever received in Symphony Hall. Forthwith he and the string choirs set to Haendel's Concerto, with Dr. Muck beating the measure with his right hand whenever the key board did not require both. There is a written piano part for the piece, though often the eighteenth-century composers left it blank or merely jotted an indication here and there that they might improvise at will upon their harpsichords. To keep to their custom, Dr. Muck in turn occasionally devised ornament or filling of his own; while the whole scene recalled contemporary prints of such "concerts" in the seventeenth and the eighteenth centu-

ries or a similar incident when Mahler was the conductor of the Philharmonic Society in New York and so led from a modernized harpsichord in a suite by Bach.

Justly Dr. Muck believes that eighteenth-century pieces lose intrinsic quality and distinctive savor, when played in too close contact with the matter and the manners of later music. Accordingly, he isolated in the first part of his programme, a symphony of Haydn in C major, written in 1788; a suite of dances compiled from two of the pièces d'occasion of Rameau's final years (1745-51); and a Concerto Grosso in D minor by Haendel, first heard in London in 1739. All three have lain long overlooked in the library of the orchestra, after a single performance in its early days. The symphony and the Concerto Grosso proved characteristic of the composer of each, as twentieth-century ears hear and place his music. But it was a pity in a way that the six dances of Rameau came mainly from a certain "heroic pastoral" called "Acanthe et Céphisse" after the mythological and pseudo-classical fashion of his time and commissioned for an entertainment at court, with one added out of a "Ballet Bouffon," entitled "Platee" that the composer wrote in the days when Italian opera buffa had caught the Parisian ear, split the town into factional quarrel over merits and demerits, and prompted French composers to imitation in their own manner.

A happier choice might, perhaps, have assembled a few dances from the earlier operas, written when Rameau had his way to make and was using to utmost a command of long-breathed phrase, vigorous rhythm, modulation, color, and a force and candor of style novel to a time which cherished musical conventions though in the theatre they were already diluted into affectations. Audibly, yet not too characteristically, this more sonorous, striding, innovating Rameau spoke out, of the minuet, in the voice of the ancient and respected hurdy-gurdy, from the minuet in "Platee." Few illustrious composers of the eighteenth century are less known to American ears than Rameau. The more, then, does he deserve in his rare return to our concert-rooms, his most characteristic voice. As for a reproduction of one of his operas, who dare suggest such a thing, even to the scholarly and experimenting Mr. Gatti. Paris itself neglected "Hippolyte et Aricie," when the Opéra, some years ago, resurrected it.

Not too mindful of the far-flung antiquarian knowledge that attends such revivals of seldom-heard eighteenth-century pieces, the audience heard them with the quick, keen, easy pleasure that it invariably takes in the transparent qualities of this ancient music, as Dr. Muck and the orchestra artfully and astutely play it. Wisely content with the agreeable sensations of the moment, the hearer leaves to

the theorists and the technicians the difficult problem of tonal quality and balance when the full string choir of a modern orchestra plays music designed for a little band of such instruments, with supplementary wind voices among which Rameau, in his Paris of 1751, was innovatingly setting clarinets and horns, "kindly lent" by a fermier-général rich and curious enough to afford them. Beyond question the weight of string tone that violins, violas, violoncellos and double basses—a full forty, fifty or sixty in an orchestra of 1917—give to a symphony by Mozart or Haydn, is alien to the music as the composer conceived it and must usually be matched, if balance and euphony are to remain intact, by proportionate "doubling" in the wind choir.

Even so, however acute the ear of the conductor and the fingers and the lips of the players, the sheer volume of tone does perceptibly thicken the arabesques and blunt the finer modulations. With any other orchestra it tends, again perceptibly, to stay pace and dull rhythm; but under Dr. Muck, our band, as it proved once more yesterday in Haydn's symphony, has gained a rare fleetness, lightness, lucidity and luminosity with such music. Its tone answers to every inflection, yet flows unbroken, unroughened, unless the composer otherwise wills; its euphony is flawless; no gradation, no modulation baffles its fineness; its color is the shimmer of elegant watercolor. So it was that the audience had full delight of the lightly running and transparently distributed melodies of the first allegro with the full orchestra jutting in playful heaviness once and again within them; in the answering and mellifluous variations of the adante, with different choirs and single instruments proving their happy mettle; in the fancy that dapples occasionally the suavity of the minuet; in the racing returns and the flickering arabesques of the rondo-finale. Seldom heard Haydn, it is true, but altogether characteristic Haydn.

As it happened the Rameau of the dances from "Acanthe et Céphisse" was of clear kin to the later Haydn, though the Paris of his day had not yet begun to share the Ritter von Gluck with distant Vienna. Rameau in the dances, as Haydn in the symphony, was writing the music of their time—music to please their aristocratic patrons of Versailles or Esterházy, their elegant audiences of "Concerts Spirituels," or courtly fetes; smiling music, transparent music, no more than crossed with melancholy or touched with sentiment; music that expressed itself in a little secluded world of design and ornament, devices and delicacies all its own, in which the composer disclosed himself chiefly as the well-kept means to an appointed end. Of course the vigorous and independent Rameau, like the still sturdier and quarrelsome Ritter von Gluck, could and did express himself in a

very different way that in his earlier pieces laid foundation for the expressive declamation, the coordinated eloquence, the musicodramatic quality that became and remain the virtues of true French opera, ancient style or modern style. But the Rameau of "Acanthe et Céphisse" was old and complaisant, doing his job for a kindly court with pretty grace of melody, lightly springing rhythms and smoothly polished ornament, working, Haydn-like, in the fashions of the time and for the pleasure of his "august master." More of the real Rameau, who in spite of all these connections and complaisances, could express himself and the faith that was in him in his music of the theatre, spoke out of the interpolated minuet from "Platée." There the tonal stream flowed more richly and warmly, in larger phrases, gathering themselves into long-spun, propulsive melody, in sturdier rhythm, in deeper color and more individual modulation; while throughout in the imitation of the ancient hurdy-gurdy was echo of the music of the folk in music that so was not wholly courtier-like.

Yet only in the Concerto Grosso of the three ancient pieces of the day did the listener feel the presence of a man as well as a composer behind and within the music. Of course Händel wrote in the fashion and for the public of his Georgian place and time. His music is pattern-making in tones, exercise in the interweaving, evolution and culmination of his melodic ideas, in the interplay of his assembled instruments in combination and contrast, unity and division, through the harmonies and the timbres of his day—and also of his own large imagining. But Händel was too rich an individuality, too full a personality, to stop at the mere confection of pleasurable and proper music, Haydn wise. Willy-nilly, the vigor and the splendor of him in spontaneous self-expression were bound to enter even into Concerti Grossi written primarily for the edification of the British nobility and gentry and for their guineas at the door of the theatre or in subscription to the published pieces. So throughout the particular piece of yesterday the music moves with a clear magnificence of declamation, in full-bodied line and broadly expanding phrase, in sumptuous harmonic and instrumental color, as color went anno domini 1739 for a limited group of instruments, with a large eloquence not merely of mood but of counterpoint, with a finely independent vigor of soul as well as speech. A man, living his own life of thought and fancy, work and play, in his own way, speaks out of the music, strides through it. Händel worked well for his noble patrons, but better, as in this very Concerto Grosso, for himself. He served them justly, but they did not subdue him into complaisant Rameau (of "Acanthe et Céphisse") and timorous, mouse-like Haydn.

Dvorák's concerto for violoncello and orchestra, revived anew that Mr. Malkin of the first desk might have his annual inning in a solo piece, filled the second part of the concert and in more interesting performance than it usually receives. The leader in the deed, as with the piano concerto of Brahms a week ago was Dr. Muck, anew finding the procedure most in accord with the music, and so vitalizing, characterizing, enhancing it. Again, and with like happy result, he treated a concerto—and much more a virtuoso concerto than is Brahms's—as a symphonic piece in which the "solo violoncello" is only a conspicuous and semi-pervasive instrument. So played, with acute choice of pace, keen alertness to rhythm, quick feeling for Dvorák's simple melody, lively or wistful, and adroit sharpening of his modulation and shading of his color, the concerto took new character and fresh life as a piece of intrinsic and even engaging quality as well as of service to violoncello and violoncellist. The wistfulness, the sense of that which is distant, cherished and regretted, that haunts all the music that Dvorák wrote during his exile in the United States fills the slow movement. No more in the bright-rhythmed finale or in the long and musing first movement is it ever far absent, while in the harmonic and instrumental color run the mingled softness and brightness of Dvorák in his mature and fertile years and the intuition with telling modulation that served him better than scholarship. He accepts the inevitable bravura for the violoncello resignedly as one who would do a becoming and useful job with it; but he is interested, seemingly, only when the instrument becomes clear, true, heightening voice of his wistful song. Mr. Malkin fulfilled Dr. Muck's and, doubtless, his own understanding of the concerto, when he kept his tone a fine, bright strand in the web of the music. He fulfilled Dvorák's purpose also when he made it the penetrating voice of the Czech's longing and the Czech's memories.

H. T. P.

DR MUCK CONDUCTS HANDEL AT PIANO

Globe — *Mch. 31/17*
Rameau's Ballet Suite, of
Greatest Charm
Malkin's Excellent Performance in
Uncongenial Concerto

Conducting seated at the piano, which

was wheeled lengthwise up-stage, Dr. Muck yesterday afternoon took his players through the five movements of Handel's Great Concerto in D minor, in the same manner in which the bewigged composer himself may have done something less than 200 years ago.

Great was the surprise at this pleasant innovation of which the program gave no hint. After the charming ballet suite from Rameau, the conductor's stand was moved to one side and the piano wheeled up to its place with the keyboard toward the audience, a new position for it, whether for use as a solo or incidental instrument.

Dr. Muck stood for a moment with characteristic repose, but with an air that said something was about to happen. When he took his seat at the keyboard and struck a few preluding chords, applause broke sharply from the audience with that unmistakable tinge of nervous excitement at the unusual, not often encountered in the well ordered routine of these concerts; nor did the demonstration cease until the doctor, about to make his first public appearance as a pianist during his present regime as conductor, arose and bowed.

Nor was the conductor seated at the piano the only phase of this return to an archaic manner along with archaic music. Mr. Witek, the concertmaster, forsaking his usual partnership with Mr. Noack at the first desk, moved his stand forward adjoining the piano and sat alone. For in those days it was the function of the concertmaster if the orchestra faltered or went away to rap the time on his desk with his bow, thus insuring the beat being heard, although the conductor while playing the figured bass with his left, beat time with his right.

There is not time to recall at length the advent of the baton, nor the methods which preceded it, although suggested by Dr. Muck's diverting and illusive excursion back into the 18th and early 19th centuries. It is sufficient to remember how Spohr showed disfavor for the dual method of leadership—although yesterday Mr. Witek did not assume his full prerogative, and refrained from rapping time with his bow—and how, when he conducted the Philharmonic concert in London April 10, 1820, he produced a baton from his pocket, an innovation not immediately accepted, but followed by Weber six years later in conducting an oratorio concert.

With a smaller orchestra of strings, a harpsichord and the players in wigs, knee breeches and ruffles, the stage might have completed the picture to the eye, which the performance did to the ear of this sturdy old music with its noble air, figured patterns and fine fugue.

Rameau's ballet suite, arranged by Hermann Kretzschmar, was subdivided as follows: (a) Musette, (b) Rigaudon, Menuet, Rigaudon, (c) Menuet from Platee and (d) Gavotte; a, b and d are from "Acanthe and Cephise," and were played for the first time here. Kretzschmar's arrangement of the Menuet (in the manner of a vielle, the name designating a crude fiddle used by the French troubadours of the 13th cen-

270
ture) was played also for the first time. Mr. Gericke had played an arrangement by Felix Mottl.

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Josef Malkin as Writer on Music Trans. — Dec. 21/16 An Essay in Miniature by the Familiar 'Cellist of the Symphony Orchestra Upon Current Ways with Young Musicians

THE professional musician is often requested to pass an opinion on the talent of some young person, upon which opinion it then depends whether or not that young person shall consecrate himself to his art. The conscientious artist finds it very difficult to advise even the most talented youth to choose his art as a vocation. He knows how hard is the road to Parnassus, and how very few really succeed in arriving. Many parents, realizing this, have neglected even considerable talent in their children, depriving them of the great joy which music in the execution affords. And yet, there have been optimistic musicians without number who have had the courage to give their lives to their art, only to see the ideals of their youth vanish into a hopeless future in the struggle for their daily bread. They have become unhappy artisans of their art—sad, unsatisfied pessimists—robbed of the dreams of their youth through their very ability to bring joy and happiness to their fellow-beings.

Out of my early childhood it is my privilege to recall the words of a great artist. The incident occurred in October of 1891. I was beginning my 'cello lessons with Professor Ladislav Aloiz, in Odessa. As I zealously drew my bow up and down on the A string, the door suddenly opened and the giant figure of Anton Rubinstein was in sight, accompanied by his friend, Dr. A. Margulies. Unfortunately, the greater part of their conversation was lost to me, as it was carried on in German, which language I had not then mastered. The little, however, that happened to be spoken in Russian, has never left my memory. Dr. Margulies suggested to Rubinstein that he recommend to Professor Aloiz the pathway of the virtuoso, for which his great talent fitted him, rather than struggling as an instructor in Odessa; whereupon Rubinstein, addressing himself to Aloiz, said: "If you can offer at least twenty thousand rubles, try your luck; otherwise you had better stay in Odessa."

I had no understanding, then, of the deep

It develops that the vessel the Germans will be their submarines as one of the bel- the nature of the the Russian may no one saw a sub- the ship is at the her evidence. ted in part as fol-

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Friday and Saturday
Duchy of Luxembourg,
Chapelle 800 Belgians
imprisoned.

CLAM-MARTINI

Despatch from Vienna
trian Ministers as Pre-
mueller Failed

Amsterdam (via Lond
Clam-Martini, to whom
task of constructing a
after Alexander Spitzma
efforts to do so, is rep
from Vienna to have p
ing list of ministers:

Premier—Count Clam-Ma
Interior—Von Mandel.
Commerce—Dr. Urban.
Labor—Von Trnka.
Education—Baron von Hu
Agriculture—Count Clam-
National Defence—F. von
Finance—Alexander Spitz
Justice—Von Schenk
Railways—Dr. Z. von Fo
Minister Without Portfol
Governor General of Gal
ski.

RUSSIAN NOT A

Vessel Was Sunk in Ga
cording to American
Wilson to Question Ge

Washington, Dec. 21—
of the sinking of the
Russian, in which s
muleteers lost their l
State Department yeste
Consul Keplinger at M
steamer, fighting throu
and drenching rain in
was struck astern by
to have been a torped
marine was seen, and
men, including the
drowned through the
boat when the crew le
a trawler came to the
Russian in tow, but th
the bottom the next da

The consul said he
the Russian was not
charter, although she
go of mules at Salon
base in Greece.

The American Govern
quires at once to dete

status of the ship. If it develops that
she actually was a private vessel the Ger-
man and Austrian Governments will be
asked whether one of their submarines
made the attack. Unless one of the bel-
ligerents admits responsibility, it is re-
garded as probable that the nature of the
explosion that wrecked the Russian may
remain a mystery, since no one saw a sub-
marine or torpedo and the ship is at the
bottom of the sea with her evidence.

Consul Keplinger reported in part as fol-
lows:

"There were ninety American muleteers
on board and also some in crew but as
ship's papers were lost actual number not
yet ascertained, but all saved. It was
absolutely dark by time lifeboats were
launched and not one on board ever saw
any sign of submarine or any other vessel
until two British trawlers came to rescue
after about six hours and brought them

families could offer means. The great vir-
tuosos who fill the concert halls are practi-
cally all Europeans. Yet I know that tru-
ly great talent may be found among the
countless young music students in the con-
servatories of large American cities. But
they, too, seldom reach the artistic goal
toward which they had aimed, and in the
struggle for daily bread remain fastened
in worthless positions which make no de-
mands upon their artistic abilities. Of
course the fact must not be overlooked that
there are in all countries patrons who make
study possible for young artists. But these
often forget that the really great struggle
for artistic recognition begins only after the
happy days of the student period, when it
is a matter of allowing the personality to
ripen artistically in order to capture a
place in the musical world. Rubinstein's
remark of twenty-five years ago is as true
today as it was then. Indeed, the de-
mands made upon the financial means of
the young musician have increased im-
measurably, for large sums are devoured
by the press work which the public re-
quires, especially in America. (Artists
who were not careful in the choice of par-
ents have very little prospect for success!)

Now it is within the power of the music-
loving public to aid toward the improve-
ment of these unsatisfactory conditions.
The greater the desire of the public for
genuine art, the greater will be the field of
opportunity for the artist; there exists a
reciprocal effect between a pupil's atten-
dance at concerts and his personal study
with artists privately. The lover of music
whose artistic enjoyment has been ad-
vanced through thorough instruction will

worthwhile con-
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expression deep-
too, we will re-
harlatan adver-
so cling.
gains!

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CLAM-M

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Commerce—Dr
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lightest muse, and also
were suffering under such
Paris Conservatory an
three or four violinists wi
ors; similarly many 'cell
Many of these are with
finding no wealthy patron
of the café. In a café
stance, was a young
named Michailoff, who
ability won the admiration
only of the general pub
prominent musicians.

In this country the situ
different. Very few Am
have attained fame—ma
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recovery, hopes of peace
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affected. Every part of the
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world can be said in truth to
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have the desire to attend worthwhile con-
certs, in order to get spirited production,
instead of emptiness, at lessons; and the
person who has received stimulation from
concerts will have the desire to cultivate
this in personal contact with the artists. A
more ideal relationship between public and
artist would serve both a purpose; the
public would gain, through art, an inex-
haustible source of the noblest enjoyment,
like which nothing can help to make tol-
erable the dullness of daily routine, and the
artist would gain inspiration for further
artistic achievement through the confi-
dence and understanding of the public.

The ennobling of the artistic taste should
be begun in childhood; it should be the
duty of every teacher to implant the germ
of interest in music in the susceptible souls
of children at the first singing exercise.
The places that are most frequented today
by children—and by grown-ups, too—are
the moving picture houses, and these are,
therefore, an important factor in educa-
tion, in a helpful as well as in a harmful
sense. The music offered at these theatres
is, alas, unspeakably lamentable, both
with regard to choice of selection and the
rendering of it. From a ragtime, one is
provoked by a sentimental song even more
horrible, sung with untruthful bliss, and
from that back to ragtime. The undis-
cerning child naturally regards what it
has heard as "the music," and its taste
for that art is thus soon hopelessly cor-
rupted. So one ought to keep children more
distant from "movies," and give them, in-
stead, opportunity to hear real music.

Besides thorough instruction in instru-
mental music, students should be made
familiar at an early age with the elements
of orchestral and chamber music, and
should have an understanding of the nature
and compass of all familiar musical in-
struments. Not only would new oppor-
tunities then arise for many artists, but,
what is more important, the foundation
would be laid for a musical generation,
which one might confidently expect to en-
joy concerts not superficially, as mere
"musical treats," but as deep, lasting im-
pressions of the undying works of masters.

Prominent artists who have long toured
America all agree that the public interest
and understanding for music has grown be-
yond all expectations during the past
twenty years. Surely then, we may look
towards a genuine musical expression in
America in the future—an expression deep-
rooted in necessity. Then, too, we will re-
gard as superfluous the charlatan adver-
tisements to which now we so cling.

SYMPHONY HALL

Sunday Afternoon, April 1, 1917

AT THREE-THIRTY

CONCERT

IN AID OF THE

PENSION FUND

Boston Symphony Orchestra

Dr. KARL MUCK, Conductor

WITH THE GENEROUS ASSISTANCE OF THE

RADCLIFFE CHORAL SOCIETY

(Mrs. H. H. GALLISON, Director)

AND

HARVARD UNIVERSITY GLEE CLUB

Combined Chorus of two hundred voices

Dr. A. T. DAVISON, Conductor

280
SUNDAY AFTERNOON, APRIL 1, at 3.30

PROGRAMME

RHEINBERGER . Theme and Variations for Violin and
Organ, Op. 150

J. P. MARSHALL, Organist, and the Entire Violin Section

BACH . Motet, "I wrestle and pray" ("Ich lasse dich
nicht"). The words rendered and adapted by
W. Bartholomew. For Chorus, Orchestra
and Organ

RADCLIFFE CHORAL SOCIETY and HARVARD UNIVERSITY GLEE CLUB

Dr. A. T. DAVISON, Conductor

The motet "Ich lasse dich nicht" ("I wrestle and pray") was for a long time attributed to Johann Sebastian Bach and so published by Schicht; but many now believe that the composer was Johann Christoph Bach (1642-1703), the son of Heinrich, and an uncle of Johann Sebastian. Sir Hubert Parry in his life of Bach (1909) finds this superb motet unlike in style and texture the known compositions of Johann Christoph. "The fact that that composer greatly influenced his nephew in his most impressionable days, and that there was racial and temperamental kinship between them, would account for its being difficult to say decisively that it is not by John Sebastian. However, it clearly is unnecessary to discuss works which are doubtful, since their being doubtful is sufficient proof that, if authentic, they are not fully illustrative of the composer's powers."

I wrestle and pray, till blessed by Thee.
My Saviour, I wrestle and pray till blessed by Thee.

CHORALE I

Thou art my God, Almighty Lord,
I know by Thy unchanging word,
Thine is a Father's heart.
Yet I, though dust, for comfort flee,
And find it while I cleave to Thee.

CHORALE II

O Jesu, Son of God,
I raise my voice to Thee in hymns of praise,
For Thy redeeming grace;
Increase my faith, and strengthen me,
That I may pray and cleave to Thee!

WAGNER . . . Prelude to "Tristan und Isolde"

281
BRAHMS . Song of Destiny (Schicksalslied), Op. 54, for
chorus and full orchestra

In the summer of 1868 Brahms, sojourning at Bremen, read one morning Friedrich Hölderlin's poem "Hyperions Schicksalslied" for the first time. He was so impressed by it that, spending the day at Wilhelmshaven, the great war harbor, he withdrew from his friends and made sketches for his "Schicksalslied," which, completed in May, 1871, was produced at a Philharmonic Society concert in Karlsruhe October 18, 1871. The fatalistic poem sets forth the passionless, serene life of the blessed immortals in contrast with that of suffering humanity. Brahms, not satisfied with the poet's pessimistic ending, added an orchestral postlude, which should bring some consolation, some hope. That he put much importance on this postlude is shown by the fact that on the programme at Karlsruhe "Orchestral Postlude" was added to the text of the poem.

"Schicksalslied" was first performed in Boston at a Theodore Thomas concert on November 11, 1874.

Ye tread on pathways of Light,
Through fields eternal,
Spirits beyond the skies.
Tenderly balmy breezes fan your calm brows.
As the player's deft fingers sweep over the harpstrings,
Free from grief as the slumbering infant
Heavenly spirits live.
Chaste enshrined, as a bud that is op'ning,
Purely blossoms their Soul away;
And their vision celestial gazes serene on light everlasting.

To us is not given to find repose here on earth:
They vanish, they falter, our suffering brothers;
Blindly from hour to hour they are driven,
Like spray of the cataract recklessly plunging down to
doubt and darkness below.

Poem by F. Hölderlin. English Version by N. MacFarren

Prelude to "Parsifal"

WAGNER

Selections from "Siegfried" and "Götterdämmerung" (arranged by Hans Richter) — Siegfried's
Passage to Brünnhilde's Rock ("Siegfried," Act
III); Morning Dawn and Siegfried's Rhine
Journey ("Götterdämmerung," Act I)

Funeral Music from "Götterdämmerung," Act III

Overture to "Tannhäuser"



HARVARD GATE.

VOICES AID SYMPHONY AT CONCERT

Harvard and Rad-
cliffe Choruses With
Orchestra

Post April 24

BY OLIN DOWNES

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Karl Muck conductor, gave the second concert of the season in aid of its pension fund, yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall.

The orchestra was assisted by the Radcliffe Choral Society, Mrs. H. H. Gallison director, and the Harvard University Glee Club, some 200 voices, under the direction of Dr. A. T. Davison.

BIG HALL CROWDED

The programme consisted of Rheinberger's Theme and Variations for violin and organ, op. 150, played by Mr. Marshall, organist of the Symphony Orchestra, and the entire violin section; Bach's Motet, "I wrestle and pray," for chorus, orchestra and organ, conducted by Dr. Davison; Brahms' "Song of Destiny," for full chorus and orchestra, and excerpts from Wagnerian music-drama—the prelude to "Parsifal," selections from "Siegfried" and "Götterdämmerung," arranged by Hans Richter; the funeral music from "Götterdämmerung," the overture to "Tannhäuser." The hall was filled to its capacity, including the standing room in the aisles. The audience was evidently deeply impressed by the performances.

The piece by Rheinberger is conventional but agreeable music. The performance of the Bach motet brought before the musical public of Boston the admirable work which Dr. Davison and his collaborators have been carrying on in the development of choral singing at Harvard and Radcliffe of late years.

Voices Are Musical

The vocal material at Dr. Davison's disposal is unusually good. The voices in the aggregate are delightfully fresh and musical. The conductor himself knows well how to make the most of this material. The quality of tone is always musical and never dry or forced. The singers know the difference between "piano" and "pianissimo" and observe it.

The performances were musicianly in the careful observation of attack, phrasing, time values, etc., but they were, happily, far from that routine character which some professionals exalt as a virtue. In the health and spontaneity of the singing, in the quality of tone, which had not been planed and whittled to certain cut and dried vocal standards, and in the obvious earnestness and pleasure the performers took in the task there was a new and refreshing element. This was not, thank heaven, the singing of professional singers, but something incomparably more charming, normal and musical.

Color and Sonority

But there is plenty of resource of color and sonority in this body of singers. This was shown in the effects Dr. Muck secured from chorus as well as orchestra. The "Song of Destiny" is a piece of music that is too seldom heard. There is the noble orchestral introduction, the serenity of mood at first, and then the brilliant and dramatic setting of the second verse, in which mortals laboring and suffering here below bewail the contrast of their lot with that of the angels, serene in heaven.

Then there is the harking back in the orchestra to the mood of the opening. The chorus was alert in obeying the wishes of Dr. Muck.

Wagnerian Excerpts

With the performance of the Wagnerian excerpts the habits of Symphony concerts are long familiar. But this does not diminish the effect of the music. Discounting the "Parsifal" prelude, which some of us find entirely too metaphysical and sophisticated to be quite true, the rest of the music on the programme was in greater part Wagner in his most tremendous moments. Familiarity with every note of the "Tristan" prelude can never dull its appeal, at least for this generation. The same thing is true of the magnificent tone-painting from the "Nibelungen Ring" and the epic pathos and grandeur of the funeral music. Here, indeed, is something of the large utterance of the early gods.

What need be said of the orchestra's performance or the mastery of Dr. Muck in this music? The performance of the funeral march from "The Dusk of the Gods," in particular, will not be quickly forgotten by those who heard and witnessed it. The audience was loath to leave the hall.



HARVARD GATE.

VOICES AID SYMPHONY AT CONCERT

Harvard and Rad-
cliffe Choruses With
Orchestra

Post April, 2/17

BY OLIN DOWNES

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Karl Muck conductor, gave the second concert of the season in aid of its pension fund, yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall.

The orchestra was assisted by the Radcliffe Choral Society, Mrs. H. H. Gallison director, and the Harvard University Glee Club, some 200 voices, under the direction of Dr. A. T. Davison.

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PENSION FUND CONCERT SUCCESS

Adm. Apr. 2/17
HARVARD-RADCLIFFE
CHORUSES HEARD

200 Student Singers Assist at
Notable Entertainment by
Symphony Orchestra

By LOUIS C. ELSON

Pension Fund concert program:—
Rheinberger, Theme and Variations, violin
and organ, by all the violins.
Bach, Motet, "I Wrestle and Pray."
Wagner, "Tristan and Isolde," Prelude.
Brahms, "Song of Destiny."
Wagner, Prelude to "Parsifal."
Selections from Trilogy, Richter's Arrange-
ment.
Siegfried Funeral Music.
Tannhauser Overture.

It is not permitted to criticise a
beneficent concert, where all the par-
ticipants donate their services for a
good cause; but were this ban entire-
ly lifted we would still only be able
to praise the phenomenal concert
given in Symphony Hall yesterday
afternoon. In addition to the regular
orchestral forces the Radcliffe Choral
Society, which Mrs. H. H. Gallison
directs, and the Harvard University
Glee Club, which is conducted by Dr.
A. T. Davison, came over from Cam-
bridge, a combined chorus of over
200 voices, and the Bach and Brahms
numbers lent vocal dignity to the re-
markable program. The Bach motet
was finely conducted by Dr. Davison.

What a versatile musician Dr.
Muck is! He is one of the greatest
of vocal conductors in both the
oratorio, or cantata, and operatic
fields; he is the equal of any Wag-
nerian conductor that we have heard
(and we have heard all the famous
ones); he has absolutely revealed the
orchestral works of Brahms and
Liszt to Boston; and only the day
before he conducted a contrapuntal
Handelian work from the piano, play-
ing the "Continuo" (the supporting
clavicembalo part) upon the piano.

In this concert he shone in all his

glory. His reading of the "Song of
Destiny" was lofty and properly se-
rene, in its great opening stanzas,
and the Allegro, in which the unhappy
lot of Man is pictured, was given in
dark and effective contrast. The cul-
mination of it all however, was in the
noble orchestral postlude, which, after
the chorus has ended in seeming hope-
lessness, brings back the broad move-
ment of the beginning and ends with
peace and tranquility. Such music has
far more to say to mankind at present
than the composer's "Song of Tri-
umph."

The chorus was very effective in
this, as in the Bach work, and Mrs.
Gallison and Dr. Davison are to be
congratulated upon what their socie-
ties have achieved. But it took a Dr.
Muck to bring out all their powers in
connection with full orchestral ac-
companiment, which in the case of
Brahms was more than an accompani-
ment.

We need not speak of the Wagneri-
an works. It is always a great mu-
sical delight to hear the Boston Sym-
phony Orchestra carry out Dr. Muck's
readings in these numbers. But there
is nothing new to say about these
except that they always cause the
post-Wagnerian strivers to seem very
petty and poverty-stricken in real mu-
sical ideas. Yet the Richter arrange-
ment had something of novelty to us.
We recall the old days when Gericke
played this, and it still seems the
most successful Wagnerian transcrip-
tion that we know of.

The opening number was Rhein-
berger's violin and organ variations
swollen to Brobdignagian proportions,
by allowing all the violins to play
the solo part in unison. We recall
Mr. Nikisch once giving Handel's
Largo ("Ombra mai Fu") in this
manner, but here at least there was
more justification, for the contrapun-
tal parts balanced nicely and the
strings made a fine display of good
ensemble, even in some very florid
passages.

Mr. John P. Marshall was most ef-
ficient at the organ.

A word of especial praise must be
spoken about the clear enunciation of
the chorus, both male and female.

There was a tremendous audience
present and the enthusiasm was con-
stant from beginning to end.

GIVE SECOND CONCERT FOR PENSION FUND

Herald Apr. 2/17
Symphony Orchestra, Assisted
by Radcliffe Choral Society
and the Harvard Glee Club,
Plays to Crowded Hall, with
Many Persons Standing—Dr.
Muck Conducts.

COMBINED CHORUS OF 200 VOICES IS HEARD

By PHILIP HALE.

The Boston Symphony orchestra,
Dr. Karl Muck conductor, gave a sec-
ond concert in aid of the pension
fund yesterday afternoon in Sym-
phony Hall. There was a great au-
dience. Many stood. The orchestra
was assisted by the Radcliffe Choral
Society, Mrs. H. H. Gallison director,
and the Harvard University Glee
Club—a combined chorus of 200
voices.

The program was as follows: Rhein-
berger, theme and variations for violin
and organ, Op. 150 (John P. Marshall,
organist, and the entire violin section);
J. C. Bach, Motet, "I Wrestle and
Pray," conducted by Dr. A. T. David-
son; Wagner, prelude to "Tristan and
Isolde"; Brahms's, "Song of Destiny,"
Op. 54, conducted by Dr. Muck; Wag-
ner, prelude to "Parsifal." Selections
from "Siegfried" and "Goetterdaem-
merung" (arranged by Richter); Funeral
Music from "Goetterdaemmerung";
overture to "Tannhaeuser."

Rheinberger's theme has a simple
beauty, and the variations are not
forcer or too pedantic; they are true
variations in which the theme does not
remind one of blindman's buff. Mr.
Marshall registered tastefully and with
a fine sense of proportion. The violins
were eloquent.

The chorus, which generously as-
sisted, was conspicuous in the motet
and in Brahms's cantata for vocal
freshness. The voices were young, with-
out the tang and bitterness that come
from long experience. The singers had
been admirably drilled. Seldom have
we heard a chorus that was so fully
in sympathy with the orchestra. There
was one great homogeneous body, re-
sponsive to the slightest wish of the
conductors. The attack was remark-
ably precise; there was full volume;
and, above all, there was a command
of nuances that many small choruses
might well envy.

The motet has more than historic in-
terest, whether it were written by Se-
bastian Bach or by his uncle, Johann
Christoph. As for Brahms's "Song of
Destiny," it is among his most poetic
and imaginative works. Hoelderlin's
pessimistic poem, contrasting the serene
life of the immortals with that of the
complaining millions of men appealed to
Brahms, for there was in the man a
peculiar melancholy. The late John F.
Runciman insisted that Brahms, like
Tchaikowsky, was terribly afraid of
death, but in a less manly fashion, if
the statement be not paradoxical. There
was a defiant note in Tchaikowsky's
fear; while Brahms often came danger-
ously near whining at the thought of
the inevitable; nor did he show the
resignation that characterizes so many
of the Greek poets in their everlasting
farewell to earth and sky. Yet in this
instance Brahms was not content to end
his cantata in Hoelderlin's gloomy vein.
For once he had hope, perhaps faith;
and so he added an orchestral postlude
that is one of the most beautiful and
impressive pages in all his literature.

With this postlude the concert might
have ended; but there was pleasure in
store for the lovers of Wagner, whose
music was played under the direction
of Dr. Muck, famous as a conductor of
Wagner's music dramas in the opera
houses of Germany and at Bayreuth.
At the same time the impression left by
that page of Brahms remained through-
out the solemn prelude to "Parsifal" and
the brilliant music from the "Ring" with
the magnificent dirge from "The Dusk
of the Gods."

Yesterday the Herald published the
opinions of the critics in Boston when
there was a Boston Symphony chorus
under Mr. Nikisch. We well remember
the performances. They were lame and
impotent. The strictures were deserved.
Even Mr. Apthorp, who usually took a
cheerful view of musical conditions in
Boston, did not see the necessity of
choral concerts in the Symphony course.

The times have changed. Dr. Muck
has been most fortunate in the choruses
provided for him this season. The male
chorus that sang in Liszt's "Faust," ex-
cited the admiration even of New York
critics, who dislike Liszt and all his

works. With the Boston chorus at Dr. Muck's disposal, and with the chorus that assisted yesterday, there is every reason why great choral works should be performed occasionally in the concerts of the Symphony orchestra. It is already rumored that there will be at least three choral performances next season. There is talk of Beethoven's 9th symphony, Bach's Passion music according to Matthew, and possibly a symphony by Mahler. May the rumor turn out to be a fact!

Wagner and Dr. Muck

Trans.
Apr. 2/17

This virtuosity had place, again, in the first number of the concert for the Pension Fund of the orchestra that it undertook in Symphony Hall on Sunday afternoon, with Dr. Muck again conducting and with band and leader above even their usual eloquence on many such occasions. The piece was a set of variations for organ and orchestra by the diligent and fluent Rheinberger—chamber music in itself or even churchly diversion. But for the one violin for which the composer wrote Dr. Muck substituted the thirty violins that weekly sit to left and right of him. Yet as one man they played this violin part in a flawless unanimity of like-shaped phrase, simultaneous inflection, equally distributed color and mutual dynamic gradation. More: they played as one mind in the designing and the upbuilding of the music and as one temperament and imagination in response to the songful quality and the occasional high intensity of the progress. Whether they swelled and sharpened the voice of the organ, whether it or they were unfolding or adorning the variation, the ear heard them as a single super-violinist; and the thirty accomplished this feat less by such technical means as a unified bowing than by a finer and inner community of understanding, feeling, intent. It is the custom to marvel and applaud when four men in a string quartet attain such singleness of intensified voice through all the convolutions of such music and when they carry it also to such elasticity within that unity. Here were thirty working their miracle with Mr. Marshall at the organ a worthy partner for them.

The other orchestral numbers were familiar excerpts from the Wagnerian repertory, still too scanty for the likings and the necessities of an operaless city that Dr. Muck permits himself, the orchestra and a hungry public—the prelude to "Tristan" and "Parsifal," the overture to "Tannhäuser"; the jointured fragments of "Siegfried" and "Götterdämmerung" in which that hero scales the fire-girt rock and fares forth for new conquests on the Rhine; and the orchestral glorification of him slain, recalled, lamented. Familiar pieces all even in a city that, somewhat absurdly, hears its Wagner in a concert hall and not in an opera house and that has almost forgot-

ten the entrance of the gods into Valhalla, the forest-music in "Siegfried," the mournful introduction to the third act of "Tristan," the like introduction that brings Tannhäuser back from pilgrimage, simply because in the one or in the other, it so seldom hears them. Familiar, indeed, yet yesterday sounding as it seemed with a voice that even Dr. Muck and the orchestra in its present estate have seldom brought to them. Richter himself, who could hardly feel the swaying of the Wagnerian wood or see down the long Wagnerian vistas therein, because he was so occupied with the individual trees, might have marvelled at the beauty and the elasticity of detail, especially in the woodwind parts, in the prelude to "Tristan," at the distribution, at once subtle and poignant, of tonal emphases over the repetitions of the prelude to "Parsifal," at the suggestion or the proclamation of every inwrought motive as the music bore young Siegfried through mist and fire to Brünnhilde's rock, rang and sped through his ardent farewell in the dawn, swept him forward, Rhine-borne, to new adventure. In all three was the detail that for an instant arrests the ear as it gleams out of the whole tonal web or leads period into period and yet almost within that instant vanishes into larger course and onflow of the orchestral weaving. It proceeds equally from the particular players who accomplish and from the conductor who coordinates and fuses.

These multiplied and momentary strokes are, however, but Dr. Muck's means to a larger and deeper end, fulfilled yesterday beyond usual degree in all his Wagnerian numbers. It has been the just custom to exalt the emotional force of Mr. Toscanini's version of the prelude to "Tristan" above that of any other conductor of our time. Yet, if recollection of more than one hearing bears true witness, it has never excelled the fate-haunted voice that Dr. Muck and the orchestra gave yesterday to the first measures; the ardor of a passion that is at once an ecstasy and a torture, that mourns while it yearns, with which they carried the love-music through the long ascent; or the wan decline alike of the passion and the pain with which they led the music into the whispers and the extinction of the end. Time and again, the prelude to "Parsifal" will yield the impression of an over-meditated, over-manipulated music in which imagination and emotion are withered by the quest for superlatively exact and impinging means of expression. Even Dr. Muck and his responsive men could not quite hide this dryness as the prelude proceeded in anguished or ecstatic paragraphs. Yet within each paragraph, the voice of sinful suffering, of beatified compassion, of stately and solemn holy rite, was not less poignant than had been the voice of other passion in the prelude to "Tristan." Similarly the

music of young Siegfried glowed with the tale it bears in high, heroic note—the lambent fires, the horn that parts them and cleaves the mists; the instant of revelation of the attained Valkyr; the stride and splendor of the music that sends Siegfried faring forth anew.

Zu neuen thaten
Theure Helde

and the rest; the smooth surge of the Rhine and the song of the river-daughters. The living Siegfried in epitome before what the old ballads called "death and bane" had come upon him. Then afterward for contrast, postlude and apotheosis the clangors, unlike any that as yet man has drawn from orchestra, that at once mourn, recount, exalt him into the heaven of heroes, with the power of the orchestra at one with the power of these clangors. Perhaps after such tonal might and magnificence of mourning and of memory, the overture to "Tannhäuser" was bound to sound a little routine. As yet with all the orotund sonorities of the brass in the music of the pilgrims, it is not quite of Dr. Muck's most eloquent Wagner.

The Harvard Chorus

"Wagner for the Pension Fund," according to the familiar formula of many a year was, however, only the major part of the concert. To it came also, and generously proffering its services, the choir that Dr. Davison of the Division of Music at Harvard has assembled from the college and from Radcliffe, nursed against no small odds, held, practised and fused until its singing yesterday was no less revelation of unexpected choral forces and possibilities hereabouts than was that of Mr. Townsend's chorus at two pairs of Symphony Concerts. For some years past Dr. Muck has been ambitious to join choral music to symphonic music in his concerts and to set new standards in this town for the one as he has for the other. With such co-workers as Dr. Davison and Mr. Townsend, and the men-singers and the women-singers that he and they can gather and stimulate, he is well on the way to his end. The method is the careful choosing of the choir by these lieutenants, long training under them in the appointed music and final rehearsals under Dr. Muck himself.

The pieces of yesterday set the Cambridge youth no easy task—the motet "Ich lasse dich nicht," attributed to Sebastian Bach, though probably written by his uncle Christopher; and Brahms's "Song of Destiny," stupidly neglected by many choral conductors because it is incongruous to their pet miscellanies and too short for their programmes of "larger works." The motet weaves and interweaves from the spool, so to say, of a choral-like cantus fermus, long strands of contrapuntal song set to a religious text, rising, falling, blending, parting, in incessant curve and motion until, in the present instance, a chorale concentrates and cumulates them. As the

Bach of the motet wrote his music, the curve of the lines is beautiful upon the ear, the contrapuntal body runs rich and deep, the phrases for the voices and the harmonic background upon which they move stir the hearer; while with all the tonal intricacy of the piece, it speaks with that direct, simple whole-hearted feeling which makes the music of the elder Bachs the voice of a true, devout and personal religious faith and impulse as far from pious routine as an appurtenance to position and respectability as it is from the antics and the orgies of Reverend Dr. Sunday and his clerical species.

For contrast, stood Brahms's setting in tones of the German verses that vision Elysian fields of placid and remote beatitude, where the turmoil of earth never penetrates and where in spiritual repose dwell beings not as the futile and impotent atoms which are men. To it, stirred by poetry that quickened a characteristic and fertile vein in his imagination, Brahms has written music of a cool, distant, serene and luminous illusion as lovely of flowing line, soft harmonies, pale color and still atmosphere as are like decorations of the like-tempered Puvis de Chavannes—music that embodies the high, far heaven in which Clough set his goddess of the eternal wisdom. Then in as swift and whirling epitome as the music of Elysium has been long-breathed and tranquil, the tonal tumult of the vanities and vicissitudes of men; and finally conclusion out of the deep compassion of music when a deeply-moved spirit may write it.

No light tasks these to set a chorus relatively at beginnings, even with an orchestra to sustain and prompt it, a Davison to practice it and, in Bach, to lead it and a Muck to bear it through the contrasting eloquences of Brahms. Yet in all but one respect, it rose, so stimulated, to the necessities of both composers and the exactions of both leaders. It was possible to wish somewhat more freedom and élan of song as the choir spun Bach's ardent contrapuntal web and a measure more of freedom as they wrought Brahms's still and silvery tone-picture. Men and women both, they took thought and sang; but so doing they missed the elastic and infectious spontaneity that will be theirs when this taking of thought before song becomes as second nature to them. Yet thanks to it, they attained an unerring intonation, an unflagging precision, a roundness of phrase, a warmth and a fineness of shading, an intelligent sense of the music in hand as a whole tonal and expressive fabric, and a ready responsiveness to every indication, especially in rhythm and modulation, of the conductors, that set them, as it sets Mr. Townsend's chorus, high above the routine of the species. The instrument, yesterday, of these qualities was, moreover, voices young, fresh, unclouded, grateful, that Dr. Muck in particular wrought into elastic fusion with the orchestra. Above all else,

however, it was the intelligence of the chorus that, again as with Mr. Townsend's, makes it serviceable and desirable for Symphony Concerts and for the music likely to be sung thereat. Background tells even in a chorus and minds have part as well as voices in choral singing. They have their large and dominant part also in the making of all music. Else would Dr. Muck not be what he is as conductor; so master of his music, his orchestra, his audience and himself; so acclaimed as he was yesterday from stage and auditorium; and so able and disposed to lift choral music from the slough in which it has long lain moribund in this town and raise it to the level on which he sustains symphonic.

CROWD HALL FOR PENSION CONCERT

Dr. Muck, the Boston Symphony orchestra and singers from Radcliffe and Harvard all contributed to what was in many respects the most satisfying concert in behalf of the orchestra's pension fund yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall that has been given. The program was: Rheinberger, theme and variations for violin and organ, Op. 150 (John P. Marshall, organist, and the entire violin section); J. C. Bach, Motet, "I Wrestle and Pray," conducted by Dr. A. T. Davidson; Wagner, prelude to "Tristan and Isolde"; Brahms, "Song of Destiny," Op. 54, conducted by Dr. Muck; Wagner, prelude to "Parsifal," selections from "Siegfried" and "Götterdämmerung" (arranged by Richter); Funeral Music from "Götterdämmerung"; overture to "Tannhäuser."

The features in an exceptionally interesting program were the singing of the chorus and the organ-violins number. With such singers at his disposal as those of Mrs. H. H. Gallison, Dr. A. T. Davidson and Stephen Townsend choral selections at our symphony concerts can be taken as assured. The hall was crowded. *Dr. Muck* *Apr. 2, 1917*

Pension Fund Concert *Apr. 1, 1917* Today in Symphony Hall

The second concert of the season in aid of the pension fund of the Symphony Orchestra will be given in Symphony Hall this afternoon at 3:30 o'clock, and for the first time in nearly a dozen years a chorus will be used. Under the direction of Dr. A. T. Davidson and Mrs. H. H. Gallison choral music in Harvard University has made great strides of late. Mrs. Gallison has organized and directed with much success the Radcliffe Choral Society of more than 100 voices, and under Dr. Davidson's leadership the Harvard University Glee Club has been enlarged and has accomplished much.

The choral numbers will be a motet, "I Wrestle and Pray," by Bach, and Brahms' "Song of Destiny." This latter work was first done in Boston in 1890 by the Cecilia Society and three years later at the Symphony concerts under Mr. Nikisch.

The program will begin with Rheinberger's Theme and Variations for violin and organ, op 150. The organ part will be played by J. P. Marshall, and the violin part by the entire violin section instead of by one instrument. In the first part of the program also will be found the prelude to "Tristan und Isolde."

The second part will be wholly Wagner, to comprise the prelude to "Parsifal," Hans Richter's arrangement of selections from "Siegfried" and "Götterdämmerung," the magnificent funeral music from the last act of "Götterdämmerung" and the "Tannhäuser" overture.

Post Mch. 18, 17
The programme of the second concert in aid of the pension fund of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, which will be given in Symphony Hall Sunday afternoon, April 1, at 3:30, is a wide departure from the conventional. The orchestra will have the assistance of a chorus of upward of 200 from Harvard University. This chorus is made up of the Radcliffe Choral Society and the entire Harvard University Glee Club. It has been under the training of Dr. A. T. Davison since October. Dr. Muck heard it 10 days ago and was highly pleased with the results. The two choral numbers will be the unaccompanied Motet: "I Wrestle and Pray," by Bach, and Brahms' "Song of Destiny," written for chorus and full orchestra. The first number on the programme will be a theme and variations, by Rheinberger, for violin and organ. Mr. Marshall will be the organist and the violin part will be played by the entire section of violins, 30 in number.

The remainder of the programme will include Wagner's prelude to "Tristan and Isolde," the prelude to "Parsifal," Hans Richter's arrangement of selections from "Siegfried," and "Götterdämmerung," the funeral music from "Götterdämmerung" and the "Tannhäuser" overture.

Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1916--17.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

Dr. KARL MUCK, Conductor.

TWENTIETH PROGRAMME

FRIDAY, APRIL 6, AT 2.30 P. M.

SATURDAY, APRIL 7, AT 8 P. M.

CLAPP,

SYMPHONY in E flat major, (MS.)
I. Allegro con spirito
II. Andante agitato quasi Allegro moderato
III. Allegretto grazioso
(First Performance)
Conducted by the Composer

SCHUBERT.
SCHUBERT,
STRAUSS,

THREE SONGS with ORCHESTRA:
a) "Sei mir gegrüsst"
b) "Ständchen"
c) "Morgen"

CÉSAR FRANCK,

SYMPHONIC PIECE from the Poem-Symphony,
"The Redemption"

HUGO WOLF,
MAHLER,
MAHLER,

THREE SONGS with ORCHESTRA:
a) "Verborgenheit"
b) "Ich atmet' einen Lindenduft"
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CHADWICK,

THEME, VARIATIONS and FUGUE for Organ and Orchestra

Soloists:

JULIA CULP, Mezzo-Soprano

JOHN P. MARSHALL, Organist

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CHADWICK,

THEME, VARIATIONS and FUGUE for Organ and Orchestra

Soloists:

JULIA CULP, Mezzo-Soprano

JOHN P. MARSHALL, Organist



Julia Culp, Mezzo-Soprano.

THE NEW SYMPHONY

Trans. — Apr. 4/17

A Note from Mr. P. G. Clapp About His Music to Be Played for the First Times at the Symphony Concerts of This Week

AT the Symphony Concerts of next Friday afternoon and Saturday evening, the orchestra will play for the first times anywhere a new symphony by Philip Greeley Clapp, professor of music in Dartmouth College, conductor as well as composer, writer for the reviews as well as teacher of students. The new piece, to be played from manuscript with the composer conducting, is Mr. Clapp's third symphony in succession to his first, which he regards as too experimental for performance and his second heard at the Symphony Concerts a few years ago. It bears no other title than the routine "Symphony in E-flat Major, No. 3," and it is without programme in the usual sense of that word as applied to music. Concerning the course and the character of the symphony, however, Mr. Clapp has courteously handed to The Transcript the following note:

The new symphony in E-flat has but three movements, of which the last is the shortest. The first is exuberant in character, except for two short episodes soon after the beginning, one of which forecasts the agitation of the second movement and the other the eventual peaceful conclusion. In contrast with the confident enthusiasm of the first movement, the second movement is in part agitated and full of strife, in part contemplative in a very serious manner. The finale begins playfully, and ends calmly and happily. A large modern orchestra is called for in the score, but except in the second movement there is little complexity.

The foregoing arrangement of movements and succession of moods may arouse suspicion of a "programme." To enter life buoyantly in a spirit of adventure must be a common experience among young men; to find experience somewhat grimmer than dreams is surely not unheard of, and to cleave to idealism in such circumstances is widely recommended; while to emerge from experience into a happiness less boisterous but more understanding than the easy confidence of youth and consequently more lasting and helpful, is what most thoughtful men try to accomplish. These three states of feeling are not out of keeping with the successive movements of the new symphony; the hearer who probes for more descriptive detail will not find it, unless he introduces it himself.

Technically the symphony is not radical. The succession of a brilliant, a stormy, and a quiet movement is not new; Schumann's C major Fantasy for pianoforte offers a stormy, a brilliant and a quiet movement in succession. In this symphony there are no "generative" themes—though the coda of the finale reminisces a bit concerning the other movements—but passages in

different movements designed to recall each other sometimes use the same keys and instruments without actually quoting themes. The harmonies are in the main rather diatonic and the contrapuntal texture simple. The formal treatment is free but not involved; the first movement has three themes, the others two each. A large orchestra is used for the sake of sonority, but the score is not intricate. The entire symphony is less than forty minutes in length.

20TH SYMPHONY CONCERT HELD, CULP SINGS

Harold — Apr. 7/17

Dr. Muck Conducts Varied Program—Clapp Composition in E Flat Major Is Led by Its Originator—Is an Improvement on His First Played Here Three Years Ago.

ORGAN IS CONTRASTED WITH MODERN ORCHESTRA

By PHILIP HALE.

The 20th concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Muck, conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The soloists were Mme. Julia Culp, mezzo-soprano, and John P. Marshall, organist. The program was as follows: Clapp, Symphony in E flat major (first performance); songs with orchestra; Schubert, Sei mir gegruesst, and Staendchen; R. Strauss, Morgen; Cesar Franck, Symphonie piece from "The Redemption"; songs with orchestra; Wolf, Verborgeneheit; Mahler, Ich atmet' einen Lindenduft and Rheinlegendchen; Chadwick, Theme, Variations and Fugue for organ and orchestra.

Mr. Clapp conducted his symphony, which was composed in 1916-17; the first two movements in Hanover, N. H., where Mr. Clapp lives as director of music at Dartmouth College; the finale

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In Boston. This symphony is an improvement on his first symphony performed here three years ago; it is less pedagogic; the ideas are clearer defined and have more musical importance. The second symphony also has the merit of being shorter than the first; less complex, less involved.

There are some fine moments in the first movement; the concluding section of the second movement, the music that suggests a dirge, is impressive. The finale is the least important, the least interesting of the three movements.

We have said that there are fine moments in the first movement. These ideas unfortunately suffer too often from cumbrous orchestration and a lack of effective contrasts in the development. Mr. Clapp employs a huge orchestra: three oboes, four clarinets, English horn, bass clarinet, eight horns (including a quartet of small tubas), five trumpets, everything in proportion; a swollen orchestra that does not aid him in musical expression. He uses the brass extravagantly, and at times curiously; as his emphasis by trumpet on the attack of a melodious phrase for strings. His employment of bells seems incongruous, without significance, even the disturbance of an otherwise pleasing musical thought. The whole work is injured by a lack of clarity in the orchestration. We should like to hear the symphony scored skillfully for a much smaller orchestra. There have been poets who have begun by portentous epics. Thackeray poked fun at a contemporary, introducing him as one of the characters at Mrs. Perkins's ball. Mr. Clapp is a serious musician, a man of acknowledged talent, and he is to be taken seriously. Let us hope that he will give up for a time the writing of "colossal" works and learn to express himself simply, gracefully and beautifully.

The symphonic movement from Franck's "Redemption" is not an example of Franck at his greatest; the phrase for trombones, while it is energetic, is dangerously near the commonplace, but the long melodic phrase at the beginning is serenely beautiful, eminently Franckian, and it is used afterwards in a masterly manner. Note also the clearness throughout, the luminous thought and expression. Franck taking no less a subject than "the joy of the world which is changed and made radiant by the words of Christ" found an ordinary orchestra sufficient. Although he was an organist, he did not think it necessary to introduce that instrument, nor did he summon to the rescue an extra pair of kettle drums, cymbals, triangle, snare drum, bass drum, tom-tom, bells and two harps.

Mme. Culp, accompanied by the orchestra led by Dr. Muck, who was loudly applauded when he appeared, gave much pleasure by her voice and art. Schubert's "Sei mir gegruesst," however, seemed too long by reason of the unvaried treatment of the strophes, but

this might be said of other songs by Schubert. Schoenberg's instrumentation for the "Serenade" is discreet and effective. Note again what can be done with a few instruments. Mahler's songs are melodically interesting, especially "Ich atmet' einen Lindenduft," and ingeniously orchestrated; witness the absence of violoncellos and double basses, the few wind instruments used unerringly. Mme. Culp sang with her accustomed fervor. She did not indulge as in the past in certain mannerisms, such as a vexing slowness in tempo to show her command of breath with injury to the melodic line. Her performance of "Rheinlegendchen" was vocally not so secure as that of the preceding songs, but she sang with delightful appreciation of the folk spirit.

Mr. Chadwick wrote his variations and fugue to show the possibilities of combining and contrasting a modern organ with the orchestra. It was said long ago that the use of organ with orchestra was unwise; that the one would not brook a union with the other. This was said when organs were distinctively organs; with dominating diapason tone. The modern organ, devised to obtain orchestral effects, generally weak in true diapason quality, is another machine. Mr. Chadwick's piece, which was played at a Symphony concert eight years ago, when Wallace Goodrich was the organist, is well constructed to show his purpose.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The program of next week is as follows: Debussy, Giggles (first time here); Iberia, Rondes de Printemps; Schubert, Symphony in C major.

ORCHESTRA PLAYS CLAPP SYMPHONY, LED BY COMPOSER

Monitor — *Apr. 7/17*
Boston Symphony Orchestra, Karl Muck, Conductor; Mme. Julia Culp and John P. Marshall. Soloists—Twentieth program, presented in Symphony Hall, afternoon of April 6: Clapp, symphony in E flat (conducted by the composer. Songs with orchestra: Schubert, "Sei mir gegruesst" and "Ständchen"; Strauss, "Morgen." Franck, symphonic piece from "The Redemption." Songs with orchestra: Wolf, "Verborgenheit"; Mahler, "Ich atmet einen Lindenduft" and "Rheinlegendchen." Chadwick, theme, variations and fugue for organ and orchestra.

Works of United States composers are much heard in the Boston Symphony concerts at this time of the year. The reason why they are given room on the calendar, especially in April, is perhaps because that is when their performance can be confined to well-disposed listeners, and when their crudities cannot react seriously on the

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reputation of the orchestra. The last six weeks of the season are the one period when the conductor is free from the responsibility of choosing for his programs pieces which will please the people of New York, Philadelphia and the other cities included in the annual series of southern tours; wherefore, a new symphony of the Boston school of composition, tried now and found unsuitable for repertory use, can be permanently got rid of with one Friday afternoon and one Saturday evening presentation.

The subscribers to the concerts take these end-season experiments pleasantly. The players in the orchestra, too, enter into them enthusiastically. And as for those men and women who come under the classification of prominent local musicians, they may be said to regard the occasions when home-wrought symphonies, tone poems and overtures are played as the only ones that show public taste at normal and that show the community as its artistic self.

At the twentieth orchestral matinee given this year in Symphony Hall under Karl Muck's administration, a three-movement work by Philip Greeley Clapp, director of music in Dartmouth College, was produced, but not with Dr. Muck conducting it. It has often happened that a composer of the Boston school has been allowed, as in this case, to take the baton and interpret his work as he liked. Which more than once has seemed to mean that the conductor regarded the new piece as not worth his time; but which, again, has seemed to mean that he wished to extend the courtesies of the orchestra without stint, and to let composers plant around their works a budding hedge of tradition all their own.

The three-movement piece was written, two-thirds of it, as a note in the program book indicates, in the college summer vacation of 1916, and the remaining third in the Christmas vacation of 1916-17. Had the symphony been kept from production a while longer, or until after Easter, it might have been provided with another movement and so have got rounded out to a complete classic cycle. Many hearers on Friday afternoon must have regretted that Mr. Clapp stopped short of a four-movement scheme. For had he constructed his work accord-

ing to the strict historic method, he would have been obliged to add what is much needed, a well-developed episode of comedy. Not that the music is wanting in humor. On the contrary, the first movement has not a little gayety, especially toward the close. But the second and third movements are excessively sober. Furthermore, had the composer employed the usual four-division structure, he would have been compelled, in order to keep within reasonable bounds of time, to reduce the number of his thematic developments, to shorten down his trumpet and trombone drawlings and to curb in general his tendency to make his score discursive. In fine, had he been wholly instead of partially classical in his plan, he would have covered a wider range of expression and at the same time would have sent his meaning straighter home.

The symphony shows its most noteworthy thematic traits in the summer vacation pages, which were written, according again to the program book, in Hanover, N. H. Plainly enough, there is rural New England music here—strains heard at the town bandstand on Saturday nights and in the village meeting-house on Sunday mornings. There are almost identifiable fragments of popular cornet melody and phrases of gospel song refrain. Of the old ballad tunes of New Hampshire, however, few, if any, traces are to be found. The composer could never have been one of a farmhouse doorstep group on a night in haying time, when somebody started singing the dozen stanzas of "Young Charlotte Lived by the Mountain Side." No, indeed; for has not the needle and disk opera machine, with its importunate "La donn' è mobile," put the doorstep bard out of favor and made him an inexpressive listener?

The composer of the new symphony was warmly applauded for his music and for his interpretation of it. Dr. Muck, going to the conductor's desk in succession to him, was greeted with loud hand-clapping. The voice of Mme. Culp, the principal soloist, never had so rich a sound when accompanied by piano, as it had on this occasion when supported by orchestra. Such beautiful blend of vocal and instrumental tone as she and the conductor

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achieved very nearly made up for any incongruity or inappositeness that might be found in the accompaniments in their enlarged form. To the praise of lovely tone is to be added that of exquisite shading and phrasing. Mme. Culp may probably be said to have done the best soprano singing, for sheer brilliancy of technique and elegance of style, of the Symphony year. The Franck symphonic piece from "The Redemption" had a rather laborious reading from Dr. Muck. The Chadwick theme and variations for organ and orchestra, with Mr. Marshall playing the organ, went off in the lively manner of all Chadwick works when appropriately treated.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT

Trans. — April 7, 1917
NOTABLE INCIDENT AND LIVELY PLEASURE

Spontaneously the Audience Singles Out Dr. Muck for New Token of Present Regard—Mme. Culp in the Fulness and the Fineness of Her Powers Upon Songs That Invite Them — Minor Orchestral Pieces, and the High Merits and Rooted Shortcomings of Mr. Clapp's New Symphony

THE outstanding incident of the twentieth Symphony Concert yesterday afternoon was the willed warmth with which the audience long and exceptionally applauded Dr. Muck when he came first to his place as conductor. The liveliest pleasure of the day was the six songs appointed for Mme. Culp, her singing of them, and, curiously, the orchestral accompaniment—or more truly part—that various hands, sometimes the composer's own, had substituted for the original voice of the piano. Since Mr. Clapp's new symphony stood first on the programme and he himself led the band in it, Dr. Muck did not appear until the beginning of the second half of the concert. No sooner had he rounded the turn under the trombones and the second violins than the whole audience broke into applause, usually reserved for him at the first and the final concert of the season. It continued while he stepped with habitual briskness to his stand, persisted long after he had opened his music book and turned to the orchestra, finally merging into other plaudits for the entering Mme. Culp. By all the tests of practised ears the applause for the conductor was general, hearty, sincere; by every sign it

was clear, spontaneous and genuine token of personal regard from the public of the concerts toward Dr. Muck at a time in which its government is entering upon a war with his government. It sprang, seemingly, from seven seasons of weekly association with a man of the world whose personality penetrates his audiences and with a conductor who in those years has raised the standards, the interest, the pleasure and the prestige of the concerts to higher pitch than ever before. As yet, by many a sign of the theatre and the concert hall, the Bostonian public, like that of New York and Chicago, differentiates the pre-occupations of warfare from the pleasures of the arts and the personal qualities of an artist from the policies of the state into which he happened to be born. In spite of the pessimists, there is sound reason to believe that this mood will continue through what official proclamations sonorously call "the duration of the war." It would be a pity if in this respect the American public did not follow the long-standing example of Continental Europe on either side of the conflict and not fall to the unintelligent level in these matters of the English. Sufficient, however, for the day is the good thereof. In the ordinary course of the Symphony Concerts no conductor within long recollection has received such significant applause as did Dr. Muck yesterday.

Through the spring rains that would mock her, Mme. Culp brought to the stage the white spring garments and the flowered spring hat that with her own springiness of presence and spirit belied the years that an over-scrupulous programme-book attributed to her. Six songs of Schubert, of Strauss, of Wolf, of Mahler served her voice, artistry, imagination—one over-familiar everywhere, Wolf's "Verborgenheit"; two or three of long standing in the singer's own recitals; but all sung, according to the prescriptions of the Symphony Concerts, to orchestral accompaniment. Five of the pieces were songs of contemplative and poetized vision, of inner mood and picture that cut of penetrating mind and assimilating spirit the singer's voice, skill and subtler faculties of revelation must impart to quickened perceptions and stimulated sensibilities in her audience—Wolf's lyric already cited; Strauss's dreamy ecstasy of "Morgen"; Mahler's sentimental musings upon linden flowers and love; Schubert's rhapsody of lovers' meetings and greetings, "Sei mir Gegrüsst"; and his silvery, moonlit serenade. The sixth, Mahler's folk-song of German river and German legend, was of franker speech, bolder contours and livelier rhythms. It aside, the music of these songs ran for the most part within the middle range of Mme. Culp's voice wherein it is richest of velvety body and warmest and deepest of tonal color. Yesterday, moreover, it was a voice that seemed to pulse with its own beauty, to glow with its own lustres; that was flawless and willing in-

strument to the singer and her song. Upon all her days in Boston, now beginning to be many, Mme. Culp has not sung with finer mastery of technical means, like the control of breath and the focussing of tone; of artful procedure like the shaping of phrase or the long undulation of melody; or of imaginative and enhancing coloring of voice, placing of accent, concentration of image, graduation and cumulation of impression. At one with the illusion of her tones as so much sensuous beauty of lustrous sound, was the illusion of the poetized mood and the amorous vision that they bore; while through both ran the fire, deep ardor of creation repeated in the singer out of poet and composer.

Happily, too, as does not always befall with orchestrated songs, even when the composer has himself made the change of medium, the orchestral voices were no less at one with his lyric tones and mood and the transmitting tones and mood of the singer. The voice of the violin that spins with her voice the melody, misty and groping, iridescent and suffusing of Strauss's "Morgen" touched this loveliness at the composer's and Mr. Witek's hands. Reznicek's accompaniment to Schubert's "Sei mir Gegrüsst" seems in the few instrumental voices employed, to glow in soft radiance around the song. Schönberg utilizes more numerous voices for Schubert's Serenade, but his harmonies and his timbres are silvery as the song, as lovely of euphony and cadence. So does imagination beget imagination. Less concealedly artful is Mahler's own instrumentation of the song of the linden flower, yet poignant, as sprung suddenly from inner impulse are some of his modulations, while in not a little of his coloring is the perfumed suggestion of verse and voice. Again in the song of the Rhine, wind choir and string choir under his skill may move in light and candid folk-song voice. As sensitively as these accompaniments were written, Dr. Muck suffused them with euphonies and colors and led them into single and supple flow with the voice of the singer.

Between Mme. Culp's two groups of songs stood that symphonic fragment from Franck's tonal and devotional congeries, "The Redemption," which requires twelve pages of "historical and descriptive" programme-notes, continues through hardly as many minutes and, even when played with such transparencies of tone and eloquence of progress as Dr. Muck and the orchestra brought to it, hardly leaves impression behind commensurate with the extollings that Mr. d'Indy and other Franckian devotees lavish upon it. The music, indeed, makes a very Franckian piece of the composer's middle years—a single luminous melody, germinating, ascending out of harmonic and instrumental darkness into harmonic and instrumental light; a single wavering melody, gaining strength, encouraged, so to say, by other subordi-

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nate melodies until it rises into high and devout affirmation. So in Franck's scheme of the piece did the religion of Jesus of Nazareth illumine a pagan darkness and assert itself above all other religions. The concept, as the philosophers might say, doubtless touched deeply his piestic spirit and believing faith. From his imagination it invoked an ascendant melody, ecstatic from the beginning, speedily radiant and always of gently propulsive force—of intrinsic beauty, of spiritual suggestion. But the background against which it moves; the progress that it would gather; the triumphant affirmation to which it would rise are less of a Franck lacking inner impulse than of a Franck lacking imparting means according to the measure of his invention. The Franck of the chamber music and the symphony of rich maturity did not write this fragment and so, outside the first period of the ascendant melody and in spite of the clear glow of the beauty therein, the symphonic piece comes off rather tamely, even when there are Dr. Muck's affectionate pains to aid. Quite to believe in it, a measure of Franck's faith is necessary to the worldling hearer. Per contra, he may have such or none at all in the final number of the day, the theme, variations and fugue for organ and orchestra that Mr. Chadwick wrote to demonstrate the fusions and contrasts possible to the two media in their modern estate. As some say, in the inevitably esoteric discussion of these matters, his piece proves the feasibility of such a union. As others assert his music does not make it less a misalliance. All the organists, however, may agree upon the skill with which Mr. Marshall played it. But why—to confess to a seat in outer darkness—why organ pieces anyhow, at a Symphony Concert?

Thus, Mr. Clapp's new symphony—in E-flat major, No. 3—was the conspicuous orchestral piece of the day. The composer conducted it with precision and effect. He knew his own will with the music; he imposed it upon an able and willing orchestra; he set his symphony in true and animate image before his hearers. They, in turn applauded composer and piece, not too ardently, but with more warmth of understanding and appreciation than they did his second symphony, played "at these concerts" in the spring of 1914. And with reason, since the new piece is less exhausting and more rewarding music. Beyond question, Mr. Clapp can manipulate his medium from the ordering of minute detail to the marshalling of large climax. Through and through he knows the capabilities and can imagine and exact the possibilities of his instruments, individually, in separate choirs, in large and fused tonal mass. He has not only erudition and courage with instrumental timbres, but also imagination with them.

As the pedagogues like to say, he thinks and writes in terms of the modern orches-

tra and not in transcription, for it from that which has been really and inwardly created or contrived in another medium. As with his play of timbres, so with his play of harmony and the complement thereof which is dissonance. Mr. Clapp is vastly and minutely erudite in these things from the commonplaces, as they now seem of Wagner, Franck, Mahler and even Debussy to the tentatives and the idiosyncrasies of Skriabin and Schönberg. He is fertile and astute, sure-fingered and elastic-fingered in the manipulation of them. In the new symphony, he runs the whole gamut from the stout or luscious progressions of the Wagnerian and the Mahleresque Germans, through the subtleties of the Parisians, to the bleak and phantasmal intervals of the newest innovators. Whatever the manner, his manipulative skill never fails him; while with harmony and dissonance, as with timbres, he can, on occasion, take his own inventive and imaginative way.

On the other hand, Mr. Clapp cannot resist the temptation of composers, young and old, ancient as well as modern to stock his orchestra "full up"—in this instance five clarinets, eight horns, five trumpets, many drums and so onward; to keep as much of it going as steadily as possible; to over-stress tonal mass in climax and tonal spaciousness for slithering progressions from one end of the band of the other, to over-play power especially in the flamboyant and projecting brass; and to write his music in over-thick strands. Yet it is not often an opaque music; he can thin it and open it for not a few of his more expert and fanciful strokes; he can even make esoteric harmonies flicker spark-like across the surface. It is his fault, his besetting fault to do too much, rather than too little, to give the technically acute too many points of interest, too few of comparative repose.

Similarly, Mr. Clapp may follow his own will and still keep his readiness and sureness of hand in the coordination, propulsion and manipulation of symphonic design in which he seems equally capable of ancient orthodoxies and modern freedoms. The new symphony lacks neither cohesive structure nor expansive and cumulative progress. It is a self-sustaining and self-contained whole without resort to the commonplaces of articulation, repetition, reminiscence. Mr. Clapp's generative musical ideas—usually full-bodied and far-flung themes with a suggestion of Mahler in them or else in subordination or contrast, mere tonal germ with a hint of Franck—reveal an inventiveness and even an individuality of the mind. He develops, transforms, enriches and variously arrays them with no small command of process and resource, with fertile imagination, with clear implication of mood so that the two contents, musical and poetic, technical and emotional, expand as one. There is no mistaking the high energy of both as they break and burst their vigorous way through the first movement of the new symphony. As clear is the stress of haunting question-

ings, insidious despair, ghostly images upon the music and the mood of the second movement, clouding and dispelling recurring periods of confidence and exaltation. The third does summon and sustain in just tonal and poetical mingling an atmosphere of luminous calm. What, then, is the shortcoming of a symphony that, thus briefly recorded sounds so fair? On the one hand, while it engages the mind, it never stimulates it out of intent observation. On the other, while mental perception recognizes, distinguishes, accepts the succeeding moods and emotional implications, the heart never stirs deeply and warmly to them. At the end, the listener rises from the symphony as one whom the composer would compel by power rather than persuade by beauty. H. T. P.

WARMEST GREETINGS TO DR. MUCK

Dr. Clapp's Symphony
Heard for First
Time

Post — Apr. 7/17
BY OLIN DOWNES

When Dr. Karl Muck stepped on the platform to conduct at the 20th concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall he was extended a greeting by the audience of exceptional warmth and heartiness. The applause continued until the conductor turned round for a second time to bow his acknowledgments.

It was a greeting, in a season when feelings between two nations are at their height, which reflected infinite credit on the attitude of an American audience toward a great musician, who has long since been accorded the appreciation that he so amply deserves; and this is an attitude which will surely be maintained through the remain-

ing four concerts of the season which Dr. Muck will conduct.

NEW SYMPHONY HEARD

It may be added here that there is not the slightest reason for unrest as to the continuing of the Boston Symphony concerts. They will continue according to schedule this spring, and the arrangements are now far forward for the concerts of next season.

The concert opened with the first performance anywhere of the Second Symphony in E flat major of Dr. Philip Clapp, head of the music department of Dartmouth College, who personally conducted the performance. As regards style we find this work a marked advance over Dr. Clapp's first symphony, heard in this same place three years ago. The composition is more organic, melodic and intelligible than its forerunner. The composer might retort that he had not in this later work undertaken so formidable an enterprise as he had in the earlier composition; that because the second symphony was less pretentious in spirit and treatment than the first it was easier to comprehend at an initial hearing. The point is not, however, the immediate comprehension of the listener, for good music will make its way in due time, whatever the limitations of an audience. The point is, rather, whether the composer thoroughly comprehends what he is trying to do himself; and in this respect Dr. Clapp appears to have developed considerably since the composition of his first symphony.

Second Movement Dramatic

In the second symphony the themes have simplicity, a melodic contour and usually a diatonic character. There is effective use of reminiscent passages in the last two movements. A joyous phrase of the third theme of the first movement becomes a motive that is heard constantly in the concluding section of the symphony. A sudden interruption of the course of the opening movement, a passage that is melancholy in mood and dark in coloring, becomes an initial and significant episode of the slow movement. Thematic fragments, or variants of them, are accompanied by their characteristic instrumentation. The first movement, as a whole, is joyous; the second movement, for us the most original of the three, darker and more dramatic in its mood; the third movement brings a tranquil conclusion, after passages which suggest as regards firm, etc., the rolling of a scherzo and a finale into one movement.

The most interesting passage for us in the entire symphony is the fanastical and macabre coloring of a passage of the slow movement which appears very suddenly and significantly in the sym-

phony. The composer had probably some definite incident or emotion of his own in mind when he wrote this. That is his concern. Our's is that the music has here definite physiognomy, which it must be admitted, is still far from the customary thing with Dr. Clapp. He is still, in our opinion, over-much influenced by modern German scores, with the attendant bombast and lack of taste.

He also appears to be still endeavoring to do the unusual or shocking thing. To frighten the bourgeois, which is the dream of the young composer. But what is unusual in this score is all too likely to be extraneous, inappropos of the principal things. Suppose Dr. Clapp had suddenly elected to twirl on his heel like a whirligig or cut a highland fling on the rostrum. That would have been funny, but not particularly pertinent to the matter in hand. Similar with some of the orchestral effects. One was more prone to say, "How very smart" than to say "How original."

Advance Over Former One

We speak of these things in the face of the very evident and admirable advance of this symphony over the former one because they are still, beyond reasonable dispute, unfortunate and unnecessary defects of Dr. Clapp's composition, and because they should be dispensed with quickly in a genuine search for what constitutes his own native, direct musical speech. These may not be particularly simple.

The composer may have a native predilection for the musical equivalents of long words and involved sentences, but he will change his idiom very considerably and throw off the pervading outside influences which now seem to affect his inspiration before he will do the thing which the public will prize, and be undeniably and essentially himself. Having said which, according to the best of our knowledge and belief, it is a pleasure to add that the symphony was well received, and the composer twice called back to the platform.

Mme. Culp sang with her accustomed and remarkable art songs by Schubert, the annoyingly sentimental song of Wolf, "Vergorbenheit," and two songs of Mahler, heard for the first time at these concerts, "Ich atmet' einen Lindenluft" and "Rheinlegendchen," the latter of which is very charming in its suggestion of a German folk dance. She was recalled with due cordiality.

Organ in Solo Part

The symphonic compositions were Franck's Symphonic Piece from the Poem-Symphony and "The Redemption" and George W. Chadwick's "Theme, Variations and Fugue" for organ and orchestra. The former work is delight-

ful for its naivete rather than its distinctions of the Franck who had yet to come when "The Redemption" was composed. The latter piece is a series of excellently written variations, well scored, entertaining and melodious in character. The organ part was played by Mr. Marshall with skill and taste, although he might perhaps have been less modest in his registration and not scrupled to take the fullest advantage of the opportunities which the composition extended to him as a virtuoso in his care for just tonal balance and ensemble effect. An organist more enamored of virtuosity for its own sake might have done this. As it was, the performance was admirable for its clarity and musicianship and its fulfilment of the wishes of the composer.

NEW AMERICAN SYMPHONY HEARD

Adm. Apr. 7/17
New Work by Prof. Clapp
Shows Intelligence and
Emotional Power

MME. CULP WINS SUCCESS IN LIEDER

Concert Ends With Chadwick
Composition—Organ Is
Well Played

By LOUIS C. ELSON
PROGRAM

Symphony in E-flat.....Schubert
Philip G. Clapp.
Three Lieder.....Strauss
Mme. Culp.
Symphonic Piece from "The Redemption"
.....Franck, Wolf
Three Songs.....Mahler
Theme, Variations and Fugue.....Chadwick
Organ and Orchestra.

The concert began and ended with American compositions. Prof. Clapp has no reason to complain of neglect in New England. He has now been heard with two symphonies in these concerts. His learning and orchestral skill are shown in both of them, but the present work is preferable to its predecessor, in intelligibility, in brevity and in emotional power. The symphony is of three movements

only. Sometimes when a native composer evolves a symphony of three movements the public makes the fourth movement itself—towards the exits. This was by no means the case yesterday, for the work was interesting and of good contrasts. The Scherzo is omitted from the regular succession. It is heavily scored, in the modern manner (unnecessarily at times), and contains some juggleries of rhythms and of tonalities.

We are not convinced of the poetry of Mr. Clapp, although paying hearty tribute to his intelligence, and he seems an excellent conductor also. He led his own work with conspicuous success.

The first movement was rather blatant, for a symphony, and its very sharp contrasts and heavy crashes reminded of Mahler, who used to compose program-music symphonies without giving the program, and define them as absolute music. We pitied the poor little themes all running about with their ends cut off, for none of them come to a legitimate conclusion. The movement ended with a sudden crash in which the kettle-drummer "did his possible" and which proved Mr. Clapp at least a great sforzandissimist. The movement was full of experiments with different kinds of noises.

The second movement was much more to our liking. There was still some declamatory, unmelodic work, but it was powerful and dramatic, and there were also some beautiful passages on the strings. It had a somewhat sombre ending.

There was also some beautiful work in the beginning of the finale. It made us feel that if Mr. Clapp were less ambitious he would accomplish more. One does not need a regiment of performers to express every musical thought, and, after all, it ought not to be considered a crime to follow the dominant chord with the tonic, once in a while. Nevertheless, this symphony is a marked advance on Mr. Clapp's preceding one, and he certainly belongs among America's prominent composers. The public thought so, too, for the composer-conductor was enthusiastically applauded and recalled.

We scarcely care for Lieder in these symphonic concerts; they seem to demand a different atmosphere. They are better in a small hall and with piano accompaniment. Yet, if they are to be given, we could desire no better interpreter of them than Mme. Julia

Culp. It is only fair to add that the public do not share the above view, for they were apparently delighted with all of the vocalist's work, and the perfection of her singing certainly deserved the great enthusiasm it created. Yet Schubert's "Sei mir Gegruesst" and his "Staendchen" were excessively sweet, as if to correct the asceticism of parts of the preceding symphony. Hugo Wolf's "Verborgenheit" is one of the gems of that unfortunate composer, and it was sung with exquisite expression.

Strauss and Mahler fall a trifle behind Hugo Wolf in not weaving their accompaniments so thoroughly into the fabric of the song. Cesar Franck is more in his own field when he is writing a symphonic poem around a sacred topic than when he is giving a dramatic picture like "Chasseur Maudit." There is a serenity in his work which is born of earnestness and devotion. His great learning never stands in the way of beautiful expression or melodic charm. In short he has mastered the rules and not let the rules master him.

We believe that his "Morceau Symphonique" should be translated as "Orchestral Piece" rather than "Symphonic" for the French word properly means that. The work was exquisitely played and was much applauded.

The concert ended with Chadwick's Theme and Variations and Fugue, for organ and orchestra. The organ was well played by Mr. John P. Marshall. It is always a pleasure to hear this fine-toned instrument combined with orchestra. We might even suggest an organ concerto for some future concert.

There was a strong contrast between the American who began the concert and the American who ended it. We consider Mr. Chadwick a model for the native composer. He is as thoroughly versed in the mysteries of counterpoint as any of them, as witness the canons he has written in Leipsic, and the fugues in his "Judith"; he can swing the great modern orchestra as well as any of them, as is proved by his "Aphrodite"; he has all the modern dramatic fervor and graphically, as is shown in his "Tam o' Shanter." Yet he has never lost spontaneity or the gift of melody, or geniality, or humor.

The theme composed for variation here is good, attractive, and suited to its transformations. The organ is

well united with the orchestral parts, something that is not often accomplished. The fugue is masterly and the ending after it is majestic and powerful. The work is not prolix either. Many otherwise excellent composers, when they get to the variation form are very loath to let go of their lemon until they have squeezed out the last possible drop. No clergyman, with his "tenthly, my dear brethren," holds on so interminably to his text as the variation writer to his theme. Mr. Chadwick was wisely moderate in this. The composition is a most worthy one and has something to say all the way through. It was greatly applauded in spite of its unfavorable place on the program.

TWENTIETH CONCERT

Globe Apr. 7/17
Philip Greeley Clapp's New
Symphony

Julia Culp Sings Beautifully Lieder
by Schubert and Mahler

The 20th Friday afternoon symphony concert brought forward a new symphony in E flat major by Philip Greeley Clapp, music by Cesar Franck and Mr Chadwick, and two groups of lieder with orchestra sung by Mme Julia Culp. The symphony was played for the first time anywhere, and is yet in manuscript. Mr Clapp conducted. It was profitable and pleasurable, to listen to the pieces by Franck and Mr Chadwick. Mme Culp, in music happily chosen for her, sang as one inspired.

Mr Clapp has written his symphony this time in three movements, to play three-quarters of an hour or less, instead of in four movements, as in that of three years ago, to last over an hour. He offers no fixed program, but outlines three moods as a basis—"confident enthusiasm" in the first; "active struggle and contemplative idealism" in the second; with "gentleness and calm" in the last. There is undeniably opportunity in this reversed dynamic order of approaching the close with contemplation rather than with triumph and unfurled banners, as is more usual.

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It was said that Mr Clapp had re-considered his cryptic style of the longer work of three years ago. There was then reasonable anticipation of this one after the period intervening. In comparison it would seem more sane, perhaps less given to prolix, turgid or exaggerated expression and showing passages of more significant ideas and greater continuity of mood. But with all admiration for Mr Clapp's scholarship, for his fine mind, for the splendid success he has made as analyst, lecturer and pedagogue, and with a keen desire to find something in this symphony, it is difficult to say that these qualities are more than mildly comparative rather than absolute.

Incessant Modulation

In a word, if Mr Clapp would write a simple melody, harmonize it, distribute it among his instruments to sound as speech of his own heart and feeling, it might carry conviction beyond this second score of infinitely contrived and elaborated detail. Characteristic qualities have not been shaken off. There is still a distaste, apparently an aversion, to a mood established and sustained for any appreciable time. The incessant modulation at best is wearisome, at its worst as sea travel in time of storm. There is the constant unrest, uncertainty, not the agitation developed with cumulative intensity to a dramatic climax, but a vague, rudderless meandering about as though the composer himself could but hint at the final haven.

There are germinal ideas, notwithstanding some themes of boisterous vacuity or curiously tortured invention, which with a rational outflowing could be led into expression of character and strength, but promising bits are frittered away, whittled into smaller fragments or more generally left scattered, while some other abortive idea leaps up for attention.

The instruments as individuals and as choirs are used with what may be the same versatility, but if true, that of wildly rhapsodic flights. They are puppets and Mr Clapp is fond of pulling the strings. The brass, best of all, dance to his call, and are asked over often for an inclusive punctuation of ideas neither of weight nor of beauty to warrant it. The first trumpet still must be an acrobat in full training. After all this flourish and virtuosity one asks the reason. The hearer is left struggling to sift out this or that morsel, long since buried.

Second Movement

In the second movement Mr Clapp is to be thanked for the brief passage, somewhat choral like, in which continuity and content with pretense seem to rule. Again, when the English horn ascends the leap of the major ninth one hopes for another tangible scene, but the solo violin interrupts and what has preceded seems not introductory, but fragmentary and irrelevant. The closing tonic chord of the final movement is authoritative. Mr Clapp was recalled more than once and was cordially applauded.

Mme Culp, in superb voice, sang two songs each by Mahler and Schubert, one each by Strauss and Wolf, to well orchestrated accompaniment beautifully played by Dr Muck. John P. Marshall was soloist in Mr Chadwick's theme and variations with the fine fugle for organ and orchestra. The symphonic piece from Cesar Franck's Poem-Symphony "The Redemption," music not most characteristic of the composer, was welcome in the hands of Dr Muck, who was given an affectionate welcome when he came on.

New Clapp Symphony and Tribute to Dr. Muck Stir Audience

Journal Apr. 7/27
By F. Espósito

A new symphony, finished barely three months ago in this city by Philip Greeley Clapp, a graduate of Harvard '09; a group of some of the most moving of the German lieder, sung by Julia Culp; the very first of Cesar Franck's expositions of his theory of tonality, and Mr. Chadwick's beautiful velvety tour de force for organ and orchestra made yesterday's program, the 20th Symphony rehearsal of the season, rich. The occasion was memorable in other ways.

Dr. Muck did not appear until the symphony was finished, the composer himself conducting the work.

And when the tall, grave, slender figure of the regular conductor appeared, there was an outburst of applause that went on and on; never vociferous, never the crazy enthusiasm of having just heard a wonderful performance; it was just the sympathy of a great throng of friends for the friend in a strange land, a friend placed in a sad position because war had just been declared against his country.

There was plenty of enthusiasm, for Mr. Clapp and for Mme. Culp, whose rich voice was never heard to better advantage.

The interpolation of two groups of songs into a symphony program seemed a little strange to the habitues of the concerts—and incidentally, very refreshing indeed. It changed the air, so to speak.

Mr. Clapp's symphony, though wholly in the modern manner, was a joy to the layman as well as to the professional musician. No need here to strain the attention through the thickened dissonances of "tonality," and to probe for some scrap of melody, some meaning, some rhythm. Color there was, brilliance and richness in every bar; there is not a thin page in the score. But Mr.

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Clapp has not disdained to speak in unisons, nor to pile the notes of well-known chords up for the pleasure of sweetness.

His ornamentations often flashed in eerie violet intervals, but they always flashed. He insists, in the program notes written by himself, that there is no detailed program, though there is an underlying dramatic plan. It is true; the whole symphony is drama of the emotions purely; to chain it to the story of events of characters would be a pity.

It is in three movements, each with strongly marked and noble themes, clearly stated; Mr. Clapp is in this a very forthright person, as he is vehement in exclamation or climax. The exuberance of the first movement, however, is the exuberance of a highly cultivated person; there is nothing pastoral about it. Often it rises to exaltation, always with a pointing forward, by way of introduction of a series of chords, or a variation of the early themes, to a consequence in second or third movement.

In the second movement (andante agitato) the principal theme is stated boldly by the trombones, with an odd effect produced by carrying the attacking note on in the brass, and then dropping those instruments out, so that the strings sing the remainder of the melody quietly, with a thrill more poignant than if the whole strain had been shouted.

There comes into this movement, too, a feeling of spaciousness, of noble architecture, which is not at first understood. Then the hearer becomes aware of the great tones of the organ underneath a fretting orchestra, making all great and solemn.

The finale is graceful in its scherzo-like opening, though never light, and in the end rises to a triumphant re-statement, in new moods, of all the themes of the symphony. If concerts are to be for pleasure as well as for culture and enlightenment, Mr. Clapp has contributed a work which will be taken from the library of the orchestra frequently for many years to come.

Mme. Culp sang two of the familiar Schubert songs, the Strauss "Morgen," two of Mahler's and Hugo Wolf's "Verborgenhelt," best understood of the mad composer's lieder, and most like those of other men. The orchestra played the accompaniments con amore, and the great audience was furiously enthusiastic.

The Cesar Franck "morceau symphonique" from his "Redemption," and Mr. Chadwick's theme, variations and fugue, have both been played before in the symphony concerts. Each has interest, as exposition of color, or of tone-contrast. Perhaps one longer work would have been as welcome.

Mme. Leginska with Orchestra

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At the final concert of the season in Providence by the Symphony Orchestra, which befell last evening, Mme. Leginska, the pianist, was the "assisting artist," and at it, as at the rehearsal with Dr. Muck and the band in Boston on Tuesday morning, made no slight impression upon her hearers. Though she has fast made her way in concerts of her own in Boston of recent remembrance, never before has she played with orchestra hereabouts in the pomp and circumstance of a concerto. She chose Rubinstein's in D minor—a piece that the composer-pianist himself, and Mr. Hoffman after him, often played and that frankly displays piano and virtuoso rather than merges them into a primarily symphonic music. In the first movement, the pianist may give proof of technical range and resource, of declamatory force in the enunciation of theme and melody, of vivid "passage-work," of command of color and bravura with the orchestra or in contrast to it. In the second, the pianist almost monopolizes the music which nows first in slow and then swifter song of musing matter and manner. In the finale—the usual rondo—comes opportunity for the sharp-set play of rhythms, for whirls of tone and for large and sustained pianistic power.

Throughout the concerto, with orchestra and audience happily disposed, Mme. Leginska was mistress of herself, her music and her instrument, playing in the large and ornate style that the concerto inherently invites with full-voiced magnificence of tone, with vigor of declamation, with ardor in the more songful measures, with sweep and opulence of technical display. To Rubinstein and to his worthy successors with the piece, the music bade the pianist strike rhythmic fire, fill full the slow song, match the piano at need against the orchestra and in the finale at least bear all before it. In unusual degree for a woman, Mme. Leginska has the energy of spirit and the power of fingers and wrist to achieve this amplitude and force of feeling and utterance. More than once and often through many measures she gained and sustained the "grand manner" in which Rubinstein designed the piece, while in the songful second movement and in the less displayful passages of the first, she enriched the music by the deep beauty of tone and the warmth of the color with which she flecked it. And in a symphony concert, only a little less than in a recital of her own, do her hearers feel the communicating force of her singular personality.

Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1916-17.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

Dr. KARL MUCK, Conductor.

TWENTY-FIRST PROGRAMME

FRIDAY, APRIL 13, AT 2.30 P.M.

SATURDAY, APRIL 14, AT 8 P.M.

DEBUSSY,

"IMAGES" for ORCHESTRA

No. 1. Giggles (first time here)

No. 2. Iberia

I. "Par les rues et par les chemins" ("In the streets and
waysides")

II. "Les parfums de la nuit" ("The odorous night")

III. "Le matin d'un jour de fête" ("The morning of a festal
day")

No. 3. Rondes de Printemps

SCHUBERT,

SYMPHONY in C major. No. 9

I. Andante; Allegro ma non troppo

II. Andante con moto

III. Scherzo: Allegro vivace. Trio

IV. Finale: Allegro vivace

The Orbed Oracle of the Oboe



From an Original Drawing by Gluyas Williams

Georges Longy

Of the Symphony Orchestra and of Chamber Music

'GIGUES,' PLAYED BY SYMPHONY, DRAW APPLAUSE

Journal — Apr. 14/19
Orchestra Finally Has to
Rise and Acknowledge
Plaudits of Audience.

By F. Esposito

Thin, tingling, eerie dissonances, resolving by quaint phrases down-stepping in the mauve tones of fagotto or clarinet; a saucy melody wrenched into infinite sadness—as it might be if a maimed girl sought to repeat the graceful dances of her perfect youth—and always striving through trials of one choir after another for some lost beauty; these are some of the impressions of the "Gigues" which took their place among Debussy's "Images" at yesterday's Symphony rehearsal.

Never Played Here Before

The "Gigues" have never been played in Boston before, though they were made a part of a suite with his "Iberia" and the "Rondes de Printemps," which have had several performances here. The suite was wildly applauded, and Dr. Muck was finally forced to make his orchestra rise and acknowledge the plaudits of the audience.

This is the younger Debussy, the student who had won the Prix de Rome and whose compositions, sent back from his proud exile, were at first refused performance. To be sure, these particular works were written long after "Pelleas et Melisande," but though they already show the Debussy who believed in tone-painting rather than set form of development of themes, and traditional successions of tempo and sentiment, the Debussy of the "Après-Midi d'un Faune," there is

little of the vague, drifting cloud of strange dissonance that characterizes that opera and much of Debussy's later music.

Even as the "Iberia" has its clinking castanets and tambourines, its syncopated and characteristic dance-measure, its overlapping and insistent, little, monotonously repeated phrase of the semi-barbaric dance; even as the keen, long-drawn note of "les parfums de la nuit" is cut across by odd and twisted incidents of phrase, and the morning comes with ever-growing excitement in "Le matin d'un jour de fête," the "Gigues" play throughout with a little tune.

There is story and incident and picture for whomsoever will construct it. The commentators have remarked, unfortunately, the resemblance of the little song to a well-known cavalry trot-march which is founded on an old Scottish song,—after reading which, it is impossible to forget it. But nothing further from the spirit and mental level of the "Keel Row" can be imagined than Debussy's "Gigues." One has only to set the words down to display the incongruity.

Uses Large Orchestra

The composer, as always, has made use of a large orchestra; harps, bells, unusual drums and effects produced with mutes, all help the ever-changing color of his tonalities. It is a suite that ought to be heard often in these concerts.

No greater contrast could be possible, also, than that between Debussy's esoteric and formless sheets of tone, and Schubert's always sweet, always formal symphony in C. It was like coming from the dim and mysterious home of love-once-removed into the office of a conservative manufacturer, to remain through the rest of the concert. The old work was wonderfully played, of course, with all the fervor of worshipers of tradition—but it was hopelessly commonplace after the other.

Schubert is Schubert, and the Seventh symphony is not to be thrown out of the window by any lover of modern music, of course. Many lovers of music there are who sighed with relief to recognize again the clearly stated theme, the carefully resolved harmonies, the formally developed and differentiated phrases. Here was something that could be understood, a man with a tune, an intention, an intellectual treat that nevertheless carried no headache with it. Nobody got up and went out; on the contrary, the wonderful, fiery finale received almost as much fervent adoration as Debussy's himself.

"IMAGES" HEARD AT SYMPHONY CONCERT

Adm. Apr. 14/19
ENTIRE WORK BY
DEBUSSY PERFORMED

Schubert Composition Also Given—Played With Dash And Energy

At the twenty-first concert given by the Boston Symphony Orchestra yesterday afternoon the works performed were Debussy's "Images" for Orchestra and Schubert's Symphony in C major No. 7.

The three "Images" were heard in their entirety for the first time in the succession that the composer designed at the Colonne concerts in Paris—"Gigues," "Iberia," "Rondes de Printemps." Both the second and third have been played in former seasons by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, as well as by other American orchestras, but the "Gigues" were heard here for the first time at yesterday's performance, although performed by the Chicago Orchestra on Nov. 13, 14, 1914.

Whereas the "Gigues" and "Rondes de Printemps" may be counted, theoretically at least, as music of thematic development, "Iberia" may be considered as purely impressionistic. The grouping of the three "Images" is an arbitrary arrangement, since there is little essential unity between them.

In the "Gigues" Debussy would seem to have striven to attain the impossible. On the one hand we find the composer's peculiar notions of tonalities, harmonies and rhythm; on the other the "Gigue" development according to the orthodox rules. In the elastic treatment of the classic form of "Gigue" Debussy has fallen short, for he has evidently sought to create a new form along the characteristic lines of his music—the lines more in accord with the freedom of melody, rhythm and tonality, with the result of music that is full of laborious details in its strife for an obviously missed goal.

"Iberia," the second of the "Images," is not lengthy, a characteristic closely adhered to with its composer, but contrary to many of his colleagues of other nationalities. It suggests the earlier as well as the maturer Debussy through the finely interwoven delicacy in shading, fineness of harmonic background, subtle imagination, musical explorations for the discovery of possibilities—all attaining that unfathomable effect of iridescence and haunting vagueness which pervade his music of earlier years. On the other hand, is felt the influence of the bolder and richer instrumental colors and the more decisive rhythms of maturer years. Yet, in the respect that "Iberia" treats of life is it contrasted with the emotionalism and fleeting visions of both the earlier and later music.

Divided into three sections—"By Roads and Lanes," "The Perfumes of the Night" and "Morning of a Fete Day"—we are told that the picture of "Iberia" is painted in Spain—the composer's personal impressions and not descriptive reminiscences. Much use of castanets, bells and such like tell the story of the joyous wayfarer, then night falls through curious effects of what one may call slowly palpitating melody, for strings and woodwind chiefly. Dawn is announced and the world is awakened to life through bells and aubades. The second movement is the most musicianly of the three. Tonal color and not harmonic design are the salient points of the work which is an unquestionable manifestation of the genius of Debussy in his efforts to break away from the thralldom of the classic and despotic in music.

"Rondes de Printemps" is designed to be taken as a roundelay invoking the spirit of spring. The chief motive, through the incisive rhythm, suggests the exuberant open air dance of the vernal festival and the tumultuous character of the poliphony and instrumentation well colors the picture. But it must be confessed that the plentiful provision of acrid harmonies makes little for musical beauty. However, the one idea which permeates the work is deftly handled. This idea, which originated in an old children's song, is an unceasing melody germinating and springing from melody gradually becoming varied until it takes on new motives. While it is evident that

the work is fundamentally musical in essence, it tells the story in its own untranslatable medium, making an imaginative appeal from its native suggestibility of unity of rhythm, harmony of line, disposition of plan, a sense of proportion, a fitness and balance.

The marring element of Debussy's composition was a slight hesitancy and wavering in rhythmic values noticeable throughout the composition as the complexities were unravelled.

In the Schubert Symphony, Dr. Muck again wisely chose, thus satisfying the tastes of those who do not revel in the intricacies of harmony and rhythm and, to their minds, the resulting indefiniteness of the modern school.

Schubert's great masterpiece, the Symphony in C major, No. 7, also known as No. 10, almost the last work the master's hand touched, ranks with the greatest compositions of its kind for the nobility of its themes and the splendor of their elaboration. The composer seems to have been greatly impressed by it himself, for he returns again and again to his subjects, not merely because the symphonic plan required him to, but because he apparently loved them so well that he was loth to finally leave them. Hence some of the movements are very long, and the first, in particular, seems to have reached a fit climax twice before the real ending comes. A deep purpose seems to underlie the work, and even the Scherzo is only so in name, for contented and gay though it appears to be, it is never merry and the trio is almost a serious strain. From the first smooth measures of the horn, speaking alone and as if from afar, to the triumphant fullness of the Finale, there is a steady progression and growth.

This symphony has many Hungarian touches, without doubt due to Schubert's stay at Zelesz. It teems with beautiful melodies and tasteful contrasts, which characteristics cause Schubert to be generally appreciated by the music-loving public.

To the horn which was played in yesterday's performance with excellent shading was given the introduction. In the coda of the first movement credit is due the trombones. The grand effect of these instruments was triumphantly brought forth in the ending which was an augmentation of the horn phrase of the introduction, thus ending the movement symmetrically.

In the second movement the honors must be given to the first oboe which played its themes with much delicacy and finesse.

The speed of the Finale was not such as to spoil the effect of the four accented notes with the brunt of the work at first falling upon the strings, which stood their task well. In the Scherzo smoothness was for the most part well preserved.

Summing up, it may be emphatically stated that yesterday's performance of Schubert's great masterpiece brought out and used to every possible advantage all the merits and strong points of our orchestra. The dash and energy, the touches of Hungarian spice, delicate refinements of shading, breadth and balance, all of these united to make a performance not soon to be forgotten.

A. E. W.

SYMPHONY'S 21ST CONCERT

Herald Apr. 14/19
Compositions by Debussy and
Schubert Make up Orchestra's
Program.

By PHILIP MALE.

The 21st concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Muck, conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows: Debussy, Images (Gigues, Iberia and Rondes de Printemps); Schubert, Symphony in C major.

Debussy's "Gigues" was performed here for the first time. Although it is placed as No. 1 of the "Images" it was the last of the three to be composed and performed in Paris. The original title was "Gigue Triste." It is a pity that this title was not retained, for it characterizes the composition, which must be ranked high among the works of the elusive and fascinating Debussy. The two chief themes are strongly defined, more direct in their melodic appeal than is customary with this musician; the melodic contents and the pronounced rhythm will be appreciated by those who persuade themselves that the music

of the modern French school is "vague"; but the great charm of "Gigues" to others is in the prevailing mood and in the exquisite instrumentation. The composition might be called "The Ghostly Jig," for surely no feet of clay ever danced to the two tunes. It is haunting music; music that reminds one of De Quincey's eloquent sentences in which he spoke of the sadness incited in the breast of one seeing dancers, fair and young, gallantly dressed, radiant in their evolutions in a festal, gorgeous hall.

"Iberia" has been heard here several times, but the performance yesterday outstripped all those preceding. The second section, "The Odorous Night," is incomparable in its beauty. Walt Whitman's famous apostrophe to the night of the large, few stars, "mad, naked, summer night," might serve as motto. How admirably this movement comes between the two dazzling impressions of Spanish life and gaiety! The performance of these impressions was extremely brilliant; that of "The Odorous Night" was entrancing.

"Rondes de Printemps," in which the old French children's song "Nous n'irons plus au bois" serves as the leading idea, but ingeniously transformed and often veiled, is not so noteworthy as the other "Images," yet it breathes the freshness and joy of spring.

Then came a noble rendering of Schubert's great and—long symphony.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The program of the concerts next week includes Noren's symphony "Vita" (first time in America) and Brahms' Variations on a Chorale of Haydn.

DEBUSSY "IMAGES" WONDERFULLY PLAYED

Globe — *Apr. 14/17*
"Gigues" of the Suite Done

First Time

Dr Muck's Conducting of "Iberia" of Sumptuous Imagination

It is difficult to believe Debussy's "Iberia," conducted yesterday afternoon by Dr Muck, with infinite imagination, now sumptuous, now exquisite, to be the same score as that heard under the name by this orchestra in 1911.

A marvelous performance, one of the most remarkable of a season which has contained Liszt's "Faust" symphony, revealed yesterday the gorgeous palette of colors of this music, released its poignant, unescapable ap-

peal to sense, and crowned orchestral euphony with transporting exotic illusion.

Debussy's "Iberia" (1907), with its three subdivisions (the last two without intervening pause) and "Rondes de Printemps" (1909), had been played here separately. The composer's purpose to make them respectively second and third in order in a suite to be called "Images" was realized when in 1912 the "Gigues" was completed for the first part of the suite. Its performance yesterday was the first here, as was that of the complete suite.

In the "Gigues" Debussy has written as one recalling the quaint charm of an old dance tune, mellowed in memory. No other wood-wind of the orchestra could catch in tone the exquisite, tender fragrance of the revived oboe d'amore. The instrument Mr. Lenom employed and the skill with which he played its haunting theme reminds of the fragile, elusive beauty of its associate in strings—the viola d'amore. The score is archaic in the idiom of one who loves the things of yesterday, and speaks fluently their language. There is the keen fancy and delicacy of expression in the vein of Debussy while his ravishing sense of color and wealth of invention were not impaired. There are not the gorgeous tints of the "Iberia" which paints an illusion of Spain the Spaniards themselves have not found, but there is the magical cunning and touch. The song of Spring while graceful and containing charming passages might better precede than follow "Iberia," with its red-blooded, stirring echoes of the country festival.

Schubert's symphony in C major, No. 7, which seemed curiously materialistic, even literal, after the first half of the program, was admirably played with no attempt to gloss its sturdy, inspirational character. Here is music fresh in mood, individual and prophetic in its day, and for many even yet it may have been more grateful yesterday than what had gone before. Next week Noren's "Vita" symphony (first time here) and Brahms' variations on a theme by Haydn will be played.

DR. MUCK GIVES INTERPRETATION OF DEBUSSY WORK

Monitor — *Apr. 14/17*
Boston Symphony Orchestra, Karl Muck Conductor—Twenty-first program, presented in Symphony Hall, Boston, Mass., afternoon of April 13, 1917: Debussy, "Images," for orchestra, comprising "Gigues," "Iberia" and "Rondes de printemps"; Schubert, Symphony in C major, No. 7.

Dr. Muck has at last made a success with Debussy. He has found how to bring the most elusive of modern orchestral thinkers under control. He

has studied the ingenious composer's ways of handling rhythm and tone color until he can tell listeners all about them. He has scrutinized the scores of the strange writer and has ascertained the secret of their thematic and harmonic structure. He has brought this man to book.

An annotation on the program pointed out that "Gigues," which is the first of three pieces going under the general title of "Images," was never played before at the Boston Symphony concerts. "Gigues," then, calls for remark as being a novelty. But so does each of its companion pieces. For if "Iberia" and "Rondes de printemps" have been on former programs, they had to wait until this occasion for thorough and replete presentation.

Unquestionably the conductor has studied Debussy's rhythms and tone coloring with zeal. He has studied them, listeners on Friday must have thought, with the conviction that rhythm and color are the great finalities of orchestral music. For he made the three pieces veritable rhapsodies. His "Gigues" was but another version of the story told in Chabrier's "España." This little work undeniably has a dance derivation. Its name indicates that. But who before has ever thought of Debussy in association with a precisely measured beat and a perfectly regular recurrence of accent?

Successful, nevertheless, Dr. Muck's readings were, because they were frankly made according to his own musical predilections and were not modeled after Parisian methods of conducting. Though many will object that his performance of the "Images" is not Debussy, that will be because they have preconceptions of their own about musical atmosphere and impressionism, and other intangibilities. The truth of the matter doubtless is that Debussy, as a great composer, will take interpretation after any school and will sound well presented in any style.

At all events the audience as a whole was highly pleased with the concert Debussy pieces. It also gave enthusiastic approval of the conductor's work in the Schubert symphony.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT

Jan. 14/17
DEBUSSY, SCHUBERT AND SIGNS OF
THE TIMES

The Regular Schedule and Dr. Muck for Conductor Next Season—A New "Image" from the Parisian Composer Beside the Familiar "Iberia" and the Remembered "Rondes de Printemps" — Evoking an Heroic Schubert from His Music

HARDLY less significant applause than that of last week awaited Dr. Muck when he came to his place yesterday before the Symphony Orchestra, while at every opportunity through the afternoon the audience renewed it. By this time, there is no reason to doubt the present inclination of the public of the Symphony Concerts to keep its pleasure in music and performance and its regard for conductor and men well apart from the preoccupations and the rancors of warfare. Three times now has it put an end to surmise about its disposition toward Dr. Muck; while, as happy chance would have it, a leaf in the programme-book set similar close to another speculation of the plentiful quidnuncs of the hour. Some have affected to believe that while the Symphony Orchestra would complete the present series of concerts, it would undertake none next season since the public would be too engrossed in the war to heed them.

What presumptions inspired this belief, outside the current notion that the more we depart from the normal course of life the more warlike do we become, it would be hard to say. As it was, a characteristically unobtrusive announcement once and for all dispelled them. The thirty-seventh series of Symphony Concerts, as usual in twenty-four pairs, will begin on Friday afternoon, Oct. 12, and Saturday evening, Oct. 13 of next autumn, and Dr. Muck, of course, will continue as conductor of the orchestra. In fact, for a month past, the renewal of the contract that brought him to the post five years ago, and that is now nearly fulfilled, has been an open secret; while for a fortnight Mr. Higginson's resolution to proceed with the concerts, as regardless as possible of the circumstances of war, has been as familiarly repeated. Present and future, then, are secure and those over-prone to recent speculation about conductor, band and concerts, might profitably consider the possibility—and in these days!—of finding a successor to Dr. Muck and the effect upon an orchestra,

now at zenith, of, say, a year or two of dispersal. Since the first autumn after the beginning of the war, symphony concerts have persisted in London and Paris, Berlin, Munich, Vienna. The more, then, the reason to expect them as usual here.

In a sense, two pieces filled the concert of yesterday—Debussy's "Images for Orchestra" played for the first time in entirety and sequence in Boston and Schubert's symphony in C major played in turn, according to Dr. Muck's good faith to classic composers, without the omission of one formal repetition or recapitulation. On the other hand Debussy's "Images" are three separate pieces—"Gigues," "Ibéria" and "Rondes de Printemps," any one of which, played separately, keeps integrity and individuality. Two, indeed, "Ibéria" and the "Rondes," have been so heard, more than once, "at these concerts." To them, yesterday, for the first time here, Dr Muck prefixed the remaining "Image," originally entitled "Gigue Triste" and warranting the designation by content, color and implication. It is a short piece, written like the other two for a full orchestra, but keeping also like them a characteristic clarity of voice and, often, a like lightness of fabrication. As in "Ibéria" and the "Rondes," rhythm weaves and sustains this fabric. Through it, nevertheless, wander melancholy and piping motives thickening and quickening now and then into a suggestion of the dance of the title only to thin again and vanish dolefully into the sombre harmonies behind and around.

Once, at least, the full orchestra develops and enriches one such motive until a resentful shriek of stopped trumpets drives it back into murmurs of mourning. Oftener, however, this "Gigue" only pipes, as it were, out of the encompassing dolours. Songful and plaintive, especially at the slow pace at which Dr. Muck took the music, it weaves a troubled and interrupted way in and out of as morne and moody a background. Sometimes it is no more than a remote tinkle of triangle and xylophone; again it takes refuge, so to say, in the penetrating voice of the oboe sharpened by the harps. Again it hovers, timid and nervous, through one or another choir, usually evasive, speedily choked at the merest sign of self-assertion. Upon this unkind background Debussy lavishes his wonted skill and suggestion with harmonies and timbres, until it enshrouds the pitifully pulsing little dance, that, submissive finally stills itself away. A sad-voiced, sad-faced Gigue of a twentieth-century introspection, memory, melancholy, ironically far from the frank gay tunes that the seventeenth-century so labelled and as such, perhaps, a little tour de force of Debussyan imagination and procedure, to touch ear and fancy.

"Ibéria" and "Rondes de Printemps" are of other mood and voice. The detractors, who will have it that Debussy began to wane with the final pages of

"Pelléas," the Nocturnes and "The Afternoon of a Faun" may have their fling at certain suggestions of Chabrier's "España" that do rise out of the third division of the Spanish fantasy or even assert that the whole music is too literal to the label that it bears and to the rhythms and the colorings therein implied. Neither reproach, however may lie against the music of the Spanish night wherein the song of the oboe, rising and falling through the lightly sustaining and veiling orchestra swims in the softness, the stillness, the depth and the ecstasy of the pulsing and perfumed darkness. Then Debussy writes music that in itself, without so much as a word of connotation, glows with as rare a beauty as he has ever gained, suffusing ear and spirit with sensuous sensation, insinuating, deep. It is his piece of the serenity of lustrous night as "Fetes" was his piece of nearing, passing, vanishing nocturnal din.

As for the music of highway and byway and of the whole countryside awakening and trooping to popular merrymaking, it is rhythm made pictorial; rhythm pulsing through a maze of harmonic and instrumental color; rhythm, lightened and deepened, stayed or quickened, held in suspense or carried steadily onward, until the ear tingles with it and answering fancy moves to it; rhythm, bejewelled, as it were, by a hundred gleaming and changeful strokes. Here, indeed, writes a Debussy whose imagination summons picture, whose invention enriches it, whose propulsive force sets it glowing upon his tonal canvas until the illusion upon his hearers is complete and intoxicating. If "Ibéria" is, as some say, the final piece of his fertile prime, then also is it not the least of its glories.

Yet not far behind it, though in another voice and mood, stand the "Rondes de Printemps." As "Ibéria" is a graphic music sublimated, so are they a music of sensation subtilized. After his sophisticated manner, Debussy chose his form—the curious and veiled return of the melody of a mediæval folk-piece sung familiarly by little girls. Out of this melody, upon it and in mists around it, he wove a music of the tremors of the spring, when woodland and meadow quiver into new life, when the air feels these stirrings, when the spirit of this awakening world dances. Sometimes this music is as diaphanous and shimmering as the atmosphere of a Corot of sunlit glade; again it thickens as with the crowding life of this expanding world of springtime vision; again it is a dance of tones as fancy beats the measure; while always it keeps changeful glow and impulsive leap. If the Debussy of 1917 may do no more than reiterate formulas, the Debussy of 1910 had need only to look upon the blossoming earth and into his enkindled spirit to write. His timbres become as tremors of his newly quickened world; his harmonies are the glamors of that world singing in Debussyan voice the little folk-song of gladness. The mood of "Gigues" and of "Rondes de Printemps"

could hardly be further apart; yet for each the Debussyan idiom and procedure becomes imparting and enhancing voice.

Since in all three "Images," the music is intrinsically a music of rhythm and of color, Dr. Muck and the orchestra outshone themselves therewith. A body of perfect craftsmen laid on Debussy's harmonies, achieved his timbres as from an exhaustless palette, while the conductor's guiding hand and proportioning ear distributed them as astutely over the music. Out of rhythm, as he maintained or varied it, equally alert to a Debussy who for a moment was all for precision and at the next all for elasticity, he gave the music character, impulsion, illusion; while out of the color rose the encompassing atmosphere. Of the dolorous euphonies and the mournful dissonances of "Gigues," he was no less master than of the changeful pulse and and glow of "Ibéria" or of the lustrous and lusty progress of the "Rondes." With the largeness of maturity, Debussy has written these three "Images"; with the subtlety and the fancy of his youth, he has jewelled them harmonically and instrumentally. Yet with all their volume of voice, as Debussy's music goes, and with all these glows pale and shadowy or rich and radiant they remain a characteristically incisive music. Throughout Dr. Muck's command of rhythm held them so.

Contrasting virtues in both conductor and band shone out of the performance of Schubert's symphony. Fortunate Schubert, who had not to ponder his modulations and progressions, to meditate his harmonies and timbres in the flow of an instrumental song out of which they seem spontaneously to ripple. From the germ of a tonal idea springs that idea almost melodious in itself; before Schubert has twice or thrice repeated it the melody is waxing into song; a few measures expanding into period, and the song had begun to flood the chosen form. No wonder Schubert consented to all the symphonic orthodoxies of his time, since in his spontaneity and fertility of song compliance with them was easy. In his earlier symphonies, no doubt, he did little more than fill his mould with that ready song; but by the time he had reached this symphony in C major the song had begun to speak with a passion of his own. It is easy for a conductor to say to himself, his men, his hearers: "Let Schubert run. So direct and transparent a music will speak unaided for itself." But Dr. Muck is not so minded, and when did he ever seek and take the easiest way? In fact when he first conducted in Boston in this symphony in C major he seemed disposed to manipulate it overmuch.

Yesterday as once or twice before there was the golden mean. Full flooded Schubert's song poured through the symphony; but in the first movement Dr. Muck seemed to speed, enrich, glorify it out of his own energies of response. In the second, he intensified and exalted it so that the music spoke nobly, deeply, as with spiritual pas-

sion. In the scherzo he sought and gained a like ardor of voice and feeling, when gayety melts into sentiment and sentiment exhales again that gayety. Under Dr. Muck's hand the one and the other became emotion. And so, finally with the long sweeps of the finale, in and out of deep pools of song, until it flooded those that heard not only with the beauty but with the power of the music. The heroic Chopin is an old figment or fact of pianists' discernment and imagination. An heroic Schubert sang yesterday out of a symphony that "let run" usually sounds merely lyrical. His mantle from the first measure to the last was the orchestra's glowing richness of tone.

H. T. P.

DEBUSSY'S WORKS BY SYMPHONY

His "Images" Heard
for First Time at
These Concerts

Post ——— Apr. 14/17
BY OLIN DOWNES

The complete set of Debussy's "Images" for orchestra was performed yesterday afternoon at the concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Karl Muck, conductor, in Symphony Hall. The "Images" include the "Gigues," heard for the first time in Boston yesterday; the three pieces: "In the Streets and Waysides," "Perfumes of the Night" and "The Morning of a Fete Day," which are called, collectively, "Ibéria"; and the "Rondes de Printemps." Schubert's long and beautiful symphony in C major completed the programme.

TYPICALLY FRENCH MUSIC

Both Debussy and Schubert feel nature intimately, and whether Debussy's expression of nature is more fundamental, or as much so, as Schubert's

is a matter cheerfully left to posterity to decide. But this may be said: That in writing pieces essentially and typically French in the clarity, simplicity, frankness and masterly arrangement of detail, Debussy has evolved new practices of harmony and form which have already had an important effect on composition.

He is, if you like, an impressionist. That is, his effects are effects of rhythm and color rather than melody, which is in a sense the musical equivalent of line. But he is not an impressionist in a slap-dash manner. His effects of color are achieved by a marvellous care and certainty of method. That the multiplicity of detail neither annoys nor distracts us is only the proof of the mastery of the composer and the sincerity of his method. A thousand brush-strokes, as an evocation of "perfumes of the night!"

Repetition and Contrast

As for form, there is unquestionably present in these pieces structure of the utmost delicacy and logic. There is another kind of form than that which consists in the slavish repetition and contrast of stated melodies. That form is rhythmic form—the arrangement and development of rhythm. Underlying the apparently thoughtless clash of harmonies and scraps of phrases used with the true instinct of the "decadent" is the juxtaposition and the fruitful interplay of rhythmical motives. They give the music its substance and its life, and they represent that god of the classicists, "development"—"development" which is here a true germination of elements inherent in the musical body.

But let us not talk of technic. This is only the machinery of Debussy. This only serves to convey, as simply and as obviously to those who will lend an unprejudiced ear as the method of Schubert, Debussy's impressions of nature, his memories of songs that echo along the highways and byways of Spain, the thrumming of guitars, the shouts and the colors of a fete-day and the marvellous song of spring. Of the "Ronde de Printemps."

Dr. Muck's Skill

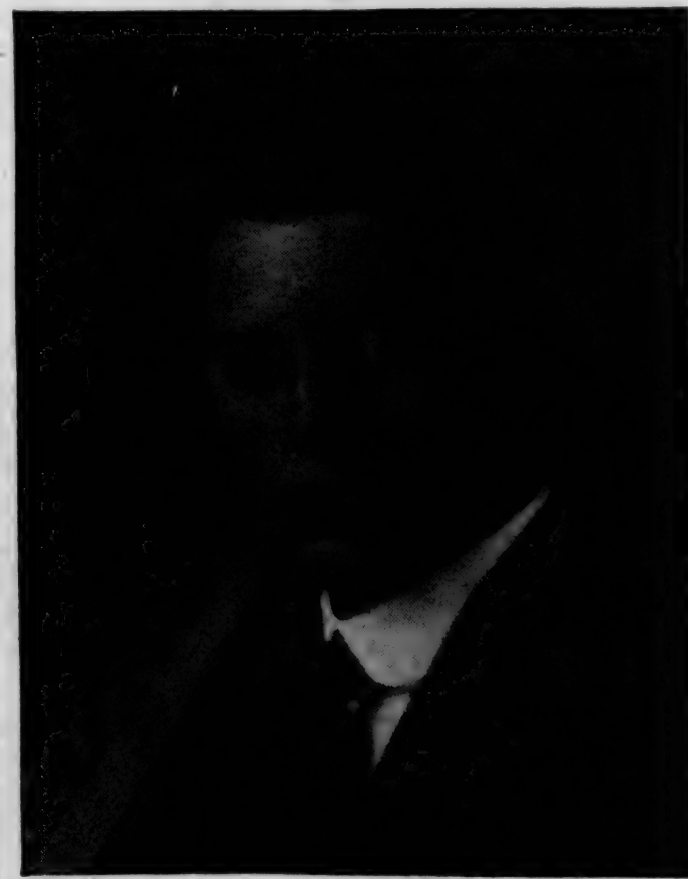
Dr. Muck gave a performance that must be classed with the greatest he has given in Boston, so subtle was its feeling, so spontaneous its expression. We cannot but believe that such a performance would have delighted the composer, for it was as Debussyish in its clearness and its just relation of detail as it was in its haunting song, its rhythmic life and exuberance.

When Dr. Muck chooses to exert his remarkable rhythmic gift—the gift which he abused, as we felt, in the slow movement of the Schubert symphony—he can improvise like a master on his orchestra. This orchestra in the performance of Debussy's piece rushed for-

ward, or hesitated for an instant, or slackened its pace so naturally that it was indeed as the inevitable impulse of the music.

Schubert's Symphony

The performance of Schubert's symphony was very brilliant, but at times tonally rough, which is a thing hard to agree with in Schubert as in Debussy or Chopin or Mendelssohn. In the tonal sense, Mr. Wilhelm Gericke was the never-to-be-forgotten interpreter of this symphony. He was not as dramatic as Dr. Muck in the climax of the second movement. He was not as modern in his feeling, and let us admit that a touch of modernism such as Dr. Muck displayed in the climax referred to is impressive and true to the composer's meaning, but Gericke was incomparably beautiful and successful in attaining the Olympic beauty and repose which underlies the most brilliant passages of this symphony, this explosion of genius. In its performance there should never be a hint of roughness, or undue capriciousness of rhythm, as in the slow movement. The orchestra should be radiant and glowing, but never hard. For the C major symphony is one of the most beautiful and classic works, despite its romantic undercurrent of feeling, that there is in the world today. The audience applauded all performances with exceptional warmth, recalling the conductor, who, in acknowledgment, summoned the orchestra to its feet.



Mr. THEODORE CELLA
(Harp Instructor)

Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1916--17.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

Dr. KARL MUCK, Conductor.

TWENTY-SECOND PROGRAMME

FRIDAY, APRIL 20, AT 2.30 P. M.

SATURDAY, APRIL 21, AT 8 P. M.

NOREN,

"Vita" SYMPHONY for MODERN ORCHESTRA, op. 36

- I. Prologue
 - II. "Skepsis" ("Doubt"). Scherzo bizzarmente
 - III. "Einst" ("Former years")
 - IV. Finale: "Lebenslust" ("The Joy of Life")
- First time in Boston

BRAHMS,

VARIATIONS on a Theme by Josef Haydn, op. 56a

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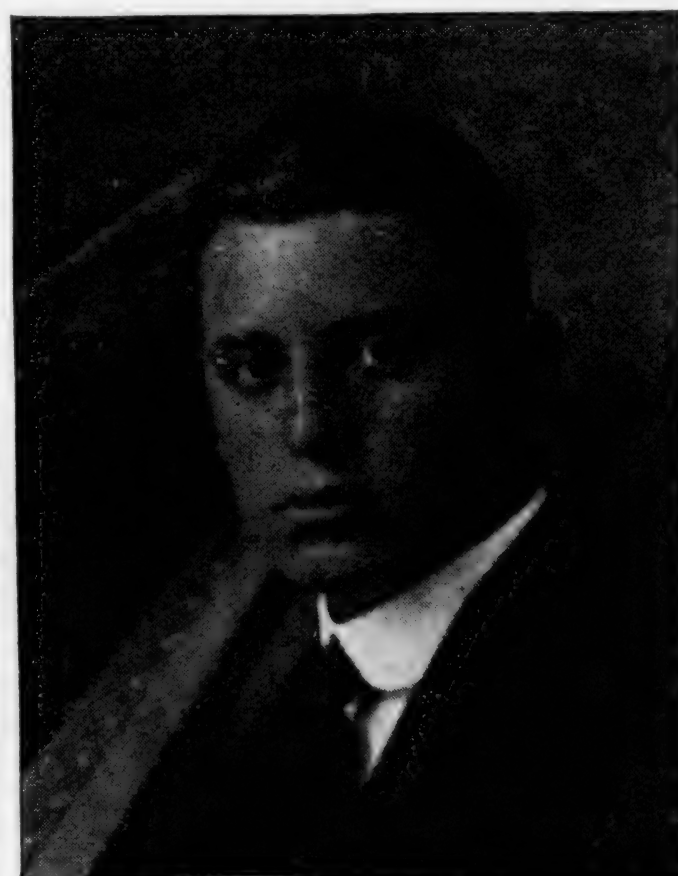
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SYMPHONY PERFORMS NEW WORK

Noren's "Life" Heard
for First Time in
Boston

Post ——— Apr. 21 / 17

BY OLIN DOWNES

A new symphony, "Vita," by Gustav Noren, was played for the first time in Boston at the concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Karl Muck, conductor, yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. Why?

CONVENTIONAL MUSIC

Dr. Muck might answer that one work of Noren, his "Kaleidoscope," had been produced in Boston by Mr. Fielder in 1909, with some success, and furthermore, that the Noren symphony, a series of sonorous platitudes of the most conventional and approved variety, though now somewhat old, was yesterday applauded with enthusiasm. But an immediately enthusiastic reception of a new work is seldom very convincing proof of its originality or solidity, and if one is to go by previous successes, why continually perform many works by modern Europeans which are palpably worthless, as Dr. Muck has often done, and why not perform more frequently certain works which have made successes and deserve to be performed oftener than is the case?

For five seasons back, for instance, we have heard no music by Henry Gilbert, a Boston composer, whose "Comedy on Negro Themes," performed by Mr. Fielder in April, 1913, was one of the most successful novelties of several Symphony seasons, and so reckoned by a majority of press and public. Yet Dr. Muck has been shown music by Mr. Gilbert, who is in all probability the most original, and perhaps the only

original American composer of today, and the Metropolitan Opera Company has recently accepted a work of Mr. Gilbert's for performance next winter in New York.

Poorest Works Picked

We have instead listened at the Symphony concerts to many abortive compositions by Europeans and Americans, and apparently in performing American works Dr. Muck has taken care to pick out the poorest, so far as recent symphony programmes have shown. We emphasize the case of Mr. Gilbert, because it seems to us unfortunate that a Boston composer who lacks social influence or long established reputation should go so long and unjustly neglected in his own city, while many mediocrities, local and otherwise, have been persistently and repeatedly encouraged.

There is no need to talk at length about this symphony. When we say it is platitudinous in the German fashion we say this with not the slightest political bias. The Noren symphony is hopeless commonplace and out of date. It can scarcely be called bad Strauss, since it is almost old-fashioned enough to be considered poor Mendelssohn. The variations of Noren were incomparably better.

First Movement the Best

The symphony has as its title "Life." Its first movement, the best of the four, containing the only salient musical theme of the work, is called a "Prologue." The second movement, a scherzo, is called "Doubt"; the third movement "Former Years," and the fourth movement "Joy of Life." It is too bad that the composer felt obliged to prefix these suggestive titles, for in writing programme music of a sort he is naive and ineffective. His "Joy of Life" is cheaper than the cheapest of Offenbach and amusing because of its earnest triviality. His scherzo could be anything but "Doubt," since it is not in the least subjective or psychological, but merely a pleasing and harmless collocation of scherzo noises such as all truly conventional symphonies offer. The sentimentality of the slow movement, the pseudo-dramatic recurrence in this movement of a choral passage heard already in the first movement, are evidently more natural to the composer. The instrumentation is glibly routine, with somewhat of over-emphasis of the brass. It all goes with a hip and a hurrah and a light-hearted pleasure in the obvious that might well hearten the thoughtless listener.

The well known and excellent variations by Brahms on the St. Anthony theme of Haydn completed the concert. The symphony was brilliantly performed.

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THE SYMPHONY CONCERT

Trans. — Apr. 21/17

FROM NOREN'S COMMONPLACE TO BRAHMS' CHARM

A Programme of Contrasts That Began with a Sterile and Lifeless Symphony by a Rediscovered Composer, and That Ended with the Smiling Variations After Haydn Played to Perfection

TWO pieces filled the Symphony Concert of yesterday afternoon—Noren's "symphony for modern orchestra," with "Vita" or "Life" for sub-title, played for the first time on this side of the Atlantic and Brahms' Variations on a Theme by Haydn familiar through the repetitions of thirty years. The symphony was the music of a living composer who has failed thus far to sustain the reputation that he first won ten years ago. The variations were the music of a composer already classic and of such of that music as time mellowed and deepens to those who play it, upon those who hear it. The symphony continued through at least sixty minutes; the variations through less than thirty. The composer of the symphony multiplied the chosen instruments; the composer of the variations wrote for a relatively sparse assemblage of them. The symphony was devoid of any sort of invention outside occasional ingenuities with harmonies and timbres; the variations teemed with fruitful tonal ideas, happy tonal fancies, frequent felicities of handling. In the symphony was neither poetry nor passion—only will and labor. Out of the variations smiled rich creative impulse and blossoming imagination. And so forth with comparisons "all to the good" of the variations, "all to the bad" of the symphony.

In only two respects were the two musics akin. Each according to its kind was played to the utmost of the ability of orchestra and conductor and each was warmly applauded by the audience. A week ago those same hearers warmed to the diverse beauty, the fineness of imagination, the subtleties of expression, the glamor of mood, atmosphere, picture in Debussy's three "Images." Yesterday they lavished even heartier plaudits upon the crass sterilities of Noren's symphony. There is a catholicity of mind and sensation that responds to music of widely divergent substance, style, suggestion, so long as each species is eloquent of kind—the catholicity that hears Strauss, for example, as candidly as it hears Franck. There ought also to be a discrimination of mind and sensation that will differentiate music of pretentious commonplace from music of individual imagination. Yesterday, to judge by the plaudits that twice recalled

the conductor and brought the orchestra to its feet at the end of Noren's symphony, that faculty, often in pleasurable evidence in Symphony Hall, had for the time gone a-wool-gathering. But perhaps, as the cynics of the intermission remarked, the applause rewarded the performance—and duty done.

It is a vain thing to speculate upon the why and wherefore of the inclusion of Noren's symphony in the scheme of the concert—as vain as it is to try to account for the performance of this or that faintly remembered piece, no more deserving from American, Parisian, Russian or German hands. Perhaps Dr. Muck would ease his mind of some fancied obligation toward a symphony that has lain three years and more upon the shelves of the library and so doing inform his hearers of the mediocrity that besets many a German follower of Strauss and Mahler. Perhaps recollection of the piece that first gave Noren standing in symphony concerts at home and abroad—the well invented, imaginatively treated and sometimes shrewdly pointed variations of the "Kaleidoscope" of 1907—still glamored the composer's name, if not his music. Or perhaps, the symphony "read" better even to Dr. Muck's practised eye and mind than in rehearsal it "sounded" upon his ear or in performance upon the ears of his hearers. And perhaps, finally, and by no means unreasonably, he may have thought as well of it as did by all outward tokens most of them. Fortunately or unfortunately even the omniscience of the programme-book may not discover the motives of a conductor in his choice of novel music and surely it is not obligated to set them down. What, for example, if upon a day it should disclose that a conductor being human, had acted from not easily explainable impulse?

The fact remains that Noren's symphony was played after as assiduous rehearsal as though it were a masterpiece. Group by group, choir by choir, or in full numbers assembled Dr. Muck schooled the orchestra in a music that multiplies difficulties, intricacies and seemingly merely wilful exactions to no purpose of definition, suggestion or projection. Between the acumen, coördination and zeal of the conductor and the individual and collective abilities of the men, the symphony was probably more eloquently played than it ever was in a short round of German concert-halls in 1912, and there is not a reasonable doubt that it was heard yesterday in characteristic voice and full stature. So heard the design stood plain—a hackneyed plan, almost, among the German and the Russian makers of symphonies and tone-poems in our day. Call the symphony "Life"—a meditation, as Noren explains, "half-contemplative and half-impassioned" upon the moods and the impulses of men. Set to a first movement now grave and now restless of voice with the contrasting motives developed into conflict. Proceed

with a second movement of disordered course and color, of discordant interval and bizarre harmonies, as of haunting, troubling, fantastic phantoms. "Doubt" Noren chooses to call this division of his symphony. Pass to a third movement of alternately wistful or broken song—the memories of youth as maturity harks longingly back to it according to the composer's scheme. Then, for the finale, swift, keen-rhythmed, clamant, what better serves than "The Joy of Living?" A workable scheme by a score of proofs; Tchaikovsky, for example, more than once used it with effect; a scheme that invites music and provides tonal contrast, that gives room for the breadth, strength, energy, opulence, harmonic and instrumental resource of the composing generation patterning itself after Strauss and Mahler; a design that suits sentimental Teutonic exaltation, expansion, introspection. As the variations of old suggested, Noren does not lack circumspection, even shrewdness.

Then and there, however, Noren stops. The motives from which he would have his music spring succeed each other, whatever his intent and implication in them, without significance or individuality, without stimulus to the ear, or power upon the imagination. Invention and impetus, mood and feeling are equally lacking in them. They become the commonplaces of music laid flat upon those that hear. Noren sets them in conflict or consonance; he amplifies or attenuates them and again the outcome is barren. He enriches his music from a full palette of timbres and harmonies; he keeps it moving in sonorous masses or makes rents therein with sharp discords; he breaks rhythms or intricately crosses them; he tosses phrases about and about; he plies many a trick of the modern German composer's trade; he is tireless in iteration. Yet again neither emotion nor illusion rises from his symphony. Like the motives that are the germs of the music, it all lies flat. There is the willed mood, the labelled and labored suggestion of each movement, but almost never may Noren catch his hearers within it or bear forward his design as by spontaneous impulsion. By taking thought in toil has he set down measure after measure, thickly, bluntly; but hardly ever does the breath even of tonal life, much less of tonal passion or poetry animate it. No orchestra, no conductor, could glorify such commonplace. In solemn platitude went the beginning; in racing platitude went the end; and in variously paced and variously patterned platitude went all the rest between.

No wonder Brahms's variations seemed in contrast to smile with a new freshness, fancy, beauty as conductor and orchestra now plied their distinctions of tone, felicities of euphony, grace of musical line, charm of accent and glamor of tint upon music that was no bald and turgid prose. The songful theme out of Haydn vested in the shadowy color that Brahms could

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search out of his wind choir wooed the ear to the invention he was about to exercise upon it. The variations ran their course not in abstruse calculation or displayful scholarship, but with a seeming ease of fancy that hid more than one feat of resource and imagination achieved out of a fecundity not too usual even with a Brahms enkindled. And a smiling Brahms to boot that would have most of his exercises upon Haydn's theme as ingratiating as maybe is the Divertimento from which he took it. In the sheer loveliness upon ear and fancy of the final variations, in the light and happy energy of the end, recollection of Noren and his symphony vanished. Often Dr. Muck has summoned the graver beauty, the larger power of Brahms. Yesterday he evoked the charm that may also upspring from his music. H. T. P.

DR. MUCK GIVES PERFORMANCE OF NOREN SYMPHONY

Monitor — Apr. 21/17
Boston Symphony Orchestra, Karl Muck, Conductor—Twenty-second program, presented in Symphony Hall, Boston, Mass., afternoon of April 20, 1917: Noren, "Vita" symphony (first performance in Boston); Brahms, variations on a theme by Haydn.

In the mathematics of symphony writing, the man who is half an humorist is twice an humorist. And that is the kind of man the composer of the "Vita" symphony is. For he has written two of the four movements of his work in consistent comedy vein, when he could have filled all classical requirements by writing only one movement that way. Following Beethoven's practise, he has made one of his divisions, the second, a formal scherzo. Then, going farther than Beethoven, he has cast his final movement in humorous mold, conveying by it not the idea of jollity merely, for that would be nothing unusual, but the idea of wit and satire.

Humor is a thing which few composers give in double quantity. The Italian word that designates the humorous division of a cyclic piece of music occurs far less often in symphony scores than "andante" and other words of heavy-paced meaning. Generally speaking, writers have been fain to get through their task with a quarter part of their pages devoted to humor, and the majority of them dilute that quarter with contemplative interludes. Before Beethoven, the idea of orchestral satire may be said

scarcely to have existed, except in accompaniments to vocal music, as in Mozart's operas and in scattered pages of Haydn's oratorios. Good nature, pleasant manners and pastoral merriment were expressed abundantly, but formal humor had yet to be developed. Since Beethoven's time, many composers have avoided their obligations to the muse of comedy, some like Dvorak, inventing a substitute for the scherzo; others, like Franck, balking at the problem of humor altogether. On the other hand, there are orchestral writers, preeminent among them Strauss, who have made satire of the tone poem as vivid as that of the novel.

If Noren were considered in regard only to the first three movements of his "Vita" symphony, he would be found to have triumphed in no small way. If he were judged as humorist merely on what he does with his regular scherzo, he would deserve uncommon praise, inasmuch as this division of the piece is delightfully contrasted with the serious prologue and the earnest slow movement. But when he is studied in relation to his whole symphony, he is found to have made a significant contribution to the orchestral repertory. For in this work he is individual in making humor the main element of his plan instead of a casual element. Consequently he writes a new kind of closing movement and introduces an unfamiliar emphasis into the symphony form, and in so doing, he succeeds, not like Tchaikowsky in the "Pathetic" symphony, in sentimentalizing his finale, but in socializing it. He is a Laurence Sterne among composers. He puts his hearers on intimate terms with one another, causing them to think of their human environment in all its Shandyism and concreteness and showing them wherefore they should laugh at it. He plainly regards such a procedure as better worth while than the usual symphony composer's farewell, which calls listeners away from actualities to the contemplation of some remote, if glowing, ideal.

The audience applauded the performance of the symphony with enthusiasm. It also showed keen interest in the variations of Brahms, surprised, no doubt, that orchestration which used to sound heavy is light in comparison with that of a modern work like Noren's.

DR. MUCK GIVES NOREN'S 'VITA'

Herald Apr. 21/17
Presents Noisy Work in His
Program for the
Afternoon.

22D SYMPHONY CONCERT

By PHILIP HALE.

The 22d concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Muck conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows: Noren, "Vita," symphony for modern orchestra; Brahms, variations on a theme of Haydn.

Noren's symphony was produced at a Gewandhaus concert in Leipzig early in January, 1912. It was played in Berlin in January of the following year. The performance yesterday was the first in this country. In Leipzig and Berlin the symphony was harshly criticised. And no wonder.

An old English philosopher remarked that the life of man was short, brutal and nasty. With the substitution of "long" for "short" this description might justly be applied to the "Vita" of Heinrich Gottlieb Noren.

The composer has taken pains to state that this music is not a portrayal of life, certainly not his life. If it were, it would be a sad commentary on a noisy career, and we are informed that Mr. Noren in private is a highly respectable citizen. No, his symphony, as he has said, is a meditation on life, "half contemplative, half impassioned up to the finale, in which reflection gives way to the external enjoyment of life." Mr. Noren has also said that it was far from his intention to write a "program symphony." Yet at least two German critics have declared that the "Vita" symphony might be entitled "Faust," with the Scherzo picturing the Walpurgis night, the finale Auerbach's Cellar, while the first and third movements are as monologues of Faust.

Mr. Noren entitles his Scherzo "Doubt" and gives the further explanation "in a bizarre manner." The third movement is "Former Years"; the finale, "The Joy of Life."

While it would have been better if the Prologue had been written for a mill-

tary band and for performance out of doors, the movement is on the whole the most thoughtfully conceived one of the four, the one with the most musically dramatic ideas, the one that is the most skilfully constructed. If this music, as those that follow, were not so abominably noisy! Mr. Noren outvies in sheer noise even our own Mr. Clapp. Mr. Noren, too, employs a huge orchestra. The absence of anvils and a wind machine is unaccountable.

The Scherzo is indeed "bizarre." The scherzo section proper is in poor imitation of Berlioz's manner; but Berlioz was a genius; Mr. Noren is an industrious German, who founded a conservatory of music at Crefeld, was a professor in a Berlin school, and has studied diligently without acquiring taste or style. His admirers might say in reply that he is efficient; that is to say, he has massed in this instance a great body of players and attempted to carry an audience by brute force.

The third movement is inherently commonplace, platitudinous. Stripped of its orchestral clothing, the musical body would be as thin, feeble, anaemic, as Louis XV in the famous triptych of Thackeray. The Finale expresses "The Joy of Life." It reminds one of a college freshman's idea of the joyous life; smashing lamp-posts, pulling down signs and removing an iron dog from some worthy townsman's lawn. There is a short and mournful episode, possibly expressing Mr. Noren's remorse over what he had been doing for nearly an hour.

It is not easy to see why Dr. Muck, a musician of fastidious taste, should have spent his energy and skill on the production of this banal and pretentious symphony. The explanation may be this: He wished by a tour de force, by his own genius and as leader of the superb orchestra, to make the music plausible; to persuade the audience that, after all, this symphony was worthy of its attention. For Dr. Muck can be ironical, and he has a lively sense of humor.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The program of the concerts next week will include Brahms's Symphony No. 2, Converse's "Ave Atque Vale" and Berlioz's overture to "Benvenuto Cellini." Mme. Kurt will sing arias from "Fidelio" and "Oberon."

The program of the last concerts of the season, May 4, 5, will be as follows: Beethoven, Symphony No. 4; Liszt, "Tasso"; Strauss, "Death and Transfiguration"; Wagner, Prelude to "The Master Singers of Nuremberg."

NOREN'S SYMPHONY

Long, Noisy Score, Full
of Sound

Yet Contains No Parts for Cannon
or a Steam Whistle

Score Apr. 21/17

Heinrich Gottlieb Noren goes in heavily for the demonstrative life. Does he recommend high living and plain thinking, or is he a rugged man of bold and fearless speech? When his symphony "Vita," op 36, was performed in Berlin he was said to have contended that it was not his purpose to write a "program symphony." His music was not to be a "portrayal of life, but a meditation upon it, half-contemplative, half-impassioned up to the Final, in which reflection made way for external enjoyment in life."

Yesterday afternoon Boston heard the symphony for the first time. If portions of it are but "half-contemplative, half-impassioned," the hearer well may tremble at the prospect of complete fulfillment. Mr. Noren's idea of the enjoyment of life may be an excellent one, but it would be preferable to learn of it in colors, by pantomime, in solid, well-buttressed prose, or, if needs be, by sound, then much mellowed by distance. Noting the demands of the score for large families of instruments, with the last of the group interchangeable—as in wood and brass—with one of deeper voice, one feels mild surprise that there should have been no part for the thunder machine or a steam whistle. At certain climatic moments the firing of cannon would round out the din.

This is noisy bruited abroad of ideas that better merit modesty or deep seclusion. The general texture of the thought is for the greater part pompously serious, cumbersome, prolix or obvious. But little is left for the hearer's conjecture. Rhythmic figures are harped upon, without end. The "restless" theme of the first movement engages in a dramatic duel with a broader one. It is seldom out of the ring and dies hard in augmentation in the horns, and finally in the bassoons. One similar to it, but of more flimsy outline appears in the last, and leads to the inevitable fugue. There is little freshness or fertility in

invention. Sequence restates many an idea which grows the more stale. The composer's intent appears to be to keep the orchestra churning sounds into a huge mixture which gorges the ear and only causes relief when it ceases.

There is a certain artisan's skill in the prosaic logic with which the score is put together, and in the orderly use of the instruments. At least there is continuity, and for a few moments in the latter part of the slow movement, there appeared a glimpse of feeling and sensibility. But of imagination, of inherent fineness of sentiment, of nobility or strength beyond massive weight or turgidity, of that individuality of expression which by its very conviction, inevitability, even daring in form and manner, if not by its significance of content—there is little in this hour long resume of platitudes.

Dr Muck did all that a conductor could do, for more than most would have had the grace of the genius to do, and the players were obedient, but it was hard to believe that this could be the same body of instruments which last week in Debussy's music, made sounds too wonderful to be deluged within a week. A performance of Brahms' variations on a theme by Josef Haydn followed. Appreciating Dr Muck's efforts the audience applauded conductor and players enthusiastically after the symphony.

VARIED PROGRAM AT SYMPHONY CONCERT

Adv. Apr. 21/17
Two Compositions Contrast as
Radical Modern and
Conservative

NOREN STRONGLY RESEMBLES STRAUSS

Work Big and Noisy—Performance of Variations by Brahms Beautiful

By LOUIS C. ELSON
PROGRAM.

Noren. "Vita." Symphony for modern orchestra.
Brahms. Orchestral Variations on a Theme by Haydn.

It sounded menacing. "A Symphony for Modern Orchestra," all the more so when we remembered that Heinrich Gottlieb Noren had a few years ago launched at our heads a set of

orchestral variations, with tremendous orchestration, and nearly an hour in length. Nevertheless, in that work, as in the present symphony, there was so much of modern tone-color displayed that they did not become tiresome. It is quite evident that Noren is likely to rival Richard Strauss in the wholesale character of his scoring in the skilful jugglery of changing rhythms, and in his complexity of figure development.

There are several men alive who have outstripped Wagner in scoring, while Beethoven in his ninth symphony, once thought to be the Ultima Thule of orchestration, sounds quite simple beside many a modern score. History repeats itself, in different Arts. After Michael Angelo and the giants, there came a number of men who achieved the technical skill of their forerunners, and tried to put this technical skill in the place of ideas. If Noren and Strauss had as many grand or beautiful musical thoughts as they have highly colored tints they would be masters indeed, but as it is, they lag far behind Beethoven or Wagner.

It is quite possible that the fortissimo character of much of this work will give rise to rumors, in the interior of New England, that Boston was bombarded yesterday afternoon. The symphony is called "Vita"—"Life"—and it is evident that Noren does not believe in "a short life and a merry one" but in one that is long and noisy. He carries out Mahler's idea of denying that he is giving program music while using all of its dramatic touches.

The work is big, big, big, and scorns the "still, small voice." The first movement is largely given over to brassy fortissimo, although it ends very softly, as if the vehement struggle had brought exhaustion. The second movement was labelled "Doubt," but it was a doubt that we could not solve. It often had more of impatience than doubt. Then came "Memories" and the composer proved that he had a long memory. There was too much of ruminating here, but there were plenty of brass crashes also.

The finale was "Lebenslust." Noren's "Joie de Vivre" seemed to consist largely in smashing things; gong, tambo- rine, cymbals,—all the percussion gave all kinds of percussedness. What was the chief instrument of this finale?

No one would ever guess. It was the xylophone!! And it was better played than it has ever been in the Howard Athenaeum. But it was rather odd to have the xylophone become the obligato instrument in a symphony, and in the Boston Symphony concerts! There was some good counterpoint in the finale, however, but, in summing up we can only say that there is much more skill than beauty, much more excitement than pleasure, in the work. It received a great performance and was enthusiastically applauded.

In spite of the fact that Brahms is not so overwhelming in his scoring as Noren, yet one finds that he chooses his instruments here with good taste and achieves all possible effect. The St. Anthony theme itself is a splendid one and charms quite unadorned. It has all the character of a Pilgrim's Song, with earnest devotion combined with a march-like swing.

Brahms does not try, in this, to march out each department of the orchestra in dress parade, as so many orchestral variations are prone to do, but contents himself with good contrasts of major and minor, with some ingenious rhythmic changes and with some reasonable changes of Tempo.

He avoids also the temptation of going on with his transformations interminably. We have often stated that a learned composer becomes dangerous when he yields to the variation fascination. He always sees some further possible changes of the theme and is apt to end by becoming boring. Even Beethoven did not always escape this, and Brahms in some of his piano variations goes to extreme lengths. But in this work he shows admirable self-control and does not fatigue the auditor. The sixth and seventh variations were specially effective, but one always felt that the composer could have gone on with a dozen more changes of the theme had he chosen to do so. Everything was fluent and unforced, with the fatal fluency of the great master in the field in which skill distances emotion.

The performance was altogether beautiful. The conductor, in such a work, has also his chance of display, for on his constantly changing balance of parts, bringing now this, now that, set of instruments into the foreground, depends the full effect of the work. In this, however, Dr. Muck is a consummate master, and the orchestra nowadays understands and carries out his slightest and subtlest suggestion.

Therefore these variations, heard often before, were not of the cut-and-dried exhibition order, but at times became lofty and majestic and worked up to a most legitimate climax in the finale. Nor did Brahms think it necessary to present the conventional fugue in the finale, which most composers give as a "P. P. C.," a formal exit, but ended without the strict contrapuntal exhibition.

We always enjoy it especially when the orchestra shines purely on its own merits, and it certainly did so in this particular concert, which was throughout a noble display of technique.

NOREN SHOUTS IN SYMPHONY TERMED "VITA"

Journal Apr. 21/17
Massing of Tone Masterly,
But Emotional Thrill
Is Lacking.

By F. Esposito

If Heinrich Gottlieb Noren well and truly recorded in his symphony, "Vita," which had its first performance in Boston at yesterday's rehearsal, his "meditation on life, half-contemplative, half-impassioned," he has a brutal mind.

Life to him presents ideas to be shouted in brass, principally; ugly thoughts for themes, strongly drawn in unisons of strings; repetitions endless and with so slight variation as to seem nearly meaningless—and swift, dance-rhythm smartnesses in which the screaming flutes rush up to the edge of chromatic cliffs, and fall with explosions on great drums and symbols.

The work is in four movements. The first is called a "prologue"—there is a great temptation to apply an adjective to this movement—and is stressed and strenuous from the first long-drawn phrase of a so-called elegiac theme. Immediately a jerky, unhappy theme crosses the first, bawled almost as loudly; but before this discussion develops the insistent brass breaks in—and from

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 then as Herr Noren speaks his emphatic message mostly in sounding trumpets and clanging cymbals.

The rhythms grow strong and the instrumentation thickens, clouding the beauty of the great string orchestra. It was hard to believe that this was the orchestra which played Debussy's music only a week ago.

The second movement, named "Skepnis," or "Doubt," is marked "scherzo bizarramente," and one knew pretty well what to expect; croaking bassoons in pawky melody, flickering swiftness, much chuckling triplets and grace-noted flute phrases, all scored over a rushing dancing rhythm with artful breaks and syncopations simulating passionate departure from the line. There broke in an anguished melody, smoothly drawn in the strings, and the obviousness of the contrast between this section and the rest of the movement told the whole story of the symphony.

The third movement was the least coherent, the most repetitional, the most uninteresting of all; the finale, "Lebenslust," was more of the lightning-like play of fluid melody and diabolically swift accompaniment, with a coda that might have been shortened by half.

Noren handles his instruments in masterly fashion, so far as massing tone or drawing a melodic line goes, but he converses always in shouts, and gives neither an emotional thrill nor an intellectual treat.

Brahms' variations on a choral by Josef Haydn furnished the rest of this week's concert. The graceful, many-tinted work was in grateful contrast to the symphony, and was played con amore by the orchestra.

Only two symphony concerts remain in this season. Next week the orchestra will be assisted by Mme. Melanie Kurt, who will sing two arias, one from "Fidelio" and the other from "Oberon." A tone-poem by F. S. Converse will have its first performance, and the symphony is the Brahms in D major.

TWO PIANISTS, A TENOR AND A CONDUCTOR

Trans. — Apr. 23/17
 Dr. Muck Crowns His Way with the Classics—Mr. Bauer and Mr. Gabrilowitsch in the Mingled Work and Play of Music for Two Pianos—The Virtues in Which They Excel All Rivals, and the Handicap of Pieces That Besets Them with the Rest — Mr. McCormack from Three Angles

THROUGH all the seven years during which Dr. Muck has led the Symphony Orchestra, he and it have hardly excelled their performance, at the concert on Friday and Saturday

last, of Brahms's Variation on a Theme, by Haydn. When he first came hither as conductor, he early included the piece in one of his programmes, and even then, it sounded as Bostonian ears had never heard it before. When he returned to begin his present term, he set it among the classics deserving biennial repetition and so to be brought more and more nearly to full and perfect voice. For it is not Dr. Muck's custom to regard these repetitions of Beethoven's and Brahms's symphonies, or Wagner's preludes, of Weber's overtures, as the mere routine of conductor and orchestra. "Repertory pieces" they certainly are; but, in his view, for that very reason they demand the more care and pains to each performance. Being classics in the true and fine sense of the word they should be perennially fertile in new suggestion to those that play them and sound perennially fresh in the ears of those that hear them.

The devoted preparation that Dr. Muck bestows upon music new to the Symphony Concerts, whatever the quality of it, whatever his individual judgment of it, is an old story. The similar study, zeal and work at rehearsal that he bestows upon the classics and upon "repertory pieces" in general is less understood. For a third, a fourth, a fifth time from his hands the public of the concert hears with keen pleasure a familiar symphony. A few, learned in the score and quick with recollection of previous performances, recognize and applaud new modulations of pace, new emphases of accent, new distributions of tonal color, that clarify or intensify the voice of the music. The rest hear with their usual delight, or a little more, and are content therewith. Only now and then, as with Schubert's symphony in C major ten days ago and with Brahms's Variations of last week, does the sense of new beauty, power and character in the music penetrate them from the new glories of the performance.

In particular does all this hold of the repetition of the Variations. It is quite possible for a conductor and an orchestra to take for granted the bad name that Brahms's music used to bear, sometimes deservedly, as often undeservedly, for instrumental fluidity and color. It is as possible to them to take it as they would the music of some highly reputed orchestral colorist and bestow upon it the finest of euphonies, the smoothest of suavities, the full riches and the subtle delicacies of timbre at their command. In this latter fashion Dr. Muck and the orchestra now set themselves to the Variations, with outcome in a loveliness of tonal surface that made them seem on Saturday evening as a cameo in tones cut soft upon the air, while the lights and shadows of harmonies and timbres played upon it. Seldom has any of Brahms's symphonic music seemed of such iridescent surface as did these Variations so carved and painted.

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ny Hall.

1916-17.

NY ORCHESTRA

CK, Conductor.

D PROGRAMME

27, AT 2.30 P.M.

IL 28, AT 8 P.M.

B S,	SYMPHONY in D major, No. 2
BEETHOVEN,	ARIA, "Abscheulicher! wo eilst du hin?" from "Fidelio"
F. S. CONVERSE,	"Ave atque Vale," TONE POEM for ORCHESTRA (First time in Boston)
WEBER,	ARIA, "Ocean! thou mighty monster!" from Oberon
BERLIOZ,	OVERTURE, "Benvenuto Cellini"

Soloist:

Madame MELANIE KURT

The length of this Programme is one hour and fifty minutes

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F. S. CONVERSE,

"Ave atque Vale," TONE POEM for ORCHESTRA
(First time in Boston)

WEBER,

ARIA, "Ocean! thou mighty monster!" from Oberon

BERLIOZ,

OVERTURE, "Benvenuto Cellini"

Soloist:

Madame MELANIE KURT

The length of this Programme is one hour and fifty minutes

Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1916--17.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

Dr. KARL MUCK, Conductor.

TWENTY-THIRD PROGRAMME

FRIDAY, APRIL 27, AT 2.30 P.M.

SATURDAY, APRIL 28, AT 8 P.M.

NOTE. Owing to illness, Madame Melanie Kurt is unable to appear. The revised Programme is as follows:

BRAHMS,

SYMPHONY in D major, No. 2, op. 73.

- I. Allegro non troppo
- II. Adagio non troppo
- III. Allegretto grazioso, quasi andantino
- IV. Allegro con spirito

F. S. CONVERSE,

"Ave atque Vale," TONE POEM for ORCHESTRA
(First time in Boston)
Conducted by the Composer

BEETHOVEN,

CONCERTO in G major, No. 4, for Pianoforte and Orchestra, op. 58.

- I. Allegro moderato
- II. Andante con moto
- III. Rondo: Vivace.

BERLIOZ,

OVERTURE to the Opera "Benvenuto Cellini" op. 23

Soloist:

Miss WINIFRED CHRISTIE

Mason & Hamlin Pianoforte

The Unexpected at the Symphony Concerts



Winifred Christie, Pianist

(Photograph by Stern of New York)

SYMPHONY'S 23D CONCERT

Interesting Program Conducted
by Dr. Muck—Brahms
Work Performed.

PIANIST GIVES PLEASURE

Herald Apr. 28/17
By PHILIP HALE.

The 23d concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Muck conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows: Brahms, Symphony No. 2, D major; Converse, Tone Poem, "Ave Atque Vale" (first time here); Beethoven, Concerto in G major, No. 4, for piano (Miss Winifred Christie, pianist); Berlioz, overture to "Benvenuto Cellini."

The concert was an interesting one. Dr. Muck and the orchestra gave a singularly impressive performance of Brahms's Symphony. One of the most brilliant of overtures was the final number.

Mr. Converse's tone poem, composed in the summer of 1916, was performed for the first time last January in St. Louis by the St. Louis Symphony Orchestra. It was not his intention to compose "program music," nor had he any poem in mind, not even the pathetic verses of Catullus, in which the poet bade eternal farewell to his brother in imperishable lines. It was the composer's intention to express subjectively "the feelings of one who bids farewell at the call of duty to all that is infinitely loved and cherished." The music is in free form. There is an introduction with a plaintive theme of Celtic character. This introduction, largely developed, is used as the concluding episode. The main body of the composition is an Allegro containing various episodes, now tender, now stern, now passionate.

The introduction has marked character, in musical material, and in orchestral expression. It serves admirably for an imposing close. A particularly striking episode in the Allegro is the one for oboe solo with a sighing accompaniment. As a whole the composition, while it shows Mr. Converse's facility and his knowledge of orchestral resources, does not seem to us as firmly knit and definite as certain other pieces

by him for orchestra. There is too much repetition of phrases and passages; repetition without varying effect. Climaxes are too long delayed; there are disturbing pauses in the flow of musical thought. Mr. Converse, who conducted, was recalled several times.

Mme. Kurt telegraphed on Thursday that she was unable to sing on account of hoarseness. Miss Christie was substituted at very short notice. She had fortunately played the concerto of Beethoven with the orchestra at Hartford, Ct., this season, and played it with uncommon success. In Boston she was already and most favorably known by her recitals. We have seldom, if ever, heard a more musical, beautiful, poetic interpretation of this concerto than that of Miss Christie's yesterday. Saying this, we are not unmindful of the greatest pianists who have played the concerto here and elsewhere. Miss Christie's performance was especially remarkable for its exquisite proportion, its intimate relationship with the orchestra. There was the finest phrasing, a charming quality of tone, sure, but not ostentatious technic, brilliance when the music demanded it, above all poetic comprehension, grasp, expression. As a player in recitals Miss Christie is one of the few pianists visiting us that give unalloyed pleasure. Now she has shown here her rare ability as a player with orchestra.

The concert will be repeated this evening. The program of the last concerts of the season, May 5, 6, will be as follows: Beethoven, Symphony No. 4; Liszt, Tasso Lamento e Trionfo; Strauss "Death and Transfiguration"; Wagner, Prelude to "The Mastersingers of Nuremberg."

LAST SYMPHONY CONCERT BUT ONE

Globe Apr. 28/17
Miss Christie as Soloist
Take Mme Kurt's Place

Mr Converse Conducts New Tone
Poem at First Time Here

Mme Melanie Kurt, dramatic soprano of the Metropolitan Opera Company, who was to have made her first appearance in Boston in concert, did not sing yesterday at the last symphony program on Friday but one of the season. Owing to illness, her place was hastily taken by Miss Winifred Christie, the young pianist who has played here twice in recital, once in one of the

Sunday afternoon concerts, and has appeared as soloist in out-of-town concerts with the orchestra.

Frederick S. Converse conducted his new tone poem, "Ave atque Vale," now performed for the first time in Boston. He disclaims any attempt to write program music or the inspiration of any particular poem. His intention rather was "a subjective expression of the feelings of one who bids farewell at the call of duty to all that is infinitely loved and cherished." Mr Converse was warmly applauded and twice recalled.

The texture of the work is woven out of a long-breathed, songful phraseology, in general of a contemplative, reflective character, sombre, yet not repining nor elegiac; on the contrary, there is quiet purposefulness, strength, rising at moments to nobility. Growing from this reminiscent mood expressive of tenderness and devotion, appears a more agitated, terse rhythmic figuration, set off by accent, which rises to climaxes, two of them of marked emotional intensity. It may be that these are to suggest the shock of battle. The piece ends with the characteristics of the dirge.

Plastic Melodic Vein

In the development of the first theme, which influences strongly the entire composition, Mr Converse has shown a rich and plastic melodic vein. Contrapuntal invention and harmonic resource add to it. To adhere to one prevailing mood, not of wide emotional compass, one which cannot admit dramatic writing, but must rather remain subjective, yet not to overdo monotony in the development of a few salient ideas, as in rhythmic figuration, or in the relief of periods of stress and of repose, is a test in composition. Particularly in the long-sustained lines approaching the climaxes Mr Converse has found a sympathetic orchestral expression of sentiments, which, aside from their timeliness, have nobility and beauty. Mr Converse conveyed easily his wishes to the orchestra.

Miss Christie shows a musical nature, just, discriminating, as yet judicial, more than emotional, but in all keenly sensitive to what is beautiful and worthy of reverence. There was not a note of this fourth concerto of Beethoven, from the opening theme, announced by the piano alone with a majesty which is worshipful, wherein the pianist did not reveal the sincerity of her study and the purity of her ideals.

Her Mechanism Admirable

Her mechanism is admirable, her feeling that born of a fine mind and sense. It will be interesting to watch the growth of this unusual young artist, as she learns to command more broadly, to mold rhythm in such a work and such a hall rather than be swept along too much before it, to make her points with more authority, yet with no less spontaneity. Miss Christie was applauded with enthusiasm.

Dr Muck gave a beautiful reading of Brahms' second symphony, in these near-ending concerts; one to remember for its clearness, its definitely profiled

woods—the lyric character of much of the first and second movements, the gracious caprice of the scherzo, the tumultuous joy of the finale, which was not mere noise. A brilliant performance of Berlioz' overture to "Benvenuto Cellini" was added.

NEW AMERICAN SYMPHONY HEARD

Adv. — Apr. 28/17
Work by Frederick S. Converse
Is Typical of the
Composer

MISS CHRISTIE TAKES PLACE OF MME. KURT

Performance in Cadenzas Is Brilliant—Dr. Muck Reads Brahms Exquisitely

By LOUIS C. ELSON
PROGRAM

Brahms—Second Symphony, D Major.
Converse—"Ave atque Vale" Tone-poem.
Beethoven—Piano Concerto, No 4, G Major.
Berlioz—"Benvenuto Cellini" Overture.

Dr. Muck is paying assiduous court to the American Muse, and many of the recent programs have contained works by native composers. While this fashion lasts we would suggest Henry F. Gilbert as a typical American composer who has done at least as good work as some of the New England composers who have been chosen this season.

Frederick S. Converse is one of the most poetic of the American composers. He is never crabbed or ugly; he does not senselessly rush into gigantic scoring; he does not go to extreme lengths nor continue after he has nothing more to say; in short, he does not display mere technical skill in the place of musical ideas. Therefore we are always glad to see one of his works on the Symphony program.

"Ave atque Vale" is new to Boston. It is a tone-poem for a large orchestra, not derived from any literary source; but its opening elegiac character might suggest "Morituri Salutamus," as if the "Hall and Farewell"

were an eternal parting. Its dignity was impressive, even "if we must prefer the excellent composer less in 'King Cambyse's vein.'" Mr. Converse conducted his own work. His beat is not as expressive or decisive as that of a Muck or a Gericke, and it is possible that there is more in the work than was brought out at a first performance.

It was a good test to come after a great Brahms Symphony and yet make a profound impression. This the Converse composition certainly did, and the composer was received with much enthusiasm and twice recalled at the end of his work. The tender interlude, the fine contrasts, the lofty working up of climaxes, the shivery suggestions of dread, all made up a work much above the average, a worthy addition to the repertoire if not at Mr. Converse's highest level.

A sudden change was made in yesterday afternoon's program. Mme. Kurt was taken ill, and Miss Winifred Christie was called in to take her place, and Weber's grand scena, "Ocean, thou Mighty Monster" (very fitting in these U-boat days) was changed into Beethoven's fourth piano concerto. A welcome change, since the instrumentalist fits better than the vocalist in these symphony programs. And the G major concerto is to our thinking the noblest of all the piano concertos, even if it is not quite so ambitious as the "Emperor."

In these distorted days when barren poetasters take refuge in "vers libre," when artists who cannot paint conceal their weakness in cubist and vortex pictures, and idealless piano composers do everything short of sitting upon the keyboard, it is refreshing to get a taste of music which was intended to please, which actually tried to be, and succeeded in being, beautiful.

And Miss Christie entered well into the spirit of this gentler style, she did not magnify the work unduly, nor thrust the piano part too strongly into the foreground; she made it, what Beethoven intended it to be, a symphony with a thread of solo work woven through it. The balance of parts, the ensemble, was excellent, especially when the suddenness of the substitution is considered.

Miss Christie's work in the cadenzas (they were Clara Schumann's, we believe) was most brilliant, and the second one gave heed to Beethoven's request—"La Cadenza sia corta." Altogether Miss Christie, in spite of the suddenness of the call, won a triumph and was recalled at

the end with abundant enthusiasm.

There is nothing new to say about Brahms's second symphony. It is serenely beautiful from first to last. All the modern symphonies with gigantic scoring, and with labyrinthine complexities, become puny in contrast. Altogether Miss Christie, in such calmness of expression. Dr. Muck read the work with his usual poetic charm and the orchestra played it to perfection. Happy are those nations which have no histories, and delightful are those symphonies which require no reviews. The work was appreciated fully by the audience and the enthusiasm was very marked, with two recalls and an uprising of the orchestra. This symphony is certainly the most popular and easiest comprehended of Brahms' set of four. The first may be more ambitious, but this one is the more inspired, and the finale was made especially triumphant.

At the end came Berlioz's brilliant overture. It is not so great a work as its sister overture, the "Carnaval Romaine," but it is nevertheless a fine display of orchestration and has plenty of that feverish excitement which Berlioz knows so well how to express. Here, then, was a program both classical and modern, in which everything was intelligible, poetic and attractive. One could not help contrasting it with some of the heavy, over-swollen, intensely complicated numbers of the recent past. Yesterday music became again an art to enjoy, and not a Juggernaut car to crush its devotees.

SYMPHONY LED BY CONVERSE

Composer Conducts New Orchestral Work

Post — Apr. 28/17
BY OLIN DOWNES

Brahms Second Symphony, a new orchestral piece by F. S. Converse, "Ave atque Vale," conducted by the composer; Beethoven's G major piano concerto, played by Miss Winifred Christie, and Berlioz' Overture to "Benvenuto Cellini" made up the programme of the 23rd concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Karl Muck conductor, yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. There is no attempt at a programme.

beyond only an emotional sequence of moods, in Mr. Converse's orchestral piece, which we consider one of the simplest and finest things he has done, "Hall and Farewell." One, about to face a grave duty bids farewell to all he leaves behind him. There is a slow introduction which states a principal theme of a simple and noble character. This theme is freely developed, with subsidiary matter in an allegro. Then there is a dramatic climax, a harking back to the theme, and a conclusion that is solemn and strange.

It is possible that this piece is a little too long, and that the composer might beware of too much sameness of rhythmical accompaniment figures, but this fault, if it proves, with repeated hearings of the music, to exist, can be quickly remedied by the elimination of a few measures. What is important is the characteristic quality of the theme itself, its unassuming sentiment, its nobility of impulse, and the fine length of line that the music shows. The orchestration is simple, so is the harmony. The theme is not exotic in character, but is the expression of a manly thought, and the conclusion is dramatic as it is unassuming.

Mr. Converse conducted with an authority not often realized by those who take the stick in hand as seldom as he. The performance was impressive, because it was so truly of a piece, and because the conviction of the composer were so clearly reflected in what he achieved as author and interpreter.

The passionately dramatic music of Berlioz, under Dr. Muck's compelling hand, flamed like a holocaust! Miss Christie is in many respects the ideal pianist for the Beethoven G major concerto, today the most individual of all Beethoven's works in that form and the most intimate and romantic in its appeal. The last movement could have had more variety of color, and more humor.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT

Trans. — Apr. 28 '17
A RARE AFTERNOON OF ROMANTIC MUSIC

From Brahms's Symphony That Most Gains Such Voice Through Beethoven's Concerto of Like Speech to a Flamboyant Overture of Berlioz—For Interlude Mr. Converse's New Tone-Poem and for Surprise Miss Christie

ROMANTIC music played with the fervor intrinsic in it and the glamor or upspringing from it filled the Symphony Concert of yesterday afternoon. One of the appointed pieces, Berlioz's overture to his opera of "Benvenuto Cellini," is almost hackneyed; another, Brahms's second symphony, is familiar by

biennial repetition; yet both in the performance of Friday sounded with the strangeness that, joined to beauty, yields romantic impression. Perhaps, indeed, the touchstone of the warmer-minded, freer-spoken, less-mannered Brahms—the Brahms of the first two symphonies, of "A German Requiem" and the "Song of Destiny"—is to treat him as a romantic composer, continuing in his own fashion the line of Beethoven (when so speaking), Schubert, Schumann, even Mendelssohn. As Brahms's music first became known in his own Germany and to the West thereof, the pedants and the pundits took unfair possession of it. Behold, they said, the loyal continuator of the orthodox tradition, the master of form and development, the reflective, the abstruse composer content to write music for its own sake and not for the expression of this, that or the other sensation "foreign" to it. To them it mattered little that the orthodox tradition was no such dry and wizened thing as they imagined it since their minds dwelt less upon the masters in whom it bloomed than upon the dry-as-dusts, who grubbed imitatively about it. Still less cared they that the music of Brahms which they most exalted was the music in which the ear of average intelligence and sensibility could discover least interest, imagination, beauty or power. Rather, by their choice, did they prove their superiority—and incidentally his—to the common view. As usual such assertion and presumption prevailed for the time—and the dryer Brahms could be made to sound in the concert-hall the better. Reduced to lifelessness, made "reflective" and "recondite," he emerged as the perfect formalist, the ideal classicist of this Brahmin notion.

Admittedly, Brahms could write in this wise. There is enough and to spare of this voice and manner in his third and fourth symphonies and still more in not a little of his chamber music. But if he was willing and pre-disposed heir to this warped and clouded orthodoxy—think back to the brightness of Mozart and Haydn, who truly practised the true faith!—he was heir also to the romantic temper and achievement of the composers that immediately preceded him and not without inclination toward their way of tonal speech, their faculty of tonal imagination. Hearing their voice, but speaking in his own accents, continuing their matter and seeking the illusion they evoked, but by individual impulse, imagination, procedure, he wrote his first two symphonies, the choral pieces already specified, not a few of his songs. His means were the age-old means to such expressive ends—pliant rhythm to keep the music in changeful motion and insistent propulsive power; warm melody to maintain it in varied voice of moody or passionate song; and imaginative and apt harmonic and instrumental dress to give it background and color.

Recall the ardor of melody as mood modulates into mood, the diverse energy of rhythm, sure and spontaneous, the rich-

ness of progression, the light and shade of the instrumental voices through the first movement of the symphony in D major as Dr. Muck and the orchestra played it yesterday—and what romantic impulsion bore it forward, what glow of feeling and voice rose from it. Not architecture, but ardor fashioned the music. Recall again the succeeding slow movement with motive expanding slowly and deeply into song and then led from guise to guise as intensified mood played upon it—the romantic voice of Brahms when it is most characteristic since the reflection within, as the music passes from key to key and rhythm to rhythm, seems but the prompting of the imagination without. The scherzo, as it was played yesterday, Brahms writes with actual glee over his racing figures, his lightly snapping modulations—fancy free, fancy on the instant finding the means, fancy whipped by the pleasure of its play. Childish some of the pedants like to call this scherzo. Child-like in freshness and grace of fancy they might better have called it. Then in the finale Brahms returns to the large voice of ardent song, the exhaustless vigor and variety of rhythm, the spontaneous expansion of mood, the golden tonal background, but now bright oftener than dusky, of the allegro of the beginning. Beauty, strangeness, wonder, transporting power—four sensations from romantic music—abide perennially in it. Long, indeed, they abode there and in the whole symphony mute and obscure because there was none—such was the force of “the tradition” and the power of the pundits—to release them. In our day Mr. Nikisch, Mr. Weingartner, Dr. Muck have done the deed because they dared to listen to the voice of the music unclouded, to fashion it as it stirred their imagination, as it asked their skill. When the historians come to reckon the musical achievements of our time, not the least will be the rescue and the revealing of the Brahms who was and remains romantic.

Beside this Brahms—as the new ordering of the programme went after illness had disabled Mme. Kurt and cut away her two airs—was Beethoven, romantic too and in a concerto a century old. He could write the concerto that is almost an austere and grandiose symphonic piece for orchestra with pianoforte, like “The Emperor,” when Mr. Paderewski or Mr. Hofmann or Mr. Busoni plays it. He could write the concerto that charms out of the fancy and the suppleness with which he manipulates into beauty the voice of the music and the voice of the displayed instrument as in the overplayed concerto for violin. He could write also, as in this concerto in G major for pianoforte, the music of romantic invention, imagination, glamor that hid—yet glorified—the means in the illusion they wrought. Again the touchstone holds; for, as Miss Christie, Dr. Muck and the orchestra played the piece yesterday it sounded in beauty, strangeness, wonder,

transporting power. Brief as is the intermediate andante, romantic imagination and glamor flower in it, when the pensive and plaintive song of the piano persists against the rude interventions of the orchestra, cajoles, subdues them to smile, as it were, out of triumph as it darts into the thick-coming tonal fancies of the finale. And there again the rhythm that renews itself in change; the melody that rises brighter and more vibrant. Even the first movement, in spite of its condescensions to orthodox form and procedure bears the romantic impress. The beginning for the pianoforte alone, still has savor of romantic daring—the teeming fancy that will not be stayed for formal introduction, that will have its tonal word, imagery, illusion, on the instant. The displayful passages for the piano gleam out of the music in light rhapsody upon the motives that suggest them. The rhythm that brings motion and life, the melody that sings mood, the background that is mirror-like against them only beat or warm or glow the more for the two-fold medium that bears them.

This romantic impression and illusion penetrated the more deeply on Friday for Miss Christie's playing of the piano part. Her tone was pellucid, iridescent, crystalline, yet without a trace of metallic glint; her phrases melted edgeless and transparent into the flow of melody that she animated with light and elastic rhythm; her ornament seemed as the flowering of fancy out of the touch that wrought it; her euphonies with the orchestra were as the momentary suffusion of the two voices in a single beauty; not only did she give the music a strange new loveliness, but she so glamored also into romantic speech the comparatively prosaic voice of the piano. She glorified and transmuted her instrument into a means of song, she enriched out of herself the mood and speech of Beethoven romantic. She wrapped her hearers in the illusion of the music—and pianist.

Even Mr. Converse's new tone-poem, written only last summer and led by the composer himself above an orchestra that generously returned his obvious trust in it, had grave romantic voice. “Ave atque Vale,” he entitles it; and it is music of the masculine emotion that stirs loyally, intensely to self-sacrifice and yet knows the longing for the old, dear, familiar things that forever, perhaps, it surrenders—a music of isolated and abstracted mood, without background except as the vague din of struggle stirs behind these self-communings. In large progressions, sombre color, music that dreams and visions out of haunting memories, summons the soliloquy. It rises from them into high resolution and quiet exaltation; again they return in harmonic veils as loved phantoms; again the mood and the motives of fortitude and austere devotion; measures that speak nobly of the soul, measures that consecrate as they mourn the sacrifice.

This inner content as it seems, Mr. Converse would impart by a grave loftiness of tonal speech. His music moves in long melodic lines, in large phrases, to deep-set rhythms, against dark backgrounds, in a sober, willed and not unfitting monotony of color; in austere climax that reticence deepens. The working means are the means of counterpoint and plastic development, the play of tonal strand and rhythmic figure rather than of harmonies and timbres.

As Mr. Converse is grave in the designing of his tone-poem so he is austere to economy in the use of his means. Never once will he exceed out of the reticences of a deep masculine feeling correspondingly expressed. So setting himself within the limitations of his matter and his method, he cannot escape a measure of monotony in his music alike of mood and procedure. Moreover, his just reticence hardly summons sometimes the emotions that prompt his soliloquy and even to the sympathetic ear the tone-poem becomes inarticulate and dun. As it seems to the cursory hearer, a yet deeper concentration might avoid repetition; while, again, a warmer expansion might quicken answering emotions. Yet as it is, "Ave atque Vale" embodies moods of men in a masculine musical speech that by its mingled reticence and exaltation has quality rare in the music of American composers. In a sense mood, matter, method are universal. Yet, as with some of Mr. Chadwick's music, the listener feels that only an American would so imagine and so write.

Finally, that the romantic vein of the concert, might round full circle, the flamboyance and the grandiloquence of Berlioz's overture to the opera, "Benvenuto Cellini" that mocked by dryness and dullness the two flaming preludes with which he graced it. He fought for time and leisure in which to write his overture; yet as it sounds he might have flung it off in a single heat. His fervid vision of a manifold Rome of renaissance romance flames through the music—fete and fighting, cardinals stately, artist-adventurers amorous or mocking, fine frenzies of play, fine frenzies of passion and tumult almost always. Equally across the music glows his passion for rhythmic energy, for melodic intensity, for the flare and the force of tonal color. No wonder the overture abides the years, changeless as romance itself. Not even Liszt of the Venice of "Tasso" has matched it.

U. T. P.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA
Dr. Karl Muck, Conductor
24(A)

SYMPHONY HALL.
Fri. 2.30; Sat. 8
SOLOIST

Winifred Christie

A few tickets Sat.
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ap 27

MR. CONVERSE'S "AVE ATQUE VALE" TONE POEM HEARD

Monitor — Apr. 28/17

Boston Symphony Orchestra, Karl Muck, Conductor; Miss Winifred Christie, Soloist—Twenty-third program, Symphony Hall, Boston, Mass., afternoon of April 27, 1917: Brahms, symphony No. 2, in D major, op. 73; Converse, "Ave atque Vale," tone poem (conducted by the composer); Beethoven, concerto in G major, for piano and orchestra, op. 58; Berlioz, overture to the opera, "Benvenuto Cellini."

For nearly 10 years Frederick S. Converse, the composer of the new tone poem, "Ave atque Vale," has been accepted by his community as a man thoroughly familiar with the mechanics of instrumentation and as a master craftsman generally at music writing. Ever since he produced his operas, "The Pipe of Desire" and "The Sacrifice," he has been entitled to stand among the foremost orchestral technicians. But able as he is at executing a task like the score of an opera or of a symphonic piece, he is a long way yet from proving himself an artist with liberated powers of expression, or even a designer with inventive knack. He has the disposition of a musical engineer, rather than that of a musical architect. What he builds has the firmness and solidity of things carved out of the solid rock, instead of the lightness and poise of articulated and membered structures.

It is not strange that a composer of this type should seek a Roman sentiment to develop into a tone poem. Or, supposing him first to have written his piece—a lament for men fallen in battle—and afterwards to have looked for a title, it is not strange that he found a formula of words from the columbaria of the Appian Way, which once served Catullus as a cadence for a threnody, to be exactly what he wanted. It is not strange, again, that after setting out to sing in an elegiac strain, he should keep up the song impressively and exaltedly; yes, and monotonously too. Furthermore, it is not strange that he should leave out of his stanzas all processional color.

The Brahms second symphony, which opened the program, was presented in a magnificently pliant style under Dr. Muck. On the other hand, in a rather stiff manner and with a distinctly harsh quality of tone the

Berlioz overture was presented, which closed the concert. The G major piano concerto of Beethoven, with Miss Christie as soloist, was delicately performed, the men of the orchestra maintaining an unusually restrained and gracious attitude to the lightly scored text. The assisting artist gave an admirable study of the first third of the work and recorded a smooth and pleasing performance of the remaining two thirds. She could have caused nobody to regret that she was chosen to take the duties of soloist in place of the singer, Mme. Kurt.

MME. KURT ILL; WILL NOT SING THIS WEEK

Mme. Melanie Kurt of the Metropolitan Opera Company, announced for soloist at the Symphony concerts this (Friday) afternoon and tomorrow evening, on account of sickness, is unable to appear. Her physician will not allow her to sing. Miss Winifred Christie, a pianist who is most favorably known here, will play Beethoven's Concerto in G major, which she has already played with great success with the orchestra in Hartford, Ct.

The engagement was announced of Miss Claire Forbes to Mr. Charles De Mailly at a tea given at the studio of Mr. Culukanoff, the Russian baritone.

Miss Claire is a well known Boston pianist, and Mr. De Mailly is the second flute of the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

Dr. Muck and Miss Forbes

Much applause and a wreath as tribute from the Harvard and Radcliffe Glee clubs greeted Dr. Muck at the final concert of the season by the Symphony Orchestra at Cambridge last evening. It was a typical spring programme, with light and exuberant music. From Goldmark, for beginning came the overture, "In the Spring," holding charm of melody and pastoral suggestion in spite of convention of form and outdated style. Then the "Unfinished" Symphony of Schubert, which remains everlastingly fresh, graceful and spontaneous when the conductor and his orchestra jealously and devotedly keep it so through endless repetitions. It is truly music of spring and youth, the more so for its delicate wistfulness, and the succeeding Prelude to "Die Meistersinger" is as youthful, with its intensified gayety and splendor. It progresses bravely and brightly, never lingering under Dr. Muck's hand, but moving in a huge glittering mass—never too ponderous either, rich and intricate in detail, but with the combined themes simplifying and enforcing rather than obscuring each other. A glorious close for a season with its uplifting and exultant final flourish, and it is to close the Boston season

also, as it has closed others before. All three of these numbers are of the sort that lapse easily into the indifference of routine, but Dr. Muck always gives his keenest energy and care to perfection and life with them.

But, final concert or other, a Cambridge audience, it seems, would never be completely satisfied without its soloist, and hence Miss Claire Forbes with Tchaikovsky's first concerto. It was music not in keeping with the rest: artificial, contrived, and barren of inspiration in comparison with what went before and after, but also, it was not the conductor's choice—a concerto which no orchestra or even pianist could keep from wearing and fraying at the edges with time. It is not entirely clap-trap; the first and last movements have their rhythmic energy and brilliant vigor, where a pianist may gratefully expend any superabundant vitality needing release. The themes, ornaments and general attractions are obvious enough throughout. But for all that, the pianistic usages are from first to last no more than derived and incorporated, more or less successfully; certain parts are loosely hitched together, and the slow movement is unmistakably a reflection of more memorable ones by the same composer more eloquently conceived and expressed. Miss Forbes is by precedent and by her performance last evening a true musician in thoroughness of method, skill, motive, energy and enthusiasm, and sense of fitness and proportion. A young pianist of her sex, with an exacting conductor looming above her and an orchestra all around, not to mention the virile music before her, requiring a great deal more than her feminine grace and utmost output of muscle can give it, may well be anxious over her heaped-up responsibilities. Miss Forbes met them desperately—and efficiently. She maintained a strict precision with the best of Dr. Muck, let the pulse and progress of the music bear her along and stimulate her best strength in the flinging-out of chords, and her fullest emotional feeling in the melodic and solo parts. The result was successful and highly pleasing, in spite of the under-emphasis of pianistic tone. Yet the best of Miss Forbes's musical nature and abilities are to be found in the more quiet and thoughtful part of her art; the part that puts fine impulse above brilliant and showy execution.

Here in Boston

Musical America—of course "from a reliable source"—caps the climax in the issue of today of grotesque war-time rumor about that a certain Mr. Higginson of Boston was the founder and has been for many years the chief supporter of the band; that by some malign influences not otherwise specified, a German conductor—one Karl Muck—has been foisted upon it much to his indig-

and that accordingly, he intends to withdraw from its affairs until a conductor and a "personnel" have been chosen that more accords with his sympathies in the war. Even in a "Journal of music," it is doubtful whether egregious nonsense ever departed quite so far from the fact known these thirty years—that Mr. Higginson himself chooses the conductor of the orchestra and signs the contracts with him and with the players. It is easy to believe sometimes that various writers about music in New York and Philadelphia are so besotted with jealousy of the Boston Orchestra as to lose all sense of fact and reason.

"The Pops" of 1917 *Frank Apr. 20/17*

A few of those singular persons who believe that the present sum of human existence is the war—or, in some instances, talk about the war—have been industriously spreading the report that there were to be no "Pop" concerts at Symphony Hall through May and June contrary to the custom of thirty-odd years. They, it appeared, were not minded to them; therefore the public, which, like all of us, they are prone to see in their own image, was not minded to them. As an actual fact of the theatres and the concert-halls that public, so far, is as much disposed to seek entertainment in them as it ever was. As an actual fact also "The Pops" are to run their usual course and even a longer one than has been the wont. They will begin at Symphony Hall at the end of the regular Symphony Concerts—that is to say on Monday, May 7, and they will continue for ten weeks, instead of the usual nine—that is through July 14. As last year for the first time, the orchestra will number seventy-five under sundry conductors whose names are yet to be announced; "special nights" of various kinds will occur and recur as in previous seasons; and the general arrangements and plan of the concerts be maintained as usual.



Mr. EDWARD TAK
(Violin Instructor)

LAST SYMPHONY CONCERT

The 36th season of Symphony concerts will end next Friday afternoon and Saturday evening. From every point of view the season has been the most successful in the history of the orchestra. The patronage in Boston and elsewhere has never been so large. The new method of disposing of the tickets for the Boston concerts by subscription at fixed prices instead of by auction has wholly satisfied patrons and management. This method will be continued. Already notice of renewals are being sent personally to the subscribers so that they may secure their seats for the season of 1917-1918.

The artistic achievements of the orchestra, if the unanimous verdict of the public is to be believed, has never been so high as this year. Dr. Muck has brought out new works and given particular attention to American composers.

The last concert is planned along conservative lines, although it contains one work of importance which Dr. Muck has never conducted here: Liszt's Symphonic Poem, "Tasso." The symphony will be the Fourth of Beethoven. In the second part will appear Liszt's "Tasso," Strauss's "Death and Transfiguration" and the Prelude to "The Mastersingers of Nuremberg."

THE POPS *Apr. 22/17*

The 32d season of Pop concerts will open in Symphony Hall Monday evening, May 7, and continue for 10 weeks thereafter, the closing concert being given on Saturday evening, July 14. The characteristics which have made the Pop concerts a unique institution and have held them in high favor for many years will be maintained. The concerts will be run from 8 o'clock until about 11. A number of special nights have been arranged, which will be announced in due course. The orchestra will number a minimum of 75.



Mr. MIRKO BELINSKI
(Cello Instructor)

Symphony Hall.



A Producer of Trumpet Tones

Gustave Heim, the efficient first trumpeter of the organization, elicits from his instrument beautiful effects.

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SEASON 1916--17.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

Dr. KARL MUCK, Conductor.

TWENTY-FOURTH PROGRAMME

(Last of the Season)

FRIDAY, MAY 4, AT 2.30 P. M.

SATURDAY, MAY 5, AT 8 P.M.

BEETHOVEN,

SYMPHONY No. 4, in B flat major, op. 60
I. Adagio; Allegro vivace
II. Adagio
III. Allegro vivace; Trio: Un poco meno allegro
IV. Finale: Allegro ma non troppo

LISZT,

SYMPHONIC POEM No. 2, Tasso: Lamento e Trionfo

STRAUSS,

TONE POEM, "Tod und Verklärung," ("Death and Transfiguration,") op. 24

WAGNER,

PRELUDE to "The Mastersingers of Nuremberg"

For the End of the Symphony Concerts



Karl Muck, Conductor

(From the Drawing (1916) by Leopold Seyffert)

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT Trans. — May 5/17 RITES AND PIECES OF ANNUAL LEAVE-TAKING

With a Tone-Poem of Liszt, Hitherto Unheard Under Dr. Muck, for Exception to Precedent—The Audience and the Conductor—"Tasso," Years and Fashions—Beethoven, Strauss and Wagner in the Usual Glories of the Occasion

FOR the most part, foreseen pleasures filled the concert of the Symphony Orchestra yesterday afternoon. The frequenters of Symphony Hall on Fridays know the pattern of Dr. Muck's final programmes of a season—the classic symphony by Beethoven; the romantic symphonic poem by Liszt; the more modern tone-poem from Strauss's earlier music; and, for good measure, a sonorous prelude from Wagner or, maybe, a severer piece by Brahms. Every such frequenter knows also that for this final occasion conductor, orchestra and audience will be on their mettle. Parquet and balconies have first opportunity to give proof of this temper in applause for the entering leader. Yesterday it was quick, prolonged, sincere as from man and woman below or above the stage to man and master upon it. Twice Dr. Muck turned to orchestra and score and twice his hearers insisted that he heed them first. Twice, again, it recalled him, and once with the whole band on its feet as well, at the end of the symphony, while at the close of the concert it would not have done until it had four times summoned him to listen to its plaudits. Familiar incident, it is easy to say, of these final concerts for the five successive years through which he has now led them; but incident that yesterday gained warmth and meaning from the circumstance of the time. Out of this background the audience was giving its testimony of admiration and liking for conductor and man; out of this background no less he was answering to it with an equally sincere personal emotion. Not yet have the wars silenced the arts among us or weakened the ties between those who give and those who receive the ministration of them. The omens, like the official announcements, for the autumn and a new season could hardly be fairer.

Within the patterned programme stood two pieces long familiar in the voice that Dr. Muck and the orchestra give them—Strauss's tone-poem, "Death and Transfiguration," and Wagner's prelude to his opera, "The Mastersingers"; a third that by some perverse anomaly usually sounds unfamiliar, though once in every two or three years conductor and band play it, Beethoven's light symphony in B-flat, and

a fourth that with all the leader's zeal for Liszt he had never before undertaken in Boston, the symphonic poem of "Tasso." The composer's "Faust Symphony" has been born anew at the Symphony Concerts; once Dr. Muck has reanimated to the utmost of his powers the "Dante Symphony"; he has resurrected two of the usually neglected symphonic poems, "Hungaria" and "Ce qu'on Entend sur la Montagne"; he has sustained "Mazeppa" in the active repertory; but until yesterday he had not added to it this "Tasso," of old the most familiar of all these pieces. Perhaps the inevitable questionings were sufficiently answered in the quality of the music as it came new to ear, mind and fancy. The melody to which Liszt heard gondoliers of Venice singing the verses of Tasso and in which as germinating motive he would personify the poet, touches others' imaginations less than it did his. Before it quickens them, he must enrich it with a passion less intrinsic than acquired from his own transfiguring ardor, as in the passage in which the poet, mournful, self-absorbed, longing, first emerges in this tonal vesture; or set it, grave and pensive, against the flowing and ornate measures of his courtly masque. Then for an instant, Liszt's hearers may hear in the imagery of the ear his "veritable portrait in music of the knightly singer."

But this same Tasso of Liszt's vision walls wofully over a neglectful world or beats angrily against it, and then the composer can invent for him only a strident, clamorous, incessantly chromatic music that nowadays seems little more than the tonal commonplace of a romantic time and a familiar method. Liszt's quick-speeding imagination saw the luminous points in his design—the rise of Tasso's grave and melancholy figure against a turbulent background; the progress of it through fete and pageant to final apotheosis; but he overlooked the musical matter, and the light and the shade to be distributed between. Then, seemingly, he "filled in" the piece, and such filling when it is of a time and a temperament that were no strangers to romantic fustian does not well bear the years. Moreover, the Lisztian apotheosis, repeated in more than one of the symphonic poems, has become a familiar and almost hackneyed tonal pomp. The listener knows by habit when to expect the fanfares of the brass, the excited rushings of the strings, the sonorities of the whole orchestra, the contrasting passages suave and songful. Dr. Muck indeed clothed "Tasso" in the richest of tonal robes that he could draw from the orchestra; he warmed the music with romantic heat; by pace and rhythm he sought to give it insistent motion and vivid life. But when all was done the music, outside a few graphic and ardent passages, sounded labored and mannered, went thin and threadbare beside not a little in other of Liszt's symphonic poems less often played, less conventionally praised.

As became the occasion, the other pieces of the day sounded in the ears of the audi-

ence with the familiar glories in which conductor and orchestra are wont to clothe them. As some will have it, Dr. Muck takes the prelude to "The Mastersingers" at too fast a pace and too little stresses the pregnant phrases or periods with which Wagner anticipates the contents of his operatic comedy. Seemingly, however, the conductor would have it a glad and eager music, flung off at a heat, with detail springing spontaneously into place, a kind of rhapsody in polyphony from which should emerge by the sheer ardor of idea, emotion, process, the figures, moods and glow of the romantic folk-piece to follow. He would have the prelude as swift, changeful and colorful as a kaleidoscope, yet making it so, he would still have every particle of the counterpoint fall duly into the continuing and expanding design. It is possible to play the prelude to "The Mastersingers" as an exposition of the principal motives whence the music of the opera is to spring. It is possible to draw it out long with sentimentality and loud with clamor of the theatre. It is also possible to run it off in a kind of glamorous blur. It is the way of Dr. Muck to escape these pitfalls, to keep it a wondrous polyphonic web, but to weave it also in the lights and the shadows of romance and the streaming ardor of melody and rhythm that is the life of the prelude and of all the opera to come.

Here were the discriminating mind and the apprehending imagination playing over the music in hand, whereas in Beethoven's lyric symphony, the more narrowly musical qualities of the conductor came uppermost. In him is the divination that finds the pace and places the accent that shall give the slow moment the voice—almost the Mozartean voice—of serenely melancholy and tender song, that keeps it a music of sentiment, yet never sentimentalizes, while to Dr. Muck's ear as to the ears of the audience, the orchestra carries with soft lustres and suave euphonies of tone. Each phrase takes contour and color as in the voice of a single singer, only to melt into the long and softly glowing tone of the whole. Again the technical skill, fancy, felicity of conductor go hand in hand in the celebrated crescendo of the first movement in which tonal sparks, paling and melting, finally coalesce in radiant ascent. The rhythm of the scherzo reaffirms for the thousandth time the intuition of the conductor, the elasticity of his hand, the sensibility and the surety of the orchestra. And though the final races gleaming to the end or plunges in sheer excitement into the interrupting chords never once does the tonal web sag, break or turn colorless. The technical mastery is but the means to the fuller release of the music: the technical finesse is but the instrument to the fancy that prompts it. Once more the true virtuoso pieces of conductor and orchestra see the finer-textured symphonies of Mozart and of Beethoven light and lyric.

For the day, for the year, all these powers and many another culminated in conductor and orchestra in the playing of

Strauss's tone-poem of life and death and of the glorification that at the end the music sheds over them. Now a single voice penetrated the ear as when the oboe sings the piteous childhood memories that haunt the wasting man; again the whole orchestra in the might and the magnificence of a tone that yet never loses beauty scale radiant the opening heavens of the transfiguration. For no single instant do they stay the forward and upward sweep of the periods of the music as music; yet underneath they keep the tremors of the emotional ecstasy. Between these two extremes, each choir within the orchestra, each group of instruments with those choirs, each man within those groups, plays an exacting music as with no thought of the exactions; plays it as though he was the expressive voice upon whom the graphic power of the whole tone-poem depended; yet plays it with the eloquence that is of the conductor's infused self. At Dr. Muck's will, no less than Strauss's, the music summons not the externals of the scene, which is but an unworthy and usually a futile task for music, but the pity, the pain, the passion for it. Out of the orchestra no less than out of the music rise the haunting visions of life, lived, remembered, and well fought; the presence of death; the relentless end; the transmuting reward—the ideal and the real as the ideal transfigures it. And from beginning to end Friday, there was no distinguishing between the music and the voices that were uttering it. Conductor, orchestra, composer, piece and performance were one and indivisible and beyond such goal the creative and the expressive arts of music may not go.

H. T. P.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA ENDS ITS 36TH SEASON

Monitor — May 5, 1917

Boston Symphony Orchestra in twenty-fourth program of thirty-sixth season, Dr. Karl Muck conducting, afternoon of May 4, evening of May 5, 1917. The program: Beethoven, symphony No. 4 in B flat, op. 60; Liszt, "Tasso: Lament and Triumph," symphonic poem No. 2; Strauss, tone-poem, "Death and Transfiguration"; op. 24; Wagner, prelude to "Die Meistersinger von Nürnberg."

The Beethoven fourth symphony was the first and main feature of this program. The orchestra, under Dr. Muck's usual skill, rendered it in all its sweetness and preserved throughout the entire symphony its delightful freshness and vigor. The allegro vivace, with its introduction, the meditative adagio, which serves to bring out by contrast the joyfulness of the rest of the movement, was played with

precision and daintiness. The second movement, the adagio, was played with such a delightful tenderness that the massiveness of its construction was almost forgotten, while the vigor and piquancy of the scherzo were skillfully employed to offset the charm of the trio. The finale was given with considerable liveliness. Dr. Muck was most enthusiastically welcomed as soon as he stepped upon the stage, and was recalled several times after the symphony.

The symphonic poem, "Tasso: Lament and Triumph," by Franz Liszt, which is a revision of a "symphonic prelude" to Goethe's "Tasso," was played with characteristic contrast and fervor. The long pause, which occurs after the recurrence of the few measures of the lento in the first section, was made most effective, leading as it does to the adagio maestoso—the chief theme of the poem. The brilliance of the "Triumph" was well portrayed and as its two themes are elaborately developed to fortissimo for the full orchestra, the crowning and exaltation of Tasso could almost be pictured. The familiar tone-poem, "Death and Transfiguration," was given with the dignity and broadness characteristic of it. The fourth section representing the transfiguration is intended undoubtedly to prefigure broadly: "World transfiguration, world deliverance." The fourth offering of the afternoon, the prelude to "Die Meistersinger von Nürnberg," by Richard Wagner, formed a very fitting climax to the series of concerts. Dr. Muck was recalled a number of times at the close of the concert, the applause being continued for several minutes after the music had ended.

SYMPHONY SEASON ENDS WITH SUCCESS

Adv. — May 5, 1917
Final Concert Marked by a
Purely Orchestral
Program

DR. MUCK IS GIVEN BIG
OVATION BY AUDIENCE

Works of Native Composers Receive Unusual Attention

By LOUIS C. ELSON

PROGRAM

Beethoven—Fourth Symphony.
Liszt—Tasso, Symphonic Poem.
Strauss—"Death and Transfiguration," (Tone-poem.)
Wagner—Prelude to "The Mastersingers."
The Symphony season ended, as it

began, with a purely orchestral program, and very brilliantly. Good times or hard times, peace times or war times, the Bostonian demands his weekly symphony, and the concerts always have large, representative and enthusiastic audience in attendance. Yesterday afternoon the enthusiasm was at fever heat. When the late Dr. Muck (he was 10 minutes late) appeared, he was greeted with even more than usual applause.

This season Dr. Muck has paid more than usual attention to native composers, although there are one or two who might well be added to the list. Mr. Arthur M. Curry, for example, has not been heard in these concerts for a full half-dozen years, and yet has done as good work in the large forms as any of the composers who have recently been honored in them. He made a good impression both as conductor and composer in 1911.

And this leads to a word about the different composer-conductors we have had this season. It might be better if Dr. Muck did not give his great orchestra to too many to play with. Astyanax cannot swing the sword of Hector. Several native compositions would be better if Dr. Muck directed them himself.

There is nothing to tell regarding Beethoven's Fourth Symphony. The syncopations of its so-called minuet—which is not a Minuet at all—were well-marked; the little canons in the first movement were delicately given; the strong contrasts of the work were given in Dr. Muck's broadest manner, and the contrabasses in the final coda played with a rapidity and clearness that gave the violin figure as if it had been played by those

more flexible instruments, on which it appears in the beginning. Beethoven may be called the liberator of the contrabasses. There were no such passages before he composed the fourth and fifth symphonies. It was an excellent performance altogether, and gave great opportunities for contrasts of shading and expression, which were made the most of. The public, judging by the applause, have not been weaned from Beethoven by any of the recent tonal wholesalers. Dr. Muck repeated even the exposition of the first movement, and, of course, the excessive repetitions demanded by Beethoven in the third movement.

One cannot make quite so much out of Liszt's "Tasso" as out of his "Faust," yet Dr. Muck makes more out of Liszt than any other conductor that we know of. He can even glorify moments of bombast into majesty. There is a bit of realism in the first part of this work, where a Venetian Gondolier's boat-song is made prominent. We fancy that Liszt was somewhat more inspired by Byron's "Lament of Tasso," than by Goethe's picture; and a reading of that poem will put one "en rapport" with much of the sorrow and anguish expressed in the first portion of the work. The whole tone-poem seems more successful than the "Dante" symphony.

We admired the daintiness with which the later portion of Part I was read and played. It pictures Tasso at the court of Ferrara. Then comes frenzy and finally Triumph. In the interpretation of both of these emotions Dr. Muck is at his strongest. The final apotheosis was overwhelming. The trumpets blared, the percussion thundered, and Tasso's Triumph was an emphatic but noisy one. After all Liszt is a species of Hungarian Byron, laying on his touches in the strongest fashion and in the highest lights. But such music cannot fail to be exciting when Dr. Muck and the Symphony Orchestra give it, and it aroused the expected enthusiasm on this occasion, although there was enthusiasm after every number of this brilliantly played program.

To our mind the greatest music on the program was Strauss' "Death and Transfiguration." This is the one work where Strauss shows himself entirely a genius, and it is far more equal than his "Heldenleben," or his Wife and Baby Symphony. The frenzy of the dying man was far more poetic than the frenzy of the persecuted poet, and the final victory was

greater than the triumph which Liszt accorded to poor Tasso, even if it was somewhat less blatant.

As both works seemed somewhat upon the same lines, one could not but imagine that Dr. Muck placed them in juxtaposition, with malice aforethought, in order to show Strauss's superiority to Liszt in a similar theme. Otherwise there would have been no purpose in placing two laments and triumphs together.

The concert and the season ended with the greatest Prelude ever written, but it is unnecessary to say how clear the guiding-motives were brought out, how briskly the march-motive in diminution was caught up, how pompously the Mastersinger-motive burst forth; all these things are expected from our orchestra and from our director, but the audience showed in every way they appreciated their advantages and at the end of the program they remained to call Dr. Muck out four times! Something phenomenal for a matinee audience.

The glorious performance deserved the recognition it received. We never were so proud of our orchestra as yesterday afternoon; there is no other such orchestra in the world.

PLAYS SEASON'S FINAL PROGRAM

Herald — May 5/17
Symphony Orchestra Gives
Last Concert, but One,
for Year.

WILL REPEAT IT TONIGHT

By PHILIP HALE.

The 24th concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Muck, conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows: Beethoven, Symphony No. 4; Liszt, Tasso: Lament and Triumph; Strauss, Death and Transfiguration; Wagner, Prelude to "The Mastersingers of Nuremberg": all sound and approved compositions. Even the ultra-conservative now look on Liszt's sym-

phonic poem and Wagner's overture as orthodox pieces in good and regular standing, while the radicals are tolerant towards Liszt and Wagner and cheerfully admit that, like Hannibal, they were very pretty fellows in those days.

It is hardly necessary to speak at length concerning the compositions chosen for the final pair of concerts this season. Some might have preferred another symphony, for, in spite of Berlioz's rhapsody, the fourth is not among the greatest achievements of Beethoven in this field. It was a pleasure to hear "Tasso." It had not been performed at these concerts since 1911. The symphonic poem is not without a few measures of circus pomp, but as a whole it is sonorous and gorgeous, with a middle section of aristocratic elegance. "Death and Transfiguration" is among the better works of Strauss, composed before he attempted to supply a musical setting to the universe with himself and family as central figures, or to translate a volume of Nietzsche into tones. With this work the concert might have ended. The Prelude to "The Mastersingers" was superfluous. And, whereas the performance of the preceding compositions was remarkably beautiful, brilliant, impressive, that of the Prelude was perfunctory; hurried, as though Dr. Muck had suddenly realized that the concert was too long; almost commonplace.

In the course of this season 41 composers were represented. Wagner was credited with eight performances, of which only three were purely orchestral. Beethoven and Brahms shared alike with seven. Next to them came Liszt, Mozart and Strauss with five each (the "Faust" symphony of Liszt having been repeated); Debussy and Sibelius four each, while four songs of Wolf were sung—that is, three were sung, one of which was repeated during the season. Homer and Franck are credited with three each, for Mme. Homer sang, as a devoted wife, three of her husband's songs.

Fourteen works were performed for the first time in Boston, five of which were by American composers, for Mr. Loeffler may be so reckoned. Of these new works the most conspicuous for worth were Block's "Jewish Poems," Debussy's "Gigues" and Loeffler's mystical symphony.

There was a larger number of soloists than usual—five singers, seven pianists, three violinists, two violoncellists and one organist. The singing of Mmes. Culp, Galski and Mr. McCormack and the piano playing of Miss Christie, Messrs. Gebhard and Paderewski were

especially noteworthy. Miss Christie and Messrs. Friedberg, pianists; McCormack, tenor, and Spalding, violinist, appeared at these concerts for the first time.

The season was more remarkable for the superb quality of the performances than for the freshness of the programs, but Dr. Muck has the faculty of giving life to that which is thrice familiar or was reckoned moribund; he even made Noren's bombastically platitudinous symphony seem important for the moment. There were many memorable performances, too many for enumeration here; yet there may be mention of the symphonies by Franck and Loeffler, the symphony in C-major by Haydn, Mozart's "Jupiter," Strauss's "Till Eulenspiegel" and "Death and Transfiguration" and Liszt's "Faust," in which Mr. Hackett and the male chorus prepared by Mr. Townsend assisted. It is not extravagant to say that this season, as far as orchestral performance was concerned, was the most brilliant within our recollection, which goes back to the first concert led by Mr. Nikisch. The glory is to conductor and players alike. Nor should it be forgotten that men of various nationalities and various sympathies, united in the purpose of maintaining the high reputation of the Boston Symphony orchestra, knew in rehearsals and concerts only one country, the great republic of art.

SYMPHONY AT FINAL MATINEE

Post — May 5/17
Beethoven, Wagner,
Liszt and Strauss on
Programme

BY OLIN DOWNES

The last of the Friday afternoon concerts of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Karl Muck conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The programme consisted of Beethoven's fourth symphony, Liszt's symphonic poem, "Tasso," which Dr. Muck conducted for the

first time in Boston; Richard Strauss' tone poem, "Death and Transfiguration," and Wagner's overture to "Die Meistersinger."

Dr. Muck was given a long extended greeting when he appeared on the platform, and at the end of the concert.

JUSTICE TO LISZT

Liszt's tone poem, banal as it is in its development, is a gorgeous piece of color, even for this composer of gorgeous music. The orchestration is exceptionally sure and vivid, for a tone poem which comes early in the list of the works of this great composer. It is orchestration which makes the more evident the great debt of the modern Russians to Liszt. This music is still impressive, for all the paucity of the melodic ideas. The main theme is stated with true feeling and imagination—the theme Liszt heard in Venice, and which he chose as the expression of the downcast Tasso. Thanks to this true feeling, and the richness of coloring which must have been almost unexampled in 1849, and thanks, too, to Dr. Muck's masterly treatment of the music, it fascinated the audience and aroused great enthusiasm.

Dr. Muck does the justice that few conductors of today do Liszt. Without over-refining his music, he takes from it the tinge of the wholly obvious and banal. Its bombast becomes impassioned rhetoric—extravagant, overdone, but rhetoric with the true passion of the romantic behind it, and in play of imagination the conductor stood yesterday beside the composer.

But the climax of the concert was Strauss' superb tone poem. When all is said and done, little that this composer has given the world bears the burning brand of truth in every measure as does "Death and Transfiguration." First the fearful prelude to the last struggle; the approach of the grim enemy; the orchestra riven in twain by conflicting themes as a body might be riven by mortal agony; the blazoning forth of the theme that is the embodiment of the ideal, flung forth with a splendor and a majesty that are awesome from the orchestral turmoil, and then the apotheosis of this theme, as it ascends solemnly from the depths of the orchestra—all this is a glorification of the art of music and a pronouncement sure to move any hearer at all sensitive to musical tone and at all thoughtful as to the experience that waits for all.

The performance was exceptionally eloquent. The music has seldom sounded so impressively in Boston. Dr. Muck's interpretation of the Meister-

singer overture is well known. There is no greater music. The orchestra, with the conductor, rose and acknowledged the applause.

SYMPHONY SEASON ENDS BRILLIANTLY

Dr Muck Is Recalled With
Enthusiasm

"Death and Transfiguration" Nobly Performed

The 36th season of concerts of the Boston Symphony Orchestra will close this evening. The concert yesterday afternoon was a brilliant one. At its close Dr Muck was recalled twice to the stage after he had bidden the orchestra stand with him, and this notwithstanding the concert had been all of two hours or more and the hour late.

Beethoven's fourth symphony was played with reverence for the repose of the opening bars; recalling the facade of a Greek temple, for the serene beauty of the song of the slow movement, leaving radiant in memory the art of the three chief virtuosi of the woodwind choir.

Liszt's "Tasso," reminding of the hectic, the theatrical Liszt as of the romanticist, and the prelude to "The Mastersingers," to close, were done well and the former provoked marked applause, but the second part of the program needed no more than the superb performance of Strauss' "Death and Transfiguration," a noble interpretation, sympathetically achieved. The marvelous choral theme in the last pages was transcendent with inspiring beauty.

Tomorrow, with a cursory recollection of the new music, singers and players of the year, something more will be said of the sustained incomparability of our orchestra, of Maj Higginson and Dr Muck, who are collaborators to such end, who are above embroiling chatter and of the privilege with which we sit under the illuminating genius of the great conductor.

EXAMPLE FROM CAMBRIDGE FOR BOSTON TO OUTDO

More About the Unusual Incidents of Dr.
Muck's Leave-Taking Across the Charles
—Beethoven and Miss Christie Again—A

CAMBRIDGE, last Thursday, set example for Boston next Friday and Saturday, in leave-taking until autumn of Dr. Muck and the Symphony Orchestra. When the final concert of the year at Harvard was impending, there was a measure of speculation among those following closely the fortunes of the conductor and the band, as to the mood of the audience toward them. That audience consists almost wholly of teachers in the university, of students in the college and the professional schools, of residents of Cambridge, more or less within the academic circle. Among all three anti-German feeling and the bitter expression of it have long abounded. The actual onset of war has quickened both and there were forebodings whether this temper might not cloud the usual rites of farewell between the conductor and the public, before which next to those of Boston and New York he leads oftenest. On the contrary, never before in the quarter-century and more of the Symphony Concerts at Harvard, had that public so seized occasion to show regard for a conductor; while in the seven seasons in which Dr. Muck has appeared monthly before it, never before had it paid him such warm and pointedly personal tribute.

For the first time at Cambridge a wreath and ribbons were handed to him from the members of the Glee Club of Harvard and the Choral Society of Radcliffe, who had worked under him and so come to know and appreciate him in the preparation of their share of a recent concert in Boston for the Pension Fund of the orchestra. Not only did they bestow the wreath; they wished also to send a spokesman to testify for them, and only Dr. Muck's disinclination to speech-making in such circumstances persuaded them from their purpose. Stirred the more by sight of these proceedings, the audience redoubled applause such as has seldom been heard in Sanders Theatre as though they would the more emphatically differentiate the conductor, whose worth and work are of himself, and the universal and enduring art of music which he practices, from the passing preoccupations and the inevitable manifestations in other circumstance of a time of war. The means fulfilled the purpose; the end crowned it; and not in all his years in the United States has Dr Muck been more sincerely, deeply and responsively stirred—or for that matter, Mr. Higginson with him, now in more senses than hitherto the sustainer of conductor

and orchestra. By many a sign of the past six weeks the temper of the more various Bostonian public of the Symphony Concerts in no wise differs from that of the closer-knit audiences of Cambridge. It is possible to it, however, to outdo even its neighbors next Friday and Saturday, in the proof of like feeling toward a conductor and an orchestra united to their hearers by the bond of a common work and a common pleasure that so far conditions of war have only intensified.

Concerto, Composer, Pianist

To listen to Miss Winifred Christie playing Beethoven's concerto for piano in G major, at the Symphony Concert of Saturday evening, with delicacy of touch, well-shaped design, close communion with the orchestra, freedom from any thought of brilliant technical display even in the most elaborate figures—in short, with a full comprehension of the true conception of the composer and the ultimate value of the music, was to fall into natural speculation, from several enlightening points along the way, as to the congeniality or the reverse of pianistic and orchestral tone. If the number of concertos in existence be reduced to those of the rare geniuses who worked instinctively and creatively in both media, there remain, under strict judgment, only Beethoven and Liszt. Here then is a chance to bring to fundamentals a matter that must cause uneasiness in more than one concert-goer: namely, that the over-used pianoforte is a tonally self-sufficing instrument, which has never made a completely satisfactory background to other colors or taken any background but its own; that its graded system of tonal values is thrown askew in a concerto, with "tinny" results; and that orchestral clarity is similarly blurred by the complex vibrations from the strings and hammers. Concertos from the two composers in question are few. Liszt's rhapsodic color-riots are revels in extravagant strokes and contrasts—supreme examples of the abbé's habit of keyboard orchestration, peculiar to himself and with thrills that do not far outlast the performance. Beethoven strove hard to blend the two media which so engrossed him as this Fourth Concerto suggests on every page. Perhaps he did not enjoy the process, realizing the impossibility of it, so that his other piano concertos represent the pressure of necessity and obligation, just as the G major and the "Emperor" concertos disclose his powerful, welding, creative force, which could accomplish the miracle of conquering resistant materials.

The opening movements, necessarily brilliant and highly ornamental by too firmly established precedent, like the rondos into which the slow movements so marvellously blend, have the longest passages of solo or "tutti" by turn. The fine themes are neither satisfactorily pianistic nor orchestral, but rather a compromise with mutual

loss. You might call it the agonized birth-struggle between a sonata and a symphony. The slow movements of each concerto, one remembers as most expressive, possessing that marked and inspired individual character which sets a work of art apart from all others; that makes them perhaps, the most eloquent music for piano and orchestra and the most happy in the use of the dual material. The secret of beauty and fitness in these instances may plausibly lie in the confinement of the orchestral part to the strings, so that while there is only a whispering use of wood-wind in the slow movement of the "Emperor" concerto, there is none in the G major. The slow movement of Saturday might be called supreme in purity of tone. The first voice of the strings, terse, virile, and forbidding, is gradually softened, in the manner of the overture to "Coriolanus" by the feminine influence of the tender, lovely, and persuasive piano chords, increasing in fantasia-like fullness of insinuating emotion, until the two are delicately merged. And these transcendental pages are in manner completely removed from all custom of concerto-making—entirely simple in performance, with no ornament whatsoever, and requiring no more in the pianist than an appreciation of their beauty. The whole concerto, indeed, is quiet, subdued, and of romantic suggestion rather than of executive ostentation of any sort—a concerto which such a musician as Miss Christie would choose, while the usual virtuoso, more interested in the dashing exploitation of his powers, would be indifferent to it.

THE WREATH OF MYSTERY AND

Trans. DR. MUCK *May 7, 1917*
The Final Evening That Epitomized, on
Many Sides the Six Months of the Season

NOT all that befell at the final Symphony Concert of the season on Saturday evening passed before the eyes and the ears of a company that, as usual on such occasions, filled nearly every place in Symphony Hall from beginning to end of a programme two hours long. Hidden from its view, in the conductor's room behind the stage, was the mystery of the moment—a huge wreath, large as a cart-wheel and proportionately thick, bearing broad ribbons gold-lettered with "admiration" for "our great conductor." The ribbons gave no hint of the senders; no card tucked into the laurel disclosed them; no clew as yet tends to reveal them; and the mystery of Saturday evening remains the mystery of Monday morning—with the more piquant pleasure to the object and, no doubt, to the prompters of it. Coram public none of the tokens of the annual leave-taking between audience, orchestra and conductor were lacking. At the base

of Dr. Muck's music-stand lay the usual bunch of flowers, in hairbreadth 'scape—and not always that—from his advancing foot. When the concert was done, Mr. Higginson as usual, came slowly up an aisle to the edge of the platform, to give his hand into the conductor's for himself and for all the applauding assembly. These plaudits had begun when Dr. Muck first came to his place; had renewed themselves at each pause in the programme; added final recall to final recall; and rang loudest when the leader with an expressive gesture seemed to pour them over the orchestra behind him. The longest memory of the concerts could recollect none more general, hearty and sincere; the closest discrimination could not estimate whether Dr. Muck or Mr. Higginson was the more moved by them.

In quality, this final concert epitomized the quality of the twenty-three gone before. In none of the seven years through which Dr. Muck has set the programmes for orchestra and audience, has he made them so various, catholic, and uniformly interesting, or balanced them better between the manifold factors entering into the framing of them. Throughout the season there has been little cavil and much satisfaction over them—and at a time when for unfamiliar pieces, the conductor is almost wholly dependent upon the accumulated riches of the orchestral library and the deserving manuscripts of composers in America. Never before has the orchestra—now for three seasons virtually unchanged in personnel—seemed so perfect an instrument for the voice of the music in hand, for the will of the conductor with both. The technical expertness of nearly every member of every choir seems to sharpen and refine beyond obstacle or flaw; the quality of the tone so produced is equally characteristic of the instrument giving it forth, and expressive of the outer and inner content of the measures of the moment. Moving in mass, that tone is rich, free, glowing, and puissant. Divided among many voices, it is transparent, euphonious, finely radiant. It answers to the subtlest strokes of harmonic and instrumental shading, the swiftest modulations, the most adept gradations, keen or delicate, of pace and progression; yet it sustains the long melodic line, the gathered climax, the far-flung musical design; while ever rhythm, the quickening master, gives it life and motion. Seemingly Dr. Muck is near his ideal with his orchestra, none in our time and our world has played as does it, alike in lay and expert ear.

Making the band such out of the abilities and the loyal will of the hundred musicians within it, the conductor has wrought it in his own image. For in him is the source of all the qualities it displays. If he spurs it to unceasing work, ambition and exactness with itself, yet he is more unsparring upon his own toll and his own standards. Where it rests content with reason, he still questions—and himself more than his men.

They give to each piece the voice that individualizes, opens and expresses it; he discovers that character, searches out that voice. Their quality of tone in widest range and finest distinctions, shapes and measures itself by his ear. Their technical skill meets and serves his design, discrimination, intuition with the music. He finds, isolates, paces and modulates the underlying and pervading melody—the sensuous and the spiritual substance of the music—that they sing; he imposes and maintains the rhythm that gives it motion and life; from his palette they take the tonal colors with which they bestrew it. Into him, through the channels of concentrated and receiving mind, imagination, emotion, passes the manifold and the particular eloquence of the composer. Out of him it flows into the orchestra. From both it penetrates their hearers with the characteristic beauty, poetry, mental and spiritual process or floods them with the released passion and power. Weekly Dr. Muck has so re-created the appointed music, the familiar orchestra for our pleasure and we have sat before them under the spell of miracle—become custom.

Review of Musical Season

The Boston Symphony Orchestra and Dr Muck again are foremost figures in the musical season which habitually is considered ended with their last concerts. There have been rumors of defection or dissolution through circumstances induced by the war. Such publicity was given in a musical journal last week based upon confessed assumption, which was most unkind in its inference toward Maj Higginson, and wholly without respect for Dr Muck in his present position. The Boston Symphony Orchestra has announced its accustomed series of concerts next year, and contracts with the men will be made as usual this week.

Since the declaration of war by this Government, the audiences at the Symphony concerts have taken particular care to assure Dr Muck, that whatever his allegiance as a subject of the German Emperor, they respected, admired and warmly acclaimed him for the consistent and unceasing devotion he has given and has continued to give in the administration of the Symphony Orchestra. He has taken his place from week to week with his habitual demeanor as a gentleman, as well as a musical genius, and whatever the embroilment of Nations, there could reasonably be only gratification at the renewal of Dr Muck's contract, following the one now concluded.

Not all performances or works either are or can be of equal power to please. There have been dull programs during the year, the more unrelieved in comparison with those, for example, of the "Faust" symphony or the memorable week of Debussy's "Images," but the orchestra remains an instrument of incomparable euphony, of superb ensemble, of unapproached emotional eloquence.

Recalling the new music for orchestra heard during the season, the salient figure is that of Ernest Bloch, the young Swiss-Jew, who conducted an orchestral

program, all of his own music, in New York, last Thursday. Here is a new individuality in musical thought and expression, distinctive, vital and, as it would seem, enduring.

Memory survives also of Debussy's "Gigues," ineffable in the characteristic charm of this genius, here yet unimpaired; of Mr Loeffler's "Hora Mystica," which established a mood of tranquil nature blended with ecclesiastical mystery; of the elemental, primitive and savage grandeur of the sea in Sibelius "Oceanides"; of the Old World grace and courtly manner of Rameau's dances. Music in smaller forms, as Bloch's quartet, as the five Rachmaninoff songs, done by Mr Harris, as the two by Debussy quoted below, can merely be named. *Score May 6, 1917*

New Music Performed

A list follows of unfamiliar music performed during the season. The following abbreviations are used: Star (*) signifies first time in Boston; dagger (†) first time in America, and double dagger (‡) first time anywhere.

Sym H, J H and St H, respectively, Symphony, Jordan and Steinert Halls; S O stands for Boston Symphony Orchestra, H and H for the Handel and Haydn Society, C Soc for the Cecilia Society, P C U for the People's Choral Union, Tre Tem for Tremont Temple concerts, Rec for recital, vln for violin, pa for piano, Flon Quar for Flonzaley Quartet, Kn Quar for Kneisel Quartet. The list of new music does not pretend to be complete.

Balakireff—"Thamar," Dec. 29 (first time B. S. O. concerts).

Ballantine—†"The Eve of St Agnes," B. S. O., Jan. 19.

Beethoven—Overture and Grand Fugue, B-flat major, op. 133, Oct. 27 (first time B. S. O. concerts).

Bloch, Ernest—"Quartet in B major (MSS), Flon. quar., J. H., Jan. 8.

*Three Jewish Poems for orchestra, Danse, Rite, Cortege funebre, B. S. O., March 23.

Busoni—Nos. *3, *5, *6 and *7 of the "Turan-dot" suite, B. S. O., Feb. 9.

Chausson, Ernest—"Chanson Perpetuelle," Mrs. Atwood-Baker, Longy Club concert, J. H., Jan. 15.

Clapp, Philip Greeley—"Symphony in E-flat major, B. S. O., April 6.

Clough-Leigher, H.—Lyric suite, "The Day of Beauty," solo voice, strg. quart. and pa., Mrs. Atwood-Baker, Josephine Durell Quartet, James Ecker pianist, MacDowell Club Program, J. H., Jan. 10.

Converse, Fredrick S.—"The Peace Pipe," Cantata, Bar. (Mr. Ferguson), chorus and orch., Cec. Soc., Mr. Chalmers, cond., Sym. H., Dec. 14.

*"Ave at que Vale," Tone Poem, B. S. O., April 28.

Crist, Bainbridge—"The Parting," Louis Graveure, Rec., J. H., Jan. 5.

Debussy—"In Black and White," suite of 3 pieces for 2 pianos, Messrs Maier and Pattison, Rec., J. H., Oct. 25.

†Sonata, flute, viola, harp, Messrs Brooke, Wittman, Cella, Longy Club, J. H., Nov. 7.

*Two studies (pour les arpeges et les sonorites), Mr. Copeland, Rec., J. H., Dec. 9.

*Songs, "De greve" and "De fleurs," Mrs. Atwood-Baker and Mr. Copeland, Red Cross Benefit, J. H., April 16.

*"Gigues" I in "Images," B. S. O., April 13.

Dohnanyi, Ernst von—"Sonata in C sharp minor, op. 21, vln. and pa., Misses Pickard and Cox., St. H., Jan. 16.

Ebell, Hans—"Romanze from piano concerto in F sharp minor, MSS., Concert of People's Orchestra, Mr. Hoffman cond., Mr. Ebell soloist, J. H., Feb. 21.

Enesco—"Bouree, op. 10, No. 4 for piano, Oliver Denton, *Rec., J. H., April 14.

Giere—Quartet in A, op. 2, Mr. Oulukanoff's Russian Concert, American string quartet, Dec. 5.
 Grainger, Percy—"One More Day, My John," "Gay but Wistful," "Reel" at composer's recital, J. H., Nov. 3.
 "Brigg Fair," folk song, Cecilia Society, J. H., Feb. 14.
 Hinton, Arthur—"Endymion," First Suite, MacDowell Club Orch., M. Longy cond., J. H., April 4.
 Hure, Jean—M. and Mlle. Longy's concert, Andante for alto saxophone (Mrs. Hall), stg., harp, tympani and organ; "Sonatine vln. and pa. (Misses Marshall and Longy). Four songs of Brittany (Mrs. Littlefield); piano quintet, Mlle. Longy and American string quartet—all for the first time in America.
 Prelude "d'Anna-Marie," MacDowell Club Orch., Mr. Longy cond., J. H., April 4.
 Juon, Paul—"Trio in G major, op. 60, Messrs. Stoessel, Hadley and Copeland, J. H., Nov. 28.
 Kahn, Robert—"Sieben Lieder," for voice, vln., cello and pa., Mrs. Atwood-Baker (Rec.) and Messrs. Besserer, Dalbeck and Ecker, St. H., March 1.
 Laparra, Raoul—Songs, "Un Reve," "Dans une Villa Romaine," Reinhold Warlich (bar.), Mr. Kreisler accomp., Rec. J. H., Jan. 24.
 "Rhythmes Espagnols," for piano, Harold Bauer, Rec. J. H., Feb. 24.
 Lehmann, Liza—Excerpts from "The Golden Threshold" (song cycle), MacDowell Club concert, Messrs. Baker, Foote, Lamport, Thompson, Messrs. Arnold, Huddy, Redden, Ecker, Mr. Weston pianist, Copley Hall, March 21.
 Loeffler—Symphony "Hora Mystica," B. S. O., March 2.
 Songs, "Ton souvenir," "Je te vis, je t'aimais," "A vous ves vers de par in grace," "Tant que l'enfant" (M. S. S.), Mme. Frilsh, Mr. Gebbard, Mr. Longy's concert of Mr. Loeffler's music, J. H., March 21.
 "Poeme Espagnol," for cello and pa., Miss Deyo and Mr. Casals, J. H., March 24.
 Moor, Emanuel—"Suite for two violins alone (M. S. S.), Flonzaley Quart. concert, J. H., Jan. 8.
 "Prelude and Fugue, for 4 strings, Flonz. Quart., J. H., Jan. 25.
 Nedbal, Oscar—"Sonata in B minor, vln. and pa., Mme. Ondricek and Miss Forbes, J. H., April 18.
 Nicolaiew Leonide—"Sonata, G minor, op. 11, vln. and pa., Messrs. Gorodetzky and Jonas, St. H., Nov. 14.
 Noren—"Vita" symphony R. S. O., April 20.
 Poldowski—Song, "Columbine," Mrs. Atwood, Baker and Mr. Copeland, J. H., April 16.
 Rachmaninoff—"Five songs, "God took all," "She is lovely," "The open grave," "Memories," "Night and Me Alone," George Harris Jr., Rec., St. H., Dec. 6.
 Rameau—"Dances from "Acanthe and Cepheise," (1) Musette, (2) Rigaudon, Menuet, Rigaudon, (3) Gavotte, B. S. O., March 30.
 "Kretschmar's arr. of Mennet from "Platee," B. S. O., March 30.
 Reger, Max—"5 pieces for pa., "chant de la nuit," etc., Mr. McLaughlin's, "Rec., St. H., Nov. 27.
 "Sonata for violin and piano in E minor, op. 122, concert of Wittek-Malkin Trio, Dec. 6.
 Rimsky-Korsakoff—"Sadko," aschoreographic ballet by Bolm, Ballet Russe, Nov. 9.
 Roentgen, Julius—"Sonata in B minor, op. 56, for cello and piano, Miss Deyo and Mr. Casals, J. H., March 24.
 Roessler, Richard—"Sonata for two pianos, op. 22, Misses Rose and Otilie "Sutro, St. H., Feb. 20.
 Royce, Edward—Theme and variations in A minor for piano, Rec., Mr. Bauer, J. H., Feb. 24.
 Schelling, Ernest—"Concerto for vln. and orch., Mr. Kreisler, soloist, B. S. O., Oct. 20.
 Scriabine, Alexander—"7th sonata for piano, op. 64, Rec., Mr. Bauer, J. H., Feb. 24.
 Sibelius—"Pohjola's Daughter," "The Oceanides," "Night Ride and Sunrise," B. S. O., Jan. 12.
 Stanchinsky—"Esquisse," for piano, Mr. Copeland's Rec., J. H., Dec. 9.
 Strong, George Templeton—"The Village Music Director," trio 2 vlns. and viola, Flonz. Quart. concert, J. H., March 15.

Svampa, Lucio—"Ave Maria," song, Wright Symons, bar., Rec., J. H., Feb. 16.
 Szentirmay—Song, "Deine Augen," Mme. Lyska's "Rec., St. H., Feb. 7.
 Ware, Helen—"Three Hungarian pieces for violin, Love Song, Camp Song and Phantasy, composer's "Rec., St. H., Feb. 27.

Music was sung or played for the first time in Boston at other concerts during the season, as in the two attractive programs, Jan 10 and April 25, by the Boston Choral Society, whose choirs of men's and women's voices Mr Townsend has made such a potent and unprecedented aid in the vocal complement of the Symphonic concerts, as at Mr Copeland's recital at the Copley-Plaza, March 19, in a group of modern pieces by Boston composers, Mr Sequeira, Mr Gilbert, Mmme Noyes-Greene, and at the Gaulois concerts, organized for needy French musicians. At the first of these (Feb 19), compositions of the late Alberic Magnard—for piano, voice, chamber music—were performed, and at the third (March 19), compositions by Lilly and Nadia Boulanger, including the former's "Faust and Helen" Grand Prix de Rome cantata of 1913. The singers here were Miss Ethel Frank, Messrs Adamsky and Blanchart.

Singers Heard First Time

From out the long line of arrived, indifferent or promising singers heard for the first time in Boston, the name of Galli-Curci emerges resplendent. Showing the unquestioned resources of a great voice and ascending art at her first appearance, she doubtless will prove the more extraordinary at the postponed return concert today. After her, no new acquaintance this season, came with the affirmed signs of vocal gifts and interpretative finesse of Miss Stanley, a singer whose audiences next season should tax the hall. Nor should Mr Alexander be forgotten, a poet interpreter, supplementing voice with the moving beauty of his piano accompaniments.

These singers sang publicly for the first time in Boston:

Alexander, Arthur—Ten., Rec., J. H., Dec. 5.
 Auld, Mme. Gertrude—Sop., Rec., St. H., April 30.
 Calla, Geraldine—Color. Sop., Rec., J. H., Feb. 19.
 Galli-Curci, Mme.—Color. Sop., Sym. H., March 11.
 Hicks, Wm. W.—Ten., H. and H., Misc. Prog., Feb. 18.
 Holterhoff, Miss Lella—Sop., Rec., St. H., Nov. 21.
 Ingram, Miss Frances—Contr. Rec., J. H., Nov. 1.
 Jeffers, Miss Geneva—Sop., H. and H., Misc. Prog., Feb. 18.
 Langenham, Christine—Dram. Sop., Rec., J. H., April 23.
 Lazzari, Virgilio—Bass, Boston Nat. Opera Co., Il Cleco in "Iris," Jan. 5. Tre. Tem., Jan. 4.
 Leslie, Grace—Mezzo Contr., Rec., St. H., Dec. 15.
 Lunger, G. Roberts—Bass, H. and H., Misc. Prog., Feb. 18.
 Lyska, Naardyn—Dram. Sop., Rec., St. H., Feb. 7.
 Maentz, Claire—Dram. Sop., Tre. Tem., Jan. 4.
 Miller, Rosalie—Dram. Sop., Rec., St. H., Dec. 5.
 Northrup, Grace—Sop., H. and H., "Messiah," Dec. 18.
 Parks, Elizabeth—Sop., P. O. U., "Messiah," April 29.
 Peege, Charlotte—Contr., Tre. Tem., Jan. 4.
 Stanley, Helen—Sop. (*in concert) with Mr.

Bauer, Sym. H., Feb 11 (*in recital), J. H., March 3.
 Stevens, Nelda Hewitt—Sop., Rec., St. H., Dec. 14.
 Symons, Wright—Bar., Rec., J. H., Feb. 16.
 Torpadle, Greta—(in recital), J. H., March 19.
 Troxell, Chas.—Ten.; P. C. U., "Messiah," April 29.
 Wiederholt, Albert—Bass, P. C. U., as above.
 Wirthlin, Rosalie—Contr., Rec., St. H., Nov. 16.

New Pianists

Of the new pianists, the youthful Mischa Levitzki, playing with far more pronounced individuality at his second recital than his first, easily takes the ascendancy. His colleagues playing here for the first time, all in recital unless specified, were:

Boguslawski, Moses—St. H., Nov. 20.
 Bos, Coenraad—As soloist (*) with Mme. Culp, Sym. H., March 18.
 Buell, Miss Dai—J. H., Jan. 16.
 Dambois, Maurice—Accomp. for Ysaye, Sym. H., March 4.
 Denton, Oliver—J. H., Jan. 20.
 Friskin, Jas.—J. H., Nov. 13.
 Glorni, Aurelio—J. H., Nov. 14.
 Gotthelf, Claude—Rec. with Hubbard Operlog, St. H., Jan. 22.
 Gulick, Anne—St. H., Feb. 21.
 Hagan, Helen E.—St. H., Nov. 23.
 Henry, Harold—St. H., Nov. 7.
 Lavers, Ruth—St. H., Feb. 6.
 Levitzki, Mischa—J. H., Oct. 19.
 McLaughlin, John—St. H., Nov. 27.
 Nash, Frances—St. H., Nov. 14.
 Pressel, Misses Rose and Sadie, Rec. for 2 pa., St. H., Jan. 3.

Sutro, Misses Rose and Otilie, as above, Feb. 20.

With the recital of Isolde Menges there were no new violinists of realized or immediately confirmed eminence.

Blackman, Alexander, J. H., Feb. 26.
 Breeskin, Elias—J. H., Dec. 1.
 Deru, Edouard—Concert with Mr. Ebell and Mr. Smalley, St. H., Jan. 28.
 Starr, Evelyn—J. H., Nov. 1.
 Ware, Helen—St. H., Feb. 27.

As to the new visiting instrumental bodies, none could soon forget the transporting beauty of the sounds of the ancient instruments by their French players. The Cincinnati Orchestra is a promising organization with a conductor and resolute disciplinarian in Dr Kunwald, disturbingly aggressive in interpretation, as in pantomime.

*Cincinnati, Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Kunwald, cond., Sym. H., Jan. 11.

Copeland, Stoessel, *Hadley Trio, J. H., Nov. 28.

Rubel, *Edith Trio, J. H., Jan. 31.

*Society of Ancient Instruments, J. H., Feb. 12.

The Boston Muncial Union (mixed chorus), George Sawyer Dunham conductor (J. H., Feb 5 and May 1); the Russian Cathedral Choir of New York, Ivan T. Gorokhoff conductor (Sym H., Jan 24), and Joseph Bonnet, the French organist (Old South Church, April 16), all appeared for the first time in Boston. The season marked the last concert here (March 13) prior to disbanding of the Kneisel Quartet.

The Symphony Season

Post May 6 / 17
New Music Introduced at These Concerts---American Composers Encouraged---The Pops---Other Music News

Another Symphony season comes to an end, and the Pop concerts commence tomorrow night in Symphony Hall with Mr. Maquarre as conductor. The Pop is the early forerunner of spring in Boston. "Spring?"

The occasion calls for some remarks concerning Dr. Muck's programmes. They have never been so interesting or well balanced. Some miss certain names. We would fain hear Dr. Muck play such works as the second symphony of Vincent D'Indy and other music by this great composer. We have already spoken of the unfortunate omission of the name of Henry F. Gilbert from the list of American composers heard this season, since he is one of, if not the most original American composers of the present day. But as a whole Dr. Muck has never gone farther in showing catholicity, curiosity, appreciation of music of many schools. Some of his programmes have been ill-balanced, as of yore, but it is not easy to make 24 Symphony programmes, each one interesting in all its details, considerate of the choice of the soloist who sings or plays the concerto, and pleasing all and offending none.

Composers of all the countries and all schools have figured on the lists. In addition to classic German composers and moderns such as Strauss and Mahler, the names of Balakireff, Borodin, Rachmaninoff, Rimsky-Korsakoff and Tschalkowsky represented Russia; Berlioz, Chabrier, Chausson, Debussy, Rameau, France; Ballantyne, Clapp, Chadwick, Converse, Loeffler, Schelling, America. Franck, Goldmark, Smetana, Sibelius are composers of a peculiarly personal type, standing as individuals rather than as representatives of a national school.

Most of the American works were novelties, and reflected pleasantly on Dr. Muck's disposition to encourage American composers rather than distinction as compositions. Yet, despite the experimental character of works such as Mr. Clapp's second symphony and Mr. Ballantyne's immature "Eve of St. Agnes," there were Converse's "Ave atque Vale," which we personally find one of the composer's most representative compositions, and Mr. Loeffler's "Hora Mystica," for orchestra and male chorus, perplexing a majority by its ultra modernity and the subtlety of its moods, yet leaving an

ineffaceable impression of music of commanding individuality and imaginativeness, of an expression perhaps the most exalted and individual that this individualist among composers has achieved. This was one of the works of the season which should have been immediately repeated. That it had not a popular success was self-evident, but neither had D'Indy's second symphony a popular success when it was first heard here. Neither did the simple and lyrical symphony of Franck, now one of the most popular items of the orchestral repertoire wherever serious orchestral music is known, have a popular success in Boston when it was first performed here by Mr. Gericke. And Mr. Loeffler is at least sufficiently celebrated for his mastery of his art and the distinction of his taste and his musical personality to receive not one but several very careful hearings of a work upon which he himself had lavished the greatest pains, the most careful thought, the most sincere idealism.

Of the novelties not by Americans, the most interesting were the "Three Jewish Poems" by Ernst Bloch, who conducted the performances of his works in person; Debussy's "Gigues," No. 1 of the images for orchestra, heard for the first time here; Sibelius' symphonic poem after an episode of the Kalevala; "Pohjola's Daughter," and Schelling's violin concerto, played by Mr. Kreisler early in the season.

It was more than a pleasure to discover in the music of Mr. Bloch a completely new individuality, a new note, as personal as it was racial with the composer. To write music which should constitute a revelation of oneself, and consistent with this revelation, of self's people; of the temperament and aspirations of the Jewish race; of the glowing soul, as the composer puts it, that reveals itself in the Old Testament and in other chapters of the stupendous history of a great people, is not a small accomplishment. To Mr. Bloch may be confidently extended congratulations in having achieved this, comparatively early in his career, in a remarkable degree. His music is oriental and hot-hearted, prophetic with the grandeur of the old exhortations, warm, melodic, and withal naive as we believe all great music, in essence, to be. This music made an immediate and profound impression, as did the personality of the composer, other of whose compositions will doubtless be heard in Boston in the future.

Debussy's "Gigue" is a worthy companion piece to the other pieces which make the series of "Images" for orchestra. Sibelius' tone poem is a superb portrayal of northern nature, and again is music naive with the spirit of its land and people. Fascinating music unique in its appeal. "The Oceansides," by the same composer, performed at the same concert, is highly imagina-

tive and elemental in its suggestion, but not so distinctive in its idiom as "Pohjola's Daughter." "Night Ride and Sunrise" is memorable for certain atmospheric effects, of darkness and suspense, of the calm and glorious rising of the sun, rather than for sustained line or architecture, or strength and balance of form. There are pages which only Sibelius at his imaginative height might hope to pen, orchestral effects as unusual as they are simple. But the work is of uneven invention and merit.

Mr. Schelling's violin concerto was for the writer a welcome surprise, far superior to any of Mr. Schelling's compositions for piano and orchestra, heard at these concerts. The violin concerto is written with esprit and real invention. Perhaps it is too heavily and a little inexpertly instrumentated, but this is a thing which may be corrected. On the whole we have in this work one of the most interesting of the few interesting modern concertos for the violin.

The novelties were few. It was said that conditions of the war made it hard to secure them here. But both the Philadelphia and Chicago orchestras have had many novelties during the season past, and musicians in Boston have not found it impossible to secure music for small groups of instruments from Europe. Surely there are enough music firms between Germany and America not unable to send new music to this country to furnish us with some new flavors, in spite of embargoes and submarines.

Let it be said once more, in response to irresponsible and wholly unfounded rumors that the Boston Symphony Orchestra may disintegrate next season on account of difficulties attendant on the nationality of its conductor and many of its personnel, that the plans for next season, including the soloists, are now well on toward completion, and there is not the slightest reason for any apprehension of a cessation of orchestral activities at Symphony Hall.

Herald THE POPS May 6/17

For the next 10 weeks Symphony Hall will be devoted to its regular spring season of Pops. This will be the 32d season of these favorite concerts and Boston's summer would not seem properly introduced without them.

The Bostonian traveling in other parts of the country soon discovers that the Pops are only less famous than the Symphony orchestra, for the report of these concerts is carried far by the large number of visitors that Boston has during the spring. With singular success they have kept their character from the

beginning. There is a large orchestra of skilled musicians from the Symphony orchestra, a competent and popular conductor, and programs made up of the better sort of popular music, excerpts from current musical plays and operettas, with a judicious admixture of the lighter classics.

This year the orchestra will be large. There will never be less than 75 men in it and often the number will run over 80. In other words, Boston's popular concerts employ an orchestra as large as the usual Symphony orchestra and, it is needless to say, of much higher quality.

The conductor for the opening weeks at least will be Mr. Andre Maquarre, who long since won his way in the public favor, and has the vivacity of his race and the faculty of making programs that appeal to the widest public.

During the season there will be the usual number of special nights. The first college night is Amherst night, May 22, which will be followed on May 25 by the annual gathering of the alumni of the Roxbury Latin school.

The program for the opening is as follows:

Overture, "Jubilee".....Weber
Overture, "Fra Diavolo".....Auber
Waltz, "Wine, Woman and Song".....Strauss
Selection, "Eileen".....Herbert
Two Dances from "Feramors".....Rubinstein
Selection, "Samson and Delilah".....Saint-Saens
"The Last Slumber of the Virgin".....Massenet
(For strings only.)

Invitation to the Dance.....Weber-Berlioz
"The Star Spangled Banner".....Lalo
Overture, "Le Roi d'Ys".....Maquarre
"Indian March".....Maquarre
(For strings only.)

Waltz, "The Skaters".....Waldteufel
March, "Stars and Stripes".....Sousa

Items and Announcements

The negotiations that were to bring a new conductor to the "Pop" concerts have unfortunately miscarried at the last moment and Mr. Maquarre, the first flute-player of the Symphony Orchestra and the most energetic of the leaders from its ranks, will resume the place next Monday that he has filled for some years.

From one of the committees in charge of the convention of the International Kindergarten Union to meet here this week comes the following reasonable and courteous request:

If any subscribers to the Symphony Concerts are not intending to use their tickets for the evening of May 5, such tickets will be very gratefully received by the music committee of the International Kindergarten Union Convention, for the use of delegates who may be in town on that evening. These delegates come from all parts of the country, sometimes from great distances, and the opportunity to hear the orchestra would be much appreciated. Any such tickets may be addressed to Miss Olivia B. Hazelton, Chairman Music Committee, at the Hotel Somerset.

"THE POPS" ANEW

The Thirty-Second Series, to Begin on Monday Evening in the Usual Auspicious Circumstance—Orchestra and Programme

ON Monday evening, for a thirty-second year, the annual series of "Pop" Concerts will begin at Symphony Hall, to continue nightly there—Sundays excepted—for ten weeks. The band will number seventy or eighty men chosen from the string, wind and brass choirs of the Symphony Orchestra, three-fourths and often four-fifths of its usual ranks. For the present the first flute-player, Mr. Maquarre, long liked as a conductor at these concerts, will lead them in music chosen according to the custom of previous seasons—operatic overtures and pot-pourris, waltzes and fragments of ballets, "selections" from operettas and musical plays, old and new, light miscellaneous pieces of many kinds, and swinging marches. Nightly also "The Star-Spangled Banner" will be played to suit the times. As usual, the floor of the hall will be cleared of seats and at the tables replacing them drinks, mildly alcoholic or non-alcoholic will be served along with light edibles at command. Below stairs smoking is permissible, but not in the balconies, where the auditors may listen to the music or to any other concert. To enumerate all these familiar arrangements is only to recall familiar pleasures that the public of "The Pops" has known for many springs and summers. Mr. Maquarre's programme for Monday evening stands:

Overture, "Jubilee".....Weber
Overture, "Fra Diavolo".....Auber
Waltz, "Wine, Woman and Song".....Strauss
Selection, "Eileen".....Herbert
Two Dances from "Feramors".....Rubinstein
Selection, "Samson and Delilah".....Saint-Saens
"The Last Slumber of the Virgin".....Massenet
(For String Orchestra.)

Invitation to the Dance.....Weber-Berlioz
Overture "The King of Ys".....Lalo
"Indian March".....Maquarre
(For String Orchestra.)

Waltz, "The Skaters".....Waldteufel
March, "Stars and Stripes".....Sousa

—The most lasting result of a printer's error is found in the word "cocoanut," which people often think has something to do with cocoa; the original word was "coco-nut," from the Spanish word "coco," meaning "grin or grimace," a name bestowed upon the cocoanut owing to its resemblance to the face of a monkey. When Dr. Johnson was compiling his famous dictionary he included the word "coco-nut," but the compositor inserted an "a" instead of the hyphen, and the word appeared as "cocoanut," and has been written so ever since.

SYMPHONY SUBSCRIPTIONS MUST BE RENEWED BY JUNE 1

Herald — May 25/17
**Those Who Do Not Act on or Before
Next Friday Will Lose
Their Seats—Prospects Bright.**

Subscribers of last season of the Symphony concerts who have not done so have only until next Friday, June 1, in which to renew their subscription and retain the seats they held last winter. Of these there are only a comparative few, for the renewals which have been coming in since April 1 have been larger than the management had counted on. Only a small percentage of last season's subscribers have so far failed to renew for the coming season and there is already a considerable list of applicants whose orders will be filled after June 1.

The prospect for the Symphony orchestra next year is most encouraging from every point of view. Already the subscription in Boston, as large as for last season, is practically assured and the chances are that by next fall the number of seats taken will even be larger. It will be remembered that every seat for the Friday afternoon concerts was taken last season and only a comparatively few seats were unsold for the season for the Saturday night concerts.

What is true in Boston is true in all the other cities where the orchestra gives a series of subscription concerts. The two series of five concerts to be given in New York are already sold out and the same is true in Brooklyn, while undoubtedly a like condition will exist in Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington. The policy of the management in ignoring the many silly stories printed during last spring about the disbandment of the orchestra has won warm praise from the patrons in all the cities the orchestra visits. There has never been the least scintilla of truth in any of these stories.

It should be impressed upon the subscribers of the Boston concerts who have not yet renewed their subscriptions for the coming season that unless this is done by next Friday, June 1, they will lose their seats, as their failure to subscribe by that date throws the seats automatically over to the management to dispose of to others.

SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA LIBRARIAN

Irish — May 29/17
Johann Sauerquell Was a Native of Austria, and a Brother-in-Law of Franz Kneisel

Johann Sauerquell, for nearly thirty years the librarian of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, died at his home, 4 Marbury terrace, Jamaica Plain, Monday evening, after an illness which had kept him confined to his house for most of the past year. Mr. Sauerquell, through the post which he held for so many years with the Symphony Orchestra, was one of the best known men in music in this country. He was born in Cernowitz, Bukowina, May 12, 1846. In that city he spent his boyhood and went through the University. He became an officer in the Austrian army and saw active service in the war with Prussia in 1866, winning a medal for gallantry in action. He left the army and went to Roumania, first in Jassy and then Bucharest, where he was for many years connected with the State railways, and during the Turko-Russian War of 1876-77 he was second in charge of the railway transportation of Roumania.

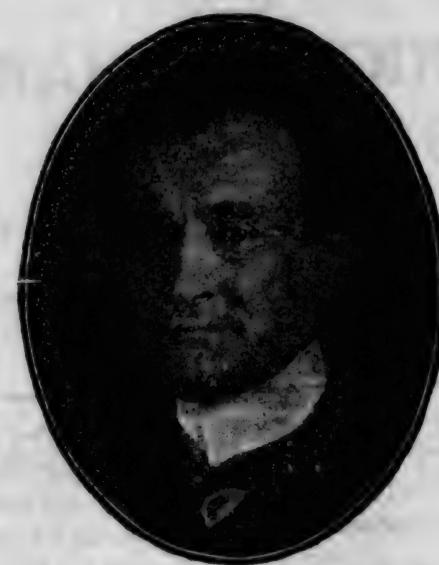
In 1876 Mr. Sauerquell married Marie Kneisel, who survives him, the elder sister of Franz Kneisel. He came to this country in 1888 and almost immediately became librarian of the Symphony Orchestra, which post he held up to the time of his death. When the Kneisel Quartet was formed he became its secretary, but he relinquished this position several years ago.

SYMPHONY HALL

1917-1918

THIRTY-SEVENTH SEASON

Boston Symphony Orchestra



Dr. KARL MUCK, Conductor

Twenty-four Concerts, Friday Afternoons at 2.30, beginning October 12.

Twenty-four Concerts, Saturday Evenings at 8.00, beginning October 13.

DISTINGUISHED SOLOISTS TO BE ANNOUNCED

OF IMPORTANCE TO SUBSCRIBERS

Cards calling for renewal of subscriptions have been mailed to all subscribers, who will have until June 1 the privilege of retaining in 1917-1918 the seats held by them during the present season.

The scale of prices remains unchanged.

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SYMPHONY HALL

1917-1918

THIRTY-SEVENTH SEASON

Boston Symphony Orchestra



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The scale of prices remains unchanged.

354
1917

32nd Season

SYMPHONY HALL

OPENING NIGHT, MONDAY, MAY 7

THE POPS

ANDRÉ MAQUARRE, Conductor

EVERY EVENING (except Sunday) : : 8 to 11

UNTIL SATURDAY, JULY 14

Orchestra of Symphony Players

Light Refreshments

Programmes of Popular Music

RESERVED SEATS AT TABLES, \$1.00

RESERVED SEATS, 1st BALCONY 50 and 75 CENTS

ADMISSION, 25 CENTS

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SYMPHONY HALL

THIRTY-SEVENTH SEASON, 1917-1918

BOSTON

SYMPHONY

ORCHESTRA

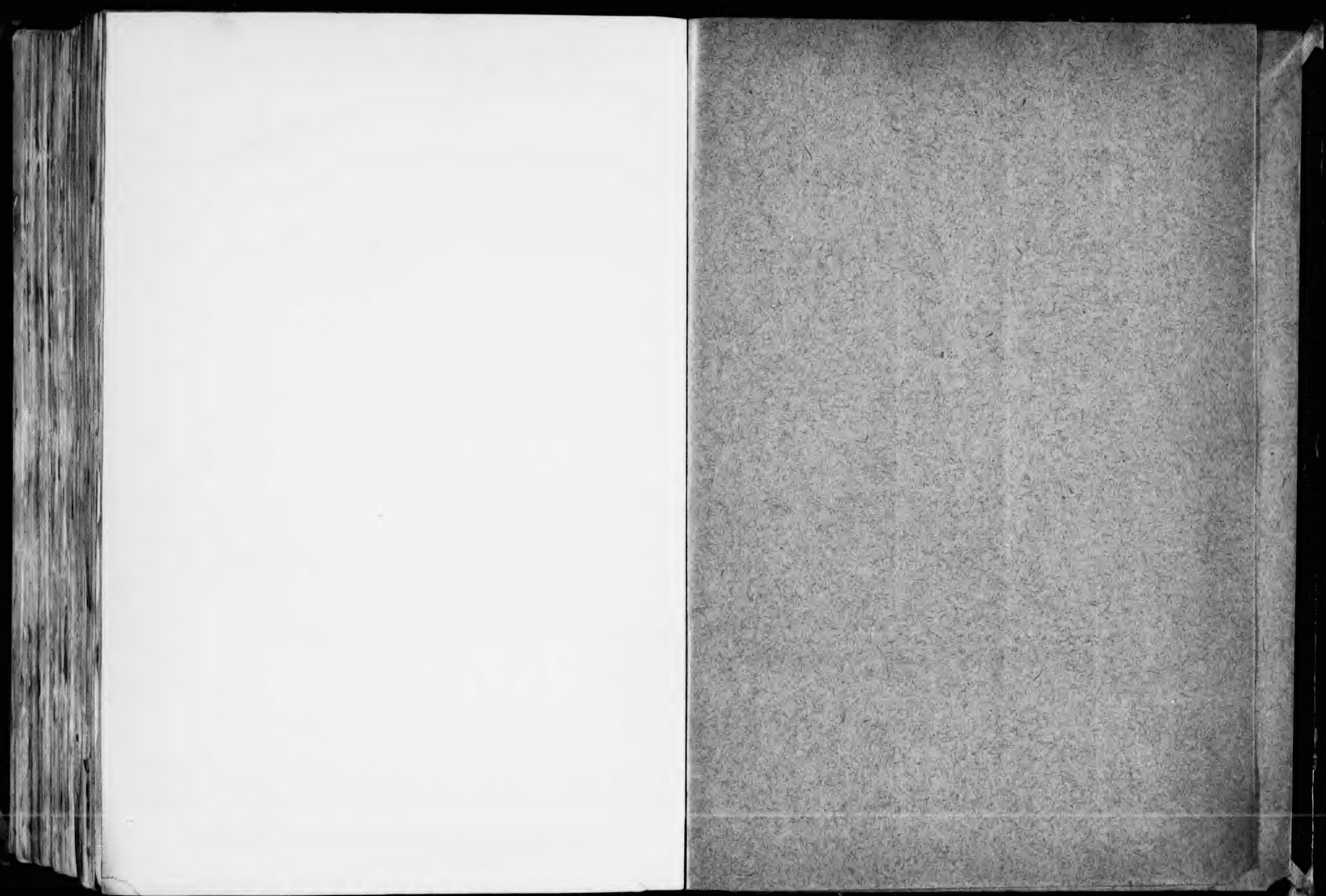
DR. KARL MUCK, CONDUCTOR

OPENING CONCERT

SATURDAY EVENING, OCTOBER 13, 1917

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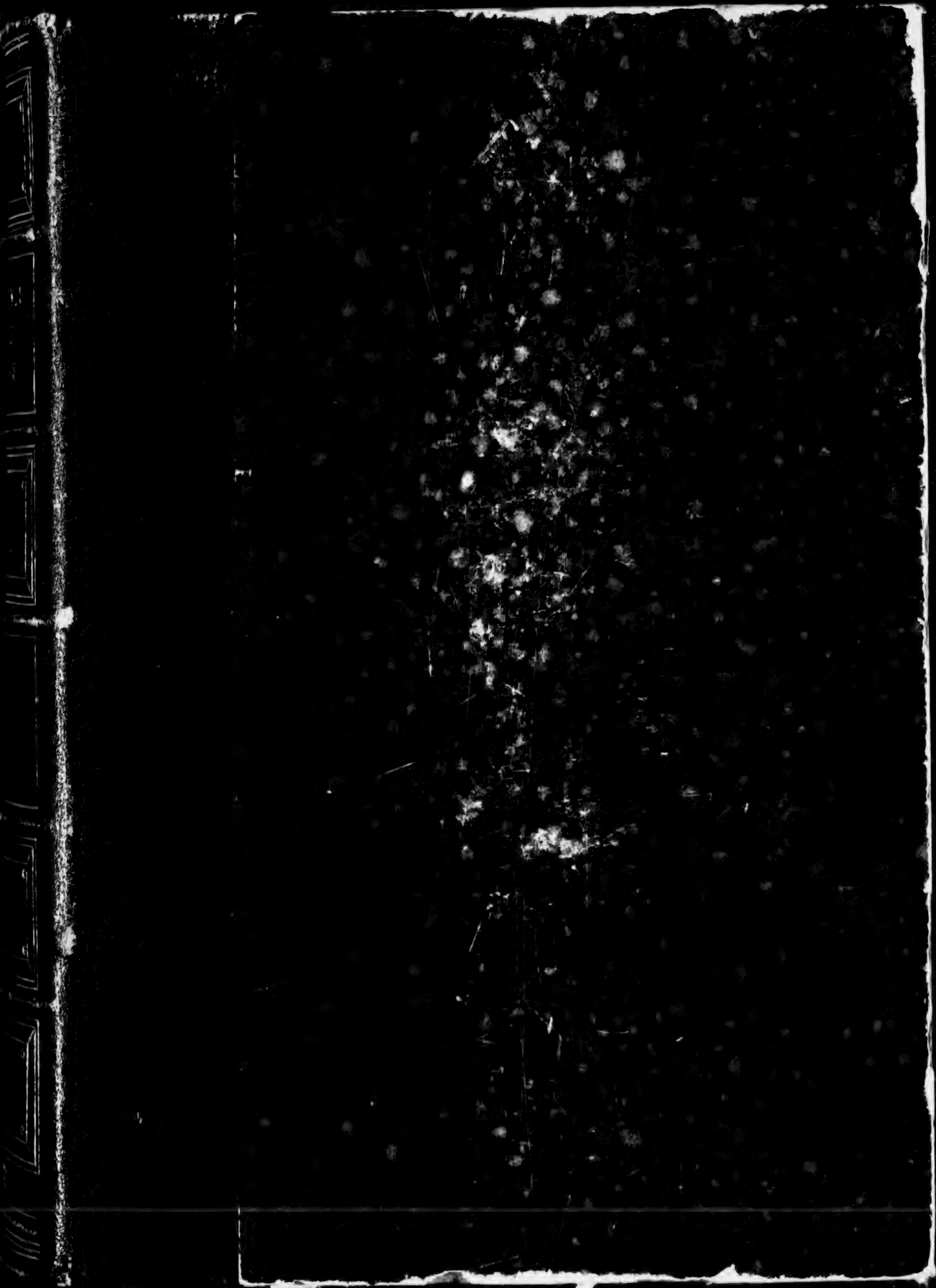


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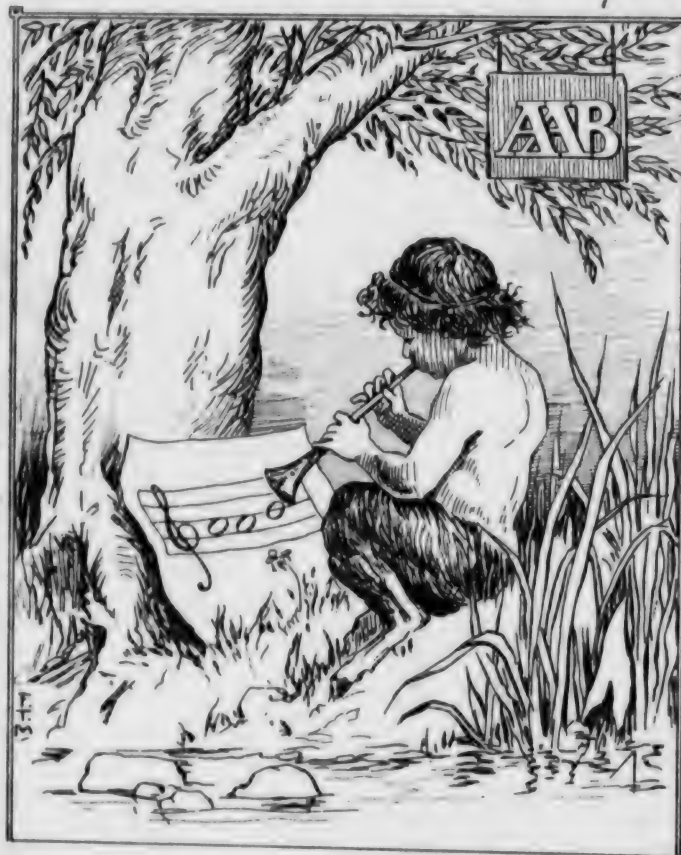


VOLUME 37

1917-1918



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THE ALLEN A. BROWN COLLECTION



1917-1918 SYMPHONY HALL 37th Season

THE SYMPHONY CONCERTS

Boston Symphony Orchestra

100 MUSICIANS

Dr. KARL MUCK, Conductor

24 Friday Afternoons at 2.30, beginning October 12

24 Saturday Evenings at 8, beginning October 13

SOLOISTS

MABEL GARRISON	SYLVAIN NOACK
FRITZ KREISLER	GUIOMAR NOVAES
ETHEL LEGINSKA	I. J. PADEREWSKI
JOHN McCORMACK	IRMA SEYDEL
JOSEPH MALKIN	HEINRICH WARNKE
MADAME MELBA	ANTON WITEK
FRANCES NASH	EFREM ZIMBALIST

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SUBSCRIBE NOW

A few seats for Friday afternoons are still available.

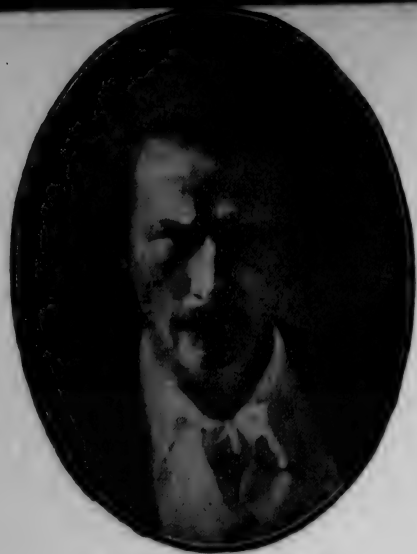
Seats for Saturday evenings may be obtained at all prices.

Applications should be made at Symphony Hall.

W. H. BRENNAN, Business Manager

C. A. ELLIS, Manager

TIGHT BINDING



I. J. PADEREWSKI



MADAME MELBA



JOHN McCORMACK



EFREM ZIMBALIST



MABEL GARRISON



FRITZ KREISLER



THE approaching season, its thirty-seventh, will show no lessening in the activities of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. On the contrary, plans are forming which will make its work broader and more comprehensive than ever before. The wisdom of this course will not be questioned by the great and influential public which for so many years has given the Orchestra its loyal and devoted support. In times of great mental stress more than ever is Art in its finest and highest estate needed to mitigate and offset the anxieties of the day. Of all the Arts none is so well fitted for this work as Music, and Boston, the envied possessor of an incomparable orchestra, is peculiarly fortunate.

The esteem in which the Boston Symphony Orchestra is held throughout the country was never so great as it is to-day. From almost its very beginning it has set a standard of performance seemingly unattainable by other organizations of its kind, and during the last five years under the inspired leadership of Dr. Meck its performances have attained to a degree of perfection which is incredible to those who have lacked the opportunity to hear it playing.

The Orchestra and its conductor are now receiving the reward of years of arduous training which have brought this perfection. Wherever they give concerts, the audiences tax the capacity of the halls, whether it be in New York, a Western city, or one of the smaller towns of New England. Boston itself has never shown a warmer appreciation of its great Orchestra than last year, and already the subscription shows that in the approaching season the concerts will have at least the same generous patronage they have had in the past.



GUIOMAR NOVAES



FRANCES NASH



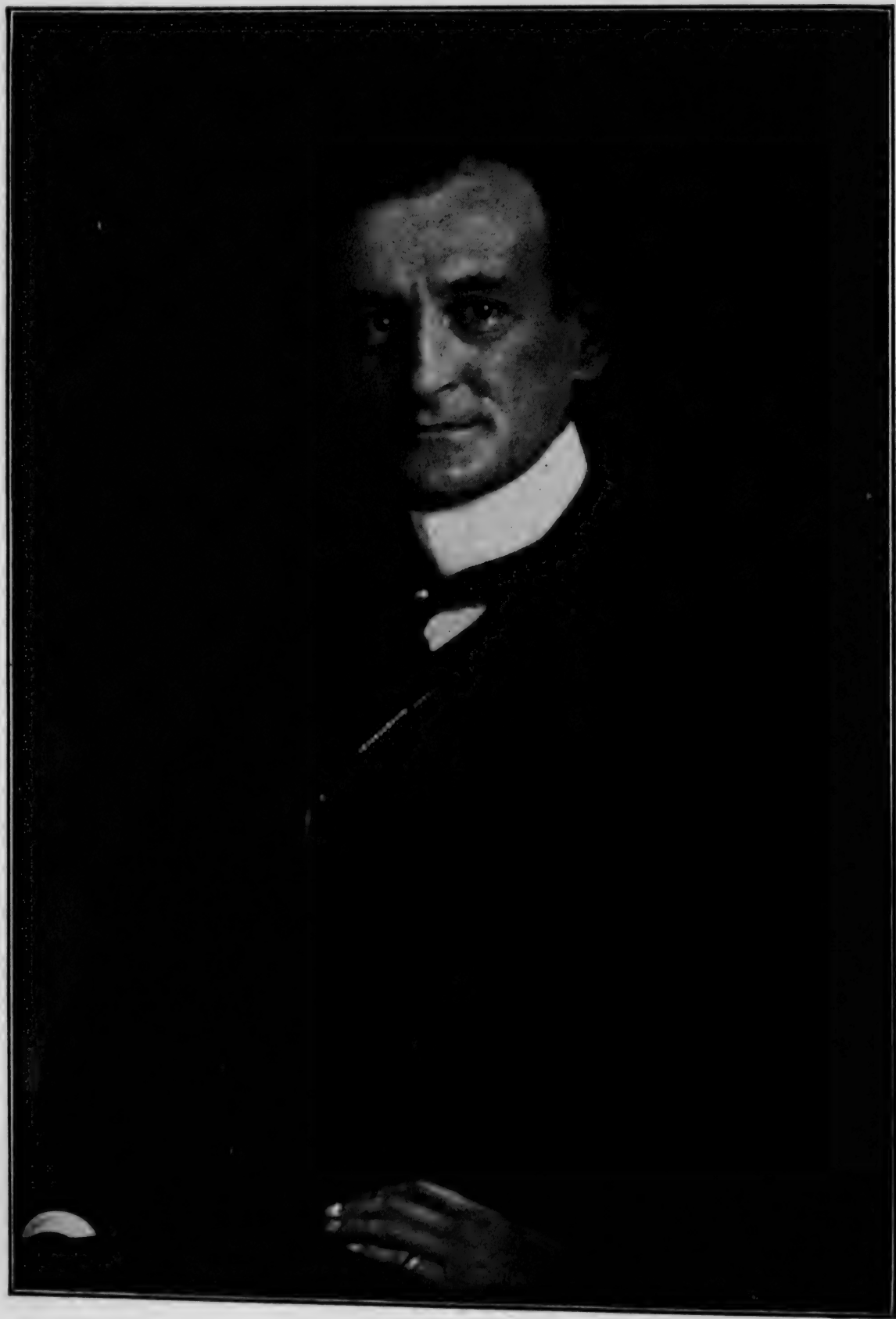
IRMA SEYDEL



ETHEL LEGINSKA

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DR. KARL MUCK



DR. KARL MUCK

Boston Symphony Orchestra

Thirty-seventh Season, 1917-1918

Dr. KARL MUCK, Conductor

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Witek, A. <i>Concert-master.</i>	Roth, O. Hoffmann, J.	Rissland, K. Schmidt, E.	Theodorowicz, J. Bak, A.
Noack, S.	Ribarsch, A. Traupe, W.	Goldstein, H. Baraniecki, A.	Sauvlet, H. Grünberg, M.
Mahn, F. Tak, E.	Fiedler, B. Spoor, S.	Berger, H. Sülzen, H.	Goldstein, S. Fiedler, A.
Habenicht, W. Fiumara, P.	Pinfield, C. Gunderson, R.	Gewirtz, J. Rosen, S.	
Gerardi, A. Kurth, R.			

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Van Wynbergen, C. Blumenau, W.			

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Warnke, H. Malkin, J.	Keller, J. Nagel, R.	Barth, C. Nast, L.	Belinski, M. Folgmann, E.	Steinke, B. Warnke, J.
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de Mailly, C.
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Stanislaus, H.

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Hübner, E.

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Rogers, L. J.

SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

Dr. Karl Muck, Conductor

The management of the Boston Symphony Orchestra has just issued a preliminary announcement of its plans for the symphony season in Boston during the coming winter. The prospectus will finally set at rest any few remaining doubts regarding the existence of the orchestra. It will be remembered that last spring the busy gossip-mongers in New York, and Philadelphia particularly, had it quite settled in their own mind that for various reasons the Boston Symphony Orchestra would go out of existence with the end of last season.

The rumors were so obviously absurd that the management took no formal note of them but went ahead, quietly, making plans for the coming season. In its prospectus the management informs the patrons that plans are forming which will make the work of the orchestra broader and more comprehensive than ever before. It ventures the belief that the wisdom of this course will not be questioned by the great and influential public which has for so many years given the orchestra its loyal and devoted support.

In times of mental stress more than ever is art needed to mitigate and offset the anxieties of the day, and of all the arts, none is so well fitted for this work as music. Boston in its possession of its incomparable orchestra is therefore peculiarly fortunate.

The usual number of concerts in Boston and elsewhere are to be given, and in addition some special activities are being planned. Since the first of July Dr. Muck has been in Seal Harbor, Me., where he took a cottage for the summer, and judging from the amount of music that has been forwarded him from the library of the orchestra, his summer has been far from idle.

It is known that he has worked out almost completely his scheme of programmes for the season, but following his usual practice he will refuse until the last moment to make any definite announcement of it. Mr. Witek, the concertmaster, who has been in Boston the greater part of the summer, has also been very busy preparing the "parts" for the performances, marking the bowing and the like.

Boston will have its usual quota of 48 concerts in pairs, 24 on Friday afternoons and 24 on the succeeding Saturday evenings. According to present plans, there will be 14 soloists. Ten of these artists will be visitors in Boston and four will come from the ranks of the orchestra. Of the visiting soloists five will make their first appearance here as soloists with the Symphony Orchestra.

These are Mabel Garrison, the charming soprano leggiero; the pianists, Ethel Leginska, Frances Nash and Guiomar Novaes; and the violinist, Irma Seydel. All these are young artists of notable merit. Of the older artists more firmly established in the world of music are Mme. Melba, returning after an absence of several years; Paderewski, Kreisler and John McCormack. The orchestra will be represented by Messrs. Witek and Noack, violinists, and Messrs. Warnke and Malkin, violoncellists.

There is every prospect that the patronage of the Symphony Orchestra will be as large as last year, which was a banner season for Boston. The number of seats left for the Friday afternoon concerts is now very small, and while for the Saturday evening concerts seats may be had at all prices, the choice will narrow down very rapidly during this month. The season tickets are now on sale at Symphony Hall.

Symphony Repertoire *Herald Sept. 9/17*

It is no departure from his habit in the past for Dr. Muck to maintain complete silence concerning his plans for the symphony concerts which begin Oct. 12-13. Yet enough is known of the works he has been studying during the past summer to announce, with reservations, some of the music most likely to be heard. Dr. Muck, one of the most industrious of men, has been spending a considerable part of his vacation at Seal Harbor, Me., preparing various scores for performance.

Even more difficult this year than in past years has it become to secure novelties in the sense of new music. Anticipating this increased dearth, Dr. Muck has been looking over scores in the library of the orchestra which have not been heard here during his engagement, and some of them not for many years.

The programs for the coming season will draw on the standard classics in the same measure as in the past. It is probable that the performance last season of one of Haydn's little and almost forgotten symphonies will encourage Dr. Muck to bring out others of these delightful little works. There will be the usual number of works by Bach, Beethoven, Brahms, Liszt and the like. Dr. Muck has been restudying the D minor symphony of Schumann. He has also been working on Berlioz's "King Lear" and "Francis Juges" overtures and Balakireff's overture on a Spanish theme.

Raff's symphony, "Im Walde," which has not been played since 1902, under Mr. Gericke; Rheinberger's "Wallenstein" symphony, which has not appeared on a program since 1885, and Bizet's suite "Roma," not heard since 1903; the introduction to the third act of Goldmark's opera, "The Cricket on the Hearth," not heard since 1897; the "Prometheus" overture, not heard since

1899; the overture to Siegfried Wagner's opera, "Die Baerenhaeuter." Svendsen's fourth Symphony in D minor, never played at a symphony concert, may be given. Of more modern works which are likely to be performed may be mentioned Bantock's overture, "Pierrot of the Minute," last played here in 1909; Fritz Dellus's "In a Summer Garden," played by Mr. Fiedler in the spring of 1912, and his "Appalachia," which has never been heard here, although announced several times; Liadoff's "Baba Yaga," Scriabin's "Poeme de l'Extase," and William Wallace's symphonic poem, "Villon," the first performed in 1911, the second in 1910 and the third in 1912.

Dr. Muck has also been looking at Greig's suite, "Aus Holberg's Zeit"; Lalo's charming suite, "Namouna," played at a pension fund concert two years ago; Rimsky Korsakoff's "Mlada" and Seckles's "Serenade," the last two being new.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

Trans. Sept. 1, 1917

Next Season's Concerts to Be Especially Noteworthy

ONLY six weeks remain before the thirty-seventh season of the Symphony Orchestra is started with the concerts Friday afternoon, Oct. 12, and Saturday evening, Oct. 13. Since the close of the last season the air has been filled with various wild rumors, most of which had found their origin in New York, concerning the future of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, all of them to the effect that its existence was seriously imperilled and that the chances were it would be relegated into the history of music in this country. The management has from the beginning refused to take any formal notice of these rumors, which were absurd on their very face, but went ahead with the plans for the coming season, this year as it has been in the past.

If anything the season of 1917-1918 will be more active so far as the orchestra is concerned than last year. The usual number of concerts in Boston and elsewhere are to be given, and in addition some special activities are being planned. Since the first of July Dr. Muck has been in Seal Harbor, Me., where he took a cottage for the summer, and judging from the amount of music that has been forwarded him from the library of the orchestra his summer has been far from idle. It is known that he has worked out almost completely his scheme of programmes for the season, but, following his usual practice, he will refuse until the last moment to make any definite announcement concerning it. Mr. Witek, the concert-master, who has been in Boston the greater part of the summer, has also been very busy preparing the "parts" for performances, marking the bowing and the like.

Boston will have its usual quota of forty-eight concerts in pairs, twenty-four on Friday afternoons and twenty-four on the succeeding Saturday evenings. According to present plans there will be fourteen soloists. Ten of these artists will be visitors in Boston and four will come from the ranks of the orchestra. Of the visiting soloists five will make their first appearance here as soloists with the Symphony Orchestra. These are Mabel Garrison, the charming soprano leggiero; the pianists, Ethel Leginska, Frances Nash and Guiomar Novaes, and the violinist, Irma Seydel. All these are young artists of notable merit. Of the older artists more firmly established in the world of music are Mme. Melba, returning after an absence of several years, Paderewski, Kreisler and John McCormack. The orchestra will be represented by Messrs. Witek and Noack, violinists, and Messrs. Warnke and Malkin, violoncellists.

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Symphony to Give Programs the Coming Week

Traveler Sept. 22/17
Orchestra Scheduled to Give

109 Concerts in 30 Weeks—

Big Seat Demand.

The first three programs of the new season of the Boston Symphony Orchestra will be ready for publication next week. There will be no soloist at the first and third concerts. At the second pair of concerts, on the 19th and 20th, the soloist will be Miss Efrem Zimballist, Russian violinist. There will be four concerts before the southern trips begin, for all the trips except those which come in February and March have been moved back one week.

The schedule of the orchestra calls for 48 concerts in Boston (24 pairs), eight

concerts in Cambridge, 10 in New York, five each in Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington and Brooklyn, three in Providence, two in Hartford, two in Worcester and one each in Lynn, Northampton, Manchester, N. H., Springfield, Rochester, Buffalo, Pittsburgh, Cleveland, Toledo, Detroit and New Bedford. There will be two pension fund concerts in Boston and three special concerts, concerning which announcement will be made later. This makes a total of 109 concerts, the usual quota for 30 weeks.

The demand for seats indicates another record season, both at home and on tour. There are still a few Friday afternoon seats available and more of a choice for Saturday evening, but applications at Symphony Hall by mail and in person are steadily absorbing these.

Dr. and Mrs. Muck expect to come up from Seal Harbor about Oct. 1.

The Symphony concerts in Sanders Theatre, Harvard University, on Thursday evenings during the coming season will be as follows: Oct. 18, Nov. 15, Dec. 13, Jan. 17, Feb. 21, March 21, April 4 and April 25. Subscribers of last season have an option on their seats for the coming season until Monday, Oct. 8. The unclaimed seats will be offered for sale on Saturday, Oct. 13, at George H. Kent's, University Bookstore, Harvard square.

The soloists include Gulomar Novaes, Ethel Leginska, Arthur Hackett and Jacques Thibaud. Others will be announced.

Symphony Soloists for Season 1917-18

New Soloists Engaged for Symphony Season

Traveler Sept. 15/17

Autumn and the beginning of the concert season by the Boston Symphony orchestra go hand in hand, hence it is that just about now the followers of these concerts are eager to hear what is to be offered in the way of programs and who are to be the soloists. The first question has to go largely unanswered, for the very good reason that no conductor under the sun can very well tell in the fall what the conditions will be four to six months ahead. When it comes to the second question, however, the answer is complete and most satisfying.

The outstanding feature in Dr. Muck's announcement of soloists for

the coming season is the large number of new faces to be seen at these concerts. Notable among these will be Mabel Garrison, soprano, of the Metropolitan opera company; Ethel Leginska, the much admired pianist; Frances Nash, pianist, whose rapid advance in her chosen profession is thus fitly recognized, and Gulomar Novaes, pianist, of South America, whose recital appearance created a general desire to see and hear her to better advantage. Then there is Irma Seydel, violinist, no stranger to the musical public, and a young player who has already won a big following.

From the older school there will be Mme. Melba, famous throughout the world for her golden voice; Paderewski, the great pianist; Fritz Kreisler, violinist of violinists; John McCormack, whose remarkable debut with the orchestra last season will not soon be forgotten; Efrem Zimbalist, violinist, and Messrs. Witek and Noack, violinists, and Warnke and Malkin, cellists, from the ranks of the orchestra.

The season opens Friday afternoon, Oct. 12.

In selecting the assisting artists for the coming season of Symphony concerts the management has sought to maintain a diversified interest, mingling the older and more familiar singers and instrumentalists with the newer. The number of soloists will not be so large as last year and this reversion to the practice of former years will be welcomed by the majority of Symphony patrons. Last season there were only seven concerts without soloists, and the original plans had called for only five. So few concerts of orchestral music alone make it difficult for the conductor to present in their proper environment many interesting works which deserve performance. Such was the case last season.

For the coming season of 24 pairs of concerts, 14 soloists have been engaged. Four are the artists who lend distinction to the orchestra: Messrs. Witek and Noack, of the violins, and Messrs. Warnke and Malkin, of the violoncellos. The other 10 come, so to say, from abroad. While none of these is strange to Boston, five of them are making their first appearance here as Symphony soloists. These are Mabel Garrison, Ethel Leginska, Frances Nash, Gulomar Novaes and Irma Seydel.

Mabel Garrison is one of the most gifted of the younger generation of American sopranos. For several years past she has been a member of the Metropolitan Opera Company of New York and has had the unusual experience of having in that institution worked her way from humble secondary roles to be a leader among the sopranos. A year ago last spring Miss Garrison delighted Boston by the manner in which she sang the florid air of Oscar in "Un ballo in

maschera." Last season at a few hours' notice she took the place of Mme. Hempel as Astriflamme in "The Magic Flute." Her performance of the "Vengeance" aria aroused enthusiasm.

Ethel Leginska, Frances Nash and Gulomar Novaes are young pianists, who have given successful recitals in Boston. The exotic appearance of Mme. Leginska and her temperamental playing have given her a niche of her own

in the artistic world. Last season she played with the Symphony orchestra in Providence and her performance of Rubinstein's D minor concerto was one of the sensational events of the season. She will play this work in Boston.

Frances Nash, a young American, played Saint-Saens concerto in G minor with the Symphony orchestra in Cambridge last season. A sincere pianist, she will play this concerto here.

Gulomar Novaes, the Brazilian pianist, who is making her first appearance with the Symphony orchestra, made her debut in New York in the season of 1915-1916. She had come to America, a refugee from Europe, unheralded and unknown. At her first recital she revealed herself as a pianist of extraordinary gifts, beauty, temperament, a mistress of the "grand style."

Irma Seydel, who will make her first appearance here as a Symphony soloist, is a "daughter of the orchestra." Her father has been a Symphony man for many years. Her teachers were Symphony men and it is with the Symphony orchestra in the past few years in its out of town concerts that she has received valuable routine. She has been applauded in Germany as in this country.

The other artists invited to assist at the concerts are for the most part old and tried friends. Mme. Melba, Mr. Paderewski, Mr. Kreisler, Mr. McCormack and Mr. Zimbalist. Mme. Melba is at present in Australia, but she will be sailing soon for San Francisco to appear with the Chicago opera company in Chicago and on tour, as well as to give a series of concerts. Mr. Paderewski, practically now a resident of this country, is still at Paso Robles, Cal., where he is developing a ranch of large size. He will begin a long concert tour next month. Fritz Kreisler has spent most of the summer in his cottage at Seal Harbor, Me. He faces the task of about 100 appearances before warm weather returns. One of the pleasantest episodes of last season was the appearance with the orchestra of John McCormack. Efrem Zimbalist, violinist has not played here with the orchestra for several years.

Trans. — Sept. 6, 1917 An Inning for Youth at the Symphony Concerts—The Young Soloists in Prospect—

NEW blood and young blood courses auspiciously through the ten "assisting artists"—the four soloists from the orchestra aside—announced for the Symphony Concerts of autumn, winter and spring. Of the familiar figures of many a year on the stage of Symphony Hall, only Mr. Paderewski, the pianist; Mr. Kreisler, the violinist, and Mme. Melba, the singer, stand on the list. Betwixt and between are Mr. McCormack, the tenor, and Mr. Zimbalist, the violinist, each of whom has passed his first youth and established his place, though, hitherto, he has been called only once to these concerts. Young and rising—in two instances, indeed, as yet hardly risen—are the rest: Miss Garrison, the light and lyric soprano of the Metropolitan Opera House heard here with pleasure when the company visited Boston in 1916; Mme. Leginska, the pianist of salient power and individuality; Miss Nash, pianist also, who was judged unusually promising when she played with the orchestra in Cambridge last autumn; the richly and delicately talented Miss Novaes, pianist yet again, whom Bostonians know so far by a single but by no means forgotten recital; and Miss Seydel, the violinist, daughter of a double-bass player in the orchestra, whom it, kindly conductors and a kindly management have nurtured from her beginnings. In and out of Boston, Mmes. Garrison, Leginska and Novaes have proved their just title to the Symphony Concerts, while Mmes. Nash and Seydel have maintained a promise that seems to justify such notable encouragement.

Time was—and within easy memory—when such well-tested youth was mistakenly overlooked at the Symphony Concerts; when middle age and long-settled reputations usually "assisted" the orchestra; when from season to season, returning and expected singers and virtuosi came too often from the artists' room. It is quite true that a soloist, with Dr. Muck and the orchestra for background, should be of well-tested and generally acknowledged ability; but there are an ability and a rank of youth as well as an ability and a rank of maturity. There is also a signal promise about 100 appearances before warm weather returns. One of the pleasantest episodes of last season was the appearance with the orchestra of John McCormack. Efrem Zimbalist, violinist quickening lest the joints stiffen and it stumble into comfortable routine. New

personalities, though they may not be of the ripest, and fresh talents, though they have still to mature, bring enlivening interest to all but the hide-bound devotees of the sure and regular thing in the time-honored—or much more truly the time-deadened—course. A wise management has willed a year of comparative youth in the soloists. A responsively curious public, out of personal and musical interest, for the vitality of the concerts and the arts they serve, should listen well content.

Here in Boston

Two pleasant items of news come today from Symphony Hall. One notes that the subscription of the pending series of Symphony Concerts is larger than was that of last September at the corresponding date. Nearly all the places for the afternoon concerts have been taken; while there has been an appreciable increase in the sale of seats for the evening concerts. For the convenience of the public, the subscription department now has more accessible quarters in the corridor on Massachusetts avenue.

The other item records the happy fact that none of the eight members of the orchestra, liable to military service, has yet been taken for the army. One was called and exempted; the other seven hold numbers too high to fall within present lists. Thus the orchestra will remain virtually intact for another season. The adventurous Mr. Longy is even secure in his way back from France.

Symphony to Give Three Choral Concerts

Dr. Muck Announces Dates
and Principal Numbers
to Be Given.

Traveler — Oct. 13 /17
Formal announcement of the three choral concerts to be given by the Boston Symphony Orchestra is made as follows: The concerts will be given in Symphony Hall Tuesday evenings and the dates are Nov. 20, Jan. 22 and March 26. At the first concert the principal work will be the Ninth Symphony of Beethoven. At the second concert the only work will be the Second Symphony of Gustav Mahler. At the third and last concert, which comes in Holy Week,

"The Passion According to St. Matthew" will be sung. All of these concerts will have Dr. Muck as conductor.

The chorus for these concerts, some 375 voices, is being trained by Stephen Townsend, whose singers made such a favorable impression with the orchestra last year here and in New York. The principal quartet which will be heard in the performance of the Choral Symphony of Beethoven comprises Frieda Hempel, soprano; Margaret Keyes, contralto; Arthur Hackett, tenor, and Arthur Middleton, bass. The soloists for the other two concerts have not yet been engaged.

Complete details regarding subscriptions will be announced shortly. In the meantime, mail orders for seats may be sent to Symphony Hall.

THREE CHORAL CONCERTS

This year for the first time, Dr. Muck is realizing his ambition to have in Boston a chorus with which he can perform, in conjunction with the Symphony Orchestra, choral works of first importance. He was famous in Europe as a choral conductor as well as one of operatic and symphonic music. The management of Symphony Hall announces three special concerts to be given on Tuesday evenings, Nov. 20, Jan. 22, and March 26.

At the first concert, the principal work will be the ninth symphony of Beethoven. The second concert will bring the first performance in America of Gustav Mahler's second symphony. At the third concert, in Holy Week, Bach's "Passion According to Matthew" will be sung.

It is well known that one of Dr. Muck's chief regrets during his engagements in Boston has been that it has been impossible for him to give any choral works, owing to the lack of a proper chorus. In the spring of 1914, arrangements were made with the Mendelssohn Choir of Toronto under Dr. Vogt, to stop in Boston on its way to Europe in the spring of 1915 for two concerts to be given with the Symphony Orchestra. At these two concerts, the principal works were to be Beethoven's symphony and Mahler's second symphony. The war prevented this arrangement being carried out.

The idea of forming a special chorus to work in co-operation with the Symphony Orchestra was a direct result of Mr. Townsend's chorus last year for the performances of Liszt's "Faust" symphony in Boston and New York. At the last concert of 1915-16 Mr. Townsend trained a female chorus for Liszt's "Dante" symphony. Mr. Townsend suggested that it would be possible to assemble and organize a mixed chorus of 300 voices for important works with orchestra. Last summer Mr. Townsend sent out over 400 invitations to Boston singers, professional, semi-professional, and amateur. The response exceeded expectations and a month ago, the first rehearsals were held. The chorus at it stands today has approximately 375 members. Nothing is to be left un-

done to make the concerts successful. The out-of-town schedule of the orchestra has been cut down in order to provide ample time for the necessary orchestral rehearsals which must precede the full rehearsals of chorus and orchestra. The soloists engaged and to be engaged are of the highest quality procurable. The principal quartet which will be heard in the performance of Beethoven's symphony comprises Frieda Hempel, soprano; Margaret Keyes, contralto; Arthur Hackett, tenor, and Arthur Middleton, bass. The soloists for the other concerts have not yet been engaged. Complete details regarding subscriptions will be announced shortly. In the meantime, mail orders for seats may be sent to Symphony Hall.

THREE CHORAL CONCERTS UNDER DR. MUCK

Traveler — Oct. 11 /17
Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, Mahler's Second Symphony and Bach's "Matthew Passion Music with a Choir of Three Hundred and More Voices—Mr. Townsend's Share—Skriabin from the Symphony Orchestra—Mr. McCormack's and Mr. Kreisler's Programmes—Items, Incidents, Opinions

AT last the end is crowning the work and Dr. Muck's long cherished desire for a choir with which he might undertake choral music of large dimensions is maturing into actual accomplishment. The smaller but notably diligent and efficient choir which Mr. Stephen Townsend provided him for the choral close of Liszt's "Faust Symphony" and for incidental choral passages in other symphonic music prepared the way for the larger undertaking. Mr. Townsend believed it possible to assemble a chorus of at least three hundred voices—professional, semi-professional and amateur—of like quality in tone, intelligence with music and assiduity at rehearsal. Last spring he set about the gathering and the organization of such a body. Before the summer ended he had found, chosen and coordinated three hundred and seventy-five fit singers and pledged them to attend the longest and most arduous series of rehearsals that a chorus in Boston has lately undergone. This choir, divided into first and second sopranos, first and second tenors, altos and basses, is now at work under the guidance of Mr. Townsend, is keeping faithfully to the scheduled rehearsals and promises to remain as numerous and diligent throughout the winter. In each of the three pieces which Dr. Muck has in view, Mr. Townsend will school the singers and

then, as the time for performance draws near, deliver them to the finishing hand of Dr. Muck.

These three pieces are the Choral Symphony of Beethoven to be heard at a special concert on Tuesday evening, Nov. 20, in Symphony Hall; Mahler's second symphony, appointed for a second special concert, on Tuesday evening, Jan. 22; and Bach's Passion Music According to Matthew, announced for the third special concert on Tuesday evening, March 26, within Holy Week. At all three concerts, needless almost to say, the orchestra will be the Symphony Orchestra. Never before on this side of the Atlantic has Dr. Muck conducted in Beethoven's symphony. Mahler's massive symphony, written for full orchestra, full chorus and solo voices, has hitherto been heard but once in America at a concert of the Philharmonic Society in New York. The Passion Music speaks for itself as a masterpiece of choral music and as a rite of the concert-room. The "assisting artists" for each concert will as nearly as possible match chorus and orchestra in fitness for the work in hand. As yet they have been chosen only for the performance of the Choral Symphony—Mmes. Hempel and Keyes and Messrs. Hackett and Middleton. Since the palmiest days of Mr. Lang with the Cecilia no choral concerts of such interest have been undertaken in Boston; while within even longer memory none have promised such measure of pleasure.

Traveler — Oct. 2, 1917
Dr. Muck's First Programme for the Symphony Concerts—Liszt's "Prometheus" for a Novel Piece—Mr. Paderewski Abandons Concerts

AS Dr. Muck passed through Boston on his way from Mount Desert to Philadelphia, he left at Symphony Hall his programme for the first pair of Symphony Concerts this autumn on Friday afternoon, Oct. 12, and Saturday evening, Oct. 13. It stands:

Symphony, No. 5, in C minor.....Beethoven
Overture to Shakspeare's play, "King Lear".....Berlioz
Symphonic Poem, "Prometheus".....Liszt
(First Times at These Concerts)
Prelude to the Opera, "Parsifal".....Wagner

With substantially such a programme Dr. Muck has usually begun a new season—a symphony by Beethoven for the first number and thereafter three more or less romantic pieces out of the acknowledged masters of modern music. Last year, by way of variation, from familiar numbers he set on his first list an overture of Berlioz, "The Corsair," seldom heard nowadays. This autumn, he continues the practice with a revival of Berlioz's half-forgotten overture to "King Lear"; while he joins to it a symphonic poem by Liszt, "Prometheus," unheard within long memory in American

concert-halls. The piece is the fifth of the series; it was finished in 1850; and Mr. Huneker says of it in his book about the composer:

It is a noble figure that Liszt has translated into music, the Titan. Immediately at the opening the swirl of the struggle is upon us, and the first theme is the defiance of the Titan—a noble yet obstinate melody. The god is chained to the rock to great orchestral tumult. His efforts to break the manacles incite further musical riot, and then comes the wail of helpless misery. This recitative leads into a furious burst when the shackled one

clenches his fists and threatens all Godhead. Even Zeus is defied. Then arises the belief in a deliverer, a faith motif which is one of those heartfelt inventions of the melodic Liszt. After this the struggle continues. Magnificently, the god, believing in his own obstinate will for freedom, the composition concludes on this supreme note.

Mr. Hervey, of The Morning Post in London, also waxes warm over "Prometheus," in his essay upon Liszt's music, saying:

"Prometheus," music of real power and great depth of feeling, was written to celebrate the unveiling of a statue of Herder. Liszt says that he chose for his subject "Prometheus Unbound," as he believed that this poem expressed "that which was purest and most generous in the sentiments of one who was called the apostle of humanity. From the ancient myth, Liszt has extracted the fundamental idea which he explains in the following words: 'Audacity, suffering, endurance and salvation; bold aspiration towards the highest destinies which the human mind can attain; creative activity, want of expansion . . . expiatory sufferings exposing our vital organs to an incessant gnawing, without annihilating us; condemnation to a hard enchainment on the most arid shores of our nature; cries of anguish and tears of blood . . . but an instinctive belief in our native grandeur, in a future deliverance; a tacit faith in a liberator who will make the long-tortured captive rise to the transmundane regions from which he stole the luminous spark . . . and lastly, the accomplishment of the great work of mercy, the arrival of the great day.' He ends by summing up his idea in the words 'Malheur et Gloire,' which may be taken as the motto of the music. Apparently he also has intended to symbolize in his poem the two elements of progress and reaction, the latter being suggested by a double fugue, which is skilfully and elaborately worked out. Altogether 'Prometheus' is a remarkable example of classic sentiment allied to romantic feeling.

Mr. Paderewski Withdraws

Mr. Paderewski, the pianist, declines to keep his engagements, which were many, for the musical year and has instructed his manager at Symphony Hall to cancel the long series of concerts East and West arranged for him. Accordingly, he will not be heard at the Symphony Concerts in the course of the winter or in recitals of his

own. The reason, assigned by the pianist for this disappointing decision is his desire to devote himself wholly to the administration of Polish relief funds, departing, if necessary, to Europe for that purpose. However, before the season is done, it is quite possible for the pianist to change his fickle mind or to need the money which his concerts yield him. As close observers have already noted, his name has been struck from the list of "assisting artists" at the Symphony Concerts.

The Pending Tax on Tickets to Symphony Concerts—Precautions by the Chicago Orchestra and Box-Office Possibilities with the New Levy—Dr. Muck's Return—Strauss and a Rival—Items and Incidents *Trans. Sept. 21, 1917*

THERE has been considerable animated discussion recently (writes Karleton Hackett in The Chicago Evening Post) among the patrons of the Chicago Symphony Orchestra regarding the tax on tickets which the Government is about to assess. It is a knotty problem, and until the Government clarifies the matter by further rulings it is impossible to state precisely what is to be done. According to the best information obtainable, Congress has passed a law levying a tax of 10 per cent on the price of tickets for concerts and theatres, this tax to go into effect on Nov. 1. But up to the present no provision has been made as to the time, place or manner in which the tax is to be collected. Consequently nobody knows just what ought to be done, or how to go about it.

The Orchestral Association in sending out renewal notices to subscribers last spring had this tax in mind and inserted a proviso which reads as follows: "I agree that, in addition to the price of the tickets, I will, in case the United States Government hereafter imposes any tax, charge or other burden of exaction upon or in respect to the tickets or the purchase price thereof, pay the same." A similar proviso was inserted in the official receipt for the subscription: "All tax, charge or other burden or exaction imposed by the United States Government upon or in respect to the tickets or the purchase price thereof, covered by this receipt, to be paid by the purchaser."

This appears to cover the matter as far as the regular patrons of the orchestra are concerned, since they have agreed by a written contract to pay any tax which the Government may assess on their tickets. But the point has been raised that the tax will not go into effect until Nov. 1, while these season tickets for the Symphony Concerts will all have been paid for and delivered before that time. Therefore, can the law be made retro-active and thus bring

within its scope transactions completed before it became effective? There appears to be some doubt as to the collection of the tax on the tickets for the three concerts to take place in October, but, no doubt the tax will be collected for the rest of the season. The proviso in the notice issued by the orchestral association was drawn by competent legal authority and is held to cover this point completely.

Educational—and Exempt?

Mr. Hackett next notes a point as yet seldom raised in discussion of this impending taxation. "The concerts of the Chicago Symphony Orchestra," he remarks—and for that matter nearly every other series of symphony concerts in the United States—"come under the head of 'educational' agencies being given by a corporation not organized for profit, but for the development of the art of music and the education of the people. Up to the present, in the eyes of the law, the concerts of the Chicago Symphony Orchestra have been placed in a different category from the concerts of independent managers, or the theatres generally, which are given in the hope and sometimes in the fond expectation of profit. Whether this rating will hold for war-time taxation is one of the many things yet to be made clear. One thing is apparently sure, that the patrons of the second gallery, where the price of tickets is twenty-five cents, will be exempt from the tax, as under the present law tickets up to twenty-five cents in price are not to be taxed—the one benefit these climbers up aloft have ever enjoyed at the hands of the law."

At the Box-Office

Passing now to the actual collection of the tax upon tickets and presuming stamps to be the means, Mr. Hackett imagines the scene on a busy day at the box-office: "How this tax is to be levied and collected is a mystery concerning which the Government has given no sign. It seems probable that some form of stamp tax will be adopted, and how to manage it is the question which is disturbing the box-offices. Each ticket may bear a stamp to be affixed by the purchaser after he has bought his ticket and before he presents it at the door. Also, of course, the stamps will vary in value, according to the price of the ticket.

"Can you imagine the jam in front of the box-office window when Paderewski or McCormack or some of the other popular artists are to appear, which has always been bad enough, and now will shortly be complicated by some form of tax-collection? If the stamp tax be the only practical way, will the purchaser have to come provided with a number of stamps of varying values, so that he will be prepared to affix the

proper one to his ticket? The box-office men have troubles enough as it is, without adding a stamp agency to their other duties. Yet, the stamp will have to be affixed before the ticket is valid.

"Supposing you had intended to pay a dollar for your ticket and had provided the requisite ten-cent stamp, and found that all the dollar seats had been sold? But you could get a seat for \$1.50, only you had not fifteen-cent stamp. Then what would you do? Meanwhile, can you see in your mind's eye the other people in the line swearing under their breath, or out loud, while you debated the matter and searched in your purse for the extra five-cent stamp? There will be merry times around the box-office window this winter should it be decided to try the stamp-tax form of collection—and those who have studied the matter believe that there is no other practical way.

"Whatever the method, these patrons of symphony orchestras who have paid for season tickets and who are wondering about the payment of the tax may rest assured that in some manner and at some time it will be collected. The Government may be a bit slow in making its arrangements, but it will get around in time, and so well-to-do an audience as that of symphony concerts will not be permitted to escape."

MUSICAL COMMENT

Post
Sept 20/17

BY OLIN DOWNES

CAMBRIDGE CONCERTS

Renewals of subscriptions for the eight concerts which the Boston Symphony Orchestra will give in Sanders Theatre, Harvard University, the coming winter are now being taken at the University Book Store in Harvard square, Cambridge. Patrons have until a week from tomorrow, Monday, Oct. 8, in which to renew their subscriptions and to secure the seats they had last year. The general sale to new patrons will open Saturday morning, Oct. 13, at the University Book Store.

The concerts will be given as usual on Thursday evenings, the dates being Oct. 18, Nov. 15, Dec. 13, Jan. 17, Feb. 21, March 21, April 4 and April 25.

There will be seven soloists for the eight concerts. These are Jacques Thibaud, the distinguished French violinist; Guiomar Novaes, pianist; Ethel Leginska, pianist; Arthur Hackett, tenor; Laura Littlefield, soprano; Alice Allen, pianist, and Howard Goding, pianist.

CAMBRIDGE CONCERTS

The Usual Series by the Symphony Orchestra, with Unusually Able Soloists. *Trans. Sept. 22. 1917*

As usual, the Symphony Orchestra with Dr. Muck conducting will be heard in eight concerts, from month to month through the season, at Sanders Theatre in Harvard College at Cambridge. As usual again, these concerts will fall on Thursday evenings. viz.: Oct. 18, Nov. 15, Dec. 13, Jan. 1, Feb. 21, March 21, April 4, and April 11. Contrary, however, to precedent, such notable and established virtuosos of piano and violin as Miss Novaes, Mme. Leginska and Mr. Thibaud, will assist the orchestra at three of these concerts, while Mr. Arthur Hackett, the admirable tenor, will appear at a fourth. Other "assisting artists," moreover, remain to be announced. Subscribers of previous seasons may renew their subscriptions and reclaim their usual places at Kent's in Harvard square until Monday, Oct. 8. Seats then untaken will go on sale from Saturday, Oct. 13.

CAMBRIDGE SYMPHONY

The general sale of season tickets for the Symphony concerts in Cambridge, which are given on Thursday evenings in Sanders' Theatre, will open at the University Book Store, Harvard square, next Saturday morning, Oct. 13. The concerts will be eight in number and the dates are Oct. 18, Nov. 15, Dec. 13, Jan. 17, Feb. 21, March 21, April 4 and April 25.

Jacques Thibaud, will then make his first appearance with the Symphony orchestra in many years. Other soloists will be the tenor, Arthur Hackett; Miss Laura Littlefield, well and favorably known as a singer of this city; Ethel Leginska, Gulomar Novaes, Alice Allen and Howard Goding, pianists.

FIRST SYMPHONY CONCERT

The formal opening of the Boston musical season comes next Friday afternoon and Saturday evening, Oct. 12 and 13, with the first pair of Symphony concerts. This, the 37th season of the orchestra, has every promise of being one of the most successful. The subscription is large both for the Friday and Saturday concerts, and there has been the usual keen interest in the orchestra. The orchestra returned yesterday (Saturday) from Camden, N. J., where for four days it was making records for the Victor talking machine. Dr. Muck, who has been in Seal Harbor all summer and went direct from there to Philadelphia, returned with the orchestra.

It is interesting to note that for the first time in its history the orchestra begins a new season with no changes in its personnel. Changes have been few the last two or three years, but this year the membership is exactly the same as the last. Mr. Sauerquell, who was for so many years librarian of the orchestra, died last spring, and his place has been taken by his assistant, Leslie J. Rogers.

A novelty, so far as the Symphony Orchestra is concerned, appears on the first programme. This is the fifth Symphonic Poem of Liszt entitled "Prometheus." In going over the library last spring Dr. Muck discovered that it contained the score and parts of this work, and, as is well known, he is very keen on Liszt music.

The Symphony will be the Fifth of Beethoven, and the other numbers will be the rather rare "King Lear" Overture of Berlioz and the Prelude to "Parsifal." The length of the programme is about one hour and three-quarters. *Post Oct. 7. 1917*

BOSTON SYMPHONY

The Symphony Orchestra, during the coming week, is to have the most interesting experience of making records for a talking machine. The entire orchestra will leave Boston tomorrow evening at 7 o'clock for Camden, N. J., where it will be until Friday evening. Dr. Muck will join the orchestra in Camden.

Various efforts have been made in the last few years to take records of orchestras, so several years ago, the Victor Talking Machine Company began making experiments to this end and Mr. Ellis promised them that whenever they were ready, the Boston Symphony Orchestra would make records for them. This last spring, their experiments had reached such a stage that they believed that the time had come when they could make records of a band of 100 men, bringing out all the various tones in their several qualities. As a result, the orchestra has assembled one week earlier than usual for this purpose.

Tomorrow morning the orchestra assembles in Symphony Hall to have a preliminary rehearsal under Assisting Conductor Schmidt. Of necessity, only short pieces will be played, those of a more brilliant quality. Dr. Muck is himself very much interested in the experiment and there is reason to believe that records of Boston's great orchestra will soon be on sale throughout the country.

The subscription is going on at Symphony Hall in a satisfactory manner. The prospects of the orchestra have never been better in all the cities where it gives concerts and the season will undoubtedly be a notable one from every point of view.

Here in Boston *Trans. Sept. 29. 1917*

Somewhat unexpectedly, the Symphony Orchestra will spend next week at the factories of the Victor Talking Machine Company at Camden, in New Jersey, making records for it. Hitherto the management and the conductor have declined various proposals for such an undertaking, because the outcome was likely to fall short of the quality and the balance of tone usually attained by the orchestra. The Victor Company, it seems, has long been busy with experiments upon the making of orchestral records, so that each choir—strings, no less than the wood-winds and the brass—should have just measure and quality in the whole body of tone. It now believes it has accomplished this end. Accordingly the Symphony Orchestra, with Dr. Muck conducting, will now play for it—for the most part short and brilliant virtuoso pieces. If the new methods secure the desired balance and euphony, the records will be sold broadcast.

Here in Boston *Trans. Sept. 26. 1917*

For the second time since Dr. Muck has been the conductor of the symphony Orchestra, he and it will be heard in Chicago next winter at a concert on a Sunday during the annual "trip" westward.

Preliminary rehearsals have already been called for the large chorus that is to sing in the performance of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony at Symphony Hall in November. At last, in his eighth year of work in Boston, Dr. Muck will conduct in it under such circumstances and with such forces as he judged essential to the music. Until he could secure them he has resisted all sorts of urgings to undertake it.

Boston Symphony Concert

Sept. 23/17 Season Soon to Begin

The first three Symphony programs of the season will be ready for publication next week. There will be no soloist at the first and third concerts. At the second pair of concerts, Oct 19 and 20, the soloist will be Efrem Zimbalist, the distinguished Russian pianist, who has not been heard with the orchestra for a number of years. This year there will be four concerts before the Southern trips begin.

The subscription sale of seats is progressing greatly to the satisfaction of the management. There are still a few seats left for the Friday afternoon concerts and a considerable choice of seats for the Saturday evening concerts.

The schedule of performances calls for 48 concerts in Boston, eight concerts in Cambridge, 10 in New York, five each in Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington and Brooklyn; three in Providence, two in Hartford, two in Worcester, and one each in Lynn, Northampton, Manchester, N. H., Springfield, Rochester, Buffalo, Pittsburg, Cleveland, Toledo, Detroit and New Bedford. There will be two pension fund concerts in Boston and three special concerts, concerning which announcement will be made later.

Boston Symphony Orchestra

Sept. 20/17 to Make Music Records

The Symphony Orchestra this week is to have the interesting experience of making records for a talking machine. The entire orchestra will leave Boston tomorrow evening for Camden, N. J., where it will be until Friday evening. Dr. Muck will join the orchestra in Camden.

Various efforts have been made in the last few years to take records of orchestras, so several years ago, the Victor Talking Machine Company began making experiments to this end and Mr. Ellis promised that whenever ready the Boston Symphony Orchestra would make records for them.

Last Spring the experiments indicated that the time had come when records could be made of a band of 100 men, bringing out all the various voices in their several qualities. As a result the orchestra has assembled one week earlier than usual for this purpose.

Tomorrow morning the orchestra will have a preliminary rehearsal under assisting conductor Schmidt. Of a necessity, only short pieces will be played; those of a more brilliant quality.

The subscription for the season here is going on in a satisfactory manner at Symphony Hall.

in E minor, No. 4, op. 98

POEM for full Orchestra to "Der Toten-Island of the Dead") the picture by p. 29

PHONIQUE, "Printemps"

one hour and forty-five minutes

12

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13

Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1917--18.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

Dr. KARL MUCK, Conductor.

FIRST PROGRAMME

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 12, AT 2.30 P.M.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 13, AT 8 P.M.

BEETHOVEN,

SYMPHONY, No. 5, in C minor, op. 67

- I. Allegro con brio
 - II. Andante con moto
 - III. Allegro: Trio
 - IV. Allegro
-

BERLIOZ,

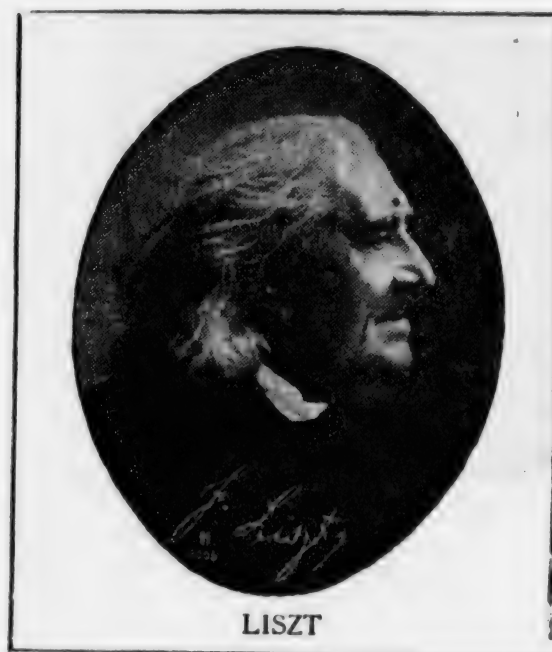
OVERTURE to "King Lear," op. 4

LISZT,

SYMPHONIC POEM, No. 5, "Prometheus"
[First time at these Concerts]

WAGNER,

PRELUDE to "Parsifal"



LISZT

37TH SYMPHONY SEASON OPENED

Herald

Oct. 13/17

Audience Greet Dr. Karl Muck
Warmly and Applauds
Orchestra.

LISZT'S 'PROMETHEUS' GIVEN

By PHILIP HALE.

The first concert of the 37th season of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Karl Muck, conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows: Beethoven, Symphony No. 5; Berlioz, overture to "King Lear"; Liszt "Prometheus," Symphonic poem No. 5; Wagner, Prelude to "Parsifal."

Liszt's "Prometheus" was performed for the first time at these concerts. The symphonic poem and the choral music for Herder's play were performed here in 1876 at a Liszt-Wagner concert conducted by Theodore Thomas. Liszt composed the symphonic poem in 1850, about 20 years after Berlioz raved over "King Lear" in Florence and wrote his overture to the tragedy; yet in 1850 Liszt was still a romanticist of the Parisian '30's. This is seen in the explanatory preface of "Prometheus." This preface contains sentences that recall Thackeray's burlesque of Bulwer's earlier novels. "Fate, Passion, Mystery, the Victim, the Avenger, the Hate that harms, the Furies that tear, the Love that bleeds, are not these with us still? Are not these the weapons of the Artist? the colors of his palette? the chords of his lyre?" This passage from "George De Barnwell" might easily find place in Liszt's preface. If the Hugo of "Hernani" and the Dumas of "Antony" had written music it would have been in the manner of Berlioz and Liszt, and in 1850 Liszt was still a man of the '30's.

The rhetorical eloquence of one generation may well be only extravagance, hifalutin to the generations that follow. Would the House of Commons hear patiently today the speech of a Burke or a Sheridan? Would a jury listen in rapt attention to the summing up of a Rufus Choate? Would the solemn sentences of Webster, spoken by a man of

lesser fame and less commanding personality, impress the Senate of today? The wild enthusiasm of Liszt and Berlioz is not easily understood by lovers of delicate tints, elusive rhythms, vague melodies and impressionistic effects. Even the contemporaneous countrymen of the two men were often frightened or bored by the heaven-defying compositions. And some in this century are still perplexed, disturbed, and find the "grandeur" circus-pomp; the pathos, bathos.

Yet there is no denying the genius and the sincerity of the two. They were terribly in earnest. What would music be today if Berlioz and Liszt had not lived and worked in the face of discouragement that would have frozen the imagination of less heroic souls? Their greater works are more and more commanding as the years roll on, while compositions that for a month, a year, were hastily hailed as "epoch-making" are now dusty in libraries, or it dragged out into the concert hall and opera house are withered, wan, pitiable.

To Liszt the basic thought of the myth concerning Prometheus is that of misfortune and glory, and this thought must needs have a stormy, "fulgurante" expression. "Fulgurante" takes us back to the 30's, as the hero of poetry and drama was characterized as "fatal." The Prometheus of the symphonic poem is still chained to the crag, raging and defiant. Other composers, Goldmark and the more academic Bargiel, have attempted to express the scene in music. Has any one of them attained Aeschylean grandeur? Charles Lamb thought that the woe of King Lear could not be mimicked on the stage. Music may work a mightier spell than any display of acting. Do the Prometheus of Liszt and the Lear of Berlioz answer to the heroes of the dramatists?

Neither of the two works is representative of the composer at the height of his power. Berlioz evidently was more obsessed by the thought of Cordelia—possibly on account of his love for Miss Smithson, the actress—than by the storm, Lear and his madness. Yet the overture was worth hearing yesterday if only for the sake of Mr. Longy's beautiful playing of the pathetic solo for oboe. Liszt of the "Prometheus" had this advantage: he had been able to study the music of Berlioz for 20 years; but how inferior is "Prometheus," how barren of ideas, in comparison with "Tasso," "Mazeppa," "The Preludes," the "Faust" symphony, the two piano concertos! Nor does the fugue console one, whether it typifies Epimetheus or another. The brilliant performance only emphasized the emptiness of the music.

The prelude to "Parsifal" suffers more than other orchestral pages from Wagner's music dramas when it is played in the concert hall. There is need, for full effect, of the darkened theatre, the un-

seen players, the consequent suggestion of mystery, the anticipation of the drama to come.

Dr. Muck was warmly greeted on his entrance, and he and the orchestra were vigorously applauded throughout the concert, which will be repeated tonight.

The program of the concerts next week is as follows: Sibelius, "Finlandia"; Scriabin, "Poem of Ecstasy"; Beethoven, concerto for violin, Mr. Zimbalist, violinist; Enesco, Roumanian Rhapsody, No. 1.

SYMPHONY OPENS CONCERT SEASON

Adm. — Oct. 3/17
Dr. Muck, the Conductor, Was
Received With Long-
Continued Applause

LISZT'S "PROMETHEUS" GETS FIRST HEARING

Wagner's Prelude to "Parsifal"
Ended the Excellent
Program

By LOUIS C. ELSON
PROGRAM

Beethoven.....Fifth Symphony
Berlioz, "King Lear".....Overture
Liszt, "Prometheus".....Symphonic Poem
Wagner, "Parsifal".....Prelude

Boston yesterday took her own beloved symphony orchestra into her arms (metaphorically) conductor and all, and the prodigal sons showed themselves worthy of the welcome. Dr. Muck was received with long-continued applause. The season bids fair to be as successful as ever, even pecuniarily, in spite of the fact that Mr. McAdoo demands most of our money (unfortunately it is not "Much McAdoo about Nothing") and some concerts must surely suffer. Not only that but the obtaining of modern scores of novelties will be very difficult, so that some indulgence may be claimed in the make-up of the programs.

American works may therefore come more prominently into the foreground than ever. We hope, however, that when such are given, Dr. Muck will not hand over his orchestra to the native composer to play with. Some of the trial conductors of the past reminded us of nothing so much as of a traffic policeman at a busy crossing, and one does not like to worry about suspender buttons while listening to an orchestral work.

The season began yesterday afternoon, in Symphony Hall, with the good old Fifth, which Dr. Muck reads in a direct and sensible fashion, without too much individualization. The orchestra played this without any trace of having had a Summer vacation. The famous four-noted figure of the first movement was given with excellent unity. It is odd to compare Beethoven's reported statement that it is like "Destiny Knocking at the Door," with the sketch of it given in his own memorandum book.

His first inception of the figure and its treatment was in a chattering, jovial mood. The Scherzo and parts of the slow movement may be called chiefly contra-bass exhibitions, and it is possible that Beethoven was here flinging down the gauntlet to Weber, who had animadverted upon his severe treatment of contra-basses in the fourth symphony. Our band of contra-basses passed through the ordeal unscathed, although at times somewhat too pianissimo.

Finale Triumphant

The finale was made most triumphant—it would have been a proper finale to the Heroic Symphony. There was great applause at the end of the excellent performance. Dr. Muck was twice recalled, and the orchestra compelled to rise.

Berlioz's "King Lear" overture is not his best work in this form, but it is full of gusts of tempestuous passion, which were played with the utmost abandon, yet it scarcely awakens the final thought of—

"Vex not his ghost; O, let him pass; he hates him,
That would upon the rack of this tough world
Stretch him out longer."

Only two characters of the play seem identifiable; the low-voiced Cordelia and the stentorian king, which leads to many very sharp contrasts. There is plenty of combat in the work, sudden interruptions, gasps and sighs, but it is not as Shakesperian as Tchaikowski.

To give a novelty at the opening concert, and a difficult one at that, was in itself a novelty. Liszt's "Prometheus" has never before been given at these concerts. It was astonishing that it could have been so well interpreted at the opening concert of the season. But we must remember that the orchestra has done a little more preliminary playing than usual, this year, including some performances for Gramophonic reproduction. And for this we are sorry, since a second class orchestra would give quite as good an effect upon a wax record.

It may awaken a storm of protest, but it is nevertheless a scientific fact that no machine can record the highest overtones (which have infinitesimal vibrations) and on these the delicacy and individuality of the tone depends. Wherefore a lesser band would have given just as good an effect for reproductive purposes, and we can only imagine that the great name of the orchestra was sought for advertising purposes. That might have been left to ambitious tenors and anxious pianists.

End With "Parsifal"

Liszt's "Prometheus," which was the novelty, is a fine bit of orchestration, even if not so full of power as "Les Preludes." It was rather a fault of program-making (in this field Dr. Muck sometimes sins) to follow the anguish of King Lear with the agony of Prometheus. This symphonic poem deals with "Prometheus Bound," but in a choral work which was written to follow the orchestral one, Liszt deals with the unbound giant. (One cannot help remembering the London bookseller who had no doubt but that Prometheus unbound would be less expensive than Prometheus bound.) Liszt used some of the themes of the orchestral "Prometheus Bound," in the subsequent vocal "Prometheus Unbound."

Yet even in this picture of the manacled god the note of Hope and of Triumph is not lacking. There is turbulence enough and to spare in the struggles of Prometheus. The riot begins even in the opening measures, but the theme of Defiance is lofty and noble, the vein in which Liszt excelled, and from which Wagner borrowed more than once. Pain, defiance, misery pride and finally Faith, all pass in a musical panorama.

The vulture plunges at once into "medias res"—the middle of things,

and soon muted horns picture gnawing pains. But the work was much greater than the Lear overture. There was some very intricate double fugue work without a trace of dullness and a tremendous climax at the end. Liszt has a sure touch, while Berlioz is sometimes merely experimental. The performance was a really great one, almost with a technical flaw.

With Wagner's Prelude to "Parsifal" this excellent opening concert ended. This Prelude is not as great as deeply religious people believe it to be. If it celebrated Buddhism instead of the Holy Grail (Wagner once thought of a Buddhistic subject), it would not thrill many auditors quite so much. But it is a good example of the versatility of the Genius that he moves as powerfully among his diatonic progressions here (adopting the Gregorian style), as he does among the chromatics of "Tristan and Isolde," and Wagner's least is better than almost any living composer's best.

MUCK OPENS SEASON OF SYMPHONY

Post — Oct. 13/17
Master of Conductors
Cordially Greeted
at Concert

BY OLIN DOWNES

The first concert of the 1917-18 season of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Karl Muck conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. Contrary to irresponsible gossip and rumor, Dr. Muck was in his accustomed place at the accustomed hour. At 2:30 the bell rang for the closing of the doors of the auditorium, and the conductor stepped on the stage,

a little graver, as it seemed, and not less distinguished in his bearing than in previous years.

The audience greeted Dr. Muck cordially.

GRANDEUR OF BEETHOVEN

The programme consisted of Beethoven's fifth symphony, Berlioz's "King Lear" overture, Liszt's symphonic poem, "Prometheus," performed for the first time at these concerts, and Wagner's prelude to "Parsifal." The last three movements of the symphony were particularly impressive to the writer, as Dr. Muck conducted them on this occasion. Seldom within memory have the slow movement and the finale of this symphony had such a profoundly emotional quality as they had yesterday.

There are days when, looking at the cold print of the slow movement and this same finale of one of the greatest orchestral compositions of all time, the reader chills with the realization that time is passing, even for this marvel of music, and that the musical idioms of 1807, surcharged as they are with the loftiest possible inspiration, are becoming, alas, old-fashioned. That is the cold truth.

Made Eloquent by Dr. Muck

But the warm reality of Dr. Muck's reading yesterday made one only aware of a single thing, the surpassing vitality and eloquence of every note that Beethoven put down. It is true, without doubt, that the language of music changes its forms more rapidly than that of any other art, but it is also true that in few arts is the spirit so important and the letter so unimportant a thing. An insignificant piece in the hands of a master may mean more than a great composition in the hands of a mediocrity.

Dr. Muck always responds to the grandeur of the fifth symphony. Yesterday he defied the passage of a hundred years with it.

Berlioz Feverish Spirit

Berlioz, enamoured of Camille Moke—the tale is one of the best that he tells in his memoirs—left Rome, where he was reaping the benefit of the grand prize offered by the Conservatoire for a deserving composition, disguised himself as a lady's maid, and taking with him laudanum, strychnine, and two revolvers, set out for Paris to kill his false one. On his way he fell or threw himself into the sea, was fished out, considerably cooled off, stopped at Florence and composed the "King Lear" overture. He read Shakspeare's

tragedy in a laurel grove on the banks of the Arno and rolled in the grass in his enthusiasm. He composed the overture in feverish haste. The sketches were complete in a month's time. Such was the spirit of the '30s!

This spirit, of course, flames in the "King Lear" overture, and this overture appears to be distinguished equally by its enthusiasm and dramatic fervor, and its extraordinary solecisms and lack of a sense of humor! Few composers had the consuming consciousness of this epoch in such a degree, and at the same time such an appalling ability to thunder forth platitudes of the vintage of half a century, as Berlioz.

In Dramatic Fury

Alternating with the opening theme that must have been written with the thought of Lear, in his majesty and his towering wrath, astray on the heath, and with passages that blaze with feeling, are such commonplace progressions as a student would be scolded for today. We mention this as a curiosity rather than as an indication of the value of the overture. We can all be students, but we cannot all be Berlioz! The brilliancy of his instrumentation, the dramatic fury of his spirit, the dauntless will to express that which obsesses him, and that give rise to new musical shapes which did not exist before—these belong to genius.

Liszt's "Prometheus"

The romantic composers of the '30s certainly did take themselves seriously! There is Liszt's "Prometheus," less vital, in essence, than Berlioz's overture, but with a much more mature technic of composition and orchestration back of it. But how relentlessly Liszt will work certain musical formulas, certain chords, such as the "diminished 7th," and certain sequences which so intoxicate him by their sheer sound that he has apparently no means of realizing how empty and extravagant they are! It was a disease common in that time, from which even Wagner, the greatest of these three men, did not escape.

But yesterday, under Dr. Muck's guiding and sympathetic hand, all this music absorbed the hearer. A sudden flaunting of Italianism amid the thunders of "Prometheus," a glaring passage of bombast and bravado in the "King Lear" overture—with it all, they were men of genius, in dead earnest, and there is all the difference between their thunder machines and the petty imitations of them by second-rate composers of today that there is between the Paris of the American tourist and the Paris apotheosized by Honore de Balzac.

BEETHOVEN WORK OPENS SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA YEAR

Monitor

Oct. 12/17

Boston Symphony Orchestra, Karl Muck, Conductor—First concert of thirty-seventh season, given in Symphony Hall, Boston, Mass., afternoon of Oct. 12, 1917. The program: Beethoven, symphony in C minor, No. 5; Berlioz, overture to "King Lear"; Liszt, "Prometheus" symphonic poem; Wagner, prelude to "Parsifal."

Everything as usual. The appraisal of German music made by the Boston Symphony public in 1881 and confirmed year after year, remains, as far as outward appearances go, unchanged. Beethoven, whose name is lifted up in gold over the proscenium arch of the hall where the Symphony concerts for 17 seasons have been given, seems to be cherished as fondly as ever. Not in one summer, evidently, does a community revise its views of a country's art work which it has long patronized. Certainly it does not in that time cast them away altogether.

The Friday matinees began as they have begun since the majority of listeners can remember, with a filled house and with lively applause. Here in one of the central seats on the floor sits a man who holds the stub of his twenty-eighth annual ticket. There in the far corner of the second balcony sits another who stood in line from the middle of the forenoon until half-past one o'clock in order to hear the violins attack the opening motive of the symphony; and he has already bought a Saturday night ticket that he may have double enjoyment of the program. The C minor symphony, assuredly, is a great and faultless work.

And yet revaluation must some time come. For acceptance of the piece based on mere cultural enthusiasm cannot last forever. Enthusiasm of this sort prevailed in the United States for the classical Greek literature, in the days of the early democratic society; but it came to an end. There was a time when the American youth felt that if he had the heart, temper and outlook of an Homeric hero, he was liberally bred. But one fine morning he awoke to the hero's

deficiencies of character, or perhaps to his own possibilities in an environment more modern than Homer's, and threw his loyalty to the classical culture to the winds. The enthusiasm for the classic German orchestral repertory which musically inclined people in the United States have held for half a century can conceivably be modified, with no more serious upsetting of intellectual foundations than attended the change of feeling about the Greek literary classics. The fifth symphony of Beethoven is unquestionably the finest balanced four-movement orchestral work ever scored, just as the twenty-second book of the "Iliad" is the finest proportioned narrative ever sketched. But deeper than the question of structural beauty lies that of expression.

Among orchestral works, the fifth symphony was perhaps the first one to record that assertiveness which characterized one stream of German musical outpouring all through the Nineteenth Century. The mood of the fourth movement of the symphony is the beginning of that egotistic style of utterance which surprised the world in the orchestral writing of Wagner and caused it to stand amazed in the instrumental confessions of Strauss. Not that the finale of the C minor symphony is at all bumptiously clamant, after the manner of the early portions of the opera, "Siegfried"; not that it has any of the snarling sarcasm of the tone poem, "Zarathustra," or the rough mockery of the rondo, "Till Eulenspiegel"; but it clearly stands in a parental relation to these. It is as far as possible from anything Schubert or Schumann ever said and rather far from anything Brahms ever owned up to either.

A composer easily mistaken for a French counterpart of Beethoven, because of the impetuosity of his talents, but one who after all was primarily a sentimentalist, Berlioz, kept the players on Friday eddying about in a narrow circle of keys with his "King Lear" overture. A composer who taught all modern writers harmonic freedom, Liszt, presented himself in familiar guise in his "Prometheus" symphonic poem, a work held, unaccountably, from the Boston Symphony repertory until now.

SYMPHONY CONCERT

Trans. — Oct. 15, 1917.
AN UNTROUBLED AND AUSPICIOUS BEGINNING

The Doubtful Resurrection of Liszt's "Prometheus" and Berlioz's Half-Forgotten Overture to "King Lear" — Free and Eloquent Performance of Beethoven's Fifth Symphony—An Audience Unwontedly Thrilled by the Prelude to "Parsifal"—Warm Welcome for Dr. Muck

NO "incident" of any sort whatever befell at the Symphony Concert of yesterday afternoon; and the auditor who ignored the calendar might as readily have believed himself at the beginning of the season of 1913-14, when there was neither war nor thought of war, as at the beginning of the season of 1917-18, with the United States in arms against the German Empire. Every seat in Symphony Hall had been taken, though the call of the holiday into the country left a few vacant; while more intending listeners were turned away from the box-offices than even on a Friday when Mr. Paderewski or Miss Farrar is the "assisting artist." The programme—a symphony of Beethoven and succeeding pieces by Berlioz, Liszt and Wagner—was of familiar pattern for these "opening concerts." Without a change in personnel and hardly one in the disposition of the band upon the stage, the orchestra sat in familiar place. When Dr. Muck, with a well-mastered yet perceptible nervousness of bearing, first came to his place upon the conductor's stand, he was received with long, hearty, and general clapping, neither more nor less (nor in any wise different) than the applause that in each October for five years past has welcomed his return to public work. When, however, he and the orchestra ended an unusually eloquent performance—even for them—of Beethoven's symphony in C minor, the plaudits from every quarter of the auditorium were uncommonly eager and insistent, until at last, as the conductor took his place within the crescent of his risen men, the hall rang with them.

Being much less interesting and stimulating music, however well glossed in performance, Berlioz's overture to "King Lear" and Liszt's symphonic poem, "Prometheus," were but tepidly received. On the other hand, in the prelude to Wagner's opera of "Parsifal," music, conductor and orchestra hushed the audience into rapt silence; while at the end came that still and quivering pause, between the last note and the first plaudits, which witnesses, be-

hind any clapping or any words, the intense emotional illusion of what has gone before. Public performance in the arts knows no finer, fuller reward than this tremulous instant, in which an audience returns to normal self from the spell that has transported it. Indeed, the applause for which the listening company lingered seemed almost bathos after that significant silence.

Never before has Liszt's fifth symphonic poem, "Prometheus" been played at the Symphony Concerts; only once before in the dim and distant seventies has it been played in Boston; while nowadays from Stettin to San Francisco it appears very seldom on orchestral programmes. As a whole Dr. Muck has been justified in his reestablishment in the active repertory of one and another of the neglected symphonic poems of Liszt. "Ce qu'on entend sur la Montagne" amply deserved resurrection; "Mazeppa" does not lack romantic voice or tonal excitement; "Hungaria" emits pungent tribal flavors; but, at a single hearing and with the best will in the world toward Liszt's music in general and in particular, "Prometheus" seemed hardly worth revival—outside a season in which, as an Irishman might say, there are no "novelties" but overlooked classics. No single poem but a whole tragedy of Herder suggested to Liszt the design and the voice of the piece; for some fete at Weimar in 1850, when this "Prometheus" of words was acted, he wrote his own "Prometheus" of tones. A summary of Herder's tragedy, a prefatory note by the composer himself, the usual marshalling of analysts and commentators on the pages of the programme-book were presumed to prepare the ears and the mind of the hearer for the contents and the impression of the music.

Yet out of the symphonic poem itself, with no more clue than the title and average recollection of the Promethean legend from Aeschylus through Shelley to Moody, rose the visions and the passions Liszt sought to body forth in tones—the enchained hero superhuman alike in suffering and in fortitude, while the wrath of the high gods, despoiled of fire, beat and tortured him; his voice, now defiant, now piteous, but always resolved, cutting these tumults; the glory of his goal which was man's freedom; the ardors that burned away his pains. In epitome and in tones Liszt, so enkindled, would write his Promethean tragedy, epical, grandiose, heroic. Unfortunately, these sweeps of his poetic imagination transcended the scope of his musical invention and executive resource.

With broad, deep strokes, in outcry of brass and swirl of strings, in chromatic tumults and orchestral thunders, the music pictures Prometheus racked by the bolts and the bird of Zeus. Heavy chords shake the heavens and the earth; dissonances that

must have rent the ears of the fifties, rend also the air; chromatic agonies slither across it; Valkyr-like screams—how well Wagner remembered his Liszt!—pierce it; the tone-poem beats forward as in the throbs of pain. There is pause; then stately and formidable proclamation, as in noble tonal guise, of the motive of freedom; passionate pleading in strings, horns and wood-winds that Wagner also did not forget; a singular double-fugue as though heroes of a primeval Hellenic world had suddenly taken refuge in the Semitic garrulity of the Book of Job; a return to the tumult and outcry of the beginning, until the great voice of the motive of freedom finally outswells it.

So to describe the tone-poem is to summon to it a deal of sympathetic aid from the perceptions and the answering imaginings of the hearer. For in itself, the music seems but a long and little varied expanse of chromatic sound and fury. Try as Liszt may, in the substance of his motives, in the transmutation, the contrasting, the combining of them he never penetrates below the surface of the Promethean myth. Seeking to write tonal tragedy, he writes merely shrieking or crotund tonal melodrama. Courting epic grandeur, he begins, continues, ends, no more than romantically excited. More than once, only the passionate energy of the music saves it from sonorous or slithering commonplace.

Relatively novel, also, and of almost as meagre outcome, was Berlioz's "Grand Overture to Shakspeare's Tragedy of 'King Lear,' for Full Orchestra" (as the bombastic title goes) which, after a certain vogue in the Symphony Concerts of the nineties has not been heard at them for thirteen years. Presumably the play stirred Berlioz no less than the Promethean legend inflamed Liszt, but seeking to translate into tones the march and moods, the picturing and the passions, of a majestic and racking tragedy, the Frenchman, like the Hungarian, makes music that is no more than romantic excitement over it. True, Berlioz does avoid the full measure of Lisztian sound and fury; but few of his major pieces more suggest the laying side by side of vivid fragments of musical ideas rather than impassioned development and eloquent progress with them. Of course he contrasts a piteous motive, say of the whole tragedy, say of Cordelia within it, and say also of Beethoven's overture to "Coriolanus," with hollow music of bodeiment, stormy music of rage, majestic music of kingly power, vociferous music of a barbaric Britain. Hollow chords search out the wan voices of bassoons and clarinets; the strings rush up and down the scale while the sharp wood-winds top them; the drums rain blows; the brass is the voice of majesty, fury, mourning; there are hushes and suspensions in the progress of the overture; then chromatic leaps or stark proclamation of significant motives. Im-

pressive enough, perhaps, as the music passes in the swift commerce of a quarter-hour at a symphony concert, but in spite of a few strokes of pity or power, of the commonplace of Berlioz, romantic composer and master of instrumental suggestion. After all it is the penalty of the romantic temperament and the romantic method to be uneven of outcome; while somehow Prometheus and Lear seem matter for the music of a Beethoven rather than a Liszt or a Berlioz.

So it was that the classic pieces, beginning and ending the concert, entered in and possessed it. Sometimes, in this first hour of the musical year, Dr. Muck and the orchestra have seemed to play the chosen symphony of Beethoven with a zeal for exposition and precision, as though to make sure of themselves, that a little stiffened and dried it. Yesterday, however, as if assured from the first chords to the last of their mutual will and mettle, they played the symphony in C minor with a truly Beethovenish freedom and eloquence. The first movement ascended in those swift and thrilling progressions wherein the deed of the composer becomes the will of the conductor and the voice of the orchestra. Beethoven's tumults tossed upon the rhythms that the performance intensified until the power of his chords, no less sustained by the imparting voices, concentrated and stilled them. The higher, brighter strings glowed with propulsive power; the darker missed no under-beat; Beethoven-wise the flutes gleamed above the orchestral song; the horns were as one deep and mellow voice. So played the music renewed vitality and passion; here in full, free speech was the symphony of Beethoven's ardent maturity—the symphony of exaltation and exaltation.

Like mood and voice Dr. Muck carried into the succeeding Andante. Not once did the pace slow unduly, the rhythms sag, the luminous phrases blur. As it returned, the dominant and songful melody rose more and more full-throated, deeply exultant; yet side by side with it, as in orchestral mirror of the beauty and the poetry of the music, went the reiterated phrase of quiet exaltation. The voice of a singing woman could hardly have formed and colored it more perfectly. The running figures of the Scherzo glinted against the dark under-body with the tremor and presentment of mystery that Berlioz is sure Beethoven designed; the magic of rhythm, the magic of tonal color, above all the magic of the conductor's modulations of pace, together heightened the transition from the quivering shadow with which the Scherzo ends into the radiant flash with which the Finale begins. In the long and culminating progress to the end, Dr. Muck's mind measured Beethoven's fervors in the swift ascents and descents, contrasts and changes of the

music—so in dream one traverses a whole range of mountains as in the twinkling of an eye—while his response of spirit deepened Beethoven's heroic exaltation, heightened his heroic exaltation. For, in spite of the label, "Eroica," over the third symphony, this fifth is Beethoven's heroic music.

Read or heard in cold blood, the prelude to "Parsifal" does not escape shortcomings that pervade the whole opera. From the first measure to the last, it is a long meditated, an astutely calculated, music. The artful progress and contrasts of the design, the reiteration of motives, each more poignant in itself or in treatment than that which went before, the exactness of accent, the fixity, so to say, of every harmonic and instrumental stroke, are of the Wagner whose pen was tipped, not with the fires of "Tristan" or the ardors of "The Mastersingers," but with the more thoughtful emotions of age and experience. Wagner heard his two masterpieces in his mind and heart; he heard "Parsifal" also in the theatre. It is quite possible to make the prelude sound dry and specific—*précis*, and not preface, to the succeeding opera. The more, then, is it incumbent upon conductor and orchestra to invest the music out of their own insight and emotional response with the insistently sublimated passion that Wagner wrought into it. At the end of the first act and in the final scene of the opera, the hearer listens to the rites of the Grail as to a very sublimation of the sensations and the emotions of the Eucharist. So he must be translated with the prelude into the alternation of music of poignant spiritual anguish with music of ecstatic spiritual consolation.

As some will say, Dr. Muck takes the prelude at too long-drawn a pace, though that pace he heard from Wagner himself, who—the doubters of Munich say—liked to languish over his music in his old age, sensuous to his final hour. Again, as some will urge, Dr. Muck etches so deep each phrase that unbroken continuity depends upon the wondrous skill of the orchestra in sustained instrumental song. Or once more, as these same objectors will contend, he is as calculating as Wagner in the piercing measures of anguish and the beatified measures of solace. Yet yesterday there was no questioning the illusion, the transport even, that his version of the prelude wrought. It is hard to remember when an audience in Symphony Hall, or in any other theatre or concert-room of this town, when conductor and men themselves, have been so generally, sincerely, deeply stirred. It was as though, of a sudden, the enclosing walls had fallen and stark without was the present anguish of the world—and serene beyond, the consolation.

H. T. P.

SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA BEGINS 37TH SEASON

Glabe ——— *Oct. 13/17*
Beethoven's C Minor Played
Impressively

Dr Muck in Brilliant Performance of Liszt's "Prometheus"

The 37th season of the Boston Symphony Orchestra opened yesterday afternoon at Symphony Hall in a conventional manner. Dr Muck was greeted as he came on, and there was a cordial tribute to the orchestra after the symphony; this was the fifth of Beethoven. The personnel of players remains the same as that of last year.

The performance by Dr Muck and the orchestra of Liszt's fifth symphonic poem "Prometheus," curiously the first for these concerts, was one of fine spirit and virtuosity, consonant with the composer's vision in it of a broad analogy to life rather than a mere photographic delineation of a "program."

Again the hearer marvels at the freshness of this music, now nearly 70 years old; at the strength and intensity of dramatic feeling; at the varied, colorful, gripping treatment of emotional ideas. Here is a technical scheme which must have shocked the conservative who remembered Mendelssohn. The virility of expression in the variety and force of harmonic color, in the keen sense of orchestral timbre as appropriate individual voices and as blended of several, in the arrangement and development of material which did not hold up the dramatic unfoldment by the introduction of the fugue—this is as far beyond the time in which it was written as the boldness of the subject in Liszt's conception of its relation to man. The imagination is helped to see not only the destroyed vulture, the liberated Titan and his new kingdom, but the human struggle which leads to enlightenment.

Berlioz' "King Lear" sounds old fashioned beside the Liszt which followed it in history and yesterday on the program. The wretched old king becomes melodramatic rather than a pitiable and tragic figure, but the suggestion of the innocent Cordelia, gentle and good, as of the proud and thankless Goneril and Regan is clear.

The performance of the symphony was marked by a somber dignity in the first three movements, particularly in the tempo of the *andante*, which led into sweeping triumph in the last. The prelude to "Parsifal" added nothing to the impression of Liszt's noble tone

poem; on the contrary, it suffered badly in comparison.

Efrem Zimbalist, the violinist, next week will play the Beethoven concerto. The orchestral numbers will be Sibelius' "Finlandia," Scriabin's "Poem of Ecstasy" and Enesco's Rumanian Rhapsody in A major.

EXCEPT in the quality of the music and the performance, the Symphony Concert of Saturday evening was as eventless as that of Friday afternoon. With like warmth, a like audience in numbers, pleasure and admiration applauded Dr. Muck when he first came to his place; renewed and intensified its clapping at the end of Beethoven's symphony in C minor; and at the close of the concert lingered to recall the conductor once more. The unfamiliar symphonic poem of Liszt, "Prometheus," and the scantily remembered overture of Berlioz to "King Lear" went by night much as thirty hours earlier they had gone by day. As it happened, however, the prelude to "Parsifal" and the playing of it seemed to make less deep impression upon the audience than they had on Friday afternoon. Then hearers, orchestra, conductor and, as it seemed, the composer himself, were at a height of emotional tension that is the boon of the high gods, descending not at call. So speedy a repetition was almost sure to fail to bring it.

For compensation the performance of Beethoven's symphony exceeded even that of Friday in tonal beauty and dramatizing eloquence. Confident of his orchestra, confident of himself, plainly kindled by a masterpiece of music expanding under his hand as by intrinsic freedom and force, Dr. Muck drove the first movement forward and upward with a dramatic progress, contrast and culmination that seemed of some idealized music-drama released for once from all handicap of mortal and fleshly singers. The second movement, as large and warm of voice in the proclamation and the progress of the melodies and the passion, preserved this dramatic continuity and was far from the songful intermezzo in the main course of the symphony that some over-sentimental and short-sighted conductors are prone to make of it. Highest of all went this dramatic propulsion and contrasting in the swelling sonorities, the striding progressions, the bursts of exulting song, the Titan-chords, blow upon blow, of the Finale. Is it not more eloquent, being freer, less labored and more unified in the matter and the means of expression, than even the Finale of the Choral Symphony and where is there aught in symphonic music to compare with it outside the finale of Brahms's symphony in the like key? To hear it, as it sounded on Saturday, was to listen to Beethoven as epical, as dramatic as Aeschylus himself.

Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1917--18.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

Dr. KARL MUCK, Conductor.

SECOND PROGRAMME

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 19, AT 2.30 P. M.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 20, AT 8 P. M.

SIBELIUS,

SYMPHONIC POEM for Orchestra, "Finlandia."
Op. 26. No. 7

SCRABIN,

THE POEM OF ECSTASY, op. 54

BEETHOVEN,

CONCERTO for Violin, in D major, op. 61
I. Allegro ma non troppo
II. Larghetto
III. Rondo

ENESCO,

RHAPSODIE ROMAINE in A major, op. 11, No. 1

Soloist:

Mr. EFREM ZIMBALIST



Efrem Zimbalist.

SYMPHONY GIVES SECOND CONCERT

Herald — *Oct. 20/17*
"Finlandia," "Poem of Ecstasy"
and Violin Concerto on
Program.

WILL BE REPEATED TONIGHT

By PHILIP HALE.

The second concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Muck conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows: Sibelius, "Finlandia"; Scriabin, "The Poem of Ecstasy"; Beethoven, violin concerto (Mr. Zimbalist, violinist); Enesco, Roumanian Rhapsody, No. 1.

Last week we heard the overture to "King Lear," by Berlioz, and Liszt's "Prometheus," inferior works of great composers. Yesterday the "Finlandia" of Sibelius was performed. Is it wise, is it reverential to put the lesser, the mediocre or poor works of celebrated men on the programs? No lover of Coleridge, Keats, De Quincey, Byron, Balzac—the list might be indefinitely extended—wishes to possess the complete works of any one of them. Curiosity was gratified when "Prometheus" was played, for there had been only one performance of the symphonic poem, and that was some years before the Boston Symphony Orchestra came into being. "Prometheus" was as unknown to the audience as Liszt's "Hamlet," "Heroide funebre" or "Von der Wiege bis zum Grabe." But the "Finlandia" of Sibelius had been performed at these concerts at three public rehearsals and three concerts during the last nine years. The interest in the music was political rather than musical, for, as we are informed, it evoked such enthusiasm in Finland by reason of its "national sentiment" that its performance was prohibited at the time of a conflict between the Russian empire and Finland. Well, the Tsar is now in Siberia pondering the vanity of life, and Finland has behaved badly since the revo-

lution. The symphonic poem, as the music of an oppressed and outraged nation, has now, perhaps, an ironical significance. Meanwhile more important works of Sibelius, works more characteristic of him, which have been heard in other American cities, are still unknown in Boston.

Enesco's first Roumanian Rhapsody has been performed here at three sets of concerts within five years. It is pleasant music, not without tonal monotony; it is, as the London Times remarked a few years ago, "an attractive work for a miscellaneous program on a warm evening;" but does the familiarity with it repay the hearer? Are the other rhapsodies of the composer not worthy of performance? Are there not compositions by native Frenchmen, as yet unknown here, but performed in New York and Chicago, that might please Bostonians?

Is it necessary to hear Beethoven's violin concerto every year? It was played at these concerts in 1910, 1912, 1914, 1915, early in 1917, not to mention the many performances before 1910. Should the concerto be regarded as a hardy annual? No doubt violinists consider the performance a solemn duty. They wish to show what they can do with it—or what they can do to it. They wish to show that they are not afraid of it; that they are serious minded, not mere fiddlers, eager to tickle easy ears. Any great work suffers from undue familiarity. Dwellers at the foot or on the flanks of mountains do not realize the dignity, the majesty of the eternal hills. Old Moritz Hauptmann, a conservative of the conservatives, protested years ago at the too frequent performances of Beethoven's symphonies at the Gewandhaus concerts. Mr. Zimbalist gave a pleasingly lyrical performance, not a highly imaginative, re-creative interpretation.

Scriabin's "Poem of Ecstasy" was brought out here seven years ago. Mr. Fiedler than gave a hap-hazard, slam-bang performance of the singular and at times interesting composition. Victor Hugo has said that agony when at its height is mute. Some yesterday wished no doubt that this were true of ecstasy. Is the music really ecstatic? There are anthropological sociologists who find extreme voluptuousness in physical pain. Mantegazza has a chapter on this subject, a chapter that is not for the "jeune fille." We are told that Scriabin in this music wished to express the ecstasy of untrammelled action, the joy in creative activity. Many pages, however, show that his creative activity brought to him yearnings, fits of despondency; that he toiled in anguish; at least, so the music sounded to us, and the title seemed a misnomer; for a

few minutes of hullabaloo at the end did not flatly contradict all that had gone before. Biographers of Scriabin discuss solemnly the question whether his music grew out of his theosophy—for he was a theosophist, in spite of Mr. Altschuler's letter—or whether his theosophical views were inspired by his music. This question is not a momentous one. Let the poem he wrote, and the title, be put aside; there are fine and original passages in the composition, and there is certainly untrammelled action. The themes themselves are not important, not expressive, not significant enough to warrant the extravagant development and the polyphonic complexity. There is also irritating repetition.

Dr. Muck and the orchestra gave a remarkable reading of the work. It may here be said that Dr. Muck, even when he conducts music that is too familiar, common—one is tempted to add "and unclear"—gives freshness to that which is shopworn and glorifies that which is inherently ordinary by his interpretative genius.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The program of the concerts next week is as follows: Brahms, Symphony, No. 4; Rachmaninoff, "The Island of the Dead"; Debussy, Symphonic Suite, "Printemps."

ZIMBALIST HEARD WITH SYMPHONY Post ——— Oct. 20/14 Battle Music of Sibelius Impresses Big Audience

BY OLIN DOWNES

Efrem Zimbalist was soloist at the concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The orchestral compositions were Sibelius' "Finlandia," Scriabin's "Poem of Ecstasy" and Enesco's "Roumanian Rhapsody" in A major.

The short piece of Sibelius is not inapt of the times. It is a piece of battle music for patriots. Not but what the composer has written other battle music of a grander character in many pages of his wild symphonies and symphonic poems. Long before the world conflict, Sibelius, the Northman, was growling in his caves—"ancestral voices" prophesied war in his compositions, gigantic, elemental in their spirit and proportions. Finlandia, on the other hand is more of a piece for the public, for a celebration, or something of that kind. Its performance was forbidden for a time in Finland in the days of the old Russian regime, for it was feared that it would incite revolt.

IN POPULAR CHARACTER

When a man writes a piece for the people, he is emphatically careful, if he is a master of his medium, to write something which will be sincere, but which the people will understand. The almost popular character of "Finlandia" does not rob it of its power and distinction. The opening pages are perhaps the finest—the rumble of rebellion, the roaring of drums and double basses, the figure for the horns, from which the principal melody is hurled as a ball would be hurled from a cannon. Structurally, there is a splendid breadth and simplicity. A symphonist would perhaps use more refined material, but a piece that is, spiritually speaking by and for the people, should not be written as a symphony, and the best proof of the validity of this composition is the impression it made on the audience yesterday.

Dr. Muck's performance was an earnest and painstaking one. It is not to his discredit that with all the depth and breadth of his interpretation he remained far from the volcanic passion with which the composer himself invested this music when he directed its performance at the Norfolk (Connecticut) Music Festival of June, 1914.

Gorgeously Tinted

The tone-poem of Scriabin was heard for the second time at these concerts. At the first performance several seasons ago it was a hard nut to crack, and the reviewers of this city were widely divided in their opinions. Yesterday the music seemed more intelligible to the majority of hearers, which was probably due in part to Dr. Muck's superb performance—a performance in which the men vied with each other in

carrying out the wishes of their leader. Witness the playing of Mr. Heim, the first trumpeter, whose upper lip suffered severely from the embouchure demanded by the prodigiously difficult part of his instrument.

Scriabin, whose recent death was a most serious loss to modern Russian music, was evidently a man of exceptional daring and originality. The wonder of the music heard yesterday is not its occasional evident shortcomings, but the things that the composer actually does accomplish as he throws his soul on the canvass. The music of the "Poem of Ecstasy" is very sensual. The orchestra fairly drips with color. We doubt if there has been a modern composer so enamoured of rich, gorgeous tinting as this Scriabin.

Big Line to Music

And yet he is more than a mere sensualist in tone. There is a very big line to his music. There are passages of elemental impressiveness, and the orchestra is a rainbow from the beginning to the end. The development of the ideas is for the greater part as novel and interesting as the ideas themselves, while, on the other hand, one noticed here and there such incongruities as could not but amaze one at

all aware of the mighty things the composer was doing in other pages. Suddenly an idea or a phrase, instead of being developed, will be employed in sequences, repetitions of a figure, which make it ineffective before it is abandoned. Phrases and motives are sometimes clipped in a suspiciously academic manner into two four-measure patterns.

We do not know what Scriabin has accomplished in other of his great orchestral works, such as the tone-poem, "Prometheus"; we do not know how many more wonderful things than were discoverable in the "Poem of Ecstasy" at a second hearing might be revealed in the third. It is nevertheless evident that in this work the composer is experimenting and is not absolutely sure of his ground or of just what to do when he is obliged to leave all the formulae of the past behind him. Arrived at this jumping off-place, he sometimes plunges magnificently forward, with a vision well-nigh cosmic; but sometimes he drops into unconscious platitudes which the hearer bears with patience, knowing that it will not be long before the golden thread of inspiration again appears.

Ultra Modern Music

All in all, this tone-poem becomes for us one of the most interesting and stimulating of ultra-modern compositions. With the composer, the hearer trembles in the presence of things utterly new, and vast, and incommensurable. We sometimes think that an incomplete fragment of a vast conception means more to us and the future of art than

the perfection of a recognized masterpiece.

Mr. Zimbalist gave a very sincere and idealistic performance of the Beethoven concerto. Would we had never to sit through its finale again! But his breadth and his feeling, his sure musicianship, the solid foundations of Mr. Zimbalist's now impressive virtuosity, commended him highly to the audience. It was a reverent, but an authoritative, most expressive and comprehending performance of great music. The audience recalled Mr. Zimbalist, a greater violinist today than ever, with much cordiality.

SECOND SYMPHONY CONCERT BRILLIANT Globe ——— Oct. 20/14

Two widely contracting numbers made the Symphony concert of yesterday an unusual one—Scriabin's "Poem of Ecstasy," a remarkable composition, played not as by a literalist, but with vision and with understanding, and following it a noble performance of the Beethoven concerto by Mr. Zimbalist, in which Dr. Muck and the orchestra shared. Both were supreme.

Played seven years ago by Mr. Fiedler, Scriabin's score distressed many by its frenetic dissonances. Clashing sounds rather than a colossal psychic conflict then appeared its mission. But Scriabin's appreciation in his rhapsodic poem first of verse as of that in tone, that ecstasy is sweeping only in the degree that it is compounded of pain, demands something more than a screaming trumpet and the incessant shocks of quarrelsome tonalities rudely buffeted about in the orchestra.

Treatment of the gorgeous web of this score as a flat surface or as a literal translation could be only a caricature. Yesterday Dr. Muck gave it depth, perspective, richness and boundless resource. There are tapestries wherein are lines of color which lend a hidden lustre before they appear, blending with what precedes and then with what follows.

Scriabin's myriad voices weave the fragments of his few themes, reechoing them in opulent fancy into a resplendent fabric, prodigal with colors, which are broken into countless tints and half tints as through a prism. There are accents and moods ecstatic and infernal. The use of stopped brass in trumpet, horn and trombone is eloquent of evil and that which ought not to be.

Appreciation of Rhythm

Like his compatriot, Stravinsky, whom he much resembles in harmonic sense, Scriabin has a demoniac appreciation for rhythm. There is the broad flow of orchestral song as of a great river, and when there is demand for an incisive, characterizing rhythmic theme, it is

unerring. The sense of flight up a long-winged ascent to the heights of his climax is titanic, and for the epilogue the organ is employed upon an abyssal pedal point to build up a climax, lifted off its crest, as though the scroll of Heaven were rolled up from mortal eyes.

The pervading thought of the poem is given as the "Ecstasy of Untrammelled Action, the Joy in Creative Activity." Modest Altschuler, the conductor of the Russian Symphony Orchestra of New York, who has brought out Scriabin's works in this country, including this poem, also the "Prometheus" with the lighting effects, assigns three diversions to the poem: 1. His soul in the orgy of love; 2. The realization of a fantastical dream; 3. The glory of his own art. As absolute music this tremendously dynamic score makes its own appeal. Whether it be excess of madness or not depends much upon the conductor.

The performance was one not soon to be forgotten. Dr. Muck wove the infinitely detailed filaments of the mighty fabric with the imagination, with the adoration of sensuous beauty and proportion of a supreme colorist, where the artisan or craftsman would have daubed the canvas. The orchestra played like virtuosi. Mr. Heim bore the terrific rigors of the needlessly difficult trumpet part with brilliant success.

Concerto by Zimbalist

Mr. Zimbalist, no less the serious artist and musician than when he first played here, has matured and broadened in his mental and emotional grasp of great music. Technically he plays with such quiet mastery that the hearer is not aware that he is witnessing difficult feats, as in certain passages, including the double stopping, in the first cadenza. Concealing a superb technique, he played the familiar concerto with a spirit of veneration for its beauty, treading never upon excess of sentiment in the lovely song and its embellishments of the slow movement, nor detracting from the dignity of spirit in the last. The return to the theme after the cadenza in the first movement and the fine beauty of sustained line with which he resumed it were beyond praise.

Sibelius has palliated the bombast of much of his "Finlandia" by the rugged, bardic simplicity and folk character of the song. In the allegro, the returned exile shouts as though his celebrations were mixed with strong drink.

Enesco's Roumanian Rhapsody in A major closed the program.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT

Trans. — Oct. 20/27
THE CONTRASTS OF A RANGING PROGRAMME

Sonorous and Stately Sibelius, Exotic and Fiery Enesco, for Forepiece and After-piece—Between, Beethoven According to Mr. Zimbalist and, for Music of Genius, Skriabin's "Poem of Ecstasy"

ACCUSTOMED, even favorite, pieces began and ended the Symphony Concert yesterday afternoon. In themselves, to most that heard them familiarly, they brought no new sensation; but the performance of both proved conductor and orchestra, thus early in the season, at the top of their powers, and full of mettle. The broad sonorities with which Sibelius's tone-poem, "Finlandia" begins, were magnificent to hear in depth, richness and mellow amplitude of tone; keen was the rhythming of the succeeding passage; then chorus-like, but with unerring aptitude for the several parts, the orchestra sang the composer's warm melody—his own, yet of the folk; and so ascended under Dr. Muck's stimulating hand to the large progressions and ceremonial eloquence of the close. There is no record that Sibelius designed and wrote the piece for any other end than to please and express himself. Yet, contrary to most of his music, obviously written in intent personal release of impulse and imagining to closely sympathetic and enkindled ears, "Finlandia" sounds as though it were devised and felt as music for large and stately occasion, to be the voice, less of individual, than general, emotion, to stir a great and various company. It is of Sibelius, publicly "doing his bit," as it were, for the Finnish passion of nationality—not of Sibelius brooding, picturing, tossing and tormented tone-poet, writing a universal music out of his own Northern spirit.

Again in Enesco's Roumanian Rhapsody, at the end of the concert, the rhythmic verve and precision of the orchestra, the flash and flicker of its tonal color, its nervous zest of flying pace, the sting it gave to the repetitions, the taut spring at which it held the suspensions, stirred the audience and glorified the music. No doubt the piece is fittingly Roumanian; the sharp voice of gypsy fiddles, the shrill shriek of frenzied piccolos, the alternate languors and furies of primitive melody and rhythm, the hammering repetitions sound through the rhapsody, as though Bucharest were both making and hearing it. Enesco's handling is as simple, naked and repetitious; only he flings over his wayside tunes and snapping rhythms vivid

patches of instrumental and harmonic color and drives his orchestra as fast and hard as virtuosi may be sped. Where composer ends, conductor, here in Boston, begins, heating the elementary fires and the glowing trappings of the music, until they flame out of the crucible of tingling nerves and excited artistry. Once more the listener had good reason to speculate upon the other two and strangely unprocurable rhapsodies of the set. No Roumanian girl on a fete day always wears the same ribbons; so presumably in the second and the third piece Enesco does not always sound flaming scarlet.

Equally of the orchestra at its ready and ranging best, were the fineness, suavity, sensibility and grace of undulating tone that it and the conductor brought to Mr. Zimbalist's version of Beethoven's concerto for violin. Rarely, in Symphony Hall, has it sounded in such degree as a gently mellifluous, exquisitely spun, elegantly bedecked music—the fine and final flower, as it seemed, of salon pieces for eighteenth-century virtuosi, the last return of Beethoven to the Mozartian matter and manner that, as the fourth symphony also proves, he had at command in 1806, no less than his own bolder, freer, deeper idiom. Often, perhaps too often, and within easy recollection, the concerto has been played in recent years at the Symphony Concerts, while on each occasion the music has reflected the image of the violinist with Dr. Muck submissively and expertly holding the glass at whatever angle the virtuoso willed. In nearly every other familiar music of Beethoven's riper years, Beethoven is Beethoven. By exception in this particular concerto, he outdoes even St. Paul, becoming all things to all men—or rather violinists. Mr. Hess's nervous energy used to make it vivid and vivacious, Mr. Spalding, last winter, embroidered it upon the air in exact and edgeless pattern; Mr. Witek is wont to mould it in larger phrase, warmer transition, freer motion; Mr. Kreisler wrapped it in the lustrous velvet of his tone; glamored what is intrinsically an eighteenth-century salon piece for an artful and graceful violinist, with his own poetic sensibility, his own felicity of style.

Mr. Zimbalist, in his turn, seems to hear the violin part of the concerto as a strand of flowing, delicately modulated, soft-hued, subdued and mellowed sound that the fused voices of the violin and the orchestra are weaving into the expanding pattern of the whole. Accordingly, as he measured the tone of his bow and strings, so Dr. Muck measured the tone of the assembled instruments. The long introduction became as suave and airy preluding; the violinist's "passage-work" and cadenza in the first movement as light filigree upon a tonal background as adeptly shaded; violinist and orchestra sang the songful passages in intimate introspective voice; the

slow movement was linked sweetness drawn into the smoothest and subtlest of euphonies; the finale was gently rhythmed, elegantly paced, half-tinted. The listener heard violinist, conductor and orchestra as he might hear a singer when for the exercise of her most adroit artistry she subdues her voice by half. The pattern of the music became as embroidered arabesque—Beethoven in watercolor. Dr. Muck, Mr. Zimbalist, the band behind them, might have been at the other end of a music-room in twilight.

Grant this notion of the concerto, which Dr. Muck loyally and acutely accepted with pliant proportioning of tone, pace and accent to the will of the violinist, which the audience followed with the raptest of listening and the warmest of applause, and Mr. Zimbalist plays his part to perfection—even on a day when damp burrows into intonation. No hearer seemed more rapt than he—conscious only of violin, music, and the ends he sought. His voice insinuated itself into the concerto rather than entered it—soft, round, undulating, finely modulated, gently colored, superlatively supple and subtle. As the orchestral voices continued the design of the music, his, blending with them, ornamented it with a plastic and placid loveliness, or taking the melody to itself, it spun phrase out of phrase into an edgeless, jointless strand of tone in subdued flow, of subdued brightness. The cadenza, so played, became as music of fanciful and not displayful filament; the transitions were meltings of one voice into many. The embroidery of the slow movement brought like lovely and astute euphonies, like grace of phrase, like sustaining of the silken thread of the music, however finely spun. The deftness of rhythm, the fluency of phrase, the gossamer delicacy of gleaming tone made the finale a music of light and air. Nowhere did Mr. Zimbalist miss the sentiment; nowhere did he fall short of due elegance; seldom has the concerto seemed so adroit, smooth-surfaced, mellifluous to an artful violin. Yet all this loveliness was miniature, a little dry, somewhat studied, a Beethoven by no means lifeless, but hushed, smoothed, graced, beyond even the necessities of a Mozartean virtuoso music.

Skriabin's "Poem of Ecstasy," virtually played for the first time here, since Mr. Fiedler made a sorry and bewildered botch of it seven years ago, maintained these contrasts of a highly diversified programme. The orchestra had mastered a piece, exacting in the compass it requires of many an instrument, in unexpected interval, in intricate weaving of parts and voices. Dr. Muck sought only to find unclouded and undiminished speech for a Skriabin whose voice and whose passion are all his own. The audience heard intent, sometimes puzzled, sometimes stirred, never unimpressed

and at the end heartily applause. To listen coolly, detachedly, analytically, was to hear a music of impeccable, even orthodox form, unspringing from a few vivid motives, creating itself out of itself, however intensive or changeable the mood. Seldom in it does the fit means to the desired end seem to evade Scriabin. Yet to hear it was also to note occasional strange fashioning of chords and stranger

derivations from them, harmonies that to academic ears are rather dissonances, and an instrumental color singular in persistent and significant use of the trumpets and subtle in the division and sub-division of the strings—a color that was less definable tonal tint for tonal tint than an iridescent mantle over the whole. Never was this color merely imposed; always it was intrinsic in the substance and the passion of the music. Constructively, Scriabin had a mind as well as emotions, and skill no less than sensation. Grant him his inch of individuality and there is no questioning the ell of music into which he logically expands it. Call him mad, as some of his Russian detractors used to do, but there is expert method in the madness.

To hear not only mentally and analytically, but in emotional response and yielding to the personal revelation, as it seemed, of the tone-poem, was to experience a strangely painful music. Chalkowski, brooding over temperamental foreboding, restlessness and woe, found comfort when in music he had released to the world his passion and pain. Scriabin, consumed by introspective ardors, aspirations, struggles, sensations, found like solace when in music he had laid bare and even intensified these spiritual agonies and conflicts. The trumpet motive that soon flames across "The Poem of Ecstasy," soars up and down within it, pierces pits of despair, irradiates heights of desire—the imperious call of will and masterdom—sinks deeper and deeper into the ear and imagination. As it haunts the tone-poem, so it haunts the listener. The ear hears it as the Miltonic eye saw the comet, engrossed, effaced. There is genius, in the narrower sense of the word, in the invention and the enforcement of it.

The rest seems manifold and agonized struggle to attain the dominion over self that this motive embodies. It is an entirely self-contained, wholly logical, even formally orthodox music; yet hear it all a-whirr with tremulous desire for spiritual release and confidence; shrieking high, sharp, thin as in a frenzy of such aspiration; thickening into tense insistence; groping darkly toward the goal; shining for an instant in the radiance of it; thrust back; scaling the air anew with incredible lightness; caressing the vision as in sensuous intoxication; mounting, mounting, mounting until it is caught into the final might and majesty of this universal will; swaying for an instant—another stroke of

genius—in ethereal calm; then clasped anew by that resistless dominance. A music that aches upon the receiving senses; that racks the heart; that is anything, everything, but the ecstasy naming it; that to the non-Slavic mind works almost a horror at such piteous yet pitiless self-revelation; but a music that, like or unlike, denounce or extol, only genius—not talent—writes, stripped, bleeding, unashamed. H. T. P.

ORCHESTRA HEARD IN SRIABIN WORK

Monitor—Oct. 20/17
"Poem of Ecstasy" Presented—
Mr. Zimbalist Takes Part in
Beethoven's Violin Concerto

Boston Symphony Orchestra, Karl Muck, conductor; Efrem Zimbalist, soloist—Second program, presented in Symphony Hall, Boston, Mass., afternoon of Oct. 19, 1917: Sibelius, "Finlandia," symphonic poem for orchestra, op. 26, No. 7; Scriabin, "The Poem of Ecstasy," op. 54; Beethoven, concerto in D major for violin, op. 61; Enesco, Rumanian rhapsody in A major, op. 11, No. 1.

Every musical composition, good or bad, must be regarded as having elemental subject-matter from which the whole thing is evolved. There cannot conceivably be a symphony, a symphonic poem or any example of tone architecture whatever but has a nucleus of material of some kind, melodic material, no doubt, in the majority of cases, whence it all grows. This is probably the universal on which most criticism and appreciation of music rests. Listeners may sometimes fancy that they judge a composition by its entire effect, as performed. But if they examine their thoughts carefully, they will surely find themselves going back to the starting point of the composer and asking what notes or sounds he selected in the beginning as those on which he should build his structure. Somehow they know in their hearts that on the man's original choice and on the motives of understanding that impelled him to it, depend the force and value of his product.

The Scriabin "Poem of Ecstasy," which Dr. Muck presented on Friday afternoon, illustrates a choice of fun-

damental material which has at once the mark of strangeness and of sincerity. The work, considered from the standpoint of sonorities, is novel, forsooth; and yet it is made of stuff which symphony builders in former days knew existed, and which they rejected as ugly and unfit. Shrill registers of the stringed instruments and harsh combinations of the wind instruments are made essential use of in all expository passages; and they are kept sounding, what is more, without relief of a mellow and agreeable moment throughout the piece. Things pleasant to listen to are avoided, doubtless in agreement with ideas set forth in the verses of the composer, bearing the same title as the music, of which an English rendering was given in the program book of the concert. For veritably Scriabin started composing his orchestral poem where he started meditating his literary one—

"On the heights of negation."

And on those heights he stayed to the end. Perhaps he was not so much exalted as he deemed himself. He may, indeed, have been only a pillar saint's distance from the common ground. But in any case, by remaining at his chosen level, he achieved the illusion of the ecstatic, which was his main aim.

Still further is Scriabin, the poet, apologist for Scriabin, the composer; or, if one pleases, for Scriabin, the philosopher. Strenuous negation, he points out in the verses, and he seems likewise to argue in the music, is the means whereby a man can assert command over the world; the means, in other words, whereby he, Alexander Scriabin, of the modern Russian school of tone thinkers, can declare his belief in the freedom of the will. With irresistible ardor as an instrumentalist, and with compelling logic as a melodist and a harmonist, he defends his side of a great question. If only he stood on the other side, he might, his intellectual zeal and thoroughness considered, deserve to be called the Jonathan Edwards of symphonic dialecticians.

"The Poem of Ecstasy" needed the contrast of music dealing with things external and concrete. Accordingly, the bombastic fiddlings and trumpetings with which Sibelius character-

izes the Finnish folk and the merry, long-winded tunes with which Enesco characterizes the Rumanians were welcome. The impassioned and noble themes of Beethoven, too, had a grateful sound, especially with a solo violinist of Mr. Zimbalist's technical refinement and delicate interpretative sensibilities voicing them. The soloist gave his hearers a half hour of serene and exquisite delight that they may wait long to have equaled, and he won the reward of their warmest applause.

Symphony Plays to First Sold Out House of Season

Traveler—Oct. 20/17

Full measure and running over was the offering to patrons of the Symphony concert in Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon. The program was as follows: Sibelius, "Finlandia"; Scriabin, "The Poem of Ecstasy"; Beethoven, violin concerto (Mr. Zimbalist, violinist); Enesco, Roumanian Rhapsody, No. 1.

And what a concert it was! Sibelius, Scriabin, Beethoven and Enesco all on one program and with that sterling artist Efrem Zimbalist, the Russian violinist, for soloist. Small wonder that the audience became more and more enthusiastic as the concert progressed. Small wonder that Dr. Muck was thrice recalled at the intermission and Zimbalist so many times after his number that doubt began to be felt about the concert being finished. Memories of such a concert are to be treasured.

The beautiful "Finlandia" was grandly played. Scriabin, ever riotous, fairly outdoes himself in "Ecstasy." Beethoven, soloist and orchestra, proved a happy combination in the concerto, a grand work, superbly given. Then came more riot with Enesco. It can be said of Enesco, however, that his "spree" leaves a better taste in the mouth than Scriabin's.

It was fitting, therefore, that the "sold out" sign, so familiar whenever the orchestra plays away from home and becoming more and more so at Symphony Hall, should make its debut for the season yesterday afternoon.

ZIMBALIST PLAYS

Adv. — Oct. 13/17
Appears at Symphony Concerts
As First Soloist of
The Season

SCRIABIN'S "POEM" PROGRAM FEATURE

The second pair of Symphony concerts, which will be given in Symphony Hall Friday afternoon, Oct. 19, and Saturday evening, Oct. 20, will present the first soloist of the season in the very distinguished Russian violinist, Efrem Zimbalist. Mr. Zimbalist has appeared but once with the orchestra, several years ago, when he played a not very interesting concerto for violin by the Russian composer, Glazounoff. This time Mr. Zimbalist will play the Beethoven Concerto.

Every now and then Dr. Muck gives a program which contains no symphony, and no symphony will be played at these second concerts. The orchestral pieces will be the "Finlandia" of Sibelius, Scriabin's "Le Poeme de l'Extase" and the brilliant Rumanian Rhapsody in a major of Enesco.

All of these works are familiar to the Symphony audiences, except the Symphonic Poem of the Russian Scriabin. This has appeared on only one program, that which was played Friday afternoon, Oct. 21, and Saturday evening, Oct. 22, 1910, under Mr. Fiedler. It is unusual music and was received at the time by the audience with much mixed feelings, but seven years has made such progress in the understanding of ultra-modern music that undoubtedly it will make a much deeper impression now than it did then.

It was performed for the first time in America by the Russian Symphonist Society in New York in December, 1908. According to Mr. Modest Altschuler, who was with Scriabin when the latter was working on the Poem in Switzerland in the summer of 1907, the composer has sought to express something of the emotional side of his philosophy of life. The first is the

composer's soul in the orgy of love; the second, the realization of a fantastical dream; and the third, the glory of his own art. It is said that the subject of "Le Poeme de l'Extase" begins where that of "Le divin Poeme" leaves off. The composer wrote the Poem as a program for his musical composition.

The program in its proper order is as follows:—
Sibelius, "Finlandia," Symphonic Poem for Orchestra, Op. 26, No. 7.
Scriabin, Symphonic Poem, "Le Poeme de l'Extase," Op. 54.
Beethoven, Concerto for violin and orchestra in D major, Op. 61.
Enesco, Rhapsodie Roumaine in A major, Op. 11, No. 1.
Soloist, Efrem Zimbalist.

The first Symphony concert of the season in Cambridge will be given in Sanders Theatre next Thursday evening, Oct. 18, at 8 o'clock. The soloist will be the brilliant Brazilian pianist, Guiomar Novaes, who then makes her first appearance with the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Later in the season, she is to play in Boston with the orchestra.

Miss Novaes is regarded as the most talented young woman pianist who has appeared in America in many years, and her performances with the Symphony Orchestra will be watched with interest by all who care for piano playing. She will play the Fourth Concert of Beethoven, that in G major.

The program of this concert comprises the first Symphony of the Finnish composer Sibelius, that in E minor; Beethoven's G major Concerto for piano and orchestra; and Berlioz's Overture "King Lear."

Miss Novaes Plays with the Symphony Orchestra in Cambridge—Her Rare Qualities as Musician and Virtuosa—Sibelius's First Symphony Again

Trans. — Oct. 19, 1917
THE Symphony Orchestra returned to Cambridge last evening with a programme not only delightful and eventful, but compiled particularly for the occasion. It contained only one number so far played or announced in Boston—Berlioz's overture to "King Lear." The other orchestral piece was the first symphony of Sibelius, which, it seems, has always been carefully singled out for Cambridge in past seasons, whereby a great fondness has grown for it there. Further, the Cambridge people are so complaisant with soloists as to greet one at all times with no shade of regret, whereas

the Bostonians have showed their strong liking for an initial concert purely orchestral. Hence Miss Guiomar Novaes, the pianist assisted the orchestra, with the high repute and the high vogue that she gained last year, justly to herald her. Only once, hitherto, and in recital has she played hereabouts and those who had not heard her play, could not have had a more characteristic introduction than through the pages of Beethoven's Concerto in G major. If a woman choose that piece in the face of endless showy possibilities, you may almost presume her to be the finest kind of an artist. It is, perhaps, by virtue of its persuasive loveliness and placid repose the woman's concerto "par excellence," as "The Emperor" is the man's.

Miss Novaes confirmed the supposition by her performance. Her calm assurance and self-possession, unruffled alike before orchestra and applause, proved the mask of solid musicianship, complete mastery of her instrument, and response to the stiller depths of poetry which the music calls forth. She made the concerto no contest in keyboard galloping, but interpolated the ornament of the first and last parts as it was intended—delicately cut, subdued, unostentatious. Such playing is the clearest possible test and proof of technical skill. When the softest music holds the attention most closely; when every note is distinct and faultless; when the pianist misses nothing in the shadings of the pianissimo passages, in the minutely graduated rise and fall which is the breath of life in Beethoven's music, in the whisperings into silence before the orchestra; then there is no bald display of virtuosity, but plainly enough the firmest control of fingers, and a muscular precision that no roaring chord may demand. Only in the cadenzas must conditions change, and let us suppose that Miss Novaes took them merely as a duty.

The music proper seemed peculiarly to suit Miss Novaes's nature. She took it as slowly as anyone could, even beyond the wont of Dr. Muck, but, since the music always touches upon the ferm of dialogue, the recurring suggestion of contrast tended to heighten the effectiveness. In the slow portion she lingered jealously over every chord, extracting the utmost of its poetry and prolonging the hushed spell of her part. As an individual she did not overstep the license of the solo passages, being guided by rare emotional intuition to poetic accord with the composer. Moreover, there was a mutual enrichment of personality between composer and pianist; while Dr. Muck could not be in any degree at variance with Beethoven so truly interpreted. The suspense and the lovely magic of the music held the audience from beginning to end in the silence of full subjection. It is open to question whether there lives among women pianists any to sound more deeply the poetic significance of the Concerto in G minor.

As for the remainder of the programme, the symphony of Sibelius is a delight to bring forth once and again. In spite of direct and even obvious appeal, surface beauties, and "early influences," the first charm of the music does not wear away. Now, the pungent, "local" characteristics attract as much by familiarity as by novelty. There is still intense pleasure in the eloquently melodic themes which make the music sing as one listens, and persist in the memory afterwards. Perhaps there is a binding passage or two, a rather too "correct" contrapuntal manipulation which Sibelius might now improve upon in the light of his present maturer and more individual style. But the spontaneous melody, the plaint of the slow movement, the grotesque and sturdy fancy of the scherzo, the frenzies of accumulating rhythm and sound, the captivating oddities and twists in orchestral development—all glorify this first symphony of Sibelius. They remain in the fourth, but in the greatly changed aspect of stylistic growth and maturity.

The overture to "King Lear" will stand no such test of endurance—indeed, a single week seems a long life. One, two and even three hearings bring much pleasure—also satiety. To wander with Berlioz before the sunlit Italian sea, to share his ardent and immoderate enthusiasm in the discovery of a masterpiece (there is no more than that of "King Lear" in the music).

FIRST OF THE SMITH CONCERTS

Trans. — Oct. 24/17
Boston Symphony Orchestra at the College Tonight—Note.

Northampton Oct. 24 (Special)—The Boston Symphony Orchestra, Karl Muck, director, will give the first of the Smith College series of concerts for this year this evening. Mr. Arthur Ware Locke of the department of music will be the soloist for the orchestra. For the benefit of those interested, Mr. Henry Dike Sleeper, head of the department of music, assisted by Mr. Sessions and Mr. Moog, analyzed the symphony programme yesterday afternoon.

Miss Susan D. Huntington, head of the American College in Madrid, Spain, spoke before the students in the Spanish department yesterday afternoon on "Political Conditions in Spain."

President William Allan Neilson spoke this morning at the Central High School in Springfield in behalf of the Second Liberty Loan. He also represented Smith at the annual celebration of Founder's Day at Mount Holyoke College yesterday.

The speaker at the Christian Association meeting last evening was Mrs. Henry Peabody, trustee of Ginling College, Nanking, China.

Professor John C. Hildt of the department of history will lecture tomorrow afternoon under the auspices of the department of education on "Student Life in the Mediaeval Universities."

34

Mr. EFREM ZIMBALIST, violinist, was born in Rostoff, Russia, in 1889. His father was an orchestral conductor there. At the age of nine the boy was playing Spohr's concertos in public. When he was twelve he was playing in Petrograd and Moscow and he began to study with Leopold Auer, who taught him for several years. At the Petrograd Conservatory, he won the gold medal presented by the Russian Government and a special prize of 1,200 roubles, a gift for two years. He played for the first time in Berlin in November, 1907, with the Philharmonic Orchestra. He made his first appearance in London, December 9, 1907, with the London Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Langdon Ronald (Tschaikowsky's Concerto and Lalo's Symphonie



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SEASON 1917--18.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

Dr. KARL MUCK, Conductor.

THIRD PROGRAMME

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 26, AT 2.30 P.M.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 27, AT 8 P.M.

BRAHMS,

SYMPHONY in E minor, No. 4, op. 98

- I. Allegro non troppo
- II. Andante moderato
- III. Allegro giocoso
- IV. Allegro energico e passionato

RACHMANINOFF,

SYMPHONIC POEM for full Orchestra to "Der Toteninsel," ("The Island of the Dead") the picture by A. Böcklin, op. 39

DEBUSSY,

SUITE SYMPHONIQUE, "Printemps"

- I. Très modéré
- II. Modéré

Mason & Hamlin Pianoforte

Mr. EFREM ZIMBALIST, violinist, was born in Rostoff, Russia, in 1889. His father was an orchestral conductor there. At the age of nine the boy was playing Spohr's concertos in public. When he was twelve he was playing in Petrograd and Moscow and he began to study with Leopold Auer, who taught him for several years. At the Petrograd Conservatory, he won the gold medal presented by the Russian Government and a special prize of 1,200 roubles, a gift for two years. He played for the first time in Berlin in November, 1907, with the Philharmonic Orchestra. He made his first appearance in London, December 9, 1907, with the London Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Langdon Ronald (Tschaikowsky's Concerto and Lalo's Symphonie Espagnole).

His first performance in the United States was at a concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra in Boston, October 27, 1911, when he played Glazounoff's Concerto, Op. 82, for the first time in this city.

Mr. Zimbalist has given these concerts in Boston:—

1911, November 14, with Max Chotzinoff, pianist (York Bowen's Suite in D, first time in Boston); November 20.

1913, March 17.

Alma GLUCK — Efrem ZIMBALIST
Soprano — Violinist

Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1917--18.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

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IMPORTANT NOTICE

The attention of the Subscribers to and Patrons of the Symphony Concerts is called to the opening paragraph of Title VII., Section 700, of the Federal Act of October 3, 1917, with reference to admissions to concerts, entitled "*An Act to provide revenue to defray war expenses, and for other purposes.*" It reads as follows:

That from and after the first day of November, nineteen hundred and seventeen, there shall be levied, assessed, collected, and paid (a) a tax of 1 cent for each 10 cents or fraction thereof of the amount paid for admission to any place, including admission by season ticket or subscription, to be paid by the person paying for such admission.

SYMPHONY GIVES THIRD CONCERT

Herald — *Oct. 27 '17*
Rachmaninoff's "The Island of
the Dead" Has a Place
on Program.

WILL BE REPEATED TONIGHT

By PHILIP HALE.

The third concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Muck, conductor, took place in Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon. The program was as follows: Brahms, Symphony No. 4; Rachmaninoff, symphonic poem, "The Island of the Dead"; Debussy, symphonic suite, "Spring."

Rachmaninoff's symphonic poem seeks to express in music the picture of the same name by Arnold Boecklin. The mood of this picture is one of awful quiet; a stillness, like that found by Swinburne in the garden of Proserpine:

Then star nor sun shall waken,
Nor any change of light;
Nor sound of waters shaken,
Nor any sound or sight;
Nor wintry leaves nor vernal,
Nor days nor things diurnal;
Only the sleep eternal
In an eternal night.

But this Russian composer saw other things in the picture that the idle spectator does not see; probably they escaped the painter himself.

For in Rachmaninoff's music there is the suggestion of the last great day, the Day of Wrath, with the dead before the Judgment Seat. And on this island are despairing, tormented, shrieking souls, miserable and infinite wailing, hands outstretched in defiant and impotent rage. Puccini might envy certain pages of this music for the second act of his "Tosca."

Could Rachmaninoff have succeeded in a symphonic poem "to Boecklin's picture" without a betrayal of the painter? No composer of ordinary sense and controlled imagination would

attempt to write music for Poe's prose poem "Silence." It is true that a French musician, Cabaner, once said: "To express silence in music I should need three brass bands," but from his music that we have seen it is safe to believe that Cabaner was more brilliant and original in paradox than in composition. Any piece truly illustrative of Boecklin's picture would necessarily be very short, for the imitative monotony would soon vex the hearer. No, there was need of a strong contrast, of a tumultuous middle section. To excuse this on aesthetic grounds the fancy of the composer outstripped that of the painter.

When Rachmaninoff conducted this symphonic poem in Boston, the reading of the whole was more subdued. The lamentation was less poignant; the entrance of the "Dies Irae" was a hint of the burial, not of the terrible day beyond the grave. Nor was the general effect of the music lessened thereby; on the contrary, the mood of the picture was strongly reproduced by what might paradoxically be called the stillness of the performance. The ferryman rowed noiselessly; the sea was calm; no shriek of woe came from the white figure near the coffin. Dr. Muck's rendering, on the other hand, was intensely emotional and dramatic.

While the second movement of Brahms' fourth symphony is among the most beautiful and human of his works, the other movements are autumnal and austere, at times granitic. There is nothing in this symphony so demoniacal in energy and compelling in appeal as the first movement of Brahms' first symphony and the first of the third; nothing so noble and inspiring as the introduction to the final of the first. Too many pages in this fourth symphony show the composer the slave of formalism. As Ernest Newman well says: "The danger of a transmitted classical technic in any art is that now and then it tempts its practitioners to talk—and allows them to talk quite fluently—when they have really nothing of vital importance to say."

The concert would have been complete if it had ended with the music of Rachmaninoff. Two compositions of the length and importance of the symphony and the symphonic poem are enough. Debussy's suite, though an early work, is hardly a hat and overcoat piece.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The program of the concerts next week will be as follows: Sibelius, Symphony No. 4; Saint-Saens, Concerto No. 2 for the piano (Frances Nash, pianist); Beethoven, overture, Lenore, No. 3.

SYMPHONY PLAYS

"ISLAND OF DEAD"

Adm. ——— *Oct. 27/17*
Tone Poem by Rachmaninoff
Is Great and Noble Work,
Finely Played

SPRINGTIME SUITE BY DEBUSSY IS PLEASING

Orchestral Program Is Best
Suited to Concert, But Not
So Popular With Public

By LOUIS C. ELSON
 PROGRAM

Brahms, Symphony in E minor.
 Rachmaninoff, "The Island of the Dead,"
 Symphonic Poem.
 Debussy, "Printemps," Symphonic Suite.

We cannot too often state that the purely orchestral program is the one best suited to the true character of these concerts. A prima donna, a favorite tenor, give an operatic flavor to the occasion that is not pleasant to the symphonic auditor. Yet the great public emphatically dissent from this opinion. The waiting line for second balcony seats shows this clearly. Let there be a noble program, such as that of yesterday afternoon, and a few faithful ones will be waiting for admission, but let the most decrepit opera singer with a 19th century reputation appear and there will be a line forming in the early morning hours and extending around the entire block. It is evidently "Vox Populi, Vox Prima Donna!" even if it be not good Latin.

Dr. Muck cannot give us as great a surprise, a revelation, with the Brahms fourth Symphony as he once did with the first. It is a work which has not so much hidden within it as the first or the second symphony, yet it has all the skill of the great master.

Brahms, somewhat like Reger, used to take unpromising figures and then astonish the auditor by what thoughts he could evolve from them by development. There is something of this kind in the unpromising figure of the first movement of this symphony, which is, however, treated in a manner which Reger could never attain, and creates a movement full of beauty.

The Variations of the Finale are another instance of the skill of the master. A more sterile figure, or theme, could scarcely be imagined, a mere diatonic scale in fact, yet it is changed—

"Into something rich and strange" long before Brahms has done with it. And the variations were made exceptionally clear in the reading and performance, so that the Finale was more than usually enjoyable. Yet we cannot help thinking that skill takes precedence over emotion in this particular symphony (especially if it is compared with the second), always excepting the second movement, where the andante becomes a movement of dreamy beauty that makes it a veritable gem. The performance of the entire work was masterly.

Last week we found emptiness and deliberate ugliness (even if combined with great orchestral skill) in Scriabin's "Poeme de l'Extase;" this week we had a modern work pregnant with poetry as well as skill, a work which shows that a heavy scoring need not always smother out emotion, that real ideas can be combined with great tone-coloring. Rachmaninoff's "Totentanz" is a great and noble work, with which familiarity breeds only increased enthusiasm. Tennyson's lines

"And the dead, steered by the dumb,
 Went upwards with the flood."
 might well describe the impressive solemnity of the beginning and ending of this work. That wave figure, played by the violoncellos, gives as strong a suggestion of loneliness as the opening figure of Mendelssohn's Hebrides overture. And in spite of the vaster and more modern vein of Rachmaninoff, there was a thought of Mendelssohn brought up by the island subject. Muted brasses, pizzicato contrabasses, gave a sense of mystery and dread and evil, but the central portion of the work flares up into tragedy, and might picture a modern battlefield at night, after the combat. But the coda is remarkably awe-inspiring with its long organ-point, and the recurrence of the lonely figure of the beginning.

Then the concert ended with Debussy's views about spring. We wish that some modern composer would take up the subject of spring in New England. That would be a subject on which he could vent all his bitterness. He could have an umbrella motive, and turn it inside out by inversion; he could have gripe sneezes on the oboe, accompanied by kettledrum, and he might picture the approach of the mustard plaster, upon the piccolo. There is nothing of this kind in Debussy's Suite, possibly because he wrote it in Rome. It is to us one of the most enjoyable of Debussy's orchestral works. It is short, only two movements, and must not be confounded with the composer's "Rondes de Printemps," which is not as fine a work.

Debussy is never prolix and never heavy in scoring, therefore the composition was admirably placed, in contrast with Rachmaninoff's heavier orchestration. The first movement was pensive and gentle, the second more powerful and had a note of triumph. Here the scoring was a little heavier than Debussy's wont. But the chief characteristic of the composition was the skilful interweaving of a four-hand piano part through its measures. The introduction of the piano, not as a solo instrument, but as an integral tone color in the score of an orchestra was done even seventy years ago by Glinka and St. Saens. Tschalkowsky, Berlioz, and many others have since then used the effect; but we do not know an instance where the instrument is so finely interwoven into the fabric as in this suite. Messrs. DeVoto and Nagel deserve credit for the manner in which this important "obligato" was played.

Especially in the second movement was Debussy more masculine than usual. Here there were sharp contrasts, bold use of piccolo and of kettle drum, and some very effective harp work, which was exquisitely played by Mr. Holy.

Here was a very intelligible Debussy. An eight-noted figure was very intelligibly developed, and the entire composition could be followed by the musical auditor without calling impressionism to his aid. Yet, as with all the numbers of this program, the music was a little over the heads of the average auditor.

Altogether then, this was a concert which both mystical, modern and

conservative classicist could enjoy from beginning to end. Every number was poetic and sane, classical and emotional numbers were in contrast, both light and heavy scoring were presented, and no better opportunity to study the glories of our orchestra could be imagined, even if some of the works were too subtly developed to be fully understood by all of the public.

AUTUMN

MUSIC BY

SYMPHONY

Post ——— *Oct. 27/17*
Brilliant Performance

of Brahms's
Fourth

BY OLIN DOWNES

The programme of the concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Karl Muck conductor, yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall, was the most interesting and perhaps, also, the most brilliantly interpreted, thus far, of the programmes of the season. Brahms's fourth symphony, with its autumnal mood and coloring; Rachmaninoff's "Isle of the Dead," after the famous pictures of Boecklin, and Debussy's charming suite, "Printemps," made the list.

To each of its items Dr. Muck brought his finest gifts as an interpreter, and the implicit obedience and response of the players to his wishes. There was no soloist, which was well, since the performance of any soloist would have compared poorly with the eloquence of the orchestra.

DR. MUCK'S ARTISTRY

The symphony of Brahms towers higher with the passing of the years. The E minor symphony, long considered the most austere of the four that Brahms composed, is likely to outlast certain of its predecessors, in former years more popular. The noble melancholy, the cool beauty, the originality of this music, and the superb mastery of its structure, give it a unique place in orchestral literature. The performance was so eloquent that it would be folly to discuss it from the interpretative point of view. Seldom has the art of the conductor been more impressive.

Similarly with the playing of Rachmaninoff's tone poem. Unless memory entirely fails us, Dr. Muck's conception of this music has altered somewhat since his last performance of it in November, 1915. Formerly the composition had with Dr. Muck a more objective and literally effect character than it had when the composer conducted the initial performance at the Boston Symphony concerts of Dec. 18 and 19, 1909. A contemplative, mystical quality was more evident in Rachmaninoff's interpretation than in Dr. Muck's. But yesterday the conductor's feeling was so deep and so faithful to the intention of the composer that every hearer communed with his spirit. This spirit is rather of the calm, the mystery, the majesty of death, than the hyper-emotionalism of, for instance, Tchaikovsky when he thought of the end that meets all. True, the poem is wildly dramatic, but the passage makes only the more impressive the pervading darkness of coloring and solemnity of mood. In no other pages of which we know has Rachmaninoff attained such profound and majestic expression.

The audience was deeply impressed by this music, which today may well have double significance for anyone, in any land. The early suite of Debussy was none the less welcome, if only as a fortunate contrast to what had gone before. This music shows occasional immaturity in the development of the ideas, which do not expand in a manner always logical and continuous in thought, but it is delicious music none the less, full of youth, genius and the loveliness of nature. Already in this early work there is original instrumentation, the sensitive coloring, the feeling for unconventional harmony, the spirit of a young man, a new talent, with much to say. The concert was an engrossing one, one to be treasured in the memory.

WORKS OF HEAVY SCORING PLAYED

Monitor — *Oct. 27/17*
Music of Brahms, Rachmaninoff
and Debussy Heard at Third
Concert of Boston Orchestra

Boston Symphony Orchestra, Karl Muck, Conductor—Third program, presented in Symphony Hall, Boston, Mass., afternoon of Oct. 26, 1917: Brahms, fourth symphony in E minor, op. 98; Rachmaninoff, "Island of the Dead," symphonic poem, op. 29; Debussy, "Printemps," symphonic suite.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra public on Friday had a severe task in listening set before it, being asked to reconsider three ponderously scored works of the German, Russian and French schools. A concert audience in any city of the United States except Boston might, perhaps, have an uneasy time sitting up to such a responsibility. But the arbiters of musical taste who assembled to hear Dr. Muck's interpretations clearly rejoiced in a chance to register their appraisal of the symphony, the symphonic poem and the suite, and to let the world know how they feel just now toward Brahms, Rachmaninoff and Debussy.

The matinee hearers expressed pleasure in the Brahms symphony in E minor, taking delight in its lucidity of structure and in its optimistic, not too confident, outlook. They found much to attract them also in the slow movement, in spite of frequent turgidities of instrumentation and notwithstanding the rather artificial atmosphere of romance which prevails. Moreover, they liked the scherzo, rude though at times the fun of it is, and—a bad example for Strauss—ungentle the jesting.

The Rachmaninoff "Island of the Dead" in no less measure they commended. Did they like it on association's account, remembering when the composer, as visiting conductor, produced it in that very hall some years ago? How illusively a transmutation of an oil painting into orchestral tones the piece seemed then! It is just music now. Mellifluous music, too, at the beginning and for a while afterward, but growing harsh in

sound and uncertain in expressive aim along toward the close, when a climax is sought.

The "Printemps" suite, doubtless because by Debussy, held in the hall many of those who ordinarily leave before the last number. But it did not give a full Debussian reward. For being a youthful work rewritten in the composer's maturity, it has a mixture of styles. It has much the same dubious charm as Debussy's opera transcription of his conservatory prize cantata, "L'Enfant Prodigue," which in the days of the French enthusiasm at the Boston Opera the public enduringly applauded.

A public that aspires to guide in any degree the rest of the world in musical aesthetics, particularly one that wants to be considered authoritative in its orchestral appreciation, must willingly do some hard listening now and then, as the Boston Symphony public did on this occasion. It must be patient to hear again works which it formerly passed judgment on and be conscientious to redetermine their value. It must keep careful hand on that bag which is known as the repertory, and be quick to take poor things out and to put good things in.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT

Trans. — *Oct. 27/17*
AN AFTERNOON OF CONTINUOUS PLEASURE

A Stimulating Programme, and Orchestra and Conductor at the Top of Their Powers — The Masterpiece That Is Brahms's Fourth Symphony—Rachmaninoff's Pictorial Music of "The Isle of the Dead" — The Italy of Debussy's Early, and Also Late, Suite of Spring

FROM the first measure to the last, the Symphony Concert of yesterday afternoon gave keen, diversified and almost continuous pleasure, above either predecessor of the new season. Familiar pieces—Brahms's symphony in E minor and Rachmaninoff's tone-poem, "The Isle of the Dead"—filled the major part of the programme; while, if the final number upon it—Debussy's symphonic suite, "Spring"—was ostensi-

bly unfamiliar, having been played only once before "at these concerts," it is near enough kin to the Parisian's wonted music, to fall upon prepared ears. Dr. Muck warmly received, twice recalled at the end of the symphony and once, unusually at the close of the concert, was at the top of his powers, in music after his own individual heart. Rarely has even he conducted with such vitality of rhythm, propulsion and recession of upswinging climax, sense of long and various melodic line, and changeful glow of tonal color, mental warmth and exhilarated feeling as he brought to Brahms's symphony. To Rachmaninoff's grave and noble symphonic poem he lent a subdued or an intensified splendor of tone, an amplitude and a depth of imagery that made it seem, for once, as some great fresco in sound, akin, say, to Tintoretto's "Joys of Paradise" upon the walls of Venice or to what Rubens, the rich, might have made of the next world had he ever shifted his brush and imagination from the goodly present of this life.

As for the piece from Debussy's youthful years, surely much reworked in middle age, conductor and orchestra clothed it in a shimmering sunniness of tone, a rhythmic ardor, Italian warmth and Parisian elegance that held matter, manner and utterance in a perfect unity and brightness. In fact, throughout the afternoon, the orchestra was no less a flawless than an animate instrument; or more truly, not an instrument, but an hundred virtuosos playing as one, equally capable of the mellow and Rembrandtian gold of Brahms's harmonic and instrumental color; of the stark power or the whispering tremors of Rachmaninoff's varying voice; or of the sheen and resiliency of Debussy's little fantasy. Not a shadow clouded the afternoon, unless it was the "Important Notice" slipped between leaves of the programme-book to inform all concerned that our august masters at Washington will tax admission to the Symphony Concerts from those of next week onward. After such pleasure as that of yesterday, they seem not only worth the tax, but sur-tax too.

Who shall say, in warmth of pleasure, whether Brahms's last symphony, heard on Friday afternoon, or his first of yet more familiar memory under Dr. Muck's hand, excels each the other? Hear the first, as it was played, for instance, last autumn, and it seems for the time to surpass the fourth. Hear the fourth as it came from orchestra and conductor yesterday, and the first for the instant will not match it. Better adjudge them the twin stars, set high in the musical heavens, of the composer's work. Above all, this final symphony in E minor is the symphony of Brahms's matured energy of conception and execution, of his ripened and ardent yet poised and measured powers. Energy

and beauty, too, leap out of the motive, swiftly become melody, at the beginning of the first movement—the magic of music at one stroke of the conjuror's wand. Follow it through that same Allegro and what vivacity of rhythm, what variety of illusory transformation, what momentary suffusions of new beauty, what returning pulse of new energy, the composer imparts. Here is music not only of substance and style, of beauty and power, but music that keeps all four at as high and glowing tension as answering mind and feeling may well endure. No measures of Brahms are freer from those halts wherein he is abstruse because he is weary and waiting; none is so full of that stringy force of tonal progress that plays upon the nerves or of that mellow richness of tonal color that warms mind and heart.

The succeeding Andante begins in like energy of invention and motion, in like rhythmic élan—hear the recurring staccato beats!—and melodic glow. Soon it softens into that golden haze of tranquil beauty which in impression upon the ear is like nothing so much as the deep and burnished browns in impression upon the eye of some of Rembrandt's maturer pictures. As his characteristic glow suffuses the whole canvas, so the like autumnal and sunset beauty of Brahms's coloring and shadowing of his melody suffuses this whole movement. Yet the energy that pervades the entire symphony will and does return, even though it be an energy of contemplation. In contrast, the Scherzo leaps with it—for once Brahms catches almost the lusty fling of Beethoven and Bruckner in such movements; but the energy yields again to the ardent beauty, autumnal though it may be, with which Brahms, in his quickening strings and mellowing wind-choir, must again suffuse the music.

Grant that for a few score measures at the beginning, the final Allegro does a little beat the air—Brahms not exactly fumbling at his chosen form of a chaconne but as yet not quite at ease with it. Soon, however, from the first entrance of the smooth and grave-voiced trombones, as aloof and afar as those of the Grail in "Parsifal" itself, the music regains propulsive power, becomes the Allegro Energico e Passionato of the composer's labeling; but, whereas the finale of the first symphony leaps exultingly forward to the goal of the climax, this finale of the fourth swells upward with a richness of voice and a majesty of progress that the other, with all its exuberance, does not quite match. The one is of the power and ardor of Brahms's symphonic youth; the other of the power and fulness of Brahms's symphonic maturity. Yet within easy memory there were those misliking and mistrusting these two masterpieces because they heard them in a clouded voice. Two illustrious conductors of our time—Mr. Nikisch and Dr. Muck—have done the music of

Brahms a service, not the least of their glories; for they, at last, have made him speak with true energy, beauty, vitality of utterance.

A picture, the celebrated "Isle of the Dead" by Böcklin in the Museum at Leipzig, reproduced only yesterday upon these pages, stirred Rakhmaninov to the composition of his like-named tone-poem, now heard for the fifth time in eight years—and deservedly—at a pair of Symphony Concerts. Since a picture suggested the music, it is interesting to listen to it as it were pictorially and to bring such a test to the obscurity of design with which the composer has often been reproached. Hearers everywhere are agreed to the quality and the illusion of the beginning and the end of the tone-poem wherein Rakhmaninov summons the remoteness, the silence, the infinite peace of this dwelling place of the dead in the chambers of the great cliffs, between the still cypresses, under the clear blue sky where wind stirs not nor the pale sun flickers. Yet the interpreters of the tone-poem and the imaginers of themselves into it, have exhausted their ingenuity of deduction upon the long middle passage wherein the Dies Irae sounds as on the day of judgment; wherein the music swells turbulently or whispers ecstatically, wherein it makes sudden gaunt descents as in the violoncellos, ascends as on tremulous wing in the solo passage for the violin, or strides as with the coming and the going of some majestic presence.

Once more, for these exercises in quickened and ingenious imagination, recall those great frescos that Flemish painters, like the van Eycks, and occasionally the Italians, laid above the high altars of great churches, with elementary desire to include as much as possible of the mystery of death and the judgment of the dead within their canvas. At the bottom, say, some mourning and human sepulture in a great tomb. Next, as though the dwelling place of the dead had opened at the crumpling of the world under the last trumpet, the gathering of spirits for the judgment. Higher still, the parting of the righteous and the unrighteous, the passing of the Divine Judge; the ecstatic passion of those that have seen God and endured; the turbulent passion of those that have looked upon Him only in shame to thrust themselves away. Highest of all, in the ethereal vault of heaven itself, the dove that is the eternal spirit of God in man. Remember Böcklin's picture; behind the cypresses, between the cliffs, is an arch of sky. Imagine the trees parted, the arch filled with some such fresco of death, resurrection, judgment, penalty, beatitude. Imagine it also painted in the lines and the colors of that much-debated middle music of Rakhmaninov's tone-poem. For the Russian has all his life haunted pictures and in this, his masterpiece thus far, is capable

of such high and commingled pictorial imaginings.

The secret of the Symphonic Suite that Debussy, student at the Villa Medici as winner of a Prix de Rome, sent back in 1887, as proof of fruitful studies, to the grave committee upon music of the Institute in Paris is locked in his own study table and in the recollection, if any there be, of Monsieur Saint-Saëns, who alone of that jury now survives. The rest of the world knows the suite only in the transcriptions for piano that Debussy made seventeen years later and the version for orchestra prepared when nearly ten more years had ripened and individualized his tonal speech and procedure. Perhaps the original pages did bear those highly Debussyan harmonies, chords, intervals, strokes of color with which the score now abounds. Perhaps the vividly rhythmed, sharply suspensive, quickly gathering and rapidly approaching finale, as of some popular fete, distant but drawing near, fore-shadow—and nearly a quarter of a century before!—the like concluding section of "Iberia," even as, with Italian suggestion substituted for Spanish, it seems now to imitate it. Perhaps and perhaps; no doubt an appendix to the "official biography" of Debussy will try to clear a matter now obscure enough. Meanwhile the unimpeachable ear bears clear evidence that the harmonic and instrumental dress of the suite is of a mature and even a mannered Debussy unless he was a very miracle of youthful precocity hidden in this particular music and to be found in no such degree in his other pieces of neighboring period.

All this, however, is for old dry-as-dusts in their cups, as it were, of investigation and speculation, and little concerns the pleasure of the music to ear and fancy or the illusion of the springtime and of a more or less poetized Italy that it works. For these pricking or caressing harmonies, these tingling intervals, these flashes of iridescent color, are but the vesture in the first movement of a lovely and transparent melody, soft of body and gentle of progress, voice and symbol of the warm stirrings, the quickened longings, the lightly coming fancies of spring, especially if it wax in Italian airs under Italian skies. Similarly, this vesture does but deepen the tang and quicken the stir of the fete of the people that in the second movement is as the glowing and ringing festival of Italianate spring.

For this tonal Italy of Debussy is not as the tonal Italy of Elgar, of Charpentier, of Strauss. Sir Edward meditated, as becomes a "thoughtful" English knight (who incidentally composes) before the ruins and other spectacles that Italy respectfully set before him, and made solemn musical memoranda, in an overture, of

his reflections. Charpentier, in his "Impressions," is all for a literal and often flamboyant Italy of the folk—Montmartre, as it might have been were it a Neapolitan and not a Parisian hill. Strauss, in his youthful symphony, "From Italy," merely lifts his material out of his notebooks of the journey, repeats it exactly or works it more Teutonico, to symphonic ends. In variance from all these, Debussy's Italy of tones is an Italy that the actual presence around him of that land and its folk merely conjured the more individually out of his own poetizing, glamoring, wayward imagination. H. T. P.

SYMPHONY CONCERT

Scale Oct. 27/16
Rachmaninoff's "Isle of the Dead" Played

Dr Muck Gives Noble Performance of Brahms' Symphony

Rachmaninoff's symphonic poem, "The Island of the Dead," a noble score in the Russian literature of the orchestra, has been conducted here twice, after a manner by Mr Fiedler, once prior to yesterday, by Dr Muck and at its first hearing in Boston eight years ago in December by the composer himself. Another hearing is welcome. It recalls with fresh poignancy the sombre cypresses pointing heavenward like spires and craggy rocks beneath them in Böcklin's haunting picture—the sea with the eternal rhythm of its waves, the boat propelled by its lonely ferryman, but for the silent figure kneeling beside the shrouded figure, the silence as of centuries which broods over all unbroken save by these bearers of the dead.

Unlike Rachmaninoff's symphony in E minor, with its homage to Tchaikowsky, notwithstanding its unmistakably characteristic passages, this score after Böcklin's painting does not show tinsel with wear. In expression as in subject, it is as a thing which has been and will be, enduring, eternal. The use of the Dies Irae in the last pages is not that of religious drama, of ritual or service to be played or sung, but as a terrible hymn of the ages, of the day of doom, of that which preceded man and will live long after he has met his Maker.

The spirit of the work is ever a sublimated thing, awesome, portentous, transporting. Becoming obvious in a material profile, it would lose the great

mystery of its stillness, a spell which the painter said must rest so deep as to be broken with a start should a door suddenly be opened.

Dr Muck favored yesterday a more positively outlined reading, a quicker and more absolute molding of phrase than memory recalls of him before. In the ascending mass of tone toward the superb climaxes he finds undoubtedly a greater pomp and its corresponding majesty. For some this is less the spirit of the painting than would be a development more inevitable if less perceptible, until the topmost crests of the climaxes seem a part of the silence which holds prisoner the island and its dead.

Dr Muck and the orchestra gave a noble reading and performance of Brahms' fourth symphony. The introspective cast of this music, its pervading seriousness, ascetic even in the whimsical, its dramatic breadth and fervor at its height in the last movement, the hint of the sensuous East in the song of the slow movement—all were as some great drama in tone, unfettered by text, eloquent in feeling. Appreciative applause followed for conductor and orchestra.

Debussy's early suite "Printemps," graceful music, diatonic and barely prophetic of the later augmented triad, pages with a melodic idea here or turn in expression there, which might have fallen out from the score of "Manon" or "Werther," found Dr Muck happily inclined and both movements were played exquisitely.

SYMPHONY ORCHESTRAS AND THE

Trans. NEW TAX Oct. 22 '17

Some Signs of a Sulking and Evasive Attitude That Does the Controlling Powers Little Credit—The Dilemma of the Managers Over Small Recitals—Delays at the Symphony Concerts of Friday Afternoons—The Emotional Hyperbole of Skriabin—Mr. Kreisler, New Pieces and Familiar Powers

THE controlling powers—directors, guarantors, managers—of symphony orchestras in the United States may hardly take a more mistaken course than to try to evade the war-tax soon to be levied on tickets to such concerts. Already the air is thick with rumors that one or another of them will raise a test-case under the new revenue law and that the rest will watch the litigation with a warmly benevolent interest. In some cities and States, it appears, such orchestras now escape local taxation on the ground that they are "educational institutions" not conducted for profit. The Federal act makes a similar exemption; and some believe or profess to believe that symphony concerts fall within it. In strict legality perhaps they

may, since few or none such series in the United States yield a profit and since the assertion that the public performance of music in opera house or concert-room is "educational" has become one of the unchallenged platitudes of a much-enduring time.

On the other hand, every man Jack of us who is paying his share in the new war-taxes, and usually paying it willingly, knows that at least two-thirds or three-quarters of the audiences that attend symphony concerts from Boston to San Francisco are a well-to-do public quite as able to bear the increased cost of their tickets as are the rest of us to bear that of many another necessity or luxury. He knows also, and often out of honest personal experience, that this public seeks the halls of music on a Friday afternoon or a Saturday evening for the pleasure it anticipates, without a thought of the much touted "education" it is about to receive. If there is one public more than another that should accept gracefully the tax upon admission to entertainments, it is the public frequenting opera houses and concert halls. For almost wholly, it consists of the well-to-do or of those who so enjoy the pleasures of music that they are willing to endure many economies to purchase them. The truth is that in attitude toward the new tax the managers of music are cutting a poor figure beside the managers of players. With one accord the directors of the theatres have accepted the new tax cheerfully and loyally and prepared to co-operate in the collection of it from the public; whereas not a few of the directors of concerts and opera sit grumbling and foreboding in their offices, rolling "test-cases" as a soft morsel under their tongues, mumbling over the "educational" fallacy and generally waiting for the Government to move upon them, as surely and righteously it will. If this is not a variety of "Slacking," then it is hard to name it.

The Real Managerial Dilemma

In one respect, however—and in all fairness be it said—the managers of concerts face an incidental outcome of the new tax on admissions, unlike any that threatens the producers of plays. Concerts by the Kreislers or the McCormacks of music will still fill halls to the doors, tax or no tax on the tickets. Concerts by singers or virtuosos of less wide vogue, but with an established public, like Mr. Elman or Mr. Gabilowitsch, Mrs. Culp or Miss Hempel, are equally secure. On the other hand, the recitals of singers, pianists and violinists with their way still to make to a dependable public, and yet more the recitals of beginners, stand in curious jeopardy. To increase and widen the number of hearers for these rising talents the manager usually makes a generous distribution of free tickets: for the unknown singer or player, trying fortune in New York, Boston

or Chicago, he knows no other way—and indeed there is no other way—to assemble even a slender audience.

Whether the habitual recipients of these "tickets of favor," as the Parisians call them, will be willing to pay the tax upon them remains to be seen. The managers believe that they will be reluctant to do so, while since such tickets often run into twenties, fifties and hundreds, they are loth to pay it themselves or, finally, out of "their artist's" scanty pocket. Yet these singers, pianists and violinists often deserve a hearing, while in some instances they are clearly on the way to no small accomplishment and, ultimately, to that most blessed of all artistic possessions in the managerial view, a "following." They can hardly be expected to play or sing to emptier benches than they do now; while if an audience were invited to hear them and so to escape taxation, the listening company might be smaller than it would be even with free tickets taxed. And there, on the very sharp horns of a dilemma the managers at present are.

Times and Trains

To these repinings and complaints, one more of a different sort and more nearly touching the Symphony Concerts in Boston, may be added becomingly. Letters reach this department from subscribers to the concerts of Friday afternoons saying that they are now deprived of the pleasure of the last number on the programme because of a gradual setting back of the hour of beginning and a gradual lengthening of the intermission. The complainants, like many other listeners of Friday afternoon, dwell at some distance from Boston, and, as a rule, have need to catch certain trains homeward. They approve the ostensible length of the concert—an hour and forty-five minutes or even two hours—since, were that the actual duration, they could readily reach their station. But, as they assert, the performance seldom begins before twenty minutes to three, instead of the appointed two-thirty; while the nominal intermission of ten minutes usually extends to fifteen, and has been known to last through twenty.

The managerial presumption is that the audience welcomes this longer intermission, as it probably does, unless there are time-tables threatening in the middle distance. It also believes and with reason, that it is better to begin a concert five or ten minutes beyond the appointed hour than to interrupt it for almost as many, while the inevitable late-comers are seated. At the concerts of Saturday evening, at which no appreciable part of the audience comes from a considerable distance, the late beginning and the longer pause work well. On Friday afternoons, however, there are hearers from various cities of remoter New England by no means so well content.

MUSIC

In regard to the paying of the new tax on concert tickets, the plan which Boston concert managers may be expected to follow at regular window sales will be to charge the tax extra to each ticket buyer when he purchases. Subscription tickets may be sold at a price which will include the tax, or the tax may be added to the price. The Cecilia Society has arranged its schedule of charges for season tickets so as to cover the tax. The Chicago Opera Company has advertised a sort of mileage book opera ticket at a reduced rate, which with the tax added, will come to about the regular price. The Boston Symphony Orchestra has already sold its tickets for the season, and the question remains to be settled whether its subscriptions, paid before the law goes into effect, are taxable or not. A notice inserted in the program books of the concerts this week gives no definite information, but is apparently intended to prepare subscribers for a tax bill in case their transaction with the orchestra is found to be subject to assessment.

No. 2. for Piano and Orchestra, in G

to "Leonore No. 3"

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460

475

SYMPHONY HALL, BOSTON
SUNDAY AFTERNOON, OCTOBER 28, 1917

**Boston
Symphony Orchestra**

Dr. KARL MUCK, Conductor

CONCERT

IN AID OF

PENSION FUND

GERALDINE FARRAR

SOLOIST

RICHARD EPSTEIN, Accompanist

PROGRAMME.

Symphony in E minor, No. 6, "Pathetic" Tschaikowsky

I. Adagio. Allegro non troppo.

II. Allegro con grazia.

III. Allegro molto vivace.

IV. Finale: Adagio lamentoso.

Aria, "Dich, theure Halle," from "Tannhäuser," Act II. Wagner

Good Friday Magic from "Parsifal" Wagner

SONGS, WITH PIANO

(a) Stille Sicherheit Franz

(b) Volksliedchen Schumann

(c) Sternlein Moussorgsky

(d) Erstes Begegnen Grieg

(e) Schneeglöckchen Gretschaninov

Funeral Music from "Dusk of the Gods" Wagner

Three Songs with Orchestra Wagner

(a) Im Treibhaus (b) Schmerzen (c) Träume

THE PIANO USED IS A STEINWAY.

There will be an intermission of ten minutes after the Symphony.

ELISABETH'S GREETING, "Dich, theure Halle," from "Tannhäuser."

RICHARD WAGNER

Dich, theure Halle, grüss' ich wieder,
froh grüss' ich dich, geliebter Raum:
In dir erwachen seine Lieder
und wecken mich aus düst'rem Traum. . . .
Da er aus dir geschieden,
wie öd' erschienst du mir!
Aus mir entfloh der Frieden,
die Freude zog aus dir!
Wie jetzt mein Busen hoch sich hebet,
so scheinst du jetzt mir stolz und hehr;
der mich und dich so neu belebet.
nicht weilt er ferne mehr!
Sei mir gegrüsst! Sei mir gegrüsst!
Du theure Halle, sei mir gegrüsst!

The English prose translation by William Foster Apthorp is as follows:—

Thee, dear hall, I greet again, joyfully I greet thee, beloved space! In thee his songs awake, and waken me from a gloomy dream. . . . When he was departed from thee, how desert-like didst thou seem to me! Peace fled from me, joy departed from thee! As now my bosom swells high, so dost thou seem proud and joyous to me; he who revives both me and thee no longer dwells far away! Hail to thee! Hail to thee! Dear hall, hail to thee!

FIVE SONGS WITH PIANO. (English Versions by Philip Hale.)

STILLE SICHERHEIT. Op. 10, No. 2 FRANZ
(1815-1892)

Horch, wie still es wird im dunkeln Hain,
Mädchen, wir sind sicher und allein.
Still versäuselt hier am Wiesenhang
Schon der Abendglocken müder klang.
Auf den Blumen, die sich dir verneigt,
Schlaf das letzte Lüftchen ein, und schweigt.
Sagen darf ich dir, wir sind allein,
Dass mein Herz ist ewig Dein.

QUIET SECURITY.

How still it is in the dark grove! Maiden, we are safe and alone. On the meadow's slope dies away the weary sound of evening bells. The last breath, stirring the flower that bowed to thee, is now quiet. May I say to thee—for we are alone—that my heart is always thine?

Poem by Nikolaus Lenau. The set of six songs is dedicated to Miss Louise von Platen.

VOLKSLIEDCHEN. Op. 51, No. 2 SCHUMANN
(1819-1856)

Wenn ich früh in den Garten geh',
In meinem grünen Hut,
Ist mein erster Gedanke,
Was nun mein Liebster thut.
Am Himmel steht kein Stern
Den ich dem Freund nicht gönnte.
Mein Herz gäb' ich ihm gern
Wenn ich's heraus thun könnte.
Wenn ich früh in den Garten geh',
In meinem grünen Hut,
Ist mein erster Gedanke,
Was nun mein Liebster thut.

A LITTLE FOLK SONG.

When I go early with my green hat into the garden, my first thought is, What is my darling doing now? There is no star in the sky that I would not give her. I would give her my heart if I could pluck it out.
Poem by Friedrich Rückert. The set of five songs was composed in 1842.

STERNLEIN (free translation from the Russian by M. Lippold) . MOUSSORGSKY
(1839-1881)

Sternlein, sag' mir an,
Wo bist du verschwunden?
Hat die Wolke schwarz
Wol verborgen dich,
Dunkel zugedeckt?

Sag' mir, Mägdelein,
Sag', wo weilest du?
Hast verlassen wol
Deinen Trautgesell
Der nach dir sich sehnt?

Schwarze Wolke hat's Sternlein zugedeckt.
Ach! Im grabe schläft's tote Mägdelein!

Little star, tell me where you have gone from sight. Has the cloud hid you in darkness? Tell me, Mägdelein, where are you tarrying? Have you forgotten your beloved, who longs after you? A black cloud has hidden the star. Alas, Mägdelein, dead, sleeps in the grave!

ERSTES BEGEGNEN. Op. 21, No. 1 GRIEG
(1843-1907)

Des ersten Sehens Wonne
Ist wie der Duft im Walde,
Wie, über's Wasser Schallend,
Gesang im Abendscheine,
Wie Hörnerklang verhallend,
Wo tönende Sekunden
Uns den Natur gewalten
So wundergleich verbunden.

FIRST MEETING.

The bliss of first seeing her is like forest fragrance, like song heard over the water at twilight, like dying notes of horns, so wondrously akin are we to Nature in rapturous moments.

The original Norwegian text is by Bjørnstjerne Bjørnson. The German translation is by F. von Holstein. The song was composed in 1870.

SCHNEEGLÖCKCHEN GRETSCHANINOV
(1864-)

Im Walde wo Birken sich drängen zu Hauf,
Da blickte des Schneeglöckchens Blauäuglein auf.
Zunächst nur ein bischen
Streckt's vor sein noch blassgrünes Füßchen
Dann dehnt es sich mächtig,
So weit solch ein Knirpschen es kann,
Und fragte leis an:—

“Ich sehe der Himmel ist heiter und rein,
O sagt, sollt' es wirklich schon Frühling sein?”

THE SNOWDROP.

In the forest where birches crowd together the little blue eye of the snowdrop looked up. It poked out its little pale green foot; then stretched itself as well as such a little fellow could, and gently asked: “I see the sky is clear and bright; tell me, is the Spring truly here?”

Original text from Allegro. German version by Lina Esbeer.

52
THREE POEMS, "Im Treibhaus," "Schmerzen," and "Träume."
RICHARD WAGNER

IM TREIBHAUS.

Hoch gewölbte Blätterkronen,
Baldachine von Smaragd,
Kinder ihr aus fernen Zonen,
Saget mir warum ihr klagt?
Schweigend neiget ihr die Zweige,
Malet Zeichen in die Luft,
Und der Leiden stummer Zeuge,
Steiget aufwärts süßer Duft,
Weit in sehnenden Verlangen,
Breitet ihr die Arme aus,
Und umschlinget, nah'nfangen
Öde Leere nicht'gen graus.
Wohl ich weiss es arme Pflanze,
Ein Geschicke theilen wir,
Ob umstrahlt von Licht und Glanze,
Unsere Heimat ist nicht hier!
Und wie froh die Sonne scheidet
Von des Tages leerem Schein,
Hüllet der, der wahrhaft, leidet
Sich in Schweigens Dunkel ein.
Stille wird's, ein säuselnd weben
Füllet bang den dunklen Raum,
Schwere Tropfen seh' ich schweben
An der Blätter grünem Saum.

IN THE GREENHOUSE.

Mighty domes and leafy bowers,
Em'rald arches grand and high,
Ye were born 'neath tropic showers.
Sad ye seem,—ah, tell me why!
Slow and still your arms are weaving
Mystic figures in the air,
And a perfume, anguish breathing,
Sorrow sweet arises there.
How ye show desire and longing
In your mighty arm's embrace,
Grasping, while vain hopes are thronging,
Only air and empty space!
I, too, know it, prison'd palm-trees!
One our lot, one pain we bear.
Tho' we're bathed in radiant sunbeams,
Yet our homeland is not here!
And so oft the sun at evening
Parts in twilight from the day.
Each of us, in silent grieving,
Bides the morrow as he may.
Now 'tis still, and yet a sighing
Thro' the palm house goes and grieves.
Heavy tear-drops now are lying
On the margins of the leaves.

Translated by F. F. Bullard.

SCHMERZEN.

Sonne, weinest jeden Abend
Dir die schönen Augen roth,
Wenn im Meeresspiegel badend
Dich erreicht der frühe Tod;
Doch ersteh'st in alter Pracht,
Glorie der düst'ren Welt,
Du am Morgen neu erwacht,
Wie ein stolzer Siegesheld!
Ach, wie sollte ich da klagen,
Wie, mein Herz, so schwer dich seh'n,
Muss die Sonne selbst verzagen,
Muss die Sonne untergeh'n?
Und gebieret Tod nur Leben,
Geben Schmerzen Wonnen nur:
O wie dank' ich, dass gegeben
Solche Schmerzen mir, Natur!

GRIEFS.

Sun, thou weepest every even
Thy resplendent glances red,
When into the sea from heaven
All too soon thou sinkest dead;
But new splendors thee adorn,
Glory of the darkened earth,
When thou wakest in the morn,
Hero-like of proudest worth!
Why should I in vain regretting
Load with heaviness my heart,
If the sun must find a setting,
If the sun e'en must depart?
And engenders death but living,
If but grief can lead to bliss:
Oh! I thank thee then for giving,
Nature, me such pain as this.

Translated by Francis Hueffer.

TRÄUME.

Sag', welch wunderbare Träume
Halten meinem Sinn umfassen,
Dass sie nicht wie leere Schäume
Sind in ödes Nichts vergangen?

Träume, die in jeder Stunde,
Jedem Tage schöner blüh'n,
Und mit ihrer Himmelskunde
Selig durch's Gemüthe ziehn?

Träume, die wie hehre Strahlen
In die Seele sich versenken,
Dort ein ewig Bild zu malen:
Allvergessen, Eíngedenken!

Träume, wie wenn Frühlingssonne
Aus dem Schnee die Blüten küsst,
Dass zu nie geahnter Wonne
Sie der neue Tag begrüsst,

Das sie wachsen, dass sie blühen,
Träumend spenden ihre Duft,
Sanft an deiner Brust verglühen,
Und dann sinken in die Gruft.

DREAMS.

Say, oh, say, what wondrous dreamings
Keep my inmost soul revolving,
That they not like empty gleanings
Into nothing are dissolving?

Dreamings that with every hour,
Every day, in brightness grow,
And with their celestial power
Sweetly through the bosom flow?

Dreamings that like rays of splendor
Fill the bosom, never waning,
Lasting image there to render:
All forgetting, one retaining!

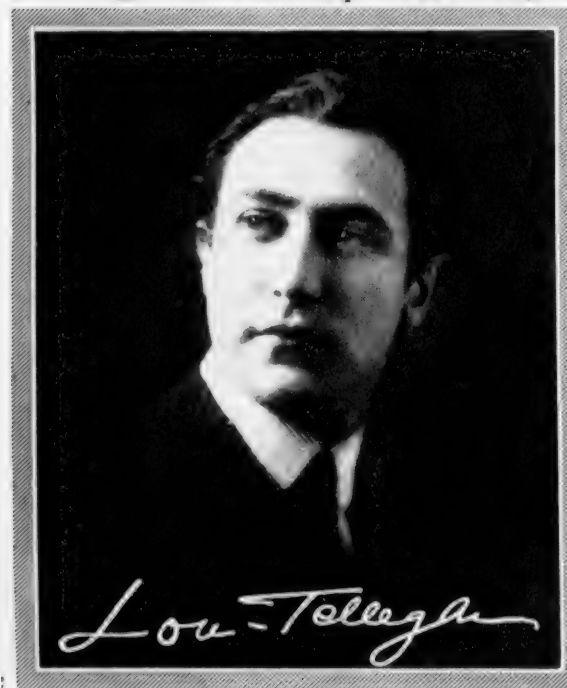
Dreamings like the sun that kisses
From the snow the buds new born,
That to strange and unknown blisses
They are greeted by the morn,

That expand they may and blossom,
Dreaming spend their odors suave,
Gently die upon thy bosom,
And then vanish in the grave.

Translated by Francis Hueffer.



Hartsook
We also seek a prominent place (preferably a box seat) among the notables of your program! God speed the Red Cross of mercy side by side with the Stars and Stripes!



Lou Tellefsen

Lou Tellefsen

FARRAR SINGS AT PENSION CONCERT

Adv. ——— Oct. 29/17
Orchestra Plays Tschaikowsky's
Pathetic Symphony and
Wagner Numbers

WOMEN HEARERS KNIT AS MUSICIANS PLAY

By LOUIS C. ELSON

Program

Pathetic Symphony.....Tschaikowsky
"Elizabeth's Greeting to the Hall".....Wagner
Soloist, Geraldine Farrar
"Good Friday Spell," from "Parsifal".....Wagner
Songs with piano.
Mme. Farrar
Siegfried Funeral Music.....Wagner
Three Songs with Orchestra.....Wagner
Mme. Farrar

One does not seek for faults in a Symphony Pension Fund Concert, for it is almost as worthy a cause as buying a Liberty Bond. But if faults were sought, none could be found, with such an orchestra playing Wagner under the direction of Dr. Muck. But with one custom that is creeping into our orchestral concerts (especially the Friday afternoon ones) one may find decided fault. The over-zealous and ultra-patriotic ladies are beginning to bring their knitting! They never ply their needles in time with the conductor, and one cannot help watching the play of their fingers to the detriment of the music. It is about as out of place to knit at a Symphony Concert as it was out of place for the Tricoteuses of the French Reign of Terror to knit around the guillotine. It is decidedly impolite to intrude this new feature upon an auditor who wishes to enjoy his music in tranquillity.

Tschaikowsky's symphonic tears do not wear quite as well as the grief of Brahms in his Requiem or of Beethoven in his Funeral March in the Eroica, but the tragic note is inspir-

ing, and one is thankful that he did not become ugly in his lamentations, as many moderns do. The Pathetic symphony makes a direct appeal to everybody, and is never enigmatical. The 5-4 movement, with its amazing organ-point, is always attractive, and does not lose interest, neither does the third movement with its conflict of themes of grief and glory. It was read rather as a Tragic than a pathetic work, and received a thrilling performance.

We trust that it is not derogatory to say that we like Mme. Farrar better upon the operatic stage than upon the concert platform, for the delicate German Lieder and Russian and Norwegian songs, which she gave, are as out of place in Symphony Hall as an attempt to smell a violet at a 50-foot distance. We were glad to see one of Franz's songs upon the list. This most gentle master of delicate touches and beautiful melodies is being pushed aside and forgotten in "These most brisk and giddy-paced times."

And one may thank Mme. Farrar for bringing him occasionally to the attention of the public. He is a Schubert plus great contrapuntal knowledge.

In the Wagner songs with orchestra Mme. Farrar was more in her proper element. Yet we do not think that the three songs of Wagner, under Wesendonchian inspiration, wear very well. "Traume" is a love-song with the thermometer in the nineties. When Elena Gerhardt sang here last she gave the less known "Stehe Still," of this set of songs, and it is better than any of the three given yesterday afternoon, if only for a change.

Mme. Farrar sang her first number of the concert with superb effect, with breadth and dramatic power. "Thou Dearest Hall," with which the aria begins, is not an allusion to the coming Government tax on concert tickets, but a lofty greeting to the hall of the Minnesingers, and a great work altogether. It won tremendous applause.

The Wagner numbers by the orchestra were of course nobly read and played. A very large audience was in attendance and the pension fund must derive some substantial pecuniary benefit from the occasion, for every available space in Symphony Hall was occupied.

MISS FARRAR SOLOIST FOR PENSION FUND

Record — *Oct. 29/19*
Doings of Interest Along
Rialtos of Boston
and New York

By J. V. Clark

Miss Geraldine Farrar appeared in one of her many guises at Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon. There are many Miss Farrars. First there is the Miss Farrar, the motion picture "queen," who has been most in the limelight of late. This Miss Farrar is at times an artist, at times just vulgar. As Maria Rosa she was an artist of the first rank—almost a cinema actress of Betty Nansen's calibre. As Carmen she was just common.

Then there is the Miss Farrar of the public prints—the Miss Farrar who doesn't realize that most singers should open their mouths only to sing and that most motion picture actresses should talk only in dumb show. This Public Prints Miss Farrar sometimes talks keenly on men, love and art, but never on economic questions.

Then there is the twofold Miss Farrar of the music world, the Miss Farrar of opera and the Miss Farrar of the concert stage. Miss Farrar at the opera is a joy forever if the opera be "Butterfly," "Mignon" or "Tannhauser." Miss Farrar, when the opera is "Thais," is a dull lady indeed. The other musical Miss Farrar is the Geraldine of the concert stage. She is the least variable of the Miss Farrars. Her singing, to be sure, varies. Sometimes she sings *comme ci*, sometimes *comme ca*. But on the concert stage Miss Farrar is always a serious artist.

Yesterday when she appeared graciously and gratuitously for the benefit of the pension fund of the

Boston Symphony Orchestra she sang Elizabeth's "Dich, theure Halle," from "Tannhauser," and songs by Franz, Schumann, Moussorgsky, Grieg, Gretschaninov and three songs of Wagner with orchestra.

FARRAR TO SING FOR PENSION FUND

Herald — *Oct. 29/19*
First Concert in Aid of Sym-
phony Orchestra Given
Tomorrow

Tomorrow afternoon will bring the first concert of the season in aid of the Pension Fund of the Symphony Orchestra. Aside from charitable motives back of the concert the program provided for tomorrow afternoon is decidedly attractive from every point of view. Miss Geraldine Farrar is giving her services as soloist, and appears on the program three times, singing Elisabeth's "Entrance Aria" from the second act of "Tannhauser"; a group of songs with piano by Franz, Schumann, Moussorgsky, Grieg and Gretschaninov, and three of the songs with orchestra, the poems of which were written by Mathilde Wesendonck and the music by Richard Wagner.

The symphony will be the "Pathetic" of Tschalkowsky, and the other orchestral numbers will be the "Good Friday Magic" from "Parsifal" and the "Funeral Music" from "Dusk of the Gods." The program, which will run a full two hours, is as follows:—

- Symphony in E minor, No. 6, "Pathetic" Tschalkowsky
I. Adagio. Allegro non troppo.
II. Allegro con grazia.
III. Allegro molto vivace.
IV. Finale: Adagio lamentoso.
Aria, "Dich, theure Halle," from "Tannhauser," Act. II. Wagner
Good Friday Magic from "Parsifal" Wagner
Songs, with Piano:
(a) Stille Sicherheit. Franz
(b) Volksliedchen. Schumann
(c) Sternlein. Moussorgsky
(d) Erstes Begegnen. Grieg
(e) Schneeglockchen. Gretschaninov
Funeral Music from "Dusk of the Gods" Wagner
Three Songs with Orchestra. Wagner
(a) Im Treibhaus (b) Schmerzen (c) Traume

SYMPHONY AIDS PENSION FUND

Herald — *Oct. 29/19*
Geraldine Farrar, Soloist of the
Concert, Idol of the
Big Audience.

PROGRAM IS LUGUBRIOUS

At the first concert for the season of the Symphony orchestra in aid of its pension fund given in Symphony Hall, yesterday afternoon, Geraldine Farrar was the soloist. The program was as follows:

Symphony in E minor, No. 6, "Pathetic," Tschalkowsky; Aria, "Dich, theure Halle," from "Tannhauser," act II, Wagner; Good Friday Magic from "Parsifal," Wagner; Songs, with piano, "Stille Sicherheit," Franz; "Volksliedchen," Schumann; "Sternlein," Moussorgsky; "Erstes Begegnen," Grieg; "Schneeglockchen," Gretschaninov; Funeral Music from "Dusk of the Gods," Wagner; "Im Treibhaus," "Schmerzen," "Traume," Wagner.

This concert was announced as the only appearance of Miss Farrar in Boston this year, so her admirers were out in full force. The hall was filled. The audience gave Dr. Muck and the Symphony players hearty greeting and applauded their numbers with vigor, but it seemed determined to make the occasion one of personal triumph for Miss Farrar and fairly showered her with the tribute of acclaim. Repetition of each of her numbers was insistently demanded, but, as Symphony rules forbade this, she could only acknowledge the calls with abundant repetition of her customary bows.

Program of Solemnity.

Her singing differed in no marked degree from its usual characteristics and that it mightily pleased her hearers was evident, though there were those present who wished that she had chosen a few lighter songs for some of her numbers. For with the exception of the Tannhauser aria and Schumann's "Im

My Garden in Hat So Green" her songs were heavy, even doleful. Her costume, as usual, what there was of it, deserved description, but this is not the place for it.

If Miss Farrar's selections might be called doleful, what shall be said of the rest of the program? It was a consistent procession of overpowering solemnity. It was pervasively lugubrious. Tschalkowsky's "Pathetic" Symphony, with its unutterable despair, began it and one naturally thought of it as vividly expressing the woe and chaos now afflicting the composer's native land. The "Parsifal" music continued the strain of solemnity and the music from the "Dusk of the Gods" made a fittingly funereal close.

PENSION CONCERT

Record — *Oct. 29/19*
Capacity Audience Enjoys
Feast of Music

Geraldine Farrar Casts Her Spell as
of Old—Dr Muck Conducts

A Tschalkowsky-Wagner program played by the Symphony Orchestra at the season's first concert for the pension fund, Dr Muck conducting, with Geraldine Farrar as soloist, making what was said to be her only appearance in Boston this year, called out a great audience to Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon, limited only by the capacity of the house.

Tschalkowsky and Wagner have made a strong team for these pension fund programs. When it was not the "pathetic" symphony it was the fifth; yesterday, the former. Is the appeal of this neurotic score as powerful now as a half-dozen years ago?

Yesterday the applause was desultory, half-hearted; nor was this any reflection upon the performance. There was the personal element of approval for Dr Muck as he returned and again with emphasis when he beckoned the men to stand with him. The performance was one of Slavic spirit, yet not underscoring the frenzy of the final allegro, which with repetition becomes more and more like the march of the tin soldiers, nor yet the dripping melancholy of what precedes and follows.

Here is prostrated and published grief. The mourner, hearing his own sobs, redoubles them lest they subside. It has been a question how long the emotional hysteria of this music would conceal its banality, a trait apparent most of all in the superficial scherzo, which tricks the ear with the rhythmic figure in 5-4

which might grace some salon caprice. If the public should lose its liking for Tchaikowsky, who would take his place? There are the Strauss tone poems—Don Juan, or possibly "Hero's Life." Why not the gorgeous poems of Rimsky-Korsakow—"Antar" or "Scherzade," music not threadbare, and infinitely superior in content to this morbid symphony unworthy of the composer of the fourth symphony, or of "Romeo and Juliet," or of the "Tempest."

Miss Farrar, her voice more mellowed particularly through the medium and below, and often golden, sang Elizabeth's greeting to the hall of song from "Tannhaeuser," a group of songs by Franz, Schumann, Moussorgsky, Grieg and Gretschaninov with piano, and the three Wagner songs—"Im Treibhaus," "Schmerzen" and "Traume" with orchestra. In these, particularly in the first and third of the latter, her art recalled the day when she was heard more frequently here in song interpretation. It was a marked and curious thing that, although pressed even to insistence by her audience, Miss Farrar did not sing an extra number nor in English. Her texts were in German.

The performance of the "Good Friday" music from "Parsifal" and the funeral music from "Dusk of the Gods," by Dr. Muck and the orchestra, is familiar, and of its accustomed quality yesterday—ecstatic the one, and the other, noble.

PENSION FUND CONCERT

Geraldine Farrar was the assisting soloist at the Pension Fund concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The orchestral compositions were Tchaikowsky's "Symphonie Pathétique," the "Good Friday Spell" from "Parsifal," and the Funeral Music from the "Dusk of the Gods," Wagner. Miss Farrar sang the aria, "Dich Theure Halle," from "Tannhaeuser"; the three songs, "Im Treibhaus," "Schmerzen" and "Traume"—the songs which Wagner composed to poems by Mathilde Wesendouck—and songs by Franz, Schumann, Moussorgsky, Grieg and Gretschaninov.

The superb music of Tchaikowsky, the masterpieces of Wagner—all music which is well known to the orchestra, and in which it excels—made a deep impression on the audience, which applauded the conductor and his men to the echo. It may be said here that none of the musical offerings of the winter in Boston means more to the men and women whose afternoons during the week are not free than these Pension Fund concerts, which are given twice a year on Sundays.

Miss Farrar, attractively gowned, as usual, sang with her wonted musicianship and artistry. She is versatile, of broad intelligence. She can interpret a song as simple and eloquent as Moussorgsky's "Sternlein" in a manner as faithful to the intent of the composer as her interpretation of arias from operas. Miss Farrar was recalled times without number. The hall was crowded. Many stood in the aisles. Post, Oct. 29/17

Geraldine Catches Eye in Sunday Concert

Daring Gown Shares Interest with Voice—All Songs in German.

Mme. Geraldine Farrar-Tellegen in an amazingly daring gown sang nine songs in German at the Symphony Orchestra's pension fund concert yesterday afternoon. Not one song in English, French or Italian was on the program for her only Boston appearance this season.

Two numbers of the program were airy folk songs, but the others were doleful to correspond with the dirge-like affairs that formed the orchestra's part of the entertainment.

The sombreness of the musical part of the program, however, was more than offset by madame's raiment. She surprised the audience at first by entering the opposite door from Dr. Karl Muck, and it was not until she turned to bow to the orchestra that the full effect was realized. It is reported that the current style in stage disarray is to reveal a shapely back rather than contour of limbs. If this be true the madame is surely in the front rank in following the dictates of fashion. Any one from Melrose who believed that Geraldine had only a voice was disillusioned. She has a back. The whole of it was on view, and instead of encores madame came forth again and again to bow. She walked to the door with back to the audience. She tried to back out once, but her long train caused her to stumble on a projecting piece of the orchestra's platform.

The gown was of green and there was a large gift of roses to furnish a greater contrast. It was of the orthodox depth in front, which was considerable and which emphasized the still greater depth elsewhere. The skirt just swept the

ground, undoubtedly because that is the style and not because the charms concealed were not in keeping with those revealed.

Far be it from us to urge a boycott of German music, but just why an American singer who is adept in English songs as well as the feature arias of the operas of our allies, France and Italy, should give us an all-German program when her country is at war with Germany isn't clear. She was trained in Germany and was a favorite of royalty there. Was the madame desiring to flaunt sympathy with Germany at the home town folks the only time they will hear her in the first year of our war with Germany?

PENSION FUND CONCERT

The first Pension Fund concert of the season which will be given in Symphony Hall a week from this afternoon, at 3:30 o'clock, will enlist the services of the entire Boston Symphony orchestra under Dr. Muck. Geraldine Farrar, whose only appearance in Boston it will be this year, will present a program divided between Tchaikowsky and Wagner. Mme. Farrar long ago promised the orchestra to give her services to one of its Pension Fund concerts. This year, the date of the first Pension Fund concert was moved to practically the beginning of the season in order that she could appear before she begins her winter work at the Metropolitan Opera House. Dr. Muck has made a popular program. It opens with the "Pathetic" symphony of Tchaikowsky. In the second part Mme. Farrar will sing the entrance aria of Elisabeth from "Tannhaeuser" and three songs with orchestra, "Im Treibhaus," "Schmerzen" and "Traume." Between the aria and the songs the orchestra will play the "Good Friday Magic" from "Parsifal." The final number will be the funeral music from "The Dusk of the Gods."

OUR MAIL BAG

THE PENSION FUND CONCERT.

To Editor of Herald and Journal:

German Geraldine Farrar gave a concert at Symphony Hall yesterday, and, as usual, acted as un-American as possible by singing all her songs in German.

Ordinary respect and tact would demand that an attempt be made to please an American audience by singing an American song or one representing one of our allies.

Of course, Dr. Muck and all the other anti-Americans were pleased by this disgraceful exhibition, the same as many in the audience were disgusted.

The wonder is how much longer the musical public will tolerate this agent of the Germans in their midst, taking their money, while he and the larger proportion of the orchestra have only contempt and abuse for them behind their backs.

We can very well dispense with this hotbed of Huns until Germany has redeemed herself and proven to the world that she is entitled to the respect she formerly enjoyed.

WM. R. STURGIS.

50 Congress street, Oct. 30.

Mme. Farrar's songs were not all "German." Moussorgsky was a Russian; so is Gretschaninoff. Grieg was a Norwegian. The symphony at the Pension Fund Concert was by Tchaikowsky, a Russian.—Ed.

DEFENDS DR. MUCK.

To Editor of Herald and Journal:

Mr. William R. Sturgis's letter anent the pension fund concert, in this morning's Herald and Journal, leaves one "a prey to conflicting emotions." The emotions need not be specified; but let us be fair—discriminatingly fair. Dame Rumor says that Dr. Muck is "an agent of the Germans," that Geraldine Farrar is Germanophile, etc. Dame Rumor is a coward, whose boldness is great because her sins can never be brought home to her. If Dr. Muck be giving "aid and counsel to the enemy," the fact will ultimately be proved, and appropriate action will follow. Meanwhile, he is rendering the service demanded of him with exemplary skill, dignity and courage, and that in circumstances of peculiar difficulty, and under high emotional tension. The personnel of the Symphony Orchestra is fairly representative of all the warring elements abroad, and includes those who are as jealously watchful of the leader's extra-professional relations and activities, as they are promptly responsive to his slightest signal on the platform.

Many who are suspicious of Dr. Muck's actual relation to our public life accord to him due credit for keeping the orchestra intact in these troublous times; and if the pro-German element in the audience were more judicious—not to say less disloyal—there would be little cause for criticism. To accord to Dr. Muck, as often as he appears upon the platform, what amounts to nothing short of an ovation, would be in bad taste, even in ordinary times, by reason of its obtrusiveness; in the present state of

public feeling it is offensive. That is why the area of unoccupied seats increases from week to week, and doubtless will increase until the initial list of casualties to our forces overseas still further increases public tension, and the necessity for restraint is felt—in Symphony Hall as elsewhere.

EDWARD G. SPENCER.

South Natick, Oct. 30. 1917

A DIFFERENT VIEW.

To Editor of Herald and Journal:

Maj. Higginson says that the "Star Spangled Banner" is not and has not been on the programs of the Symphony Orchestra. Very true. Neither is it on the program of the Hollis Theatre, nor on the bill-of-fare at the Parker House, but it is played at both places during the evening, not as part of the entertainment, but as a war time expression of patriotism, which is natural and desirable.

The question with the Symphony Orchestra is, shall the sensibilities of some of its members be distressed by playing our anthem, or shall the sensibilities of audiences and the population generally be affronted by the deliberate omission of this ceremony, which is customary on such occasions in these times. Since this is our country, and since the primary object of public entertainments is to please the audiences and the community, it would seem proper to insist that the Symphony Orchestra play the "Star Spangled Banner," even if so doing is not entirely congenial to some members of the organization.

DEMAREST LLOYD.

53 State street, Nov. 1. 1917

ANOTHER DEFENCE.

To Editor of Herald and Journal:

Apropos of the Boston Symphony Orchestra controversy, or rather, outburst of patriotic hysteria against an institution which for many years we have been proud to acknowledge as our own, facts as to the personnel and activities might not be amiss.

The threats and implications which resulted in the demand for the national anthem at each concert (the form of the "request" no doubt responsible for the refusal) arose most probably from the fact that some over zealous and not too well posted patriots became suddenly aware that the orchestra was harboring some of the enemy.

As a matter of fact our orchestra is not pro-German. Its personnel of 100 includes men of 12 nationalities, American citizens being in the majority. Of the Germans, but few are not naturalized. Had we not made it our business, this would not have been evident, for these men are unobtrusive and apparently peaceful citizens, vouched for by our government. As to Dr. Muck,

many stories have been current, but when Mr. Higginson, an avowedly ardent pro-ally, comes forth in defence of him, we may well accept these stories for what they are—gossip. As for the programs of the concerts, they have been most impartial.

In short, patriotism cannot shackle art; art knows not the boundaries of countries. Our musicians were picked from here and there for their skill, not for their nationality. The personnel has changed but little in many years. We have attended the concerts, praised them and glowed over the fact that we possessed the world's greatest orchestra. Where then is our loyalty to these men, most of them Americans or our allies?

As for the surging desire to have our national anthem played at the concerts, the writer remembers only too well several occasions last spring at the Pop concerts when the audiences resounded too weakly to the playing of "The Star

Spangled Banner" to receive the ready and waiting encore.

Our orchestra has still many, many loyal friends who appreciate it for what it is, one of the biggest things in the art life of Boston. If it includes a few law abiding German citizens sponsored for by our government, let us not forget that it is an American organization made up largely of American citizens.

Let us not degrade our patriotism by becoming petty!

MARION DILLON GARDNER.

Cambridge, Nov. 1. 1917

ANOTHER SUGGESTION.

To Editor of Herald and Journal:

Much criticism has recently been made concerning anti-American sentiment among certain members of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. That anyone should say that German music should be omitted from the programs is obviously foolish and preposterous. On the other hand, in order to give the members of the orchestra an opportunity to prove their good faith, may we not suggest that they be requested to play our national anthem at the opening of each concert.

STANFORD H. STEVENS.

MILTON A. ROGERS.

Cambridge, Oct. 31. 1917

A CRITIC OF THE SYMPHONY.

To Editor of Herald and Journal:

I agree with Mr. William R. Sturgis, and I ask the same question—"How much longer will the musical public tolerate this agent of the Germans in their midst?" How American people can go to Symphony Hall and listen to music played by this "hot bed of Huns" is beyond me. Maybe when some more

fires like Baltimore, Kansas City, Buffalo, and many others, are set, when the lists of dead and wounded are given out, will Boston wake up. Lord, let's hope so.

I would also like to ask why the American flag is not displayed either on or in Symphony Hall. Is it because it might hurt the feelings of these "dear" Huns? Wake up, Boston, or you will be stung.

JOHN H. PARKURST.

Hotel Westminster, Boston, Oct. 31.

SAYS DR MUCK NOT TO BE TOLERATED IN BALTIMORE

BALTIMORE, Nov 2—Before news of Dr Muck's proffered resignation had been received in Baltimore, Ex-Gov Edwin Warfield appeared today before the Police Commissioners and said that if "Dr Muck and his associates were to carry out their program in this city they would meet with resentment in no uncertain way by patriotic people.

"You can rest assured," he continued, "that Marylanders will not tolerate the presence of Dr Muck and that serious trouble will ensue if he comes here with his orchestra." Mr Warfield said he felt "deeply outraged."

Harold Randolph, conductor of the Peabody Conservatory of Music, said: "We are all now turning more and more eagerly toward music as the one respite from the torturing thoughts of war, and for God's sake let us try to preserve to ourselves this haven of refuge or we shall go mad."

Prof Randolph expressed the hope that the famous orchestra would be preserved.

Mr Warfield, when told tonight that Dr Muck and Boston Symphony would play "The Star Spangled Banner" here at the concert next week, Wednesday night, said "This does not atone for the insult Dr Muck offered the people of Baltimore. There is no antagonism to the orchestra; there is antagonism to Muck."

Rebels Nov. 3. 1917

MUST PLAY ANTHEM IN NEW YORK OR CONCERT PREVENTED

NEW YORK, Nov 2—Steps to prevent the Boston Symphony Orchestra from giving its concert here next Thursday, unless Dr Karl Muck agreed to play "The Star Spangled Banner" had been taken, under the direction of Mayor Mitchel previous to the word from Boston of Muck's proffered resignation.

The Mayor directed the License Commissioner to study the law on the point, and the question had been referred to the corporation counsel.

ANTHEMS AT ALL CONCERTS BY MINNEAPOLIS SYMPHONY

MINNEAPOLIS, Minn, Nov 2—The Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra is opening every concert this season with "My Country 'Tis of Thee" and closing with "The Star Spangled Banner." The musicians stand, the audience stands

and Emil Oberhoffer, German-born conductor, leads in the singing and playing. The orchestra, which is made up of men of all warring races with preponderance of German birth, subscribed \$18,000 to the second Liberty Loan.

PITTSBURG G. A. R. LEADER

FAVORS INTERNING MUCK

PITTSBURG, Nov 2—Dr Karl Muck, conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, scheduled to appear here Jan 30, will be invited to stay away because of his refusal to play "The Star Spangled Banner" in Providence. Former Adjt Gen H. H. Bengough, a G. A. R. leader, says Pittsburg is too big a place for Muck, who, in his opinion, should be interned.

Director Hubbard of the Department of Public Safety says Dr Muck will be required, if he comes here, to furnish a program of his concert, and if it does not contain "The Star Spangled Banner" the permit will be refused.

PROVIDENCE TO HAVE ANTHEM AND BANNER AT AMUSEMENTS

PROVIDENCE, Nov 2—Rules compelling the playing of "The Star Spangled Banner" at all concerts and other amusement places of similar nature, including theatres, and the presence of the American Flag in every place of amusement, were today adopted by the Police Commissioners in response to the city-wide protest against the failure of Dr Karl Muck, director of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, to play the National air at Infantry Hall Tuesday evening.

An applicant for a license must now show on the sample program submitted to the board through the amusement inspector that "The Star Spangled Banner" is a part of the program.

DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE

PROBING DR MUCK CASE

WASHINGTON, Nov 2—While officials of the Department of Justice have not been informed today of the action of Dr Karl Muck in offering to resign as leader of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, the investigation ordered by them has not been discontinued.

What the Government officials are endeavoring to find out is whether or not Dr Muck has been guilty of disloyalty, even though he may claim allegiance to Germany. Should the facts warrant it, it is probable that Dr Muck will be interned at one of the detention camps during the period of the war.

Lieut William H. Santelmann, leader of the United States Marine Band, who was born in Germany, said today that "The Star Spangled Banner" is good enough for any musical program. "The National anthem," he declared, "has a rightful place upon any program whatsoever, artistic symphonies not excepted. The National anthem could in no sense detract from the beauty of any program of music, no matter how artistic it might be. In these times it should be played and sung upon every public occasion, in school exercises, at church, and most decidedly at symphony concerts."

The Boston Symphony Orchestra is booked here for next Tuesday night.

THE SYMPHONY CONTROVERSY.

To Editor of Herald and Journal:

The progress of events in connection with Dr. Muck, the Boston Symphony Orchestra, and the "Star-Spangled Banner" is so rapid that what is written on one day may not at all fit the circumstances of the next. Yet there are certain points which may be of permanent concern to the Boston public.

One of these is the highly inflammable character of the material with which the critics of the orchestra and its management have been dealing. How many of them realize that they are imperiling the very existence of an institution built up through 36 years of generous sacrifice and public spirit, until it has given a unique distinction not merely to its founder and sustainer, but to the city itself? Must the Boston public be taught through bitter experience that irresponsible agitation can pull down in a week what has taken more than a generation to build?

How many of the new patriots will look back with pride and satisfaction on having virtually demanded of Maj. Higginson what amounts to a public declaration of his own loyalty? There is one Sunday in the year when everybody who loves his mother is expected to wear a flower in his buttonhole. Certain things are to be taken for granted, and some of us prefer to appear on that day without a flower. If there is any citizen of Boston who should be exempt from justifying himself, it is Maj. Higginson.

The public press informs one that the Washington authorities are considering Dr. Muck's refusal to play the "Star Spangled Banner" in Providence a few nights ago. Information even more authentic is to the effect that Dr. Muck never heard of the request for it—made by persons who do not subscribe to the concerts—until he had returned to Boston from Rhode Island.

For those who do not enjoy the concerts this year—with or without "The Star Spangled Banner"—there is nothing easier than to stay at home and to try to forget the perfection to which Dr. Muck has brought the orchestra. But there are some of us left, desiring with all our hearts a common victory with the allies, who yet take pleasure in the fact that while men of opposing nations are occupied elsewhere solely with killing one another there remain a few spots on earth where representatives of diverse races, including our

own, can still join in uttering the universal, civilizing speech of music. One of these spots has been Symphony Hall. If it is now to be closed and silenced, let us be ready with our thanks to an impetuous portion of the public.

M. A. DeWOLFE HOWE.

Boston, Nov. 2.

Dr Muck Here Since 1906

When Dr Muck was engaged by Maj Higginson in the Summer of 1906 to be conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, it was stated that he came on leave of absence for one year, "by special permission of Kaiser William II," as he was at that time conductor at the Royal Opera House in Berlin. His service in Boston began Oct 1 that year.

He was in Berlin on a vacation at the outbreak of the European war, three years ago, and for a few weeks prior to leaving for this country to take up his season's work, he was obliged to do clerical work in the Berlin War Office.

Dr Muck was born in Darmstadt, Ger. in 1859, studied philosophy at Leipzig and Heidelberg, receiving his doctor's degree at the latter university. He was musical conductor successively in the Austrian cities of Salzburg, Brunn, Gratz and Prague. From 1892 till he came to this country, 14 years later, he was at the Royal Opera House in Berlin.

Symphony Hall.

HERALD AND JOURNAL, THURSDAY, NOV. 1, 1917.

THE SYMPHONY CONTROVERSY

A well-known reader of the Herald and Journal has received this letter from his friend, Mr. Henry L. Higginson, which the writer, as its text shows, is willing others should read as well. The Herald and Journal accordingly is able to set this illuminating communication before its readers.

Your kind letter of Oct. 10 is before me.

Let us consider the case. I have contracted with a band of musicians for one year, and they depend on me for their daily bread. I have contracted with many audiences throughout the country to give them many concerts of a certain quality, played by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, its members and its conductor being well known. That is the contract. The tickets were sold as usual, that is, very well. Not a seat is to be had in New York and more are asked for. Under, here, all the seats and standing room were taken. The orchestra, including Dr. Muck, has been greeted heartily as usual. There are my obligations.

From the outset, the one object of the orchestra has been only art. Apparently this is satisfactory to the public.

A very few friends have said some gentle words to me about the orchestra, and have stayed away. Sundry brave (?) people have written to me unsigned letters, alleging this or that, and telling me to dismiss Dr. Muck, who is an integral part of the orchestra.

From three high sources the assurance has come to me that nothing disloyal can be truly alleged against any member of the orchestra, which is composed of a dozen nationalities. One high and excellent United States civil officer told me personally that on no account should I dismiss the orchestra—this in reply to a question about the matter.

At the beginning of the war I said to the orchestra members that the situation was difficult for them and that the life of the orchestra depended upon their good temper and patience with regard to each other. They have all behaved perfectly, and in this matter Dr. Muck has been of the greatest assistance. In short, all these men have fulfilled their part, and the government says their slate is clean. Shall I fail in my part?

For 36 years the orchestra has given comfort and pleasure to many people. If it stops, it will be for all time, for I can never build it up again.

Supposing I dismissed all the men. How are they going to live? Somebody must employ them if they can find a place. Today they are aiding the education of the community through lessons and through concerts. Are they not doing more good than they can possibly do harm? They know very well that they are being watched. If we, in this or any other position, throw out of employ Germans, where can they go and what can they do?

Let me repeat. There are in the orchestra various nationalities; there are a considerable number who are American citizens and liable to draft; there are a certain number who are not American citizens.

Once more. I have run down cruel accusations, and simply say they are lies.

Another point. The letter in the New York Times requires that the orchestra should play the Star Spangled Banner. Why should it? The programs are made in the summer as the conductor thinks best, for in many years I have never interfered with the programs. Supposing that the Star Spangled Banner were played, would it make any difference in the attitude of any of the musicians? If you were living in Berlin or Vienna, would you publicly state that you favored the cause of the Germans, and if you did, do you suppose that anybody would believe you?

Now, you are welcome to repeat any of this to anybody. I do not write it as information for you or anybody else in particular, but because I know you as a gentleman of high standing and a member of a family which I have known since I was a boy. My own opinion is that if I backed out from this work now I should be a sneak. Yours very truly,

(Signed) H. L. HIGGINSON.

DR. MUCK IN ABEYANCE

Trans. — Nov. 2/17
Government to Defer Action on Prohibition Against Symphony Leader, Hoping for a Voluntary Adjustment—Jurisdiction in Doubt

Special to the Transcript:

Washington, D. C., Nov. 2—No immediate action will be taken by the Department of Justice, on the alleged report of Special Agent Howick of Providence, recommending that the Boston Symphony Orchestra be prohibited from playing in public, unless the performance is preceded by, or includes, a rendition of "The Star Spangled Banner." In fact, if such a report has been made, nothing is recollected of it in the department by officials who later would pass upon it, if action is contemplated.

Officials of the Department have not, in fact, made up their minds whether the refusal of Dr. Karl Muck, conductor of the orchestra, to play the national anthem upon the request of Americans, constitutes an offence which would bring him within the jurisdiction of the Government. Upon the art side, Dr. Muck's refusal to play an extraneous number, which musicians agree is not of the highest order of music, finds ready sympathy in official circles. As far as that issue is concerned, the Department certainly would not concern itself with the makeup of the programmes of the Symphony Orchestra concerts. The pith of the question is whether Dr. Muck and some of his colleagues shall be permitted to play at all. This is the point upon which the Department will concentrate, if the report of Mr. Howick is given more than cursory attention.

Apparently the department is disposed to await events, in the belief that the issue somehow or other may settled itself, either through renewed demands for the playing of the national anthem, which will lead to an abandonment of the concert tour if they are refused, or an unwilling compliance with the requests which place patriotism above art.

The situation from any point of view is regarded as a rather serious one for the great Boston organization, for despatches from Providence, New York and Baltimore, where the orchestra has played or has engagements, indicate that public opinion is roused and that the issue against Dr. Muck as a German sympathizer will be raised wherever the orchestra appears in the future. The Boston Symphony Orchestra is scheduled to play in Washington next Tuesday, in Carnegie Hall, New York, Thursday, Nov. 11, and in Baltimore, Nov. 14.

The State of public opinion in all of these places is unquestionably hostile to Dr. Muck as a German citizen, although regular patrons of the symphony concerts not only approve his unwillingness to throw his programmes out of joint, but regret exceedingly that patriotic persons should have insisted upon the injection into a purely artistic musical programme of something that did not belong there.

The damage has been done, however, and it is not expected that conditions will change much for the better. But from the comment which the whole incident has aroused in all circles in Washington it is obvious that many persons believe that Dr. Muck has resented an "insult" to himself as a German. Orchestras of the highest standing, like the Philharmonic and New York Symphony, have played the national anthem without protest and the refusal of the great German conductor to follow their example places his organization in an unfavorable light. In the Department of Justice the papers eventually will be handled by John Lord Obrian, former United States District Attorney at Buffalo, who has been summoned here and placed in charge of all war matters.

W. E. B.

SYMPHONY TO PLAY THE

"STAR SPANGLED BANNER"

Trans. — Nov. 2/17
DR. MUCK WILL LEAD ORCHESTRA IN PLAYING IT AT THE END OF EACH PERFORMANCE—HE HAD OFFERED HIS RESIGNATION IF MAJOR HIGGINSON WANTED IT

The Boston Symphony Orchestra will play the Star Spangled Banner at the conclusion of every performance. And Dr. Muck will lead. This was the announcement made at the concert this afternoon by Major Henry Lee Higginson, who said that he had requested the orchestra to play it and that it had willingly complied. In fact, it had never refused to play it. Major Higginson also said that Dr. Muck had offered to resign but that he (Major Higginson) would very much regret to have him do so. Dr. Muck himself appeared on the platform and was given a remarkable ovation. Then the concert went on as usual and all present seemed relieved that the little controversy which had been in progress for a few days was thus happily ended.

U.S. FLAG DRAPES SYMPHONY HALL

Herald — Nov. 2/17
Hangs Over Main Entrance, and Manager Says It Will Remain.

EVENT AROUSES COMMENT

The American flag is draped over the main entrance to Symphony Hall and will remain there permanently. None of the business officers of the Boston Symphony Orchestra would make any statement last night with reference to the manner in which the flag was ordered displayed, but Business Manager Charles A. Ellis, who was communicated with at Haverhill, said that there had been an American flag at the hall during the past summer, but he didn't know the particular location of it.

When informed that it was now draped over the main entrance, he said: "That's the proper place for it and it will remain there permanently."

Excites Comment.

The flag appeared yesterday and, because of the agitation provoked by the failure of the orchestra to include the national anthem on the Providence program, excited widespread comment. There is no flag staff at Symphony Hall for the flag, but when it was displayed yesterday it was given a more advantageous position, draped over the main entrance.

William E. Walter of the publicity department was asked if any significance was attached to the sudden appearance of the flag, and said that he had no statement to make.

Mr. Ellis was also asked concerning a New York dispatch that Mayor Curley had directed that "The Star Spangled Banner" be included on future Symphony programs, and he said that he had heard that rumor but had been unable to verify it. He learned from City Hall that Mayor Curley was in New York and had left no message for the Symphony management.

GERMAN DIVA MUST SING "STAR SPANGLED BANNER"

[Special Dispatch to the Herald.]

PROVIDENCE, Oct. 30—Frieda Hempel cannot sing in Providence Sunday night unless she sings "The Star Spangled Banner."

The board of police commissioners say this. Albert M. Steinert, under whose management the German-born prima donna was booked at Fay's Theatre Sunday afternoon, says so, too, and it was Mr. Steinert who brought to the attention of the board apparently well founded rumors of Mme. Hempel's indifference to that very American music.

Mr. Steinert notified the police board that when he made an application for permission to give a concert Sunday he understood Madame Hempel had overcome a certain hesitancy she was reputed to have in relation to American airs on her program, but now has reason for thinking she had not changed her attitude. Reports of the singer's tour indicated to the satisfaction of the police commissioners that it would be well for Madame Hempel to state her attitude. The application for the license was tabled.

Mr. Steinert said this action is in compliance with his wish. "I have sent Madame Hempel an ultimatum," said Mr. Steinert. "I want to know definitely whether she will or will not sing 'The Star Spangled Banner.' I have told her manager in New York, both by special delivery letter and day-letter telegrams that there will be no concert unless she sings 'The Star Spangled Banner.'"

RESOLUTIONS CONDEMN DR. MUCK AND SYMPHONY

RHODE ISLAND COUNCIL OF DEFENCE RESENTS REPORTED REFUSAL TO PLAY NATIONAL ANTHEM—WANTS MUCK BARRED AS CONDUCTOR

1917
Providence, R. I., Oct. 31—Resolutions condemning the Boston Symphony Orchestra and Dr. Karl Muck, conductor, "for his deliberately insulting attitude" in failing to play "The Star Spangled Banner" at a concert here last night after being requested to do so by a number of women, were adopted today by the Rhode Island Council of Defence. The police commission was requested by the council to refuse further permission for concerts here during the war "when conducted by Dr. Muck."

Members of the commission declined to say what action would be taken. It was

stated, however, that Thomas Howick, agent of the Department of Justice would make a detailed report to Washington, with the recommendation that the orchestra be not permitted to play in other cities unless the national anthem is included in its programme.

DR. KARL MUCK

Herald Nov. 3/17
The national anthem was played yesterday at the concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra and Dr. Muck conducted it. The management announces that the anthem will be performed this season at every concert of the orchestra here and in other cities. Maj. Higginson has stated that neither Dr. Muck nor the orchestra refused to play "The Star Spangled Banner" in Providence, that the management refused for reasons that then and there seemed sufficient to it, but not from any lack of patriotism.

It is not necessary to discuss the question whether repeated performances of the national anthem at classical concerts will fan the flame of patriotism or further the cause of the allies. The question is this: Will the superb orchestra, whose reputation is international, be disbanded on account of Dr. Muck's resignation? Dr. Muck put his resignation in Maj. Higginson's hands that the founder and maintainer of the orchestra might not be embarrassed in future action. As Maj. Higginson said yesterday, Dr. Muck's withdrawal from the position of conductor would be a disaster. The word "disaster" is not too strong.

Under his leadership the Symphony concerts have reached a degree of brilliancy that is unequalled in this country or in any country where music is heard. This is not an extravagant statement. All visiting foreign artists will gladly bear testimony to its truth. It is late in the day to dwell upon the surpassing merits of this conductor, whose laurels disturb the sleep of others. Dr. Muck has been placed in a most trying position. He is leading players of many different nationalities, yet since the war broke out, the orchestra has been composed of men united in an artis-

tic purpose. He is conducting in a country that is at war with Germany.

Many foolish, many false statements have been made about him. He has borne himself with dignity; he has busied himself only with music. The most searching governmental investigators have declared him blameless in his behavior as a foreign resident. That the great audience of the Symphony concerts holds him in the highest esteem was shown by the unparalleled tribute paid to him yesterday.

There is another question to be answered: Will the general public forget the great debt it owes to Maj. Higginson, whose princely generosity and love of art have given to Boston an orchestra that has made the city famous throughout the musical world? No one doubts his patriotism. Is this the time to repudiate the debt? Is this the time to undo the work of many years? Other cities envy Boston its orchestra and its present leader. Will Boston deliberately destroy an institution of which it has long been justly proud?

MAJ. HIGGINSON DEFENDS MUCK

Herald Nov. 5/17
Says Any Blame Due in Anthem
Affair Is His Own—Orchestra Played It When Asked.

ACTED ALONE IN PROVIDENCE

Maj. Henry L. Higginson last night issued the following statement regarding the recent controversy in connection with the playing of "The Star Spangled Banner" by the Boston Symphony Orchestra:

"In these times of great stress and woe, it seems in doubtful taste to bring forward my small matters, and yet I venture to do so.

Grateful to Courteous Public.

"This letter is written in gratitude to a kind and courteous public of many cities, and also in defence of men who have striven hard to please this public, working always under the intention and rules laid down by me 36 years ago.

"On Monday last, Oct. 29, at about 2 o'clock in the afternoon, there came to me from some ladies in Providence unknown to me, and not subscribers to our concerts, a request that 'The Star Spangled Banner' be played by the Boston Symphony Orchestra at its concert in Providence that night. Owing to a paragraph in a Providence newspaper, I stopped the sale of the tickets at once, and at 5 o'clock went to that city, for it seemed that trouble might be brewing, and, if so, it was seemly for me to meet it in person. The request of the ladies was not mentioned to Dr. Muck and the orchestra, and the concert was, as usual, quiet and well received. Only after the return of the orchestra to Boston did Dr. Muck hear of the request. Therefore, if any stones are to be thrown, they should be aimed at my head.

"Since Monday a flood of letters has poured in—some anonymous, some abusive, and very many most friendly and courteous. For the latter I am grateful.

"It would seem fair that the truth should be sought, and the record of the concerts be considered.

"For the past years the audiences have been content to leave in my hands the conduct of our orchestra, and have filled the houses here and elsewhere. If a request for 'The Star Spangled Banner' had come to me in pleasant terms from subscribers, it would have been pleasantly considered; but does anyone like to be ordered by a newspaper to 'stand and deliver'?

Played It as Soon as Asked.

"Note this point: The first time that Dr. Muck and the orchestra were asked to play 'The Star Spangled Banner,' they played it; and, still further, the request had never been refused. I ignored the request coming to me at the last moment from people unknown to me.

"The original object and plan of these concerts was the enjoyment and education of our fellow citizens. To the many men and women—often strangers to me—who had written or spoken in sympathy with this plan, I offer hearty thanks.

"On one point I may insist: The orchestra, under Dr. Muck, has given to the public from the Atlantic to the Pa-

cific great comfort and happiness through many years; and this band of many nationalities has worked well and loyally under most trying circumstances for the good of us all. Each one of them deserves not abuse or suspicion but hearty thanks, and I ask it for them—thanks not in words, but in deeds and in trust.

"Once more, let it be distinctly understood that Dr. Muck and the orchestra played 'The Star Spangled Banner' as soon as they were asked to do so. I ignored the tardy request of the Providence ladies, and if any mistake has been made, it is mine alone.

"HENRY L. HIGGINSON."

MAJ H. L. HIGGINSON DEFENDS SYMPHONY *Globe Nov. 1/17* Says National Anthem Has No Place in Art

When Dr Muck Goes, Orchestra
Will Go Too, Founder Declares

Maj Henry L. Higginson, founder and supporter of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, expressed considerable indignation yesterday over anonymous communications he has received "making false accusations against members of the orchestra" and abusing Dr Karl Muck, the director, for failing to play "The Star Spangled Banner" at the weekly concerts.

"When a man or a woman—for many of them are women," said he, "sends an anonymous letter accusing some man, it is like sticking a dirk in a man's back. They have a notion they are going to test my loyalty. 'I'm under contract with these men, and owe them an obligation, knowing that they have no other way of supporting their families or of earning their living.'

"For several decades I have given my time so that Boston might have this orchestra, but when Dr Muck goes, the orchestra will go, and Symphony Hall, which it costs me \$13,000 to \$18,000 a year to maintain, may be sold.

"Now as to 'The Star Spangled Banner,' why should they play it? It has no place in an art concert. If it did it would be played. Last Summer during our Summer concerts with the two-thirds orchestra we played that and 'America' every night, and those who went there know it. Another man was

leading the orchestra, but there was no dodging—it was because our contracts have arranged for Dr Muck to conduct at the Winter concerts.

"Those were popular concerts. These are not—they are art concerts and 'The Star Spangled Banner' has no place at them.

They think they will test the loyalty of these men by making them play that anthem. Supposing you were in Germany and got up and cheered for the Kaiser. Do you suppose they'd believe any the more that you were for him? No. They'd say: 'Put that man in the guardhouse and watch him.'

"These people may think that playing the anthem will assist the spirit of patriotism.

"Now as to the members. I have received assurances from three sources of our Government that there are no imputations against any of our musicians. One high officer assured me that under no conditions should I dismiss the orchestra.

"I am under contract with public and musicians for concerts of a certain kind, arranged for long ago. I have never meddled with the art side. I owe the public something as to the kind of concerts and these men something as to employment. There is nothing against them now—they are earning their bread. If I dismiss them where have they to go? Straight to the enemy's camp and into mischief."

BOSTON SYMPHONY GIVES NATIONAL AIR

Monitor Nov. 8, 1917

Dr. Karl Muck Leads Orchestra in Playing "The Star Spangled Banner" — His Resignation Placed With Major Higginson

Dr. Karl Muck conducted the Boston Symphony Orchestra playing "The Star Spangled Banner" at the regular Friday concert yesterday. It will also be played at every concert in every city where the orchestra appears.

Dr. Muck has also placed his resignation in the hands of Maj. Henry L. Higginson, founder and sustainer of the orchestra, in order to relieve the orchestra of any embarrassment which might arise because he is a citizen of an enemy country. Major Higginson has made no announcement as yet as to whether or not the resignation will be accepted.

An announcement in the program book to the effect that this air would

be the last number on the program put a quietus on the discussion which has been widespread since a request that it be played at the regular concert of the orchestra at Providence, R. I., on Tuesday night was disregarded. The request, signed by certain women of Providence, was telegraphed to C. A. Ellis, manager of the orchestra. Controversy sprang up, although, as one of the officials of Symphony Hall pointed out, Dr. Muck had never had a chance to refuse to conduct the piece.

Major Higginson addressed the audience at Symphony Hall on Friday before the fourth concert of the season began. The people in the house rose when Major Higginson appeared on the platform and remained standing while he spoke. He said:

"I ask a few words with you this afternoon. I have asked Dr. Muck and the orchestra to play the national anthem at the concert today, and they have complied (Applause). And I will say in regard to the matter of performing the piece, that they have never refused (Applause).

"Last spring I asked Dr. Muck to remain in charge of the orchestra, considering him essential to the success of the Symphony concerts. He has placed his resignation in my hands because he does not wish that any feeling which may be entertained against him may in any way prejudice the orchestra. But I have always thought that to lose him would be a disaster." (Applause).

"Therefore the matter rests with me and will have my earnest consideration."

A canvass of the Symphony Orchestra last evening revealed that there are 27 musicians who are subjects of the Central Powers, and three others whose citizenship is doubtful.

Germans predominate. There are 41 Germans, including Dr Muck, of whom 19 are naturalized citizens of the United States. There are nine Austrians, of whom three are naturalized.

Fifteen native Americans are members of the orchestra. Among the others are three subjects of Italy, one of Poland, 13 of Holland, six of Belgium, six of Russia, 12 of France, five of Great Britain, and one of Bohemia.

In addition, there are two natives of Belgium who are naturalized Americans, and one Italian and one Frenchman who are naturalized.

DR. KARL MUCK



Leader of Symphony Orchestra Who Tenders Resignation.

DR. MUCK OFFERS RESIGNATION

Herald Nov. 8, 1917

Symphony Director Ready to Retire if It Would Help Orchestra.

MAJ. HIGGINSON TO DECIDE

Great Audience Pays Tribute as Musicians Play the National Anthem.

A patriotic demonstration, such as has rarely been witnessed here, occurred in Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon when Boston's famous orchestra played the American national anthem for the first time and Maj. Henry L. Higginson announced that Dr. Muck's resignation had come to him, but that its acceptance would mean a disaster to the musical world and must have his earnest consideration.

The joy of the great audience of 2600 persons was not confined alone to the thought that "The Star Spangled Banner" was being played for only one concert, but was increased by the announcement that the anthem that millions of Americans love will be on the program at every concert of the orchestra henceforth.

Tempest Calms.

Thus the tempest which has threatened to tear the musical world asunder was quickly calmed, and the fact that Maj. Higginson has not as yet decided to accept the resignation of the famous leader lends hope to those who appreciate the best in music that the famous organization will remain intact.

The orchestra played the national anthem as the concluding number yesterday and the audience, typically American in every respect, gave Dr. Muck a splendid ovation after he had led his 110 trained musicians through it. As the orchestra played nearly all of the 2600 in the audience sang the words of the anthem.

The applause at this point was tame, however, compared to the demonstration accorded Maj. Higginson when he addressed the audience before the concert

began. The entire audience arose and applauded vociferously. It was a notable tribute to the man who has made possible the Boston Symphony Orchestra year after year.

Maj. Higginson's Statement.

Maj. Higginson read the following announcement:

"I have asked Dr. Muck and the orchestra to play the 'Star Spangled Banner' and they have complied. They have never refused.

"Last spring, at my earnest request, Dr. Muck consented to remain in charge of the orchestra, because I considered him essential to the continuance of these concerts.

"He has placed his resignation in my hands because he does not wish that any personal feeling toward him should prejudice the welfare of the orchestra.

"To lose him would be a disaster.

"Therefore, the matter rests with me, and will have my earnest consideration."

His statement was hailed with acclaim by the audience, which admired the spirit which prompted him to brave adverse criticism and appear in public to announce his position.

Dr. Muck himself appeared upon the platform and was given an ovation. Those in the audience applauded him heartily, though they did not arise as they did when Maj. Higginson appeared to address them.

When the closing number of the regular program was played the applause was withheld—there was an air of expectancy as Dr. Muck assembled his players. Then the opening strains of the national anthem were recognized, the vast audience arose and Dr. Muck led his instrumentalists in the particular number in which all interest seemed to centre.

Brings Audience to Feet.

The audience rose en masse as the first strains sounded and there was applause from several parts of the hall, an applause which died only as the anthem swelled from the stage to the auditorium and everyone in that vast audience realized that for the first time at a Symphony concert the noted director and his musicians were bringing out the rhythm of the American national air.

There was a profound silence until the closing strain and then came the demonstration, an applause which was deafening.

Dr. Muck remained with his back to his audience until he retired from the director's stand, and as he turned at the piano to acknowledge the applause it was deafening.

An official statement from the offices of the Boston Symphony Orchestra was to the effect that Maj. Higginson's announcement from the stage covered the entire ground, that Dr. Muck and

the orchestra players were requested to include the American national anthem in future programs and they had consented. There was nothing more to be said except that the anthem would be included in every future program, including Washington, Philadelphia, Baltimore and New York.

At All Future Concerts

Maj. Higginson authorized the statement that "The Star Spangled Banner" will be played at all future concerts of the Symphony Orchestra, whether here or in other cities.

This announcement was the climax of a public discontent which reached its pinnacle after Tuesday evening's concert in Providence, where the orchestra did not play the anthem, although a request for it had previously been sent to the management by prominent Providence residents.

This resulted in the Rhode Island Council of Defense urging the authorities of the city to debar the Boston Symphony Orchestra in the future unless its program should include the National anthem, and it was said that a Department of Justice agent would make a detailed report to Washington and recommend that the orchestra be prevented from playing in other cities unless it plays the patriotic selection.

On the following day Maj. Higginson granted to newspapermen an interview in which he defended the stand his orchestra had taken, and argued that "The Star Spangled Banner" has no place in an art program such as is given by the Symphony at its Winter concerts. He made it known that he had received many letters of criticism, some of them anonymous, but added that the criticisms came from persons who do not attend the concerts.

Dr. Muck himself was quoted in a published interview as saying that the National anthem would not be played at the New York concerts next week, when the orchestra starts on tour. This statement aroused popular resentment in many cities.

But it was played yesterday, and played well, while the Stars and Stripes floated from a staff on Symphony Hall, and 2600 persons, mainly women, arose and clapped, while many joined in the air and sang the first verse. Dr. Muck gave his customary bow near the piano and hurried from the stage.

The first announcement to patrons that the hymn would be played came when they opened their programs, in each of which a sticker, pasted in after the program was printed, stating: "The National anthem will be played as the closing number of the program."

Maj. Higginson's appearance on the stage prefaced the concert. He said:

MUCK OFFERS TO QUIT POST

Conducts "Star Spangled Banner" at Concert Amid Tremendous Applause

Post Nov. 3/19. +
Dr. Karl Muck, guiding genius of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, offered his resignation as conductor of that world-famous organization yesterday. By Major Henry L. Higginson, founder and maintainer of the orchestra, on the platform of Symphony Hall, both he and the members of the orchestra were absolved from ever having refused to play the national anthem.

It will be played at all Boston Symphony Orchestra concerts in the future.

Then at the close of the afternoon concert, Dr. Muck stood before a tense and thrill-bound audience and directed the performance of "The Star Spangled Banner" with all his masterful precision and brilliance.

AUDIENCE SINGS THE SONG

The strains of the national anthem rushing up from the five-score master musicians of the nation's finest orchestra drew more than 2500 people to their feet. It drew their voices to their lips, and before the end came the men and women of the audience were singing with growing vigor and spirit "The



DR. KARL MUCK,
Conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

Continued on Page 10—Fifth Col.

Continued From First Page

Star Spangled Banner," led by the foremost orchestral director in the world.

While yet the sustaining baton of Dr. Muck was poised in air, the final note was drowned in a tumult of applause. It was applause in which cordiality for the genius of Dr. Muck unmistakably shared honors with the American enthusiasm aroused by the song. It was different from the polite greeting of doubtful sporadic handclapping which had greeted Dr. Muck's first appearance. It was the answer of American appreciation of art.

Believe Doctor Will Stay

Based upon that spirit which was immediately evident after the concert, people in positions which lend weight to their statements said that the resignation of Dr. Muck will not be accepted. Major Higginson, himself, said last night that he could make no forecast as to his decision yet.

Dr. Muck was profoundly affected by the day's developments, coming as it did after two days of bitter criticism, much of which was based upon misinformation, according to Major Higginson. Dr. Muck said yesterday after the performance:

Has Done His Best

"I hardly know what to think. It has all been very hard. It is all over now. Perhaps I had better say nothing."

"Would you not regret leaving Boston and the Symphony Orchestra as much as Major Higginson and many of the subscribers would regret to have you?" questioned the reporter.

"I have done my best these seven years. I have done my best today."

At his Commonwealth avenue home last night Major Higginson told the Post reporter that "after all the abuse and misstatements directed against Dr. Muck during the past two days" he wanted to tell the public some facts.

After Programme Was Made

"About 2 o'clock Monday afternoon the message from those ladies in Providence asking that the national anthem be played at their Tuesday night concert was received. Mr. Ellis and I were together when it came. I ordered Mr. Ellis to stop the sale of tickets in Providence and do nothing at that late hour to change the programme, which had been made up and rehearsed."

"Tuesday evening Mr. Ellis and I went to Providence. Dr. Muck went down with the orchestra."

"Dr. Muck never knew that a request for 'The Star Spangled Banner'

had been made until after the concert was over and he had returned to Boston. None of the orchestra members knew of that request until they reached Boston."

"It was I who gave the order to stop selling tickets in Providence and to do nothing about changing the programme. We didn't have the music. There had been no rehearsal of the piece."

"Above all things I want Dr. Muck exonerated of that false charge circulated by some of the papers that he refused to play the national anthem."

Never Refused to Play Anthem

"If the public wants to throw any stones, let them throw them at me, not at the orchestra or the leader. I don't care how many they throw at me."

"And now I hope that this abuse of Dr. Muck will stop. He has done nothing and has refused to do nothing. He never refused to play our national anthem."

Yesterday afternoon's concert at Symphony Hall brought the most dramatic incident in the entire history of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, now in its 37th season, when Dr. Muck conducted the performance of "The Star Spangled Banner."

A Capacity Audience

A capacity audience flocked to Symphony Hall long before the hour of commencing on the qui vive with excitement and curiosity. They found that the programme contained a paste-on slip saying "The National Anthem will be played as the closing number of the programme."

But there was still suspense. Would Dr. Muck conduct the performance of the hymn or would he delegate the leadership to a member of the orchestra? How, in the light of public criticism lately, would the audience receive him? If Dr. Muck did conduct, would his iron nerve desert him, so that in face or bearing he would show the strain under which he labored?

Applause Begins

These topics were the theme of conversation on all sides. There were sudden pauses—sentences broken off and never finished as the speaker glanced at the stage to get the first glimpse of the drama that was preparing.

Suddenly some of the people started to applaud. The applause grew in volume. Was this sympathy with Dr. Muck? Only a few of the people could see the entrance to the stage used by the conductor.

There was astonishment for those who expected to see a display of hostility toward Dr. Muck, when the applause broke out and swelled in volume until they saw who had entered.

Major Higginson on Stage

It was not the director. It was Major Henry L. Higginson, the venerable founder, bulider and patron of the orchestra, the organization that gives Boston its orchestral supremacy over all other cities, and the orchestra with which, whatever the struggle and fever of these days, Boston would be loath to part.

Yet Major Higginson had more than hinted that with a little more pressure and criticism he might be obliged to dismiss not only Dr. Muck, but the orchestra, which is the darling of his heart and more than all else the monument of his lifetime.

Tribute to Music's Patron

Major Higginson, veteran of the Civil war and a leading patriot in these stirring times, advanced, showing plainly in his face the agitation and the pain he had experienced through the late misunderstanding with the public.

As he came to the front of the stage the entire audience arose and the applause swelled louder than ever. With commanding dignity the venerable fighting major raised his hand for silence. Slowly, clearly and with marked emphasis he read the following statement:

Major Higginson's Statement

"I have asked Dr. Muck and the orchestra to play the 'Star Spangled Banner,' and they have complied. They have never refused."

"Last spring, at my earnest request, Dr. Muck consented to remain in charge of the orchestra, because I considered him essential to the continuance of these concerts."

"He has placed his resignation in my hands, because he does not wish that any personal feeling towards him should prejudice the welfare of the orchestra."

"To lose him would be a disaster. Therefore the matter rests with me, and will have my earnest consideration."

The audience was so astounded that there was only a faint patter of polite applause as Major Higginson bowed and turned.

Concert Begins as Usual

That moment Dr. Muck stepped upon the stage. Again there was applause but very different in volume and quantity from the first greeting. It proceeded definitely from isolated quarters of the auditorium. One or two people stood up. The rest of the audience, silent and undemonstrative, remained seated. The applause was kept up by the minority while Dr. Muck, as cool, as self-contained, and as much master of the situation as he ever has been in his life, bowed several times and turned to conduct the performance of the symphony.

The concert progressed to the last number on the printed programme, a dramatic overture. Despite the thrilling of this gripping music the audience seemed restless and expectant. Ordinarily people begin to put on hats and grasp canes, umbrellas and wraps ready

for a dash for the door when the last note sounds. But yesterday the tenseness and expectancy was only heightened as the audience felt the approaching close of the overture. Not even a suburbanite hastened to catch a train.

All Stand for Anthem

The overture came to an end. Dr. Muck turned slowly, bowed gravely, courteously. Then he turned back again to his stand.

Orchestra and audience arose, the musicians standing while they played, the national anthem of the United States rolled out with all the majesty and volume of which the world's greatest orchestra is capable.

Then a stirring thing happened. The men were playing with all their force. The conductor was wielding his baton with no more or less authority and precision than if he were conducting a Brahms symphony instead of the national anthem. Suddenly a few women's voices rose above the pulsing music. Polite and self-contained residents of the Back Bay glanced this way and that at their neighbors and then—commenced to sing.

Join in Singing

One by one they took up the song. And now the words of the hymn commenced to roll out over the thunders of the orchestra. The audience was mostly women and at the beginning only their voices were to be heard. Then came the rougher, deeper masculine tones which told that the men of Boston were not to be behind the women-folk in the profession of their faith.

As the last note of the anthem resounded sustained by all the power of the orchestra and the people, Dr. Muck's stick poised in the air, the applause crashed out, drowning even the sound of the brilliant music.

All Eyes on Conductor

Hundreds of eyes and opera glasses stared at the conductor. If anyone thought that he would fail himself, they were doomed to disappointment. They could have searched for a line that was changed in that face, for a movement or a tremor that would tell what Dr. Karl Muck, persona grata above most other musicians in Germany at the court of the Kaiser, was feeling. A strange destiny, indeed, for such a man. And a man capable of meeting the day without a quiver.

Perhaps there was a note of cordiality, also, in the applause of that last, unforeseen performance. Perhaps the people felt that Dr. Muck had faced a duty which he acknowledged to be his in his present position like a man and a gentleman.

Controversy Over German Leader Boston Symphony Orchestra Steadily Grows

Traveler

Nov. 8, 1917

Dr. Muck Declared to Be Active in Germany's Behalf—Agitation Brings to the Front California Court Case.

Although Dr. Muck, the gifted leader of the Symphony orchestra, has added "The Star Spangled Banner" to the repertoire of his famous organization, the controversy over him which began in this city at the conclusion of the orchestra's benefit concert, one afternoon recently, is showing no abatement.

Baltimore, the home of the man who composed the national anthem, became aroused by the fact that the orchestra did not play "The Star Spangled Banner" in Providence after patriotic organizations had requested that it be played. A mass meeting was called and threats were made that a concert by the orchestra would be prevented by force if an attempt were made to give one.

Thereupon the municipal authorities issued orders that the concert be not given. Washington welcomed the doctor and the orchestra and applauded both when the national anthem was played.

Meanwhile, however, those who insist that Dr. Muck is a pro-German in his sympathies and activities have not been idle. The Providence Journal has insisted that his pro-Germanism is something more than sympathetically inactive, and the earnest efforts of Maj. Henry L. Higginson to convince patriotic citizens everywhere that there is no taint of un-Americanism in the orchestra or its leader have apparently failed.

Today the Providence Journal attacks Dr. Muck as a pro-German propagandist, producing evidence in support of its charge, and in a letter to the Boston Herald and Journal, published today, Marshall B. Fanning considers the subject from a new standpoint—that of one

who cannot ignore the fact that our boys are being slain by German soldiers and that Dr. Muck is heart and soul in sympathy with Germany.

That the issue has reached a stage where it may be of vast importance to the future of the Symphony orchestra and to those who have for years appreciated it as the finest organization of its kind on the continent is now admitted by lovers of music who have watched the progress of the controversy with keen regret.

Dr. Muck has already tendered his resignation to Maj. Higginson, but the latter, who has made the Symphony orchestra possible, has thus far failed to accept it and does not wish to accept it. What the future will bring about can only be conjectured.

In a letter published by the Boston Herald and Journal of this morning, Marshall B. Fanning brings out the point that the general American public, as well as those who attend Symphony concerts, are interested in the Dr. Muck discussion. Following is the letter in full:

To Editor of Herald and Journal:

In the controversy over the Symphony Orchestra the main point is being missed. The fact that Dr. Muck has consented to play "The Star Spangled Banner" is of little consequence; neither is the wish of the audience to have him continue as director of much weight. A very small part of the public can attend these concerts, but the great outside public has feelings as well as the favored few.

The point is that our men have died

(Continued from Page One.)

and are dying in increasing numbers by the hands of Dr. Muck's countrymen and we are engaged in a life and death struggle with them. It is admitted that Dr. Muck is heart and soul with Germany; that is, he wishes our destruction. The Germans refused to let the art of the great cathedral at Rheims weigh against the life of a single German soldier; shall we, for the sake of art, permit an institution in our midst to give not only aid and comfort, but honor and

applause to one who would delight in the overthrow of all we hold dear?

It is not necessary that he should actually plot against us. He is a German who occupied a high position in Germany. He is now in America with a Swiss passport. These facts are sure to bring him under suspicion. The public which is suffering by the war naturally resents what is taking place in Symphony Hall and the feelings of the public at this time are entitled to respect.

MARSHALL B. FANNING.

Boston, Nov. 6.

Muck's Own Testimony Convicts Him as German Propagandist

Musician, Now Posing as Martyred Artist, Branded by His Statement in San Francisco Court.

Concert Conductor, in Prosecuting Bogus Collector for "The Fatherland," Who Is Sent to Prison, Testifies He Gave Defendant \$300 Intended to Aid Publication and Had Made Many Other Gifts for Like Purposes.

Dr. Karl Muck, now posing before the American public as a martyred artist who has never been active in pro-German propaganda, has been ever since the beginning of the European war a most virulent and rabid supporter of Germany's cause, his attitude in this respect being more marked since the United States entered the conflict than before.

In May, 1915, when Dr. Muck was in California, he was approached by one Frederick Greisheimer, who told him he was collecting money to keep the notorious German weekly, the Fatherland, on its feet.

Greisheimer called Dr. Muck's attention to the attitude of the Fatherland for several issues following the Lusitania disaster and other matters, and secured \$300 from him in order to aid that publication. Dr. Muck discovered a few weeks afterward that Greisheimer was not authorized to make such collections and had him arrested.

The man was convicted on Muck's testimony and is now serving sentence in San Quentin penitentiary. Muck testified that the reason he gave the money

was because he wanted to help along the cause espoused by the Fatherland, and said that he had made many contributions for like purposes. Dr. Muck's enthusiastic desire to help the Fatherland came immediately after that paper had made the statement that the American authorities were responsible for the death of Americans on the Lusitania because they had sold their souls to England, and another statement over Viereck's own signature, that, if a conflict should arise between the United States and Germany, the blame would rest on Washington and not on Berlin, and that the Lusitania case, judging by replies to questions sent out by the Fatherland, had not changed the opinion of German-Americans with regard to the righteousness of Germany's cause.

Ever since the United States entered the war, Dr. Muck has been one of the active heads of German propaganda in Boston and the constant companion of Sir Edgar Speyer and other men of the same type.

By his own statement to the San Francisco courts, he has made it apparent that at least a considerable portion of the money which comes to him through the good will of the American people has been spent in the past in aiding German propaganda of the most vicious and traitorous character.

At the head of the editorial column of the Providence Journal, the following appears:

Every German or Austrian in the United States, unless known by years of association to be absolutely loyal, should be treated as a potential spy. Keep your eyes and ears open. Whenever any suspicious act or disloyal word comes to your notice communicate at once with the Department of Justice, room 301, Federal building, Providence.

We are at war with the most merciless and inhuman nation in the world. Hundreds of thousands of its people in this country want to see America humiliated and beaten to her knees, and they are doing, and will do, everything in their power to bring this about.

Take nothing for granted. Energy and alertness in this direction may save the life of your son, your husband or your brother.

CALLS DR. MUCK PROPAGANDIST

Herald Nov. 8/17
Providence Journal Charges Him with Spreading Vicious German Doctrines.

Praises Traveler's Stand.

The Traveler this noon received the following letter which seems pertinent to a renewal of the discussion about Dr. Muck:

To the Editor of the Traveler:

Will you permit me, in this time of controversy over the Symphony Orchestra concerts, to compliment the Traveler and its efficient and refined musical critic.

I refer to the splendid independence of the account of a recent Symphony concert in which an American home artist, who once refused to stand when the national anthem was played and who is an adept in several languages, sang nothing but a German program.

I wish to praise the courage of your newspaper in publishing such a just criticism.

May the man who wrote it have courage to do still better things in these terrible days of international war. The sooner the authorities curb Prussianism in all directions, the better for our country.

P. J. CONROY, M. D.

Everett, Nov. 7.

The Traveler has tried to reach Dr. Muck today with the following telegram:

"Have you any statement to make in reply to charges of German propaganda on your part in Providence Journal of today? Columns Boston Traveler open to you for any reply."

The Other Side.

(Springfield Republican.)

Baltimore has gone into the air unnecessarily over Dr. Muck and "The Star Spangled Banner." Dr. Muck is having it played by his orchestra and, what is more, he has never refused to have it played. Baltimore gets hysterical, perhaps, because it was the home of Francis Scott Key.

"ACTIVE HEAD IN BOSTON"

[Special Dispatch to Herald and Journal.]

PROVIDENCE, Nov. 7—The Providence Journal will say tomorrow morning:

"Dr. Karl Muck, now posing before the American public as a martyred artist who has never been active in pro-German propaganda, has been ever since the beginning of the European war a most virulent and rabid supporter of Germany's cause,

his attitude in this respect being more marked since the United States entered the conflict than before.

"In May, 1915, when Dr. Muck was in California, he was approached by one Frederick Grelsheimer, who told him he was collecting money to keep the notorious German weekly the Fatherland, on its feet.

Obtained \$300.

"Grelsheimer called Dr. Muck's attention to the attitude of the Fatherland for several issues following the Lusitania disaster and other matters, and secured \$300 from him in order to aid that publication. Dr. Muck discovered a few weeks afterward that Grelsheimer was not authorized to make such collections and had him arrested.

"The man was convicted on Muck's testimony and is now serving sentence in San Quentin penitentiary. Muck testified that the reason he gave the money was because he wanted to help along the cause espoused by the Fatherland, and said that he had made many contributions for like purposes. Dr. Muck's enthusiastic desire to help the Fatherland came immediately after that paper

had made the statement that the American authorities were responsible for the death of Americans on the Lusitania because they had sold their souls to England, and another statement over Viereck's own signature, that, if a conflict should arise between the United States and Germany, the blame would rest on Washington and not on Berlin, and that the Lusitania case, judging by replies to questions sent out by the Fatherland, had not changed the opinion of German-Americans with regard to the righteousness of Germany's cause.

"Active Head in Boston."

"Ever since the United States entered the war, Dr. Muck has been one of the active heads of German propaganda in Boston, and the constant companion of Sir Edgar Speyer and other men of the same type.

"By his own statement to the San Francisco courts, he has made it apparent that at least a considerable portion of the money which comes to him through the good will of the American people has been spent in the past in aiding German propaganda of the most vicious and traitorous character."

THE BALTIMORE MEETING OF PROTEST AND ITS RESULTS

(Special to the Traveler)

BALTIMORE, Nov. 8.—Dr. Karl Muck and his Boston Symphony orchestra did not appear here last night. They were scheduled to play at the Lyric Theatre, but on Monday the grand jury realizing the temper of the people of this city, petitioned the board of police commissioners to prevent the concert. The police board acted promptly, and issued an order calling off the concert.

Previous to this action on the part of the police board, however, former Gov. Edwin Warfield had sent out a call for a monster mass meeting to protest against the concert. The meeting was held in the Lyric, Tuesday afternoon. Three thousand fellow-citizens of Francis Scott Key, with a mighty yell which they tried to make loud enough to be heard in Berlin, gave warning to Dr. Muck.

The fact that the grand jury and the police board already had acted to prevent the concert had no effect on the meeting of protest. Citizens of this town, in which the national anthem had its birth, had decided to put themselves on record against Dr. Muck, and they did.

Probably no greater honor was ever done the memory of Key than at that

meeting, and there have been few more inspiring tributes to the flag. It is certain that since American entered the war alien enemies, plotting discouragement and destruction in this country, have been given no more pointed warning of the temper of the American people and what it threatens for the seditions.

In a letter which Cardinal Gibbons wrote to Gov. Warfield, saying he was "with the meeting in spirit," the prelate, referring to the stars and stripes, said that "as with the ark of the old Covenant, he who touches it with profane hands shall suffer."

After representatives of various patriotic organizations had been called to the platform for impromptu addresses and had cryptically voiced their sentiments, a resolution was offered condemning Dr. Muck, reaffirming the patriotism of American citizens in Baltimore and urging that Dr. Muck be not allowed to lead an orchestra here under and circumstances.

There wasn't a dissenting voice when the question was put. A soldier band from Camp Meade and a squad of men from that nearby cantonment with fixed bayonets added to the enthusiasm.

Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1917--18.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

Dr. KARL MUCK, Conductor.

FOURTH PROGRAMME

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 2, AT 2.30 P. M.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 3, AT 8 P. M.

SIBELIUS,

SYMPHONY No. 4, in A minor, op. 63

- I. Tempo molto moderato quasi adagio
- II. Allegro molto vivace
- III. II Tempo Largo
- IV. Allegro

SAINT-SAËNS,

CONCERTO in G minor, for Pianoforte, op. 22

- I. Andante sostenuto
- II. Allegretto scherzando
- III. Presto

BEETHOVEN,

OVERTURE to "Leonore No. 3," op. 72

*****THE NATIONAL ANTHEM*****

Soloist:

Miss FRANCES NASH

Steinway Pianoforte used

There will be no Public Rehearsal and Concert next week.

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Frances Nash.

SYMPHONY'S 4TH CONCERT

Herald Nov. 3/17
Works by Sibelius, Saint-Saëns
and Beethoven Make up
the Program.

DR. KARL MUCK CONDUCTOR

By PHILIP HALE.

The fourth concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Muck, conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows: Sibelius, Symphony No. 4; Saint-Saëns, Piano Concerto in G minor, No. 2 (Frances Nash pianist); Beethoven, Leonore overture No. 3.

Orchestra and audience were seated when Maj. Higginson appeared on the platform. The audience rose, welcomed him heartily and heard him with almost painful attention. His remarks, which were made with evident feeling, are printed elsewhere in this issue of the Boston Herald and Journal. When Dr. Muck came on the platform to conduct the symphony, the applause was fervent and long-continued, the most impressive tribute that has been paid to any conductor in Symphony Hall.

The symphony of Sibelius was played here three years ago this month. When it was first performed here—the year before—it was a stumbling block to many of us; nor did a second hearing put some of us at ease with it. There are writers who insist that the greater part of the Finn's more important music owes the peculiar grimness and wildness to the influence of scenery and climate. Buckle would gladly have accepted this theory. Others have had something to say about Sibelius voicing the sullen revolt of his people against Russian oppression. And there are others that dilate on the inherent melancholy of the man, not knowing him personally. Thus there are explanations; some of them almost apologetic.

Sibelius in the flesh is not a Dismal Jemmy; he is dignified, versed in the ways of the world, not a child of nature as Dvorak was; he impressed those that met him in this city as a robust man, physically and mentally. His musical

education was not confined to the conservatory at Helsingfors; he studied Berlin and Vienna. In Finland an annuity granted by the government gave him ample time for composition. It is not dire poverty that gives a peculiar character to his music.

He has said that nature has been to him the book of books. "The voices of nature are the voices of God, and if an artist can give a mere echo of them in his creations, he is fully rewarded for all his efforts."

But the landscape is in the mind, as in the eye, of the beholder. The "voices of nature" are in his soul as in his ears. The smile of a summer sunlit scene may be to one ironical, by reason of association or a tempest raging within him. And so a desolate, wind-swept moor may be to another as the Vale of Cashmere. Egdon Heath was not so significant to the men and women wandering on it as it was to Thomas Hardy, imagining the tragedy of Clym Yeobright and Eustacia Vye.

Let it, then, be taken for granted that Sibelius in this symphony, as in other important works not inspired by the legends of the Finnish epic, expresses Nature as seen, heard and felt by him in Finland. The question remains, whether his musical mood and expression are severely national; whether they appeal to hearers of other lands by the beauty, power and nobility of the music. It does not seem to us that in thematic invention, in the nature of the development, in the general structure of the movements, this symphony is so imposing as the first and second. After several hearings, the first movement still seems vague, without irresistible purport, nor is the Scherzo convincing, wholly to the point; but there are eloquent pages in the slow movement and fascinating passages in the Finale. We are not disconcerted by the wild dissonances, by curious mixtures of timbres, by measures that to some may seem reckless cacophony. Nor do we find the idiom of the symphonic speech a very wide departure from that of the first and second symphonies and the violin concerto. The voice is still that of Sibelius, though the inflections are now and then different, though mannerisms may at times choke the flow of speech or cause surprise. Concerning the sincerity of the man there can be no doubt. He does not trim his sails to catch the breeze of popular favor.

Saint-Saëns' concerto in G minor is characterized by elegance, logic and fine taste. As the story goes, Rubinstein proposed to Saint-Saëns that they should give a concert together. Saint-Saëns replied: "Very well, I'll write a concerto for it." It is said that the concerto was written in 17 days; no doubt the main ideas had long been in his head. The music shows the assimilative nature of the composer. There are pages after the manner

Bach with modern touches; there are pages in Mendelssohn's vein. A sparkling, brilliant concerto, one, however, that does not call for any display of emotion on the part of the pianist; one that does not make a demand on the higher interpretative ability.

In the performance of this concerto, the first requisite is incisive rhythm. Miss Nash's rhythm was not clearly defined; nor was her mechanism faultless; runs were sometimes smeared, especially at their end, so that there was a scramble to join the orchestral chord. Her performance was too often amateurish.

After the Leonore overture, "The Star Spangled Banner" was played under Dr. Muck's leadership. The concert will be repeated tonight. There will be no concerts next week, for the orchestra, conducted by Dr. Muck, will make its first trip. The program for the concerts of Nov. 16-17 is not announced.

SYMPHONY PLAYS NATIONAL ANTHEM

Adv. — Nov. 8
**Concession to Public Goes
Hand in Hand With Dr.
Muck's Resignation**

MAJ. HIGGINSON TAKES ALL RESPONSIBILITY

BY LOUIS C. ELSON

Program.

Fourth Symphony in A minor.....Sibelius
G minor Piano Concerto.....St.-Saens
Pianist, Miss Frances Nash.
Leonora Overture, No. 3.....Beethoven

People who expected bombs, hand grenades, or at least empty seats at yesterday's concert were disappointed. The fierce debate and the voluminous letter-writing to the papers came to a peaceful end by the management's sensibly acceding to the request of several, and giving the National Anthem. Just before the concert began the honored founder of the orchestra came upon the stage. The audience at once respectfully rose, and the orchestra followed suit. Maj. Higginson made a terse speech,

full of common sense. He stated that the orchestra had never refused to play the "Star-Spangled Banner," nor Dr. Muck to conduct it. He himself only had been asked for it. He said that Dr. Muck had generously sent in his resignation some time ago, in order not to embarrass the management. He had that resignation in his hands now, but had not accepted it. The National Anthem would be played, as requested, at the end of the concert.

And so it was played, the audience and the orchestra standing up during its performance. The incident may be considered ended, but it is fortunate that so true and noble a patriot as Maj. Higginson is at the head of affairs. One feels that he has no need to play the "Star Spangled Banner" nor to wrap up Symphony Hall in a large American flag, to prove that his beneficent enterprise is loyal. We scarcely care to imitate the English custom of having the national tune heard on every possible occasion. Yet to have begun the musical season with our anthem might have been very appropriate. Maj. Higginson was much applauded, but the ovation to Dr. Muck, when he appeared, was beyond precedent.

The modern pill which we are expected to take once in every little while came first upon the program. We are glad to say that the fourth symphony of Sibelius gains power upon repeated hearing. It is still quite a bitter work, but it becomes a little more intelligible upon nearer acquaintance. It still, however, appears to us that Sibelius is groping after something different from his preceding modes of expression, and has not yet mastered the new language. At times it reminds of Rogers' lines:—

"An old man wand'ring as in
search of something,
Something he could not find—he
knew not what."

The opening is promising, with the Scandinavian sombreness, and leads one to anticipate something of the impressive gloom of the North. But the expectations are disappointed, for the symphony soon begins to dabble in the whole-tone progressions in which Debussy and the Siamese composers agree and now Sibelius has joined them. It is not a difficult trick when one gets used to it, and it leads to a peculiar flavor which is new enough to be relishable for a while. In the same manner the long organ-points

4-3
which are introduced are not unimpressive, but not one of the moderns can show us an organ-point which is so powerful or so ingenious as that in the second movement of Tchaikowsky's Pathetic symphony.

The symphony does not demand a very monstrous orchestra. With the exception of bells (Glockenspiel) which are introduced in the Finale it is not more radical than some of Beethoven's scores. But in its modulations it is as far away from the Sibelius that we have known as that Sibelius is from Haydn. It is fragmentary; it has mutterings and groanings, and writhings and twistings, which lead nowhere in particular. It is called Symphony A minor, but it is not a symphony, and it is not in A minor, for it goes into all known and unknown keys. It is a question which must soon be decided, whether in modern music it is right to affix any signature at all to the music. Hans Huber has already made a beginning in this matter by writing his works without any key signature, as if they were in C major, and filling in the accidentals as he goes on.

Perhaps if a program were given to the work, if it portrayed a definite series of events, one might get at something tangible before it was over, but without such a guide the symphony is meaningless, at least to the present writer. We do not know the reason of the awful dissonances, why the sudden interruptions, why the movements end where they cease, or why the long organ-point in the finale suggests an end so long before that end is reached.

It is easy to make fun of such a work, but we certainly do not intend to do so. Sibelius has written enough worthy music to make us believe in his sincerity. There are many impressive moments in the work for all its ugliness and its vagueness. We can only hope that, if Sibelius is to speak further in this new language, he may master it more completely, so that he may be more perfectly understood.

The work received the applause that is now becoming customary; that is, Dr. Muck was twice recalled and the orchestra obliged to rise. This is becoming so much "de rigueur" that it is scarcely worth chronicling. The new Sibelius, as here revealed, is one whom we can "first endure, then pity"—but we doubt if we could go beyond that.

Miss Frances Nash could not have wished for a better introduction for her piano playing, for the audience were hungry for tune after the tuneless proceedings of the first hour, and St.-Saens' G-minor concerto is medolice enough, and its brightness told well against the darkness of the symphony. The work is symmetrical, and as intelligible as a bugle call. Miss Nash, like the lamented Mr. Lochinvar, comes out of the west. She is from Omaha, and proved that good can come out of Nazareth, for she played with much brilliancy and freedom. In the first movement her octave work was very clear and her chords sufficiently crashing, but there was an overuse of pedal, and the ensemble was not always perfect. Miss Nash did her best work in the Allegretto, where her dainty, crisp and playful style deserves all praise. There was brilliancy in the finale, too, and the young pianist evidently captured her audience, judging by the applause and recalls.

Then came Beethoven's greatest dramatic overture (although we prefer the "Egmont" as more condensed and less inflated), and ended the concert in a perfectly legitimate manner, so that the clarity of the end made full amends for the troubles of the beginning. Of course there is nothing new to be said about the overture nor about the impassioned manner in which it was read and played. "Happy are those nations which have no history" and pleasant are those compositions which require no explanations or apologies.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT *Trans. — Nov. 3/17.* MUSIC, EPISODES AND OMENS OF THE FUTURE

**New Angles of an Obscure Situation—
Sibelius's Controverted Symphony of
Weariness and Disillusion in All Things
but Workmanship—The Singular and
Significant Music—Beethoven and His
Drama of "Leonora"—A Pianist, Miss
Nash, Who Falls Short of Her Piece**

HOW far the incidents of yesterday afternoon assure the continuance of the Symphony Orchestra and its concerts in Boston and else-

where remains to be seen. Much depends upon the fate of the resignation that Dr. Muck has naturally laid in Mr. Higginson's hands; much also depends upon the continuance of the attacks upon him from the miscellaneous public as distinguished from the public frequenting the concerts. The mood of the subscribers of Fridays was sufficiently established—as programme-books say—by applause when Dr. Muck first came to his place that in volume, duration, sincerity and general participation, has not been heard at a concert in Symphony Hall since it first opened its doors—applause, moreover, renewed at every opportunity that the concert afforded. The subscribers of Saturdays have turned to indicate their temper this evening; while next Thursday and Saturday, another important element in the public of the orchestra—the subscribers to its concerts in New York—will take like opportunity.

"Ovations," however, are only "ovations," and it is not the listening companies of Symphony or of Carnegie Hall that have chiefly fomented the present agitation. If continuance of it compels Mr. Higginson to accept Dr. Muck's resignation, or if the conductor, in spite of the loyalty to the orchestra, his calling, the public and his engagements, that brought him to his post yesterday, persists in his departure, the end of the Symphony Orchestra and the Symphony Concerts is probably at hand. In some fashion or other, they would be put through to the end of the season and existing engagements; then finally abandoned to leave behind them such regrets as time and tranquillity may bring. It was a Mr. Higginson looking five years older than he did a week ago, who addressed the audience at the beginning of the concert. The unkindest detractor could not have seen without sympathy the effect upon him of the circumstances now threatening the work to which he has given the loyalties, the fortune, the ambition of half a lifetime.

As chance would have it, the programme put together by Dr. Muck for the concert was less interesting than any of the three that since the middle of October have preceded it. Sibelius's symphony in A minor began it—exacting and to many ears unrewarding music. Saint-Saëns's fifty-year-old concerto in G minor followed and the playing of Miss Nash, the pianist of the day, little glamored a fading piece. Only Beethoven's third "Leonora" overture ministered to the general pleasure, and upon that was to follow the playing of "The Star Spangled Banner," for once an "event" and not a custom. The anthem sounded rather better than it usually does for the quick pace and the sharp rhythm at which Dr. Muck led it; while the standing audience comported itself much as audiences do when the

piece is ceremonially played in other houses of public entertainment. That is to say, the major part of the company listened decorously; a few conversed; a few mistakenly sang; more were busily putting on their hats; while some watched the demeanor of their neighbors. Perhaps every one concerned welcomed this end to the tension of a concert in which it was hard to be a good listener to music as music and in which the wonder was the high pitch of accomplishment at which conductor and orchestra held themselves. From the first note to the last their mettle praised them.

It is almost possible to believe that had Schönberg's "Five Pieces," once notorious, been played at three pairs of Symphony Concerts in four years, the audience would have become kindly disposed to them. Sibelius's symphony in A minor—with the well-won prestige of the composer to buttress it—seemed hardly less strange of tonal speech, baffling to musical understanding, and barren to awaiting imagination when it was first played "at these concerts" in the autumn of 1913. Now, become familiar through repetition, it interested hearers, stirred hearty plaudits, clarified itself to the listening mind and prompted responsive feeling. Since the war has withheld Sibelius's most recent music from all ears but those of his own Finlanders, it is impossible to say whether he has continued to write in the singular idiom of this symphony of 1911-1912. In any case, as it now sounds, the manner of the music suits the matter it would bear. For, if ever there was a symphony of weary mood and weary voice, it is this tone-poem of disillusion. Out of broken phrases, chance fragments as they often seem, the motives of the darksome first movement, struggle into being, weave themselves, almost painfully, into a tonal fabric in motion. Developed, they lower along as heavy clouds, slowly driven by ominous winds, traverse a stormy sky. A rift and a halt bares the warmer, softer melody, like pale, cold sunshine, but it has hardly expanded, before the clouds, now in as broken progressions as at the beginning, shut thick and fast upon it. Blackly, abruptly, as with falling night, the movement ends.

The scherzo is of like nervous, struggling, broken tonal speech. From one motive Sibelius turns impatiently to another; shivers both into fragments of chords, streaks the music with fantastical instrumental color as in a mood of bitter and sardonic gaiety; sets himself to sustained measures quick with rhythm, and then almost as suddenly smothers them away. The slow movement renews in a fashion the spirit and the method of the first. Out of broken interchanges among the orchestral choirs and even between solo instruments within them, out of splintered fragments of mo-

tives against ghostly or gloomy harmonic backgrounds, a grave, grim melody almost wrings itself into tonal existence and tonal continuity, deepens, strides, mounts at last to austere proclamation, only to wear itself away in a death-rattle of instrumental murmurs, as though the effort to speak highly, nobly, had cost it life. Similarly, the finale returns to the fantastic procedure and imagery, the sardonic mood of the scherzo. The motives more quickly define and repeat themselves, only to be torn asunder, tossed hither and thither in a wilderness of keys, out-darting into stranger and stranger harmonies—a music that seems almost to mock itself. Next, for a time the composer steadies his spirit and his tones. They goad themselves into a climax as though he would frantically achieve it while the will and the mood are upon him. Then once more the great weariness, the utter disillusion descends and the music wears itself away less into silence, as it seems, than into blankness.

Yet of one thing, as only repetitions of the symphony could prove, Sibelius is not disillusioned—of workmanship. His spirit may be weary, nervous, sardonic, but his mind still keeps an ordering energy, a keen and artful precision. When no more than fragments of motives seem as wisps upon his tonal loom, yet do they gradually weave themselves into strands and web. Impatient as are the moods of scherzo and finale, they never shatter or distort a clear symphonic design, that sometimes, as in the rondo-like repetitions of the last movement, seem ironically to court formality. Painfully born indeed are the songful melodies of the first and the third divisions, painfully they struggle into sustained voice and deep mood, but never, in the pseudo-military jargon of the hour, does Sibelius lose sight of the objectives he has chosen for them and ultimately attains. Measure after measure of stark and strident counterpoint stands in the symphony, yet it has clear method apart from the jangling polyphony that Strauss, for jangle's sake, has distributed over pages, for example, of "Ein Heldenleben." The strange collocations of chords are as astute and pungent as Debussy's own; the harsh timbres are acrid because the mood of the music bids them so be; the harmonies are the black shadows and the wan lights upon a grim, almost a ghastly music. Nowhere in the symphony is a note wasted, according to the usual Sibellian terseness. Grant the composer his idiom and procedure and he is as logical with them as Schönberg, and a deal more lucid.

After all, in the whole course of Beethoven's opera, "Fidelio," in the theatre there is no music so dramatic as the overture, "Leonora," No. 3, which never prefaces it, and which nowadays is usually heard as a symphonic and epitomizing intermezzo between the scene in Florestan's cell and the final choruses within the castle court.

Wagner, who had no little divination with Beethoven's purposes, is probably right when he affirms that in this overture lies in germ the music-drama the composer intended to fashion. When, however, he had to work his design and fulfil his imaginings in terms of the theatre his clumsiness with them time and again balked him. In more senses than one Beethoven could be dramatist in tones, but he lacked, as "Fidelio"—and still more his Promethean ballet—proves, the useful instincts of the theatre. Often the music of "Fidelio" stifles itself on the stage because the symphonic substance and style seem a dissertation upon the personages and the action, and not an integral part of a dramatic whole. Often Beethoven seems to see his opera as a sublimated and incorporeal drama in tones, while, in fact, actual singing-players must embody it and his music according to the literalness and the limitations of the theatre.

In the overtures that Beethoven wrote to "Fidelio," especially in this "Leonora, No. 3," the most concentrated and eloquent of them all, he escaped these restrictions. In unhampered tones he could write the music-drama that he perceived and felt. More and more, "Fidelio," the opera, even on German-speaking stages, declines into the lot of a classic to be dutifully exhibited a few times a year and elaborately restudied and reproduced once in a decade or two. Not to it, but to "Leonora, No. 3," do the sons of men go to hear the foreboding prelude that sets atmosphere about the drama, the woful plight of Florestan imprisoned and condemned, the saving trumpets, thrilling from the outer world; the great cry of Leonora, his wife, at these sounds of salvation, the elation that possesses pair and music. Barely fifteen minutes long is the overture; yet from it the listener rises with more sensation of music-drama clear upon ear and imagination than from two hours and a half of "Fidelio" in the opera house. No matter where or when "Leonora, No. 3" is played, in the course of such performance—Mahler used to say—it wiped out much that had gone before and all that came after.

Between his controversial modern and his eloquent classic, Dr. Muck set Saint-Saëns's concerto and Miss Nash, the pianist. Report says that she gained access to the Symphony Concerts in Boston by the merit which all and sundry found in her playing of the piece in Cambridge last winter. If so, she must have played it in far more glinting, fanciful, elegant fashion than she did yesterday. A natural nervousness besets newcomers to the Symphony Concerts, even when they are as old stagers as Mr. Amato or Mr. Ysaye; Miss Nash, relatively at her beginnings, had also to contend with the unwonted tension upon platform and in parquet. To what degree these circumstances affected her, only she may truly say; but certain

it is that she gave no more than a drily accurate, eminently painstaking, technically competent version of the music; whereas it asks of the pianist an exceeding fluency and lightness of finger, an incessant elegance and sparkle of style, a lively sense of rhythm, pervading brightness of tonal color, pretty flights of fancy or scholarship, an exhilarating and changeable grace. Saint-Saëns himself must in his prime have played the concerto to perfection, since even in his old age he could summon these qualities; while the music is a very epitome of his composing mind and manner in such pieces. Unfortunately, Miss Nash was no more than glib and literal with it, under which treatment it merely wizened and teetered like an old beau. A kindly audience generously applauded her—quite as though it were sitting in the complaisance of Cambridge and not the exaction of Boston. H. T. P.

CONCERT PUBLIC ASSERTS ITSELF

Monitor Nov. 3/17.
Playing of National Air by Boston Orchestra Studied in Light of Providence, R. I., Incident

Boston Symphony Orchestra, Karl Muck, Conductor; Miss Frances Nash, Soloist—Fourth program, presented in Symphony Hall, Boston, Mass., afternoon of Nov. 2, 1917: Sibelius, fourth symphony in A minor, op. 63; Saint-Saëns, piano concerto in G minor, op. 22; Beethoven, overture to "Leonore," No. 3, op. 72; "The Star Spangled Banner."

The playing of the national anthem of the United States at the close of the concert on Friday afternoon is to be taken, in part, as an acknowledgment by the Boston public of a rebuke administered to it by the public of Providence, R. I. The performance of "The Star Spangled Banner" tune on this occasion must be regarded as an expression of regret that the Boston Symphony Orchestra, acting in obedience to a decision of the business management, did not present the piece, when requested to do so, at its appearance in Infantry Hall, Providence, on the evening of Tuesday, Oct. 30. Whether the Boston public will go so far as to demand that the resignation of the Symphony Orchestra conductor, now in the hands of the founder and sustainer of the organization, Maj. Henry L. Higginson, be accepted, remains to be seen. But

enough surely has been done so that the amenities which have always subsisted between the larger and the smaller of the two New England communities are restored.

Apology has been made, and it will not have to be made to the citizens of any town where the orchestra appears hereafter, since the anthem is to be on every program presented the rest of the season. But while satisfaction may have been given, the origin of the strained situation of the past few days is worth a word. The refusal of the Symphony Orchestra management to have the national air performed, even though the people who made the request were not patrons of the Providence concerts, can hardly be called anything but an inexcusable affront. For the women who were the chief signers to the telegram sent to C. A. Ellis, asking that "The Star Spangled Banner" be played in Infantry Hall, stood in a comprehensive way for the city of Providence and for the State of Rhode Island, being officers of social and educational clubs and federations. Their interest in a nationally renowned organization like the Boston Symphony Orchestra was not to be ignored simply on the ground that they did not directly represent the concert subscribers. The people as a whole assuredly have a certain right of access to the great educative institutions of the land, even to institutions which a comparatively small part of the population supports. The moment they do not have this right, the institutions become exclusive. And exclusive is precisely what the Boston Symphony Orchestra showed itself in Providence.

Now who wants any high and mighty nonsense about music? Or about art of any kind? Business managers may want it, but certainly those who attend concerts do not, though they may pay \$50, more or less, for their season tickets. No, indeed; music does not thrive on exclusiveness. The Boston musical public, its sentiments voiced in the brief address of Major Higginson at the opening of the Friday concert, has hastened to register itself as opposed to the idea that it wishes to detach itself from the rest of the community in the cultivation of art. It has hastened, furthermore, to record itself as frowning upon ac-

tion, like that of the Symphony Orchestra business management in Providence, which violates the laws of the fundamental fine art, the art of good manners. But perhaps it has carried its chastening far enough. And inasmuch as the national air has become an official number on all programs of the orchestra, let those who have been crying out against what occurred at Providence recognize, in turn, their obligations. Let none of them behave like tax dodgers and leave the hall before "The Star Spangled Banner" is played.

The closing number of the fourth program may be said to be entitled to the bulk of discussion because it was a novelty. Mention, however, should be made of the soloist, Miss Nash, whose work in the Saint-Saëns G minor piano concerto was brilliant in technique and charming in interpretation and was well received. Her appearance was a delight to the eye. Her performance was a sparkling wayside fountain in the midst of a hard stage of musical travel.

SIBELIUS' FOURTH BY SYMPHONY

Post Nov. 3/17.
Fantastical Work Impresses—Miss Nash Soloist

BY OLIN DOWNES

The programme of the fourth concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Karl Muck conductor, yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall, consisted of Sibelius' fourth symphony; Saint-Saëns' G-minor piano

concerto, played by Miss Frances Nash; Beethoven's third Leonore overture, and, in response to public request, the national anthem, which the orchestra rose to its feet to play, while the audience also stood.

SIBELIUS' ORIGINALITY

The originality and imagination shown by Sibelius in his fourth symphony makes that work the more impressive with each repeated hearing. He is extremely personal, subjective, in his mood. There is no thought of an audience. Most men write music as they write diaries—with the thought that some day people will read or listen. They may write for the few or for the many, with sincerity and impulse, or with craft and pretence, but they nevertheless write for the reader or hearer. Sibelius in this symphony has written only for himself.

It has been said that Sibelius was a Northman who could only talk of the whale, the seal and the aurora-borealis. It is not so in this symphony. True, it is nature music. The spirit of forests, the living silence of great solitudes, is in it. But the expression of these moods, and of the grim despair of a lonely human who shakes his fist at the skies, is of a sort which will command the attention and arouse the feelings of any modern man in any country when once he feels the music.

Its Fantastical Finale

Sibelius is not behind modern Frenchmen in his harmonic scheme. One might talk of his "decadent" technic, his northern impressionism, as contrasted with the "decadence" and the impressionism of more southern artists; but that is a matter of technic rather than for the reader who is rightly interested far more in what music says than in how it is made. That, after all, is the business of the composer. It is the machinery of the music. But the machinery is not the music, any more than the river bed is the river. Suffice it unto us that in a new tonal world of his own Sibelius imperiously creates; that the strange shapes of his imagination arise and fascinate us, and appear as a new life-giving element in the modern musical art.

The first two movements of the symphony are fragments rather than sections of a symphonic masterwork. The slow movement is far grander and more perfect in proportion. The fantastical finale, the mad gayety, the black despair of it, is for us among the greatest music, and the most singular that has come from the pen of this strange Finlander.

Miss Nash's Playing

Miss Nash was cordially applauded. She is gaining in technic; she has considerable virtuoso spirit. She undertook a task formidable for one her years and experience with courage and with a considerable measure of success. It is not meant as disparagement of her talents and her accomplishments to say that she has yet a good deal to do before her performances will compare representatively with those of the average of the Boston Symphony soloists of the past. Among the deficiencies of the performance yesterday was a lack of steady rhythm, a tendency to hurry unduly and thus rob climactic passages of their power, to say nothing of occasioning a conductor some difficulty in accompanying her, and a rather hard, tense quality of tone in fortissimo playing.

There was an excellent performance of the Beethoven overture.

DR MUCK LEADER IN PLAYING OF ANTHEM

Globe Nov. 3/17.
Maj Higginson Applauded
for Response in Crisis

Orchestra Stands While "Star Spangled Banner" Is Rendered

The fourth Friday afternoon concert of this season by the Boston Symphony Orchestra saw other interests overshadow the anticipated program. No word had come officially from Symphony Hall that there would be any answer to the recent agitation concerning the playing of the National anthem.

What did happen drew deepened gratitude to Maj Higginson for his response in this crisis of the orchestra, just as he has met other crises that have imperiled its career, and brought forth a wave of applause for Dr Muck.

Following the overture to "Leonore," No. 3, which was the closing number on the printed program, the entire orchestra stood, excepting the two harpists and the choir of cellos, and played "The Star Spangled Banner" as the insert in the program book had announced.

Every member was present except the alternating horn quartet, which is not on duty this week. The arrangement used was the finale from Victor Herbert's "American Fantasy," which gives the melody and part writing to the wind instruments, while the strings embellish vigorously in flowing counterpoint.

Dr Muck conducted in his usual manner and at the conclusion left the stand.

This is said to be the first rendition of "The Star Spangled Banner" at a concert of the orchestra in a subscription series under the first conductor of the orchestra. It was played nightly at the "Pops" last Spring and Summer by Mr Jaccia.

Sibelius' fourth symphony, prevailing-ly gray and ascetic in mood, did not draw enthusiastic applause from the audience at its performances in 1913 or 1914. Again yesterday its stern exterior provoked expression of uncertainty, at best, but little favor.

The abrupt endings for the first movement and the scherzo appeared puzzling to many. This is not music of sensuous warmth nor charm. Sibelius speaks, in an individual tongue in which he makes no concessions, no apologies.

The physiognomy of the score is bleak, melancholy and the gray half light of the moor is allowed to chill the heart. Watchers with one sick unto death are seen in the early dawn, and hope is dim. There is little to inspire, to fire the soul. The strength even in suffering of the first symphony is not found. Dr Muck's performance was consistent and sympathetic.

Miss Frances Nash, as the soloist in Saint-Saens' G minor concerto for piano, showed promise. Hers is a musical nature. She has been well taught. In the allegretto Miss Nash found her best opportunity and played the piquant embellishment with point if not with the brilliance and breadth that should come with years. The heroic final movement is now beyond her. Miss Nash was warmly received and recalled.

Herald Symphony Trip *Nov. 4/17.*

There will be no Symphony concerts the coming week, for the orchestra leaves tonight for its first Southern trip of the season, playing in Philadelphia Monday evening, Washington Tuesday afternoon, Baltimore Wednesday evening, New York Thursday evening and Saturday afternoon, Brooklyn Friday evening, and at none of these concerts will there be a soloist. Dr. Muck is playing Beethoven's C-minor symphony in Philadelphia, Tchaikowsky's fourth in F-minor in Washington, Brahms' fourth in Baltimore, Brahms' fourth and Beethoven's fifth in New York, and Tchaikowsky's "Pathetic" in Brooklyn. The other numbers on the programme are chosen from shorter pieces played at the first four concerts here in Boston.

No War-Tax on Season Tickets to the Symphony

ACCORDING to what appears to be a ruling of the Commissioner of Internal Revenue received at Symphony Hall yesterday, tickets to the Symphony Concerts purchased and paid for prior to Nov. 1 are not liable to the new war-tax. Thus, practically all the subscribers' tickets are exempt from present taxation.

Ovation for Dr. Muck in Nation's Capital

Traveler Nov. 7/17.

Criticisms, adverse and otherwise, continue to pour in over the controversy regarding the playing of the "Star Spangled Banner" in which Dr. Karl Muck, director of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, is the central figure.

Dr. Muck led the orchestra in its two concerts in Washington, D. C., yesterday and last night, and it is reported that a number of subscribers gave up their tickets at the last moment, but the leader was given an ovation. "The Star Spangled Banner" was played at both concerts with Dr. Muck leading. Many army and navy officers were in the audience.

Former Governor Warfield of Maryland denounced Dr. Muck at a patriotic meeting at Baltimore yesterday and said it would be unwise for Dr. Muck to come to that city. Capt. Hughes, U. S. A., representing Gens. Kuhn and Nicholson, said he was present to voice the protest of the American army "both here and over there."

Wadter Damrosch, conductor of the New York Symphony orchestra, makes this comment: "Dr. Muck naturally does not care to conduct the national hymn at this time, and I confess that while I have always enjoyed hearing him conduct a symphony of Beethoven or Brahms I should not at this time enjoy hearing him conduct 'The Star Spangled Banner,' as, considering his citizenship and feelings regarding the war, it would seem to be an act of hypocrisy. It seems to me that an assistant conductor could lead in playing 'The Star Spangled Banner.'"

Maj. Higginson says he has received many communications on the subject, many of them expressing a desire for the retention of Dr. Muck. Maj. Higginson says concerts are scheduled for Brooklyn and New York, Thursday and Friday nights, and Dr. Muck will lead in playing "The Star Spangled Banner" as the closing number at each concert.

Maj. Higginson said he did not care to comment on the Baltimore affair.

DR. MUCK RECEIVES AN OVATION IN WASHINGTON

Leads Boston Symphony Orchestra as It Plays "The Star Spangled Banner." *1917*

[Special Dispatch to Herald and Journal.]

WASHINGTON, Nov. 6—The reception accorded the Boston Symphony Orchestra by official and social Washington this afternoon was only a little less gratifying than in former seasons, while the applause greeting the much-discussed leader, Dr. Karl Muck, as he stepped on the stage at the National Theatre, was long and earnest, with special emphasis from the music-loving gallery.

Although not named on the program, "The Star Spangled Banner" opened the performance, with Dr. Muck leading and the entire orchestra standing.

This was followed by Tchaikowsky's Symphony No. 4. The program closed with the overture to "Tannhauser," which received the applause of the entire house.

Only one box remained empty and less than 50 seats, although some former patrons of the orchestra have relinquished their tickets since the controversy arose over the inclusion of the national anthem in the performance.

The diplomatic attendance was smaller than usual, which, with the absence from town of the President and Mrs. Wilson, robbed the opening performance of some of its interest. The Secretary of the Interior and Mrs. Lane, Gen. and Mrs. Crozier, Mrs. Marshall Field, Mrs. Richard Townsend and Mrs. Calderon Carlisle were among the box holders.

NEW YORK IS KIND TO MUCK

Gives Him Warm Greeting at
Symphony Concert in
Carnegie Hall.

NATIONAL ANTHEM PLAYED

[Special Dispatch to Herald and Journal.]

NEW YORK, Nov. 8—After its exciting experience of last week, the Boston Symphony Orchestra arrived in New York and gave the first concert of its New York season in Carnegie Hall. There was a very large audience, such as has for years attended these concerts. The heated discussion that has gone on concerning the playing the national anthem under the baton of Dr. Muck and remarks alleged to have been made about it seemed not to have affected the New York audience in any unfavorable way.

There were two or three empty boxes and a very few empty seats. The New York audience was affected, however, with a desire to be civil to Dr. Karl Muck. He received an unusually warm greeting when he first came on the stage and there was demonstrative applause at various points in the program. Maj. Higginson was present.

The house bill stated that "The national anthem will be played as the opening number of the program." Dr. Muck conducted it. It was a version in which the melody, intoned by the brass, was wreathed in counterpoint by the strings till the last part, when all joined in the tune. There was much applause and no fault found, apparently, with the spirit of the whole thing.

President A. Augustus Healy of the board of directors of the Brooklyn Institute, which runs most of the concerts at the Brooklyn Academy and acts as agent for the Boston Symphony Orchestra's independent series there, was appointed at the regular board meeting today to head a committee to confer with Maj. Henry L. Higginson

of Boston with regard to the concert of the orchestra in the neighboring borough tomorrow. It has already been announced that Dr. Karl Muck will conduct "The Star Spangled Banner" over there.

Maj. Higginson, who accompanied his orchestra to New York and was present at its concert in Carnegie Hall this evening, was expected to meet the Brooklyn committee tomorrow. He has found the usual subscription audiences in other cities, except only Providence and Baltimore, favorable to a continuance of the orchestra with its existing personnel and present leader. There was no concert in Baltimore last Wednesday, and a sold-out house was turned away.

A proposal has been made to the Boston management that it shall use several open dates now abandoned in the Maryland city by giving extra concerts on its monthly tours here in New York, where some hundreds of would-be subscribers are yet on the annual waiting list.

They galloped on till they were lost in the forest; then, dismounting, exchanged horses and jackets, and a tempered farewell; Smyth fleeing due north on Fleur-de-lis, and Mitchell on the Donald shaping a farther course through the woods.

After various dangerous adventures on Oct. 9th Mitchell

Art and politics commingle more often than one would think—which is probably the impression today at Symphony Hall. But we do not refer to the discussion that has raged over a national issue during the week past. That is a matter the people of Boston may be relied upon to settle for themselves. We refer to the impression made by the fourth symphony of Sibelius, performed at the concerts of Friday afternoon and Saturday evening.

When Sibelius raised his voice, only a few years ago, from his fastnesses in the north—Finland, to be specific—one was suddenly and rather shockingly aware of a new, barbaric, indecently-earnest soul, who knew no better than to shout out everything that was on his mind for the benefit of whoever might happen to hear. As for a majority of the Boston Symphony audiences, they could not have been more indignant and annoyed if a Norseman in skins, dripping with sea water and smelling of fish, had stepped into the drawing room. "Spilling the beans" would be a popular description of the operations of Mr. Sibelius!

This man did not laugh. He growled. Or in moments of exhilaration he roared in a voice that made the room rattle. He was unpleasantly, even threateningly powerful. Altogether, such an impolite, formidable, serious person, that people drew away from

him before they had time to appreciate the tenderness and sweetness that was also in him, and the incredible simplicity and humanity of his music. We often look all about us for real things, and, when they are right at our elbow, choose counterfeits from farther away, partly because it is hard to believe how many great and stupendous things are actually within our reach if we will realize it.

Sibelius was actually an heroic and colossal spirit resurrected out of northern myth. From a land of wild, wind-swept moors, frozen lakes and pine-topped summits he strode with his seven-league stride, and prophesied war.

One was reminded of that yesterday. The fourth symphony is not the most epic of Sibelius's masterpieces. It is more personal and introspective than the second symphony, which is the great saga of the North, with its dark and gloomy prophecies, and the shining light of the finale, as though the gates of Walhalla were swinging open to those who had fallen in the snows. The fourth symphony is not like this, although in the distinction of its material and originality of its workmanship it is a conspicuous advance over the second. But it is one and of a piece with the spirit of this Northman, who seems to have been the only composer of the last two decades who was not lulled to sleep by the apparent security of a materialistic age; for whom it was impossible to succumb to its sophistries and sophistications, and who, with a grimly prophetic vision, as it would almost appear, persisted in chanting his war-songs.

It was never possible to listen to the music of Sibelius without responding to its elemental grandeur, to the supernatural gloom and mystery of many pages—pages in which man confronted by the power and immensity of nature uttered his terrified complaint—and to the heroism and the Berkserker fury of a soul contemptuous of a modern age. That music was a restoration and an awakening. Today it seems one of the few voices in art which do not sound remote and small by the side of the world's travail. It is the man formerly criticised as an artist who harped on but one note, who would not, or could not, come out of his cave in the North and mix with the world of today—who now appears as one of the few musicians who can ride the storm.

The question has already been asked, "What effect will the war have on music?" Will it sweep away all the diaphanous or "weak-chested"—as some

have called them—compositions of modern men and substitute something newer, simpler, more virile and fundamental, or not? One person, at least, is abreast of that question and that need, an individual whose peculiar geographical, social and political environment in Finland kept him alive to a spiritual necessity of the world. What reaction, then, will the world war may have on the compositions of the artist who, doubtless unconsciously, was one of its prophets? Will the bitter misanthropy, the melancholy, the despair, which show in all too many pages of the symphony heard yesterday—the fourth—give place to a more confident and optimistic note? Sibelius' fifth symphony was performed at Helsingfors, on the occasion of his 50th birthday, some two years ago. It has not been published. It doubtless will not be until after the struggle. If that struggle should add to its incalculable benefits to humanity by dispersing the decadent, though intensely original tendencies discoverable in the fourth symphony, it will have added to its inevitable achievements in world-construction.

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Prophecy of War

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Record. Bust of Dr. Karl Muck Nov. 12 '17
 This bust of the noted Boston musician was made by the late Bela Pratt. It is now on exhibition at the "Guild of Boston Artists."

5-1

Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1917-18.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

Dr. KARL MUCK, Conductor.

FIFTH PROGRAMME

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SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 17, AT 8 P. M.

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TROIS ESQUISSES SYMPHONIQUES, "La Mer"

I. De L'aube à midi sur la mer (From dawn till Noon on the Ocean)

II. Jeux de vagues (Frolics of Waves)

III. Dialogue du vent et de la mer (Dialogue of Wind & Sea)

MACDOWELL,

ORCHESTRAL SUITE in E minor, No. 2, "Indian" op. 48

I. Legend: Not fast; with much dignity and character. Twice as fast; with decision.

II. Love Song: Not fast; tenderly.

III. In War Time: With rough vigor, almost savagely.

IV. Dirge: Dirge-like, mournfully.

V. Village Festival: Swift and light

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OVERTURE to "Othello," op. 93



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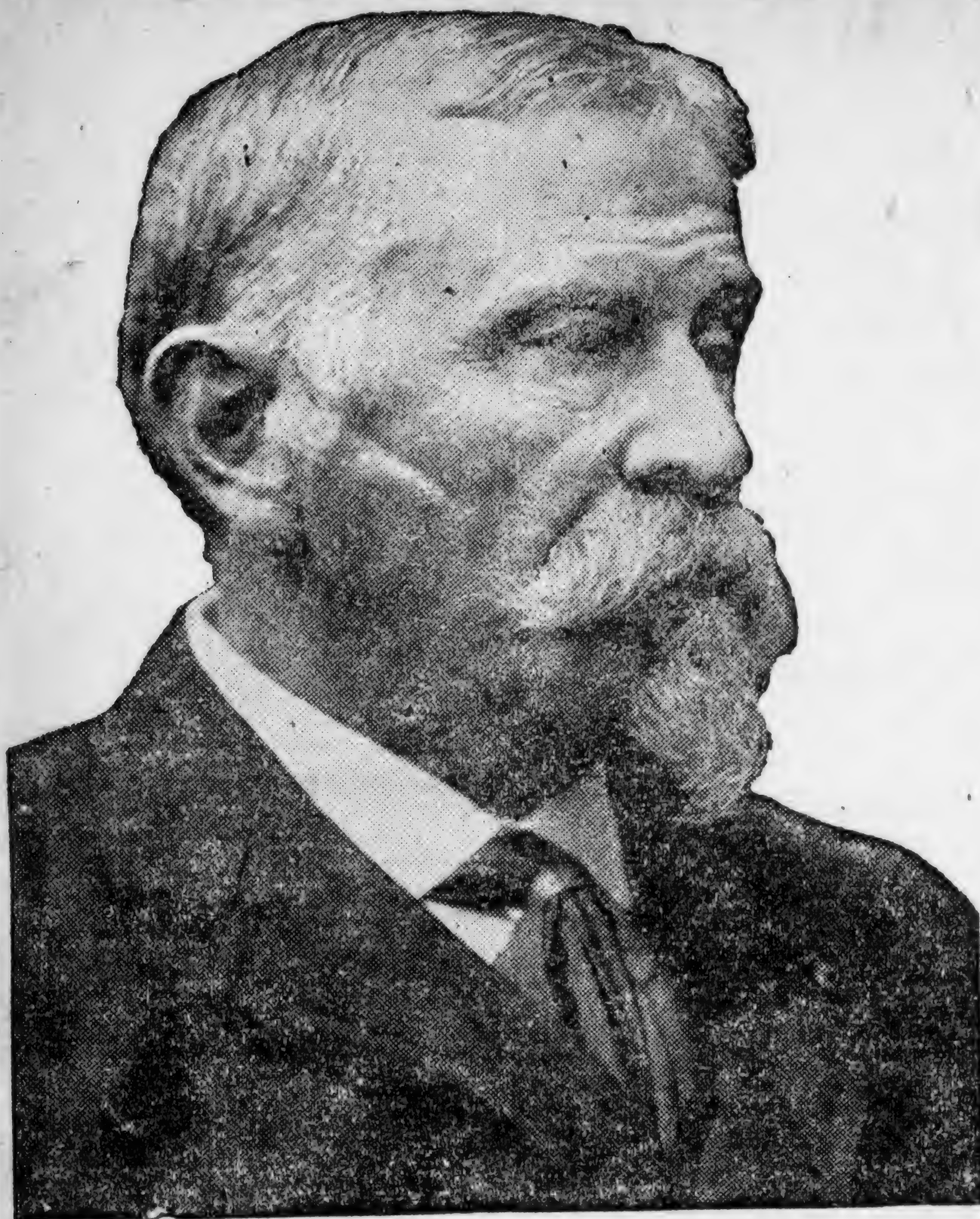
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83rd Birthday Is Observed By Maj. Henry L. Higginson



Boston Banker Who Is 83 Today

Maj. Higginson, founder of the Symphony Orchestra, Quietly Celebrated His Birthday Today With the Members of His Family at His Commonwealth Ave. Home.

Adv. Nov. 18/17

Maj. Henry L. Higginson, Boston's pioneer banker and well known as the founder of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, will celebrate his 83rd birthday today with his family at 191 Commonwealth ave.

Maj. Higginson is as active today in the financial world as he was several years ago. Recently he came to the front in behalf of Dr. Karl Muck, leader of the Symphony Orchestra, who was charged with being unpatriotic because of his failure to play the "Star Spangled Banner" at a concert in Providence.

As a leader of the Liberty Loan Committee of New England, Maj. Higginson was particularly interested to have the loan a success and wrote a letter to G. A. R. veterans through-

out the New England states.

Maj. Higginson was born in New York, Nov. 18, 1834 and came to this city a few years later.

He entered Harvard in 1851 but did not complete his course. He has received honorary degrees, however, and holds LL. D. degrees from Yale and Williams Colleges. He has always been interested in music and just before the Civil War went to Vienna to study. He returned and enlisted when the call for arms came.

He served in the Massachusetts Cavalry and was wounded at Aldie, Va. Becoming a member of the banking firm of Lee, Higginson & Co., he is now one of the leading financiers.

He has been interested in many philanthropic societies and active in many charitable institutions.

ORCHESTRA HEARD IN "INDIAN" SUITE

Monitor Nov. 17/17
Dr. Muck Presents Music of
MacDowell—Symphony Pro-
gram of Descriptive Pieces

Boston Symphony Orchestra, Karl Muck, Conductor—Fifth program, presented in Symphony Hall, Boston, Mass., afternoon of Nov. 16, 1917; Debussy, "The Sea," three symphonic sketches; MacDowell, suite in E minor, No. 2, "Indian," op. 48; Dvorák, overture, "Othello," op. 93.

The concert opened with a performance of the tune, "The Star-Spangled Banner," which, in spite of incomplete official sanction, is universally accepted as the national air of the United States. The last Boston matinee of the orchestra, given two weeks ago, closed with a performance of this tune, the playing of it at that time being a response to what amounted to a demand from the entire country. In the intervening fortnight, the Boston Symphony Orchestra, from being an honored civic institution, has become something like a public scapegoat. Thousands of persons have denounced the organization for failing to comply with the request made by women of patriotic and social clubs in Rhode Island, that the national tune be played at the Providence (R. I.) concert of Oct. 30. They have particularly attacked the orchestra's German conductor, while politely excusing its Bostonesque proprietor and sustainer, who claimed all the blame and clearly proved it on himself. Of all those who have discussed the matter, none, so far as their views have been recorded in print, seem to have considered sympathetically one little prejudice that could well have been the cause of the whole outbreak. For it must be remembered that there are loyal citizens of the United States, not resident in Maryland, who have favored another tune than "The Star-Spangled Banner" for the national air. There are those in the North, of ardent antislavery traditions, who would like to have seen Julia Ward Howe given the honor which, in a moment when nobody was

looking, was bestowed on Francis Scott Key. If the women of Rhode Island had but asked for "The Battle Hymn of the Republic"—it might all have been so different! The recrudescence of the quarrel of Roger Williams and John Cotton might not have taken place; the clash between the community with a will to govern its own æsthetic (aforetime ecclesiastical) affairs, and the community with a mind to give æsthetic (aforetime ecclesiastical) discipline to the whole seacoast, might not have occurred.

The program book had no mention of the national tune on the page where the selections to be played are listed, as though its associations of nearly 40 years had been intruded upon enough already by a nonsubscribing world, and as though its pink-bound dignity could not brook a legend which is printed on a myriad trivial showbills every day for mere patriotic effect. The book had in its schedule, however, an American composition, the "Indian" suite of MacDowell, which proved able to uphold the pride of the land at the present moment, when national artistic values are being earnestly weighed and compared. MacDowell, the orchestral writer, can get along a considerable while yet without an apologist. His work can keep a good countenance in the company of a French piece in modern descriptive style, like Debussy's "The Sea"; and it can stand on an equality, or something better, with a piece like Dvorák's "Othello" overture, which, like it, is of the nineties, when descriptive music was much spoken of as tone painting. Actually in the time of MacDowell and Dvorák, symphonic composers had not gone beyond the draftsman's methods of making pictures. Their technique was linear. But they achieved the purposes they sought. When they used folk-song themes, American Indian themes, for example, whether real or imaginary, whether copied down from the oral witness of a genuine tribesman of the prairies or invented in solitary retreat among the New Hampshire hills, they got an informality and a familiar sentiment into their canvases which impressionists, with their free color methods, are rather inclined to miss.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT

Trans. — Nov. 17/19

FAMILIAR MUSIC FOR FAMILIAR PLEASURE

Tranquillity in All Respects Again—The Remarkable Mettle Under Stress of Conductor and Orchestra — Debussy's Sea Sketches and MacDowell's "Indian Suite" to New Satisfactions — Also a Moribund Overture of Dvorak

EVEN a frequenter of the Symphony Concerts, dropped after long and isolated absence into that of yesterday afternoon, might hardly have inferred that conductor and orchestra, "founder and sustainer," management and, in measure audience too, had lately traversed, indeed may be still traversing, as grave a crisis as the affairs of the band have ever known. The stranger, familiar with aspect and procedure, yet newly returned to them, might readily have taken the knitting between the numbers as a token of the time and added to it the playing of "The Star Spangled Banner" by the standing orchestra at the beginning of the concert. Already it plays the hymn as a part of the routine of the day and soon the audience, though it applauded heartily on Friday and even watched each his neighbor, a little curiously during the progress of the anthem, will be like-minded with the band. To the stranger, in fact, it might have been possible to repeat as a new and witty mot, the saying set afoot in New York last week, that in the arrangement of the tune used by the orchestra the strings weave a "contrapuntal camouflage" about the melody as sung by the brass choir. Yet he could hardly have known that Dr. Muck now seems to slow his pace a little as though to make more sonorous and stately the gathering course of the music.

During the progress of these rites, the returning wanderer might have noted the usual audience in usual place in parquet and balconies and the orchestra upon the stage in the usual exercise of such of its distinctive powers and virtues as the music of the day exacted. From the string choirs came the wonted precision, fineness, roundness and lustre of tone. The wood winds had lost not a whit of mobility and surety of lips and fingers or of the resulting pliancy, euphony and expressiveness of characteristic voice. The bass was familiarly mellow; the "pulsatile instruments," as the handbooks call drums and the like, familiarly alert. Rarely has the orchestra, in-

dividual for individual, group for group, played with such finesse and felicity of tone as it did through the ceaseless instrumental inflections of Debussy's "symphonic sketches" of the sea. Seldom has it surpassed the sensuous beauty or the eloquent significance of voice that it maintained through the slow movements of MacDowell's Indian Suite or been more vibrant of rhythm than it was through the pages of war-dance or village festival. From even the relatively barren pages of Dvorak's overture to "Othello," it reaped an occasional dramatizing stroke that it and the conductor had sown into it from themselves.

For, like his men, the much harried, the much enduring Dr. Muck—to say nothing of natural and busy preoccupations with the impending performance of Beethoven's Choral Symphony—stood in full exercise of familiar faculties. The studious stranger could have detected no relaxation of his usual serene and exact command of his forces, his music and himself; no detachment, of mind, heart or will from the work in hand; no change in any familiar faculty except one, curiously haunting both sketches and suite. For some reason Dr. Muck seemed to crave and enforce slow pace with the music. It is his custom to take Debussy's pieces somewhat more measuredly than do Latin conductors; but yesterday he seemed to subdue even his own tempo with these sea-pictures; while to the clear advantage of MacDowell the swifter passages of his Indian music might have run yet more swiftly. Yet even within this chance shortcoming of the day, the wonder was, as at the concert in Cambridge on the preceding evening that conductor and orchestra ran so true to untroubled and zestful form.

The more excuse, then, for briefly grumbling intermezzo. Circumstances may have compelled Dr. Muck to forego, beyond the usual hour, the assembling and the announcing of his programmes for the concerts of yesterday and today and for the concerts of next week. Yet it is clear disappointment and—in these nervous days—a little twinge of anxiety to his hearers not to find them in usual place in programme-book and newspapers. Minor plans, even, may have to be made or unmade to suit them—yet for a fortnight there has been no discovering them within the wonted week's notice. Again, have the pieces on the last two programmes been as well mated or contrasted as they might have been? Somehow on the list of a fortnight ago Sibelius's symphony of the dissonances, a fifty-year-old concerto for piano by Saint-Saëns, and Beethoven's third "Leonore" overture had the semblance of pieces fallen by chance side by side rather than set in considered choice and arrangement.

Perhaps Debussy's tone-pictures of the sea and the winds and the lights upon the waters, perhaps MacDowell's Indian Suite—in Dr. Muck's judgment the ablest and most eloquent piece of music that American composer has yet written—are near enough to classics to warrant the biennial repetition that from 1913 into 1917, he seems disposed to give them. Yet even so, are they pieces advisedly to set side by side except in an extreme of contrast? And why, why need Dvorak's indisputably dull and laboring overture to "Othello" be appended to them? Not yet do playable overtures, few as they are, run so short as to warrant such necessity. Better even, the overtures of Weber, to which for the time Dr. Muck has seemed to say, "Get thee behind me, Sathanas." Yet the perverse listener hesitates to reproach Dr. Muck with the choice and the arrangements of his lists. Of all the "powers and duties" of a practised conductor, he exercises none with such uneasiness and unreadiness of spirit; while for the time the library of the orchestra circumscribes his field.

Being thus familiar and thus played, each of the numbers of yesterday did but renew anticipated impression. With Debussy's symphonic sketches and MacDowell's suite the impression was of keen pleasure heightened, deepened, in the whole illusion of the music or in the play of freshly discovered detail upon it. But for Dvorak's overture to "Othello" is there in these days any excuse outside a Shakespearean concert, except as a convenient "filler." The dramatic content and conduct of the music seem altogether too simple-minded, even though the poignant pages of Verdi in that scene of vengeance upon Desdemona and Othello's self be waved, if it is possible, out of memory. The instrumental and harmonic color has irreparably faded. Even at the hands of Dr. Muck and the orchestra the dramatic strokes "come off" tamely. Not short-breathed but long-winded, the overture labors to sudden and welcome end. Dvorak's other familiar overtures, "Husitzka" and "Carnival" still feign a plausible semblance of vitality, whereas the overture to "Othello" was born puny.

The sharper the contrast, accordingly, with a piece that keeps musical life and so renews sensuous and imaginative interest as clearly as does the Indian Suite of MacDowell. No one, nowadays, much concerns himself, or need much concern himself, with the degree in which the germinating motives are born of Indian tonal idiom or are handled with occasional Indian suggestion. Enough that in the "love-song" they breed wistful and penetrating beauty out of themselves and open to the imagination a vista of musing and sun-lit solitude like the still open spaces in

a piney wood. Enough again that "the dirge" rises into music of austere beauty and of wild and piercing mourning—the lament in the human heart irreparable, savage or civilized, that like the night-wind moaning in the tree-tops may not be stilled by mere human willing. In these two woven movements MacDowell wrote the music of the forests that he loved and that in response stirred him to imaginings and to the speech of tones. Under like prompting, perhaps, in the two swifter and the one more incisive movement, he has written music of the great open spaces, between earth and sky, far as the very rim of the horizon, that he also cherished. Out of them may have come the impulse to the voices that gravely, concentratedly sing his legend; there his war-dance, gathered, passed, stilled, re-gathered to iterated rhythms, and thence surely came the zest and spring of his music of ardent, primitive, racing fete. The Indian Suite, as the title bids, but the suite also of American forest and American plain such as Northwest and Southwest still hug and harbor for the many moods of man within the one, upon the other. No wonder, so stimulated, MacDowell wrote in this suite with a freedom of means and a sureness of end that no other of his orchestral music attains.

Not so Debussy in his tonal mirrorings of the sea as it stirs from blank waters under wan dawn into bright ripples in warming sunshine; as it laps and leaps, twists and turns, shivers and shatters when the breeze whips it to play as it foams up big-voiced against those same winds now troubling and goading; as it stirs the watching and absorbing composer to the melancholy and solitary melodies that his cherished oboe may sing. For, if ever there seemed an inlaid, a polished, a meticulously meditated and adjusted music, it is these sketches of the sea, especially under the finesse and the exactitude with which Dr. Muck and the orchestra achieve them. Not even the music of "Parsifal" seems more the exactly applied means to an exactly foreseen end and impression. Imagination there is in both sketches and music-drama but imagination tightly harnessed and adroitly led. Originally there surely was impulse until impulse halted for considerate thought. The outcome in the sketches of the sea is twofold—first, a distinct sense upon the hearer of willed delineation of the waters, of willed response of mood saved from mechanical process by the fancy, the felicity, the fine suggestion of the means; and second, of momentary strokes of invention, imagination, illusion that thrill the ear as though impulse had for the instant snapped through calculation. More and more at each rehearing, the music of "The Sea" becomes, as do sometimes the waters suggesting it, restless expanse—bejewelled. H. T. P.

DEBUSSY'S PIECES BY SYMPHONY

Post — *Nov. 17*
Beauty of "The Sea"
Creates a Deep
Impression

BY OLIN DOWNES

Debussy's three orchestral pieces, known under the collective title of "The Sea," MacDowell's "Indian Suite" and Dvorak's overture "Othello," made the programme of the concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall—these pieces, and the "Star Spangled Banner," which Dr. Muck conducted at the beginning of the concert instead of the end, and without turning to acknowledge the applause which followed this performance.

DEBUSSY IN EXTREME

If we had to estimate the probable artistic value of "The Sea" we would feel faced with the most impossible of tasks. Happily a reviewer of music is called upon to do no such thing, but only to record his individual impressions of a piece of music for what they are worth. "The Sea" is for us the extreme of Debussy's impressionism, and one of the most enchanting experiences for the ear that modern music affords.

The orchestral coloring is fascinating and incomparable in its glow and its flash and its whimsy. The ear drinks in this concourse of colors and sounds and is greedy for more. Then there are the sudden, mysterious lulls of tone, the ebb and flux of the orchestra, the marvellous free interplay of tones and rhythms. The impression is in a way so sensual that the glint of the tube of a trumpet in the orchestra is inseparable from the sound itself and from the vision of a golden glint of sun on the

waves.

Makes Hearer Believe

All these impressions come to a hearer simultaneously. Here is music, not related to anything but itself, music which cannot be said to have a story or a programme, and which yet is so suggestive and natural, as it now appears, that it seems to come nearer a union of music with all other sensorial arts than almost any other composition that we know. The scoring is nothing short of marvellous. The pulsatile instruments are used, as they are used in certain pages of "Pelleas et Melisande," for the sake of tone-color and not for rhythm and accent. What is more golden, and what enmeshes the whole orchestra in a more wonderful glow of golden tone, than Debussy's cymbal, vibrated with a drumstick? And there are pages of tumultuous power, when the orchestra surges about the hymning brass choir as great waves might surge on a sunny, windy afternoon about a rock.

The roar and the spume of the sea is there, and also the wind that whistles to the fancy as the Pled Piper of Hamelin whistled to those whom he led far off and astray. This man, Debussy—what can he not do, and make us believe? This is either the freest, the finest, the most masterly music ever composed, or it is the most deceptive will o' the wisp of strange and beautiful sounds ever dreamed of by a man. And whatever it is, one way or the other, nobody cares. Enough to be hypnotized by this composition which has no ascertainable outlines or proportions, but has indeed the freedom, the bigness, the menace also, of the vasty deep.

We personally feel that there are too many strings in the composition of the standard symphony orchestra, such as the Boston Symphony, for the finest things in "The Sea" to be heard clearly. Played by the Boston Symphony in Cambridge, slightly reduced, so that the wind instruments show more clearly than they do in Symphony Hall, "The Sea" is still greater, still more enchanting, still more a thing of mystery, terror and beauty.

MacDowell's "Indian Suite" is commencing to age now. But its spirit remains and permeated the atmosphere yesterday. What a poetic spirit that was, Americans have still to thoroughly realize. The Love Song now verges a little on the sentimental; the war dance is a rather joyous affair. It is certainly no Hymn of Hate such as the Indian, whatever his barbaric pleasure in conflict might be, would chant as he leaped to his arms. But the Legende and the Dirge are superb music, with the silences of pine forests and blazing sunsets in it. The music has the savor of northern nature, of nature that broods while men struggle and wend their way.

DR MUCK WELCOMED AT THE SYMPHONY

Globe — *Nov. 17*
National Anthem Precedes
Formal Program

Debussy, MacDowell and Dvorak
Numbers Are Played

The agitation attending the departure of the Symphony Orchestra last week on its first of the usual Southern trips fortunately had no apparent continuance or sequel at the concert yesterday afternoon. When Dr Muck appeared he was warmly greeted. The orchestra rose—except the cellos, who must sit to play—and the National anthem was performed. There was no announcement or comment as to why it was to precede the program rather than follow it, as before. Wild applause followed as the audience sat down and the concert proceeded. There was no intimation of any kind at Symphony Hall that there would be any other developments than that concerts would be given by the orchestra as usual and that Dr Muck would conduct them.

Debussy's cosmic music of the sea is grateful at a time of universal human unrest. It is more inspiring to see nature in moods of sardonic mockery than men, and here the great deep, like a sated courtesan, laughs in derision over her victims; hints at her mysteries, at the secrets that lurk beneath her bosom, lures on the trusting mariner by balmy smiles, caressing winds and the caprice of the waves. A score less scintillating, even riotous with color, than the "Iberia," as Dr Muck has made it known, it reminds at times of the great simplicity with which Cesar Franck contemplated and communed with the infinite.

MacDowell's "Indian" suite, noble music which repeoples the primeval forest with a picturesque race whether in carnival, love, war or lamentation, was nobly played. There was distinction in Dr Muck's differentiation of moods and the euphony of the orchestra was a joy which is now an oft-told tale.

Dvorak thought much upon the pathos surrounding the innocent Desdemona, gentle and good, in his "Othello." There is less suggestion of the true nobility of soul, the poetic mind of the Moor, his a nature of trust, incredulous and just, until Iago's crafty needle injected the poison into his soul.

SYMPHONY GIVES ITS 5TH CONCERT

Herald — *Nov. 17*
Presents Compositions of De-
bussy, MacDowell and Dvorak
—Dr. Muck Conducts.

PLAYS NATIONAL ANTHEM

By PHILIP HALE.

The fifth concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Muck, conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows: Debussy, "The Sea"; MacDowell, "Indian" suite; Dvorak, overture "Othello." "The Star Spangled Banner" was played at the beginning of the concert.

Debussy and MacDowell were together in the class of Marmontel, piano teacher, at the Paris Conservatory. How would MacDowell have been affected by the Debussy whose later and more characteristic compositions were unknown to him? We remember his surprise on hearing two or three of the earlier tone poems of Richard Strauss. Greatly stirred, he exclaimed: "This is hardly music as we understand the word; it is a new art." MacDowell soon escaped the influence of Rabb; but the influence of Grieg was strangely seen in his sonatas and certain smaller pieces for the piano. Would he have been fascinated by "Pelleas and Melisande," "La Mer" and "Iberia"? Alas, these questions are vain.

Cut is the branch that might have grown full straight.
And burn-ed is Apollo's laurel bough.

There are marvellously beautiful and imaginative passages in Debussy's "Sea," passages that recall the Aeschylan adjective prefixed to the word "Ocean." There is no suggestion in the music of "Old Ocean's gray and melancholy waste"; little reminder of Whitman's line, "the spasm of the sky and the shatter of the sea." Debussy is here a brother of Swinburne, in the "rapture of its inspiration, the palpitating, many-twinkling miracle of its light"; rather than of Hugo, who at his Guernsey home pondered the tragic struggle between Gilliat and the ocean.

Perhaps a man that has never seen the ocean would be more impressed by Debussy's music than one too familiar with surf and billows; as it is said, Jean Paul Richter wrote eloquently about the ocean that he had seen only in his mind's eye. For the sea is to some only an inspirer of melancholy, a monster; to another it is a beckoning invitation to see strange lands. If one sees in it the abode of Moby Dick and the Kraken, another is wooed by mermaids and sirens, and would gladly visit the depths and the palace where Sadko played his gusla. Enjoyment of Debussy's three sketches depends on the imagination of the hearer. Yet this may be said: The whole composition does not seem to be so spontaneous as the "Nocturnes," or "Iberia." In the third of the "Nocturnes" we are closer to the savor and the wildness of the sea; as its tremendous power and irresistible shock are more graphically pictured in tones by Rimsky-Korsakoff in his "Scheherazade."

In the "Indian" suite MacDowell was free from foreign influences, nor was he a captive bound by Indian themes. The Dirge is nobly solemn, nobly pathetic, as music imagined by MacDowell, the full expression of his peculiarly virile tenderness. The other movements wear well; and although "The Love Song" may be the soonest to fade, the Suite as a whole is one that any truly great composer might be proud to sign.

Dvorak's "Othello" overture reminds us of Artémus Ward's hero Reuben Pettingill, who lived in a New Hampshire hamlet. "He said he preferred it to a noisy Othello." When there is talk of music for "Othello," the gondolier's song and the "Willow" song in Rossini's opera and the master work of Verdi rush into the mind.

The concert will be repeated tonight. At the concert next week Mabel Garrison will sing airs from Mozart's "Ti re Pastore" and Strauss's "Arlande in Naxos." The orchestral pieces will be announced later.

SYMPHONY PLAYS

DEBUSSY SKETCH

Adv. — Nov. 17/2
"The Sea" Not as Impressive
 As MacDowell's "Indian Suite" for Orchestra

**NO TEUTON MUSIC, BUT
 ALL-ALLIED PROGRAM**

Dvorak's "Othello" Overture Proves More Bohemian Than Shakespearian

By LOUIS C. ELSON
 PROGRAM

Debussy—"The Sea."
 MacDowell—"Indian Suite, for Orchestra."
 Dvorak—"Othello" Overture.

To those who gauge concerts by nationalities we would state that there was not a German, Austrian, Bulgarian or Turk in sight on this occasion, but France and America shared the honors, and in this division our own country had the lion's share, for the Indian Suite is a more poetic and a more tangible work than "The Sea" as filtered by Debussy. We recently found great pleasure in reviewing the French composer's orchestral pictures of Spring. We wish we could extend that enthusiasm to his views on marine matters, but we cannot find anything of the might, the glory, or the exhilaration of the ocean in this Suite, except in a few parts of the first movement.

These qualities we discover readily in Wagner's "Flying Dutchman" overture, in the first movement of Rubinstein's "Ocean Symphony," in parts of Paul Gilson's Symphonic Poem, "La Mer," or in Mendelssohn's "Hebrides" Overture, but here we find chiefly the uncomfortable phases of the great subject, not necessarily stewards and lemons and basins, but suggestions of evil and of disaster. This would certainly fit the work to some of the marine disasters and crimes of the present, but we know that the composition antedates these latter-day phases.

After the "Star Spangled Banner" had been dutifully gone through with the Debussy sketches followed. The first movement has never been so finely played in Boston. Its title is "From Dawn to Noon at Sea." Our own reminiscences of this time include a cold bath, black coffee in the smoking-room, a walk on deck, breakfast (!!!), a novel in the steamer-chair, bouillon and biscuit, and—at eight bells—waiting for lunch. But there were no such pleasant points discernible here. Yet there was something of majesty, an occasional hint at immensity and

still much that remained vague and unintelligible.

The second movement charms somewhat with Debussy's grace of orchestration. We wish that some of the modern composers would take a leaf from Debussy's book and try to gain their effects without swelling out the orchestra to inordinate proportions. When Richard Strauss pictured domesticity he puffed out his score to giant proportions, and when the modern youth, Korngold, wrote a Sinfonietta he not only magnified the parts, but used up an hour in his little narrative. Debussy at least has never fallen into this illness, which might well be called "Orchestra Elephantiasis" although in this work he uses somewhat larger forces than usual. He is not diffusive in any part of these three sketches, only he does not seem as friendly with Poseidon as we would wish him to be.

In the last movement of the three sketches we have again all manner of distress and trouble. It seems as if Debussy took his pictures of the sea from Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner" rather than from any healthier source. Granting this, and imagining the "rotting sea" which is in that baleful but impressive opium dream, we can justify the movement even if we do not sympathize with it. It was very brilliantly read and performed. Its sharp contrasts, its sudden explosions, its constant caprices, were all made the most of, and the applause that followed may have been as much a recognition of this technical brilliancy as a sign of admiration of the work itself. It was not, however, indicative of any very great enthusiasm.

We enjoyed MacDowell's "Indian Suite" better than ever before, possibly because it was placed between two less comprehensible compositions. The "Indian Suite" is of a decidedly pictorial order of program music, and every one can comprehend what it is portraying in each movement. That there are real Indian themes used in some parts of this work is of no importance whatever. They are not recognized to the critic and still less likely to be discovered by the general public. The Indian themes are in general purely tribal and would not be recognized by any great number of the aborigines themselves. It is a very different thing with the plantation music, which Dvorak imitates in his "New World Symphony." Everyone would recog-

nize that as being the negro voice of the entire South, not of a group in Louisiana or Georgia.

It is not wonderful either that a MacDowell, or a Cadman, can make these original themes effective. A good composer could take a figure from Schmitt's Five Finger Exercises and work it up into interesting and possibly beautiful tonal matter. MacDowell does this with some degree of picturesqueness in the "Love-Song" and the "War Dance" is striking enough in its galloping rhythms. The audience readily caught the spirit of the native composition, without requiring Dr. Muck to conduct with a tomahawk. The Dirge seems to us the least striking part of the Suite, perhaps because the voice of sorrow is not especially Indian, but universal, and there have been much greater expressions of it. But the Suite, as a whole, is worthy of a permanent place upon the repertoire, both as a picture of American life and as the work of a most prominent native composer. Yesterday the second, fourth and fifth movements ("Love-song," "Dirge" and "In the Village") made less impression than the "Legend" which began the Suite, and the third movement—in War Time.

We always regret that Beethoven was not acquainted with the works of Shakespeare. He would have been the one great interpreter of the poet, in tones. Tschalkowsky and Berlioz have caught some of his spirit. Verdi and Gounod have pictured certain moods well and voiced them operatically, but the all-round Shakespearian in music has not yet arisen. It is certainly not Dvorak. He seems to try to persuade us, in the overture which ended the concert, that Othello was a Bohemian. One almost feels that the title of the overture should be "Othello, the Moor of Prague." Of course the obvious points were not missed by the composer. There was a military theme, which suggested

"The plumed troop and the big wars," and cymbals and muted horns intimated trouble. There was a Desdemona on harp and wood-wind, shut off suddenly by a clash of cymbals, and smothered by the entire orchestra. But the craft of Iago, the motiveless malignity of some of his scheming, the utter hopelessness of "Farewell the tranquil mind, Farewell content,

.....Othello's occupation's gone,"—one seeks in vain for these subtler


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In Sanders Theatre

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SYMPHONY HALL

Three Great Choral Concerts

Dr. KARL MUCK, Conductor

Boston Symphony Orchestra

AND A

Mixed Chorus of 350 Voices

Trained by Stephen Townsend

TUESDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER 20

Beethoven's Ninth (Choral) Symphony

SOLOISTS

Frieda Hempel, soprano
 Arthur Hackett, tenor

Margaret Keyes, contralto
 Arthur Middleton, bass

TUESDAY EVENING, JANUARY 22

Mahler's Second Symphony

Full Orchestra, Chorus

Distinguished Soloists to be announced

TUESDAY EVENING, MARCH 26

Bach's St. Matthew Passion

Full Orchestra, Chorus

Distinguished Soloists to be announced


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There was not a bit of "absolute music" in this concert: it was pictorial "programme-music" from beginning to end, and it seemed less inspiring than when some of the masterpieces are given.

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— Claude Achille Debussy —

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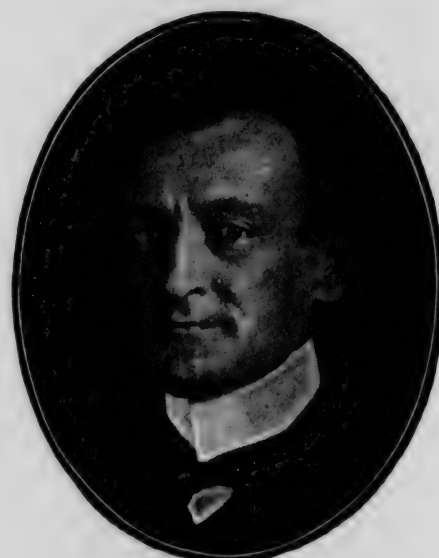
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FRIEDA HEMPEL



MARGARET KEYES



Dr. KARL MUCK



ARTHUR HACKETT



ARTHUR MIDDLETON

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It has been Dr. Muck's ambition since his return to Boston in 1912 to round out the usefulness of the Boston Symphony Orchestra with performances of some of the great choral works in which musical literature is so rich. Until the present season such performances have been impossible, owing to Boston's lack of an available chorus of size and quality commensurate with the Symphony Orchestra. Now, thanks to the enterprise and enthusiasm of Mr. Stephen Townsend, such a chorus has been established, comprising nearly four hundred men and women,—professional, semi-professional and amateur singers of unusual class,—who have been not only willing but eager to make the sacrifices necessary to attend the long and arduous series of rehearsals necessary for the preparation of the chosen works.

The arrangement of Symphony Hall does not admit of the employment of a large chorus with orchestra except that the stage is enlarged at the cost of several rows of seats. Hence is the impossibility of including these performances in the regular series of Symphony Concerts; and hence the choice of three Tuesday evenings, in November, January and March, respectively, under a separate subscription. Moreover, the broad lines on which these concerts have been planned involve an unusual expense which could hardly be met by the Symphony subscription; for it is the purpose to make these performances reach the point of perfection which has given their pre-eminence to Boston's symphony concerts.

The works chosen for these concerts are Beethoven's Symphony in D minor, No. 9, commonly called the "Choral Symphony," for full orchestra, chorus and soprano, contralto, tenor and bass solo voices; Gustav Mahler's Symphony in C minor, No. 2, which, like Beethoven's Ninth, has a choral ending, employing orchestra, chorus and soprano and contralto solo voices; and Johann Sebastian Bach's "Passion according to St. Matthew," probably the greatest of purely choral works, employing orchestra, chorus and numerous solo voices. This last will be given in Holy Week.

For the performance of the Ninth Symphony no effort has been spared to secure soloists in every respect equal to the demands of this exceedingly difficult music. The soprano will be Frieda Hempel of the Metropolitan Opera Company; the contralto, Margaret Keyes; the tenor, Arthur Hackett; and the bass, Arthur Middleton. The soloists for the other two concerts have not yet been chosen, but there will be no departure from the high standard set by those engaged for the first. The training of the chorus has been in progress since early September. Dr. Muck will personally conduct the final rehearsals with orchestra.

TICKETS NOW ON SALE

Orders by mail, addressed to C. A. Ellis, Symphony Hall, Boston, or by telephone, Back Bay 1492, receive prompt attention.

Subscription prices for three concerts, \$3, \$4.50, \$6, \$7.50.
To these prices must be added the 10 per cent. war tax.

SYMPHONY HALL
TUESDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER 20, 1917, AT 8.15

SPECIAL PERFORMANCE

OF

**BEETHOVEN'S
NINTH (CHORAL) SYMPHONY**

Dr. KARL MUCK, Conductor

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

**CHORUS OF THREE HUNDRED AND
FIFTY SINGERS**

TRAINED BY STEPHEN TOWNSEND

SOLOISTS

FRIEDA HEMPEL, Soprano

MARGARET KEYES, Contralto

ARTHUR HACKETT, Tenor

ARTHUR MIDDLETON, Bass

PROGRAMME

SYMPHONY IN D MINOR, No. 9, WITH FINAL CHORUS ON SCHILLER'S "ODE TO JOY," OP. 125 LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN

(Born at Bonn, December 16 (?), 1770; died at Vienna, March 26, 1827.)

- I. Allegro, ma non troppo, un poco maestoso.
- II. Molto vivace: Presto.
- III. Adagio molto e cantabile.
- IV. Presto.
Allegro assai.
Presto.
Baritone Recitative.
Quartet and Chorus: Allegro assai.
Tenor Solo and Chorus: Allegro assai vivace, alla marcia.
Chorus: Allegro assai.
Chorus: Andante maestoso.
Adagio, ma non troppo, ma divoto.
Allegro energico, sempre ben marcato.
Quartet and Chorus: Allegro ma non tanto: Prestissimo.

Beethoven made sketches for his Ninth Symphony as early as 1815. The symphony was completed about February, 1824. The idea of adding a chorus to the last movement probably came to him only in the course of his work, for there are sketches of a purely instrumental Finale. Nottebohm says these were made in June or July, 1823. But Schiller's "Hymn to Joy" had long tempted Beethoven. At Bonn in 1792 he thought of setting music to it. The Fantaisie for pianoforte, orchestra, and chorus of 1800 contains the melodic germ that he afterwards used for Schiller's words. Perhaps the "mother melody" may be found in a folk-song: "Freu dich sehr, O meine Seele, und vergiss all Noth und Qual." Wasielewski thinks the origin is in a song of Beethoven's (Op. 89, No. 3) with text by Goethe, composed in 1810: "Kleine Blumen, kleine Blätter."

In 1822 Beethoven expressed his willingness to write a symphony for the Philharmonic Society of London. This Society offered him £50 for the manuscript: it was to be delivered in March, 1823, and to remain for eighteen months the exclusive property of the Society. Beethoven pleaded the state of his health as an excuse for not sending the manuscript at the appointed time. He wrote to Ries in London that if he were not obliged to make his living by composition, he would not accept an honorarium. The Philharmonic Society did not receive the symphony before the first performance in Vienna, and was not able to perform the work until March 21, 1825.

The first performance was in the Kärthnerthortheater, Vienna, on May 7, 1824. Musicians and wealthy amateurs organized the concert, for the Gesellschaft der Musikfreunde had refused the undertaking on account of the expense. Beethoven then proposed to give the first performance of the symphony and the great Mass in Berlin. Count Brühl, the intendant of the Royal theatres there, was favorably disposed. This led the Viennese patrons and musicians to sign a petition to Beethoven in which they begged him to spare Vienna the shame; not to allow his "new masterpieces to depart from their birthplace before they had been appreciated by the numerous admirers of national art." Beethoven reflected and consented.

The programme, approved by the police, was as follows: "Grand Overture, Op. 124; Three Grand Hymns for solo voices and chorus; Grand Symphony with a finale in which solo voices and chorus enter on the text of Schiller's 'Ode to Joy.'" The "three Hymns" were the *Kyrie*, *Credo*, *Agnus Dei* of the Mass in D. The Chief of Police Sedlitzky, acting on the advice of the Archbishop, had forbidden the printing of "sacred words" on a playbill. Count Lichnowsky then suggested "Three Hymns."

The solo singers were Henriette Sontag, Karoline Unger, Anton Haitzinger, and J. Seipelt. The Musikverein assisted. Ignaz Schuppanzigh was the concert master. Michael Umlauf conducted. The rehearsals were laborious, and the solo singers had great difficulty in learning their parts. Mmes. Sontag and Unger begged Beethoven to make changes in their music. Beethoven smiled and said they had been spoiled by Italian music. The gentle Mme. Sontag answered: "Go on, then, torturing us." The success of the symphony was immediate and great. When the drums alone beat the Scherzo motive, the audience applauded so that the orchestra could not be heard. At the end the enthusiasm was frenetic. Mme. Unger led Beethoven to the edge of the stage that he might see the crowd waving hats and handkerchiefs. He bowed and was very calm. Mme. Grebner, an eye-witness, who had sung in the chorus, told Felix Weingartner in Brussels that Beethoven sat in the middle of the orchestra and followed the score. The success was unprecedented, but the net pecuniary result was a sum equivalent to \$60. Beethoven was angry. Some days afterwards he accused Schindler and Duport of having swindled him. They were dining at a restaurant with others. Umlauf and Schuppanzigh tried to convince him that the charge was absurd, for Beethoven's brother Johann and nephew Carl had watched the cashiers. Beethoven persisted. Schindler, Umlauf, and Schuppanzigh left the table.

Beethoven had purposed to dedicate the symphony to the Tsar Alexander; he finally dedicated it to the King of Prussia: "The gracious permission of your majesty to dedicate to you, in all humility, the present work, affords me great happiness. Your majesty is not only the father of your subjects, but also the patron of arts and sciences; so much the more, therefore, must your gracious permission rejoice me, as I am myself fortunate enough to count myself as a citizen of Bonn, amongst your subjects. I beg your majesty to accept this work as a trifling token of the high esteem which I entertain for your virtues."

The King answered, saying that he was sending a diamond ring as a token of his sincere esteem. The gem turned out to be not a diamond, but a reddish stone valued by the court jeweller at 300 florins in paper money.

There was a second performance in Vienna, in the large Hall of the Redoutes, on May 23, 1824. Duport assumed all the expenses and guaranteed Beethoven 500 florins. The programme included the "Grand Overture"; Beethoven's trio "Tremate," sung by Mmes. Dardahelli, Donzelli, and Boticelli; a hymn (the *Kyrie*); Rossini's "Di tanti palpiti" (sung by David); and the symphony. The hour, noon, was unfavorable. Duport lost some hundreds of florins. These were the only performances at which Beethoven could be present.

The first performance of the symphony in America was by the Philharmonic Society, at Castle Garden, New York, May 20, 1846. The solo singers were Mmes. Otto and Boulard, Messrs. Munson and Mayer. George Loder conducted.

The first performance in Boston was by the Germania Musical Society assisted by members of the Handel and Haydn Society, February 5, 1853. The solo singers were Anna Stone, Miss S. Humphrey, J. H. Low, and Thomas Ball, the sculptor. Carl Bergmann conducted.

PHILIP HALE.

TO JOY.

Joy, thou spark from flame immortal,
Daughter of Elysium!
Drunk with fire, O heav'n-born Goddess,
We invade thy halidom!
Let thy magic bring together
All whom earth-born laws divide;
All mankind shall be as brothers
'Neath thy tender wings and wide.

He that's had that best good fortune,
To his friend a friend to be,
He that's won a noble woman,
Let him join our Jubilee!
Ay, and who a single other
Soul on earth can call his own;
But let him who ne'er achieved it
Steal away in tears alone.

Joy doth every living creature
Draw from Nature's ample breast,
All the good and all the evil
Follow on her roseate quest.
Kisses doth she give, and vintage,
Friends who firm in death have stood,
Joy of life the worm receiveth,
And the Angels dwell with God!

Glad as burning suns that glorious
Through the heavenly spaces sway,
Haste ye, brothers, on your way,
Joyous as a knight victorious.

Love toward countless millions swelling,
Wafts one kiss to all the world!
Surely, o'er yon stars unfurl'd,
Some kind Father has his dwelling!

Fall ye prostrate, O ye millions?
Dost thy Maker feel, O world?
Seek Him o'er yon stars unfurl'd,
O'er the stars rise His pavilions!

—From the German of Schiller
by HENRY G. CHAPMAN.

A CONCERT OF CONCERTS

THE CHORAL SYMPHONY AS NEVER IN BOSTON

A Unique Occasion and a Brilliant Picture
—The New Chorus Comparable with the
Best of Europe—Orchestra and Conduc-
tor Above Themselves—The Resulting
Revelation of Beethoven's Music—An
Audience Likewise Carried Out of Itself

WHEN, last spring, Symphony Hall proposed three concerts of imposing and exacting choral music, with the Symphony Orchestra, with a numerous, newly assembled, highly trained chorus, and with Dr. Muck conducting, it may hardly have expected such outcome as last evening crowned the first. The auditorium, less six rows of seats in the parquet to make room for the extended stage, was filled to the last sitting-place and the last standing-place by a company quite as representative of the general public as of the particular public of the Symphony Concerts, swelled, besides, by practitioners and amateurs of music whom the interest of the concert had assembled from New York, Philadelphia and various cities of New England. Seldom—and at a timely moment—has Symphony Hall held a more significant audience; while seldom, seen from the back of the balcony, has it so warmed the eye. Over the heads of the seated hearers, along the admirable lines of the hall, the glance gained what had become, for the time, a huge stage. Upon it the black-coated orchestra and its brown or yellow instruments rose in tiers; above sat or stood the thick white ranks of the women-singers of the chorus; higher still, for brim and border to the picture, the dark lines of the singing men. Along the narrow strip of platform, before these forces, Dr. Muck raised high and the solo singers, with Miss Hempel vivid among them by the long sweep and lustrous color of a blue-green gown hung with a single rope of pearls. The golden proscenium framed this picture, unique in recent years in Symphony Hall; while as keystone, so to say, to the frame and to the whole occasion, was the usually unnoted scroll that bears Beethoven's name.

A prefatory singing and playing of "The Star Spangled Banner" aside, Beethoven's Choral Symphony filled the whole concert. For seven years it had not been heard in Boston, since Dr. Muck was disinclined to attempt it without a numerous and severely practiced chorus, and such a piece fits ill into the ordinary course of the Symphony Concerts. In New York and in Chi-

cago, Mr. Damrosch's, Mr. Stranisky's or Mr. Stock's orchestra attempt it relatively seldom and with some show of unusual circumstance. Thus, in the United States, the Choral Symphony has never become the commonplace that it used to be, especially in Holy Week, in German concert-halls. A performance of it hereabouts still enjoys a festal rarity; while such a performance as it received last evening is a landmark in two or three musical generations. Evidently the audience was keenly expectant and speedily stirred to unusual applause. It received Dr. Muck with much longer and heartier plaudits than even have been his recent lot in Boston and New York; it multiplied them at every pause in the performance, and at the end of the concert, it would not depart until, standing, it had paid repeated tribute to the conductor and his assembled forces. Indeed a general public seemed to begin with this ovation where the special publics of the Symphony Concerts in usual course have lately ended it. More significant still and in finer homage to the music in hand, was the rapt, tense silence—a thrilling atmosphere in itself—in which the audience, so tempered, listened to Beethoven when, through the conductor, in voice of orchestra and chorus, he spoke his own eloquence. In fifteen years, there has been no such occasion in Symphony Hall.

The Glories of the Chorus

In a sense this audience, at once experienced and excited, could measure its expectations of orchestra, conductor and such solo-singers as Miss Hempel and Miss Keyes, Mr. Middleton and Mr. Hackett, but the singing of the chorus came to it in wholly new sensation. The means by which Mr. Stephen Townsend gathered these men and women singers, more than three hundred strong, when other leaders and other choral societies seek in vain for a few recruits; the kindled and sustained loyalty by which he held them to reiterated and exacting rehearsal when other choirs are constantly hampered by absences, are his happy secrets—a white magic, as it were, in the preparation of choral singing. At every turn through music usually playing havoc with the quality of the singers' tone, each element in the chorus kept its distinctions of voice and song. The sopranos maintained in equal measure warm body and fluid brilliance of tone; the alto section rang rich, deep, supple; the tenors sustained both volume and brightness of voice; the basses were at once sonorous and mellow.

No chorus that Boston has heard in many years, except possibly that of the Mendelssohn Choir of Toronto—now scattered by the war and war-time prejudices—has matched Mr. Townsend's choir in the body and pliancy, the freshness, freedom, variety and brightness of its song. As incomparably on this side of the Atlantic,

TO JOY.

Joy, thou spark from flame immortal,
Daughter of Elysium!
Drunk with fire, O heav'n-born Goddess,
We invade they halidom!
Let thy magic bring together
All whom earth-born laws divide;
All mankind shall be as brothers
'Neath thy tender wings and wide.

He that's had that best good fortune,
To his friend a friend to be,
He that's won a noble woman,
Let him join our Jubilee!
Ay, and who a single other
Soul on earth can call his own;
But let him who ne'er achieved it
Steal away in tears alone.

Joy doth every living creature
Draw from Nature's ample breast,
All the good and all the evil
Follow on her roseate quest.
Kisses doth she give, and vintage,
Friends who firm in death have stood,
Joy of life the worm receiveth,
And the Angels dwell with God!

Glad as burning suns that glorious
Through the heavenly spaces sway,
Haste ye, brothers, on your way,
Joyous as a knight victorious.

Love toward countless millions swelling,
Wafts one kiss to all the world!
Surely, o'er yon stars unfurl'd,
Some kind Father has his dwelling!

Fall ye prostrate, O ye millions?
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It had assimilated the essentials of choral singing—the precision that brings unity of beginning, the surety that sustains this unity to the end of a period; the equal sense of long ascendant choral line and of sharp choral ejaculation, however massed the one, however divided the other; the alert sensibility that keeps rhythm vibrant, propulsive; the moulding of the phrase, the measuring of the modulation, the gradation of the climax, all three half-instinctive and half-acquired; the ability to sing out and also to sing true.

Training may do much and has done much in this instance to foster and embed these high virtues; but below them in each and every singer must lie substantial foundation of musical intelligence and pliability, individual diligence and devotion. The vocal quality and the choral achievement of his choir so praises Mr. Townsend and the three hundred several contributors to them. Now that the Mendelssohn Choir is gone, the comparing listener must cross the Atlantic to find equal, but not superior, to it, in Mr. Ochs's celebrated chorus in Berlin, in the choruses that Sir Henry Wood has led in various British festivals.

From Dr. Muck, in presence or in indication, came the guidance preparing such a chorus for remarkable achievement in as difficult and baffling music in kind as man's hand has yet written; for to Beethoven, in this Ninth Symphony, the human means were the almost unconsidered servants of the music and the passion. Beside the impressions of last evening, occasional choral passages in the music of the Symphony Concerts, even the choral concert for the Pension Fund last spring, have but half-disclosed Dr. Muck's abilities as a conductor of vocal as well as instrumental choirs. He mated certainty to freedom in his marshalling and wielding of choral masses; by a single stroke of will he seemed to propel the singers into one of Beethoven's outflung phrases; his pace, his rhythms seemed to stir his choirs; he measured out sustained and swelling sonorities of tone or he enjoined sharp, swift jets of song; led by his hand, ordered by his ear, his three hundred voices, in sum or in division phrased and graduated as one voice. The three hundred responses of as many intelligences, instincts, emotions, became as one, fused through him to Beethoven's purpose.

No wonder, then, that an audience, for once lifted from and beyond itself, heard the choral finale of the Ninth Symphony as it had never heard it before. With orchestra and with choir, the tonal heavens did open in clear radiance and the stars did

shed upon waiting men; called, the majesty of the world's prayer of the world of such a host beat out in elation, the tones the march of exuberant victory, the end of the end was as near to Beethoven's frenzy of

jubilation as mortal voices may drive themselves to his whipping imagination. Of such was this choral sheet and flame of tonal power and splendor, while, as the composer bade, athwart it shot the bright lustres of Miss Hempel's mounting periods; the clear, soft, penetrating phrases of Mr. Hackett; while in like relief upon the great tonal expanse moved Mr. Middleton's bass sonorities or Miss Keyes's momentarily rich and luminous measures. As they should, the solo voices, astutely chosen for the quality of the music and the intent of the performance, were as strands to shine each with its own and instant brightness out of the whole musical fabric and progress.

Orchestra and Conductor

Inevitably in the three purely instrumental divisions of the Ninth Symphony, orchestra and conductor could impart no such strange and transporting sensations as did the chorus and the quartet in the finale; yet even the accustomed hearers of Dr. Muck and his forces were unprepared for the range of manifold eloquence that they sustained throughout the music. For nearly a full hour, under the incessant exaction of a nearly superhuman task, leader and players were above themselves. The orchestra ranged its widest from such bursts of tonal power as that which flames out of the first Allegro to the softest of euphonies, the finest woven of underbodies in the seraphic song of the Adagio. The listeners heard this song—or rather the two-fold song that Beethoven upbuilds in mutual course from as many melodies—in the ecstasy in which it was played. Dr. Muck found the very pace that would impart the beauty of this music, at once ardent with human longing and vivid with celestial vision; that would keep it in softly lustrous curve and more and more glowing ascent, that would suddenly wing it with the passion of the earth that it might mount to more ethereal heights. His orchestra in every choir answered him with inexhaustible loveliness of radiant tone, with chiselled yet flowing phrase, with unwaveringly sustained voice that melted period into period in fused and undulated progress. As one human voice might have sung, so sang a hundred voices of instruments. An equal emotion seemed to penetrate and possess conductor, orchestra, hearers. Yet a moment before as perfectly in kind this same leader, this same band had sounded the incisive or the playful rhythms of the scherzo and sung the intervening song in the freshness of fancy, the smiling harmonic and instrumental color, the seeming simplicity of imagination, hiding a singular and astute procedure, that a world-worn and passion-worn Beethoven could invoke in his innovating and solitary fifties far more illusively than in his Mo-

zartean and Haydnish twenties

In similar range through the turbulent course of the first movement, conductor and orchestra had been as master-dramatists in tones upon the stimulated imaginations and emotions of their hearers. From them, it rose, seemingly as it was written a clouded music through which for long Beethoven broods in mystery, gropes in doubts; a clearing music, flashing into sudden tonal action and pursuit; a baffled music sinking wearily back into questionings and dark inertias near to despair; music of a passion of the soul, searching itself, straining at its bonds alike of spiritual emotion and tonal speech, solitary, at odds with the world. Yet he who so willed might hear beneath this eloquence of emotion the lucidest exposition of the strictly musical substance and curve of the movement, animated not merely by understanding, but by recreative impulse. And so through the superb and suspensive vigor with which Dr. Muck and the orchestra sprang over the prologue to the finale and the Bacchic leaps of instrumental frenzy with which they ended the symphony. To hear him and to hear them as they were last evening was to hold the dismissal of the conductor and the dissolution of the orchestra, under the chance exigencies of a war that will not be interminable, a sheer artistic blasphemy. What they now give to their thousands of hearers, no others in America may equally yield.

And Last Beethoven

For ninety years and more much imagination and many ingenuities have exercised themselves, more or less fruitfully upon what they call the "poetic content" of this Ninth Symphony. In our own day, Mr. d'Indy, for example, taking text from Saint Paul and his own heart, has expounded it as a triumphant progress from the brooding of the first movement, through the mere nervous and, as it were, physical excitement of the second, into the ecstasy in the third, and the elation in the fourth, of the love that the apostle celebrated to the Corinthians. For Mr. d'Indy would have his Beethoven of the final years an intensely religious man. In turn, Mr. Rolland, perched upon his Swiss heights, "au dessus de la mêlée humaine," can weave in or out of the music a web of spiritual and transcendental implications that might have made him high priest of Concord in an Emersonian day. Per contra, others see in the music the light of human freedom fitfully piercing the darkness of the beginning, darting in and out of the Scherzo, radiant and calm through the Adagio, enkindling, in the Finale, the wills, the hearts, the voices and the march of men. And so forth and so onward in confusion upon confusion and contradiction against contradiction.

Yet, as listeners hear the Choral Symphony in this autumn of 1917, is it not enough, first, that it is music that speaks of and by itself, as scarcely does any other in the world, with the voice of brooding human struggle, with the thrill of human action, with the fervor of human aspiration and vision, with the high intoxication of human joy—a veritable epitome of such universal emotions in human kind? Is it not enough, furthermore, that the Choral Symphony speaks these things in depths and heights of beauty, passion, power, illusion, such as music or any other means to human expression has seldom attained? And is it not enough, finally, that the Choral Symphony speaks them out of the great mind, the great heart, the great imagination, by the great means, of a Beethoven who embraced within himself as great an understanding, sympathy and passion for human kind and in music wrought indelibly and everlastingly its noblest sensations alike of depression and exaltation, struggle, aspiration, ascent, fulfilment? Beethoven epic remains Beethoven human. H. T. P.

CHORAL CONCERT HIGHLY PRAISED

Herald Nov. 21/17
Orchestra and 350 Singers
Give Beethoven's Ninth
Symphony.

DR. MUCK LEADS ADMIRABLY

By PHILIP HALE.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Muck conductor, gave a performance of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony last night in Symphony Hall. The orchestra was assisted by a chorus of 350 singers, who had been admirably prepared by Stephen Townsend, and by this quartet: Frieda Hempel, Margaret Keyes, Arthur Hackett and Arthur Middleton. Before the performance of the symphony the National Anthem was sung by the chorus with orchestral accompaniment.

We shall probably not hear a better performance of this symphony in the years that are still allotted to us. We shall certainly not hear a more capable and impressive chorus. It does not seem possible that there could be a

more eloquent performance of the orchestral movements. It is not necessary to dwell upon the singularly ungrateful, one might say incomprehensibly difficult, music that Beethoven wrote for the solo singers. Those chosen for the task last night did better than one might have expected. The most beautiful or robust voices in the world, used with the utmost skill, could not change the inherent character of the music. If any one of the quartet is favored by the composer, it is the tenor.

No wonder that this symphony, when it is performed complete, is a stumbling block to conductors, orchestras and singers. We have heard many performances in Boston and in European cities; few of them were ideal, many were mediocre, some were positively bad. The worst we ever heard was in Berlin in the season of '83-'84. Joachim, the violinist, conducted without sense of tempo and rhythm; but he always was a wretched conductor; one without authority, without imagination.

The question comes up, Should the orchestral movements be played without the finale? The symphony has been heard in this form more than once at concerts in this city. It is easy to cry "Sacrilege"; to say that the incomplete work leaves the hearer unsatisfied. Putting the difficulties attending the performance of the Finale out of the question, might not one say without fear of contradiction, except from believers in plenary inspiration, that Beethoven's noblest music is in the three orchestral movements? With the exception of that wonderful passage in which the hearer is caught up to the seventh heaven above the stars, and of the equally marvellous measures in which Beethoven heard the angelic choir, is there anything in the Finale to be compared with the mysteriousness of the first movement, the demoniacal energy of the Scherzo—the Scherzo of the Universe—and the unearthly beauty of the Adagio? In these movements Beethoven, the superman, is revealed.

Are there not many pages in the Finale that are ugly without any rhetorical effect? Pages that, if written by a lesser man, would be at once described as commonplace, uninteresting, unexpressive? It is true that at the very end Beethoven is seen throwing his hat in the air, frenzied with joy, but is this tumultuous ecstasy of a movement comparable with pages in the orchestral movements? After the performance of last night, one that was in so many respects ideal, these questions may be safely asked.

We all, however, owe a debt of gratitude to the management of the orchestra, to Dr. Muck and his forces, for giving us the privilege of hearing the Symphony. To the youngest of concertgoers the music was practically unknown. To the older hearers that have attended the Symphony concerts from the beginning, the performance was a

revelation. The great audience—for the seats were all filled and many stood—was keenly appreciative. Dr. Muck and those under his control may well be proud of the tribute paid to them.

May this not be the last of the Choral concerts! For here is a chorus worthy of the superb orchestra; here is an incomparable conductor of singers and players.

Operatic Star to Sing Tuesday in Beethoven Work



FRIEDA HEMPEL.

Soprano from the Metropolitan Opera, who sings in Beethoven Choral Symphony Tuesday.

Beethoven's ninth symphony, which will be performed here next Tuesday night, was last played in Boston at a concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra, led by Mr. Fiedler, April 30, 1910. The Cecilia Society was the chorus and the solo singers were Mrs. Hissem de Moss, Miss Margaret Keyes, Berrick von Norden and Frederick Weld.

The first performance in Boston was on Feb. 5, 1853, at a concert of the Germania Musical Society, assisted by members of the Handel and Haydn Society. The solo singers were Anna Stone, Miss S. Humphrey, J. H. Low and Thomas Ball, the sculptor. Carl Bergmann conducted. The symphony was repeated April 2, 1853.

The symphony has been performed at these concerts of the Boston Symphony orchestra.

1882, March 11—Mrs. Humphrey Allen (now Mrs. George F. Babbitt), Mary H. How, C. R. Adams, V. Cirillo.

1883, March 31—Katherine van Arnhem, Gertrude Edmonds, Jules Jordan, V. Cirillo.

1884, March 22—Mrs. Henschel, Louise Rollwagen, T. J. Toedt, Max Heinrich.

1886, March 27—Mme. Fursch-Madi, Mary H. How, T. J. Toedt, C. E. Martin.

1888, April 28—Mme. Kallisch-Lehmann, Louise Meisslinger, Paul Kallisch, Emil Fischer.

1892, Dec. 17—Priscilla White, Louise Leimer, W. J. Winch, H. Mejn.

1894, March 17—Adagio and Scherzo.

1897, April 24—Movements 1, 2, 3.

1898, March 5—Movements 1, 2, 3.

1899, April 29—Mme. de Vere-Sapio, Miss Stein, Evan Williams, Ericson Bushnell.

1900, April 28—Mme. de Vere-Sapio, Miss Stein, Ben Davies, Herbert Witherspoon.

1909, May 1—Laura Combs, Miss Stein, Theodore van Yox, M. W. Whitney, Jr.

On April 13, 1904, the symphony was performed at a Pension Fund concert with the assistance of the Handel and Haydn Society and Mmes. Bradbury and Woltmann, and Messrs. Van Yox and M. W. Whitney, Jr.

Other performances in Boston: At concerts in Music Hall led by Carl Zerrahn, March 26 and April 2, 1859 (Mrs. Harwood, Miss J. Twichell, Messrs. Adams and Powers). Harvard Musical Association, April 12, 1867, for the benefit of the orchestra (Mrs. H. M. Smith, Mrs. J. C. Cary, James Whitney, J. F. Rudolphsen); Dec. 19, 1870, with the Handel and Haydn (Mrs. Smith, Mrs. Barry, W. J. Winch, J. F. Rudolphsen).

Theodore Thomas's concerts in Boston: Dec. 30, 1874 (Mrs. Smith, Miss Cranch, W. J. Winch, F. Remmert); March 15, 1876 (Mrs. Smith, Mrs. Barry, W. J. Winch, F. Remmert); Jan. 10, 1871, the Adagio; Dec. 9, 1871, Scherzo and Adagio.

Handel and Haydn concerts: May 8, 1868 (Mme. Parepa-Rosa, Adelaide Phillips, George Simpson, J. F. Rudolphsen); May 12, 1871 (Mrs. Smith, Antoinette Sterling, W. H. Cummings, J. F. Rudolphsen); May 6, 1874 (Mrs. Smith, Annie Louise Cary, Nelson Varley, J. F. Rudolphsen); May 6, 1880 (Emma Thursday, Miss Cary, C. R. Adams, G. W. Dudley).

The first three movements of the symphony were performed at the Beethoven

festival for the inauguration of Crawford's statue of Beethoven, in Music Hall, March 1, 1886.

The first performance in America was at a concert of the Philharmonic Society of New York at Castle Garden, conducted by George Loder, May 20, 1846. The solo singers were Mmes. Otto and Boulard, Messrs. Munson and Mayer.

Beethoven made sketches for the symphony as early as 1815 and completed his work about February, 1824. The first performance was in the Kaerthnerthor Theatre, Vienna, May 7, 1824. The solo singers were Henrietta Sontag, Karoline Unger, Anton Haitzinger and J. Seipelt. Ignaz Schuppanzigh was the concert master. Michael Umlauf conducted. The rehearsals were laborious, and the solo singers had great difficulty in learning their parts. Mmes. Sontag and Unger begged Beethoven to make changes in their music. Beethoven smiled and said they had been spoiled by Italian music. The gentle Mme. Sontag answered: "Go on, then, torturing us." The success of the symphony was immediate and great. When the drums alone beat the Scherzo motive, the audience applauded so that the orchestra could not be heard. At the end the enthusiasm was frenetic. Mme. Unger led

Beethoven to the edge of the stage that he might see the crowd waving hats and handkerchiefs. He bowed and was very calm. Mme. Grebner, an eye witness, told Felix Weingartner that Beethoven sat in the middle of the orchestra and followed the score. The success was unprecedented, but the net pecuniary result was a sum equivalent to \$60. Beethoven was angry. Some days afterwards he accused Schindler and Duport of having swindled him. They were dining at a restaurant with others. Umlauf and Schuppanzigh tried to convince him that the charge was absurd, for Beethoven's nephew Carl, and his brother Johann had watched the cashiers. Beethoven persisted. Schindler, Umlauf and Schuppanzigh left the table.

Beethoven had purposed to dedicate the symphony to the Tsar Alexander; he finally dedicated it to the King of Prussia: "The gracious permission of your majesty to dedicate to you, in all humility, the present work, affords me great happiness. Your majesty is not only the father of your subjects, but also the patron of arts and sciences; so much the more therefore, must your gracious permission rejoice me, as I am myself fortunate enough to count myself as a citizen of Bonn, amongst your subjects. I beg your majesty to accept this work as a trifling token of the high esteem which I entertain for your virtues."

The King answered, saying that he was sending a diamond ring as a token of his sincere esteem. The gem turned out to be not a diamond, but a reddish stone valued by the court jeweller at 300 florins in paper money.

Harald — Nov. 18/17

BEETHOVEN'S NINTH

Herald SYMPHONY. Nov. 16/17

The long-expected and much-discussed performance of Beethoven's Ninth or choral symphony will be given in Symphony Hall next Tuesday evening. Since the 10th of September the chorus has been having weekly rehearsals, first separately in choirs and then combined under the direction of Mr. Townsend. Invitations were sent out in midsummer to nearly 500 singers of Boston, professional, semi-professional and amateur, and favorable replies came from nearly 400. This chorus really comprises the pick of Boston singers. Since his return in 1912 Dr. Muck has been very anxious to do this Ninth symphony and other choral

works, but the lack of a proper chorus for this purpose—one that could give the necessary time for rehearsals—had prevented it. Last Wednesday evening he held the first rehearsal under his own direction of chorus and orchestra. The second and final rehearsal with all the soloists will be held in Symphony Hall tomorrow evening. The chorus will number very close to 400 and this has compelled the building in Symphony Hall of a new stage, the largest that has ever been used there. The addition in front takes out the first seven rows of seats. The orchestra will be on a "rise," as usual, and surrounding them will be the chorus placed in tiers.

The management on its part has engaged soloists of fine quality: Frieda Hempel of the Metropolitan opera company, Margaret Keyes, Arthur Hackett, and Arthur Middleton.

Public Desire and Public Need

Rumor runs that there is likely to be a second performance of Beethoven's Choral Symphony—say on a Sunday afternoon in the near future—by the same forces, as nearly as they can be reassembled, that on Tuesday evening surpassed themselves, thrilled their hearers and newly revealed the music. Presumably Dr. Muck and the Symphony Orchestra would willingly undertake such a repetition; the chorus, unless imperative employment elsewhere on Sundays too much depleted the ranks, would as willingly regather its laurels, and to muster again the solo singers might even be possible. To arrange such a repetition ought not to exceed the resources of the management of Symphony Hall; while there is every reason to trust the interest of the public in it. No concert in Boston in years—not even those in which Dr. Muck and the Symphony Orchestra have carried Liszt's "Faust Symphony" to unsuspected heights of eloquence—has so deeply impressed hearers as that in which they opened anew the mightier, the more human, the universal music of Beethoven. The single visit of the Mendelssohn Choir aside, no chorus within long memory has so sung into Bostonian ears as did that which for once really achieved the finale of Beethoven's symphony. Yesterday, all concerned as listeners or as doers did but repeat the new sensations, the rare, new glories of what is already a celebrated concert. Many who sought it came too late to find available tickets; many who heard it would gladly renew the experience; while in large measure outside the public that thronged to Symphony Hall on Tuesday is the public of the concerts of Sunday afternoon, quick to discover and appreciate such an opportunity for a musical experience unique in Boston. For its eager sake as well as for the renewed pleasures of the familiars of the Symphony Concerts there may reasonably and desirably be a repetition of so wondrous a concert.

SYMPHONY WILL REPEAT FINE CONCERT BY REQUEST

Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, which was presented last Tuesday evening by the Symphony Orchestra and the splendid chorus organized by Stephen Townsend, all directed by Dr. Muck, is to be repeated in Symphony Hall next Sunday afternoon. Three of the soloists have been re-engaged, Mr. Middleton, Mr. Brackett and Miss Keyes, but it is impossible for Miss Hempel to appear owing to prior engagements in another part of the country. Her place will be filled by another equally distinguished soprano.

The repeat performance is due to a great number of request letters, and it is expected that the coming performance will be equal in every way to the original one.

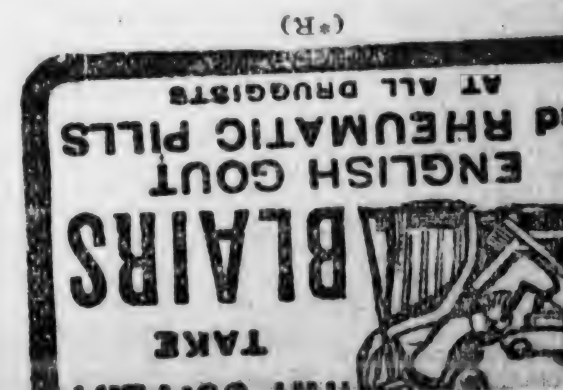
and enjoyed a social hour refreshments were served by Mrs. A. H. Stone, Mrs. Ethel A. Stone, Mrs. Edith Howe and Miss Mary

Choral Symphony

Members of Lafayette Chapter, of the Revolution, met on Saturday afternoon, Nov. 17, at the home of Julia M. Rowe, Chestnut Hill, where the associate member, and her daughter, hospitality was much enjoyed. A business meeting, Mrs. Mae Buck presided. The chapter voted money for buying yarn and Mrs. George B. was appointed chairman of the work. Many activities are under way for raising money for the winter. In December, one of the members gave at her home a novel "Covered Cupper." The chapter has a library and the exchange of books every month. In December the members will have a Christmas Auction Sale. In the afternoon, a sketch was read regarding the fall of Flags at the State House followed a guessing contest, on pots in the heart of the city. The afternoon meeting closed the afternoon meeting. The next meeting will be on Dec. 18, at the home of Mrs. Godfray of Waldeck street, Boston, as the hostess.

An enthusiastic meeting, with many members present, was held by the Hill Chapter, D. A. R., at the home of the secretary, Mrs. Charles H. Johnson, Elmwood park, Malden, Thursday afternoon, Nov. 15. The regent, Mrs. L. Newcomb, presided. Mrs. Richard Blinn, State chairman of the Y. M. C. A. Red Triangle Committee, was present and gave a paper on that subject, especially in the home. Miss Effie was elected chapter chairman. It was voted to contribute to the Y. M. C. A. Red Triangle Committee. Committees reported much work done. Circulars were read from the National Society and work to be done was discussed. Tea was served by the committee of the day, Mrs. Simonds, chairman, and a delightful hour was enjoyed.

Matters of importance were discussed at the recent meeting of the board of the American Revolution held at the home of Mrs. Frank Dexter Ellison, the regent, in the chair. The secretary, Mrs. Isabel Gordon of Worcester, read a letter from Mrs. George Thacher Guernsey, president general, urging all chapters to make plans at once for raising the progress requested by the National Society. The board of management of which has been requested by the National Society to raise \$100,000 for the next year.



BEETHOVEN'S NINTH

Herald **SYMPHONY.** Nov. 18/17

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In Character With the Choral Symphony



Beethoven in His Last Years

From the Imaginative Bust by Bourdelle, the Parisian Sculptor

Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1917--18.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

Dr. KARL MUCK, Conductor.

SIXTH PROGRAMME

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 23, AT 2.30 P. M.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 24, AT 8 P. M.

HAYDN,

SYMPHONY in D major, "The Chase"

I. Adagio; Allegro

II. Andante

III. Menuetto; Allegretto

IV. Finale: "The Chase"

MOZART,

ARIA, "L'amerò, sarò costante," from "Il Rè Pastore"

(Violin Obbligato by Mr. WITEK)

STRAUSS,

ARIA of ZERBINETTA from "Ariadne on Naxos"

BERLIOZ,

DRAMATIC SYMPHONY with Chorus, Solo voices and prologue in Choral recitative, after Shakespere's tragedy, "Romeo and Juliet," op. 17

a) Queen Mab: Scherzo

b) Garden Scene

c) Ball at Capulet's

Soloist:

Miss MABEL GARRISON

Mason & Hamlin Pianoforte



Mabel Garrison.

MABEL GARRISON (Mrs. George Siemonn) was born at Baltimore, Md. Her first teacher was Lucien O'dend'hal. She continued her studies at the Peabody Institute in Baltimore, was graduated with a diploma for proficiency in singing, and she also had honors as a student of the piano and of composition. She went to New York where she studied with several teachers. Joining the Aborn Opera Company, she sang for two seasons, taking the parts of Gilda, Lucia, Violetta, Olympia, and other rôles. In 1914 she became a member of the Metropolitan Opera House Company.

Her first appearance in Boston was as Oscar in "Un Ballo in Maschera," performed by the Metropolitan Opera Company in the Boston Opera House, April 18, 1916. She sang in concert at Symphony Hall, November 4, 1917: "Ah, fors' è lui" from "La Traviata"; songs by Massenet, Granados, and Scandinavian folk-songs.

MRS. GARRISON IS SYMPHONY SINGER

Adv. — Nov. 24/17

Boston Orchestra Conducted
By Dr. Muck Plays Con-
trasted Program

JENNY LIND ARIA IS
REVIVED BY SOLOIST

Movements from Berlioz
"Romeo" Symphony Call
Forth Reminiscences

By LOUIS C. ELSON.

PROGRAM.

Haydn, Symphony..... "La Chasse"
Mozart, Aria..... "Il Re Pastore"
Mrs. Mabel Garrison, soloist.
Richard Strauss,
Zerbinetta's Aria, from "Ariadne"
Mrs. Garrison.
Berlioz, Three Movements from "Romeo and
Juliet" Symphony:
Queen Mab.
Love Scene.
Ball-room Scene.

It was a long swing of the pendulum from Beethoven's Ninth Symphony on last Tuesday to Haydn's "Hunting Symphony," yesterday afternoon, in Symphony Hall. Yet it was a good demonstration that one kind of music does not abolish another, when the simple Haydn work won very hearty applause. In literature a Shakespearian taste is not sup-

posed to smother a love for Wordsworth, and the Wordsworth of music did not shrivel up before its Shakespeare yesterday.

Dr. Muck does not make Haydn feminine in the reading. There is plenty of good masculine material in his symphonies. He fades out principally in his minuets, made up merely of contrasted dance themes, and in his slow movements, where his variation embroideries become cloying sometimes. The horns in the finale were especially effective, although the figures are not especially difficult on the modern instrument. The valve horn did not exist in Haydn's day.

If we must have a singer in these concerts, to interrupt the orchestral flow, we are best satisfied to hear some of the arias from operas which have vanished as a whole from the boards. "Il Re Pastore" was, however, not an opera, but a cantata, written in honor of the Arch-Duke Maximilian, in 1775. The aria given by Mrs. Garrison yesterday was once a favorite of Jenny Lind, who saved it from the oblivion which is gathering upon the rest of the work. As in most of the early compositions of Mozart (he was not twenty years old when he wrote it), there is much "coloratura," brilliant display work and floridity. This the singer gave with much clearness and established the worth of her vocal technique beyond cavil. The violin obligato by Mr. Anton Witek added much to the charm of the work.

The Richard Strauss aria was very fitting after the Mozart one, for it is a subtle parody, or a modern imitation, of just this florid old school. It is not the gigantic Richard Strauss that one hears in this. That a composer of two centuries ago, with a



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small orchestra of less than twenty, plenty of roulades, recitative, and all the other old musical furniture. It is surprising that Strauss was able to catch the old school so well. But he could not altogether escape modernism, and one can find a suggestion of leit-motif, and advanced orchestral treatment in the aria. But if Shakespeare gave Cleopatra stays fifteen hundred years before they were invented, why should not Strauss anticipate musical development by 150 years?

Apart from the interest of studying a modern composer in periwig and laced coat, the aria of Zerbinetta is good music in its own right, a great deal better than much in the "Rosencavalier" and others of Strauss' later operas. It was terrifically (to the extreme end of the "alt" octave) but Mrs. Garrison gave the F-sharp clearly, and Mr. Alfred De Voto, at the piano, with staccato and pianissimo, imitated the old clavicembalo. The result was a whirlwind of applause and well deserved.

We have recently expressed regret that Beethoven never studied Shakespeare, for he was the one composer to translate the world-genius into tones. But Berlioz does astonishingly well with his Shakespearian ton pictures, and especially when we remember that the French only know the poet in a species of rhymed sing-song. "Queen Mab" makes a delightful scherzo, and causes the composers to bring the little picture of Mercutio well into the foreground. It was given with a tricksey elfin spirit that few orchestras could have brought out so well. The ballroom scene is a point where the Gallic composer would be upon his native heath, and Berlioz has portrayed this better than any English composer could do. The idealization of the dance, mingled with Romeo's sighs and longing, makes a movement of excellent contrast.

But the glory of the entire symphony (even when given with its vocal movements) is the Balcony Scene. There is a reason for this. Berlioz fell in love with Harriet Smithson when he first saw her in Shakespearian roles in Paris. He was sent into a fever by the Balcony scene. The story that he exclaimed—"I will write my greatest work on this and I will marry the heroine,"—may not be true, but the inspiration was undoubtedly genuine and bore its musical fruits.

The reading of the work was beyond criticism. The violoncello made fervid love to the violin and the impassioned character of the movement was done full justice to. After all, Berlioz's treatment of this tragedy distances Gounod, who gave Romeo and Juliet preserved in sugar, and Tchaikowsky's setting, who dwelt a good deal more upon "Excursions and Alarums" than upon the two lovers.

Nor was this work the only result of Berlioz's infatuation for Harriet Smithson. His Symphonie Fantastique also arose from it, and was the strangest love-letter ever written in tones.

And then they married and lived unhappily ever afterwards!

DR. MUCK EXALTS BERLIOZ

Post ——— Nov. 24/17
Miss Garrison Soloist

at Symphony Concert

BY OLIN DOWNES

The performances of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Karl Muck, conductor, were yesterday of particular brilliance. Miss Mabel Garrison of the Metropolitan Opera Company, was soloist, singing Mozart's air, "L'Amere," and Zerbinetta's aria from Strauss' "Ariadne auf Naxos." The orchestral pieces were Haydn's symphony, nicknamed "La Chasse," and three movements of Berlioz' "dramatic symphony," "Romeo and Juliette."

MISS GARRISON'S ARTISTRY

The novelty was the air of Strauss, sung with superb bravura and masterly expression by Miss Garrison. Seldom has any young singer accomplished so much with music of such difficulty of range and execution and, in some passages, subtlety of expression. In all that the air demanded Miss Garrison excelled. As for the music itself, it is extremely piquant, often melodious, always expressive of the text, and the instrumental combinations attained by an orchestra of some 18 players, including an extensive piano passage, are fascinating. One laughs at the esprit with

which this music is written, and exults, with the composer, in his virtuosity. Now we are treated to purest Mozart, now to the paint and powder of Italian opera, now to a style that harks back, as it seemed, to that of the earlier Strauss, plus his later mastery of material. One cannot help being suspicious of all this virtuosity, for there are composers, as there are men, for whom language is a means of concealing thought. But the piece is fascinating, and if it were not inherently interesting, would have become so on account of the performance.

Miss Garrison also sang the "L'Amere" with taste and finish.

Dr. Muck's Berlioz

But the second outstanding feature of the concert was Dr. Muck's interpretation of Berlioz' music. Why do we not hear the whole of the "Romeo and Juliette" symphony, voice parts and all? Perhaps the instrumental movements are the best, but they point so strongly to music which must be associated with the entire development of the drama that, absorbing as they are, they are incomplete.

But to return—the performance yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall was a wonder, not only of technical achievement on the part of the orchestra, but of the most glowing imagination—an imagination which met one of the most imaginative of all composers half-way. Not in 17 years, at least, of the writer's experience of these concerts has this music made so deep an impression. It has become almost a truism to speak of the modernity of Berlioz, and sometimes the word is overworked in connection with him. For there are passages in Berlioz which, far from being ultra-modern, are most shamelessly conventional and bombastic and old hat today. But this cannot be said of the "Romeo and Juliette" music—not even of the ball scene.

The Queen Mab Scherzo

All is life, love, drama in this music. The Queen Mab scherzo is certainly one of the most delicious pieces of fairy music ever dreamed by any composer. Mendelssohn, whose fairy music in the "Midsummer Night's Dream" remains his masterpiece, is more than equalled on his own ground in this composition. It is as transparent as a spider's web. Its wit and esprit are incomparable. It is also deeply poetic.

The music of the garden scene is too long drawn out, and here we have Berlioz becoming so enamored of a certain progression that he works it to death, repeating it over and over, until we have had enough. Yet, again, what purple passion there is in this music! How it glows as it dialogues the love of the immortal pair! And what drama there is in the introduction of the dance in the ballroom scene!

Berlioz' Darling

Lonely, indeed, was Hector Berlioz, as far ahead of his Parisian contemporaries in the quality of his musical thought and his daring in its expression as he was beyond them in emotional capacity. That he dared to dream of the orchestra he used in that day; that he had the force to substitute for his early lack of training ideas that triumphed in spite of it; that he was in such deadly earnest in the midst of a flippant crowd of musicians, who only derided his efforts—one exalts him more and more as the years go by, and yet more when Dr. Muck gives such a revealing performance of his music.

The audience was very enthusiastic. After the Haydn symphony Dr. Muck was recalled twice. The Berlioz music was received with equal enthusiasm, instead of enthusiasm even greater, as should have been the case. Miss Garrison was brought back to the stage several times after her performances.

SYMPHONY GIVES RARE PROGRAM

Herald ——— Nov. 24/17
"The Chase" by Haydn, and
"Romeo and Juliet" Feature
Delightful Concert.

"ARIADNE" FIRST TIME HERE

By PHILIP HALE.

The sixth concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Muck, conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The orchestral pieces were Haydn's Symphony, "The Chase," and the Scherzo, Garden Scene and Ball at Capulet's House from Berlioz's "Romeo and Juliet" Symphony. Miss Mabel Garrison sang "L'Amere" from Mozart's "Il re Pastore" (violin obbligato by Mr. Witek) and Zerbinetta's aria from Richard Strauss's "Ariadne on Naxos" (first time in this city).

The concert was an unusually interesting one. The Symphony of Haydn is not too familiar; it is in his sprightliest manner not too naive in its simplicity, gay and frank; and, crowning merit, the movements are short. Alexandre Gullmant once said to us, hearing a mass of Haydn's, at the Trinite

in Paris, that every page of Haydn's music showed the ripe and sure musician. This symphony was written for the pleasure of Prince Esterhazy, to celebrate his return from a journey. To please him the more, Haydn used for the finale the introduction to the third act of an opera which the prince liked greatly, one of Haydn's operas, long forgotten. The finale with its hunting music gives the name to the Symphony. The first movement is a tuneful and brisk allegro; in the second a simple folk-tune is varied skilfully; the strongly rhythmed Scherzo—Dr. Muck is a master of rhythm—was a pretty oboe solo in the trio, which Mr. Longy played delightfully. The finale, with its cheerful hunting calls, has an unexpectedly gentle ending.

Dr. Muck, always fortunate in his reading of Haydn's symphonies, gave a remarkable interpretation of the excerpts from Berlioz's great dramatic Symphony. It is not easy to believe that this music is nearly 80 years old. The "Queen Mab" Scherzo might have been written yesterday by an ultra-modern; that is, if any composer of this school were the genius to imagine the music and then express it in orchestral speech. There has been no fairy music like this before or since Berlioz was mad over the Irish actress, Harriet Smithson. The fairies of Weber and Mendelssohn are gross and heavy-footed creatures in comparison with Queen Mab. The inherent fancifulness of the Scherzo was more fully revealed by the fine performance of the orchestra than ever before at these concerts. There are pages of the Garden Scene that are of surpassing, intimate beauty, but one wishes that Berlioz had not been so prolix in his love-making. After the romantic soliloquy of Romeo, which Mr. Longy played as only he can play his instrument, Dr. Muck succeeded in freeing the music for the Festival at Capulet's house from the suspicion of a certain vulgarity, especially in the dance theme. A remarkable performance, we repeat; a tribute to the genius without whose invention, imagination and marvellous sense of instrumentation, succeeding composers, however famous their names, would have had to work out their own salvation with tears and tribulation.

Miss Garrison was pleasantly remembered by her appearance as Oscar in "Un Ballo in Maschera," when that Bostonian opera was performed here a year and a half ago by the Metropolitan Opera Company. Yesterday she sang the suave aria of Mozart that was once a favorite with Mme. Melba. Her other selection was the exceedingly difficult air from Haydn number and thrilled his audience. Strauss's "Ariadne on Naxos," in which Zerbinetta makes startling confessions concerning her own character, and glories in her fickleness and consequent freedom in her relations with men. The aria is strange, almost incredible; now Italian and now Teutonic, now in grand

opera manner and now in sparkling operetta vein, with a dazzling pyrotechnical display, accompanied by a little orchestra and a piano most ingeniously employed. Miss Garrison won the audience by her pure and light voice, by the charm of her sustained song, by the ease with which she triumphed over appalling difficulties, and by her modesty and grace.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The program of the concerts next week will include Rachmaninoff's Symphony in E minor No. 2, and the Overture, Nocturne and Scherzo from Mendelssohn's music for "A Midsummer Night's Dream."

Mabel Garrison Thrills Audience at the Symphony

Traveler Nov 24/17

Even the stoutest opponent of having soloists at concerts of the Boston Symphony Orchestra must have felt a bit like yielding yesterday afternoon when he heard Mabel Garrison sing with the orchestra. The orchestral selections were Haydn's symphony, "The Chase," and the scherzo, garden scene and ball at Capulet's house from Berlioz's "Romeo and Juliet" symphony. Miss Mabel Garrison sang "L'Amore" from Mozart's "Il re Pastore" (violin obbligato by Mr. Wittek) and Zerbinetta's aria from Richard Strauss's "Ariadne on Naxos" (first time in this city).

The soloist comes from the ranks of the Metropolitan Opera company. Her voice is a true soprano, of good range, pleasing quality and excellently used. She has a pleasing stage presence and has the happy faculty of giving her audience the impression she enjoys singing fully as much as it does in hearing her sing.

Few are the singers who would dare attempt her selections of yesterday afternoon and fewer still are those who could score such a triumph. Many and enthusiastic were her recalls and if Symphony rules hadn't forbidden it there certainly would have been one or more encores. Mr. Wittek's playing of the violin obbligato is entitled to a word of praise.

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THE SYMPHONY CONCERT ZEST AGAIN IN PROGRAMME AND PERFORMANCE

A Remarkable Air from Strauss's "Ariadne on Naxos"—The Piece and Miss Garrison's Notable Singing of It—Her Fortunes with Mozart—A Pretty Symphony by Haydn and Berlioz's Fervid Music of Romeo and Juliet Make Vivid Contrast

YESTERDAY for the first time since the agitation over the performance of "The Star Spangled Banner" at the Symphony Concerts began and ended, they seemed to be running quite true to form. The usual audience assembled; but in pleasant contrast to the uneasiness of a month past, with no anticipation of ulterior or unwonted happening. Indeed for it, as for orchestra and conductor, the playing of the national hymn as preface to the programme now passes for a few moments of respectful routine. The programme itself brought stimulating contrast in a little symphony by Haydn at one end and at the other three pieces from Berlioz's glowingly romantic music suggested by Shakespeare's youthful tragedy of "Romeo and Juliet." Between, Miss Mabel Garrison of the Metropolitan Opera House sang a familiar air from Mozart's opera, "The Shepherd King," and a much longer, unfamiliar, more intricate piece from Strauss's singular opera, as yet unknown to the theatre in America, of "Ariadne on Naxos." Good report, alike from her regular work in New York and from her recent appearance here in a concert of Sunday afternoon, had preceded the singer. Her girlish presence, her simple white frock, her ingenuousness and sincerity of manner quickly commended her to hearers as ready, after she had sung, with justly rewarding applause.

In her turn Miss Garrison sang more expertly and pleasurably than ever before in Boston on operatic stage or concert-platform; while one of her numbers—the air from "Ariadne on Naxos" was in itself of novel and piquant interest—the more for Dr. Muck's dismissal of the superfluous players from the stage that the accompanying little band of twenty-two instruments, seventeenth-century wise, might cluster closely about him and the singer. Finally, in the swift, fanciful, songful pattern-weaving and allgreek-spinning of Haydn's symphony and in the fervent emotional speech and the vivid tone-picturing of Berlioz's music, orchestra and conductor were at the top of their bent. Seldom have they raced the air more swiftly and without break of melodic line or blur

of figure and ornament than they did in parts of Haydn's music, and not often do even they accomplish such a feat of tonal and rhythmical virtuosity as they did in the Parisian's scherzo of "Queen Mab." As a youth of the Radio School at Cambridge neatly put it, "the zip had come back into the Symphony Concerts."

Zerbinetta's air from "Ariadne on Naxos," seemingly sung in early entirely in spite of preliminary report of a revised version from Strauss's own hand, fulfilled curious expectation. Never before had so much as a fragment of his rococo opera, as pendant to a satirical seventeenth-century comedy—Molière's "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme"—been heard in public in Boston; never before—it is almost safe to say—had such a piece of ornate and intricate song penetrated within Symphony Hall. The circumstances in which the music is sung in the opera house, amusing as they may be, are not material to the impression it makes in the concert-room. From the stage need only come the diminutive orchestra, such as might have served any rich man's fete in the Paris of Molière and of Strauss's imaginary composer, that accompanies the singer—two first violins, two second, one viola, one violoncello, one double bass, one oboe, one horn, and so onward. Yet with this miniature orchestra Strauss is not one whit less masterful in kind and degree than he familiarly is with the Brobdignagian bands of some of his music-dramas and later tone-poems. With them he is mighty, multifarious, largely songful, endlessly intricate; while with his one-score and two, he is deft, fanciful, graceful in modulation, elegant in arabesque, sedulous of fine shadings and momentary implication, weaving his measures of lightly-sustained song and gently-fashioned declamation into his sparkling web of instrumental and vocal ornament. In some of his later music, Strauss has been prone to a willed complexity and heaviness, whereas in this air for Zerbinetta he is clarity and lightness, if by no means brevity, itself.

Moreover, into the measures of a piece fully twenty minutes long, Strauss has wrought nearly all the floritura of ornate song that the seventeenth and the eighteenth centuries invented and that the nineteenth, so far as it might, continued to practice. Admittedly, "Ariadne on Naxos" is designed as a rococo opera and so for it, as though half in mimicry and half in mockery, Strauss fashioned this epitome of the decorative ingenuities of song. According to precedent and prescription he makes them as tendrils upon a main stem of flowing melody, happily touched with playful or wistful sentiment or upon little branches, as it were, of spreading declamation. Seemingly he curls these tendrils out of mingled invention, scholarship, elegance; but now and then he gives one and another of them an ironic tweak or twist as though he were insidiously mocking at the form and the

manner he is cultivating. As sympathetic but sportive Zerbinetta is not quite in earnest as she consoles Ariadne, mourning the inconstancy of men; so Strauss has a twinkle in his eye and an occasional twirl to his pen as he writes this endlessly embroidered music. Clearly he expects his hearers to perceive his mood with the undertaking and to smile with him over both. Unfortunately, the singer—Miss Siems in the original performance of the opera at Stuttgart; Miss Bosetti thereafter in Munich, Berlin and London; and now Miss Garrison in Boston and Chicago, has no opportunity, no will, to such enjoyments. Virtually, the air exacts all that the means and the methods of coloratura singing may accomplish, to say nothing of the lightly sustained song or the smoothly flowing declamation along the way. It asks a voice of exceeding range—to F above the staff—and suppleness; that voice must be light, limpid, finely tinted as well and by no means shrill or bodiless; the singer must not only ply a manifold, subtle and tireless artistry; but she must ply it with elegance and charm, suggesting also Zerbinetta's merry heart and playful manner.

All these necessities Miss Garrison's voice, skill, presence and implication of personage and mood brought to the music. Alike in the songful, the ornate and the declamatory measures she was far more apt and accurate, more lucid and luminous, more sensitive to the sensuous and suggestive quality of her song than she was a fortnight ago in her pieces of a Sunday afternoon. Not even Miss Bosetti was more supple and sure mistress of an incredibly difficult music than was she; while to it the youthful freshness of her tones and the young play of her fancy lent a charm that the veteran of the Munich Opera may not in these days summon. Indeed, it was this same freshness and charm, which only youth joined to skill and imagination may give, that most gladdened Miss Garrison's singing of the familiar "L'Amore, saro costante" from Mozart's opera of "The Shepherd King"—cherished piece within easy memory of Mmes. Melba and Sembrich. Grant that either of them many bring—or could bring in recent past—to the music a finesse of phrase, a shading of melodic hue, rhythm and transition, a fine felicity of ornament, a sense of Mozartean simplicity and also of Mozartean subtlety, in which Miss Garrison cannot yet, in the nature of things, be ripe; yet the very youth of her tones, guided by no small intuition, artistry and resource, gave the air a flavor seldom gained in our concert halls, much too willingly content with aging, if highly reputed, singers. Is not Mozart, and his music with him, the "ever-young"? Be that as it may, in spite—or because—of Miss Garrison's youth and with certain vocal mannerisms still unsubdued (like the tendency to swell almost imperceptibly each passing tone), she did yesterday in both her airs not a little truly beautiful lyric and ornate singing. No; because

we listeners and our generation of coloratura singers are passing into the fifties the voices and the arts of decorative song are not declining from the earth.

The symphony of Haydn at the beginning of the concert—in D major, commonly labelled "The Chase" and numbered five in Rieter-Biedermann's standard catalogue—and at the end the music of Queen Mab, the love-scene and the ball at the Capulets from Berlioz's vocal and instrumental symphony upon "Romeo and Juliet," stood in signal contrast. Haydn's piece was simplicity itself—almost too simple in the steady march, the alternate rise and fall of the suave folk-song transparently rhythmized and modulated, through the slow movement. So might voices and instruments have sung in the youth of music, if not in the youth of the world. As ingenuous and smiling, though at bottom hardly so artless was the racing interplay of the two melodies against the horn-calls—"The Chase"—through the finale. The humor of the bassoon—so soft and melodious as to contradict once more Coleridge's familiar line in "The Ancient Mariner"—gently flavored the quiet pace of the minuet; while the first Allegro ran course in sunny pattern-weaving. An orthodox pattern to follow and fill, to adorn with incidental arabesque, to touch here and there with little strokes of harmonic and instrumental color; motives light and transparent upon the ear, as simple and merry as, maybe, the talk of the folk around the castle of Esterházy where in the days of this symphony Haydn dwelt and worked; such motives to be developed into lucent and flowing, racing and sparkling melody, the whole to be touched lightly with appropriate sentiment, contrived and propelled with easy elegance, played with becoming virtuosity (as it surely was yesterday); and all to yield instant and effortless pleasure (as the music surely has from 1781 to 1917)—here is the sum and substance of the symphonies that Haydn wrote when he was dutiful composer and diligent leader of the castle-orchestra to his princes, Anton and Nicolaus.

Less than sixty years pass and in the full tide of the "romantic movement" in letters and the arts, Berlioz in 1839 writes in Paris his symphony upon "Romeo and Juliet." A hundred and thirty-six years after Haydn's pretty symphony was first heard by his noble patrons and their guests, and the two musics happen to stand—and in what contrast!—at opposite ends of the programme of a Symphony Concert in Boston. Dr. Muck and the orchestra with him kindled to Berlioz as they do to almost all the distinctively romantic composers, and yesterday from their hands and lips the scherzo of Queen Mab seemed to twinkle and twitch upon the air as in fairy prank and tweak, in the lightest and most

supple of rhythms, in sudden and piquant twist and caprice, in pause of momentary melody to frolic away again almost on the quickening instant. In the tone was the suggestion of Shakspeare's verse and Berlioz's music; in the progress of phrase and period was the very movement of both. Here, equally in substance and performance, was a perfectly delineative, a truly illusory music. Yet how free the form after Haydn's; how variously imaginative the ornament, color, suggestion.

Composer, conductor, orchestra passed to the music in which Romeo, beneath the balcony of Juliet, sings his love and thrice repeats and intensifies the ardor of his song. What depths of melody beside Haydn's thin and transparent measures, what fervors of passion, what force of romantic illusion, beside his play of pretty sentiment, his merely abstract elegance. To Haydn ear and fancy listened, pleased; in answer to Berlioz—and to Romeo in the garden:

My bounty is as boundless as the sea,
My love as deep . . .

the whole listening being stirred in fire of response. Next and last to the tonal silhouette of the brooding Romeo awaiting his mistress in the corner of Capulet's great hall; the voice of his passion; the sweeping and colorful tonal-picturing of the fete itself; the end in diversified tonal turmoil. And how far was all this panorama of passion and spectacle—the one no less than the other touched with poetry—from the simple hunting-horns of Haydn's finale that lend his symphony in D major—probably one of many in that key—a characterizing name. Music had indeed gone forward in the fifty-eight years that separate this pattern-weaving of 1781 from this tonal poetry of 1839. But with it had moved also the understanding and the response of listening men as they still move and will always move to the progress of music which, happily, also is world without end.

H. T. P.

SYMPHONY CONCERT

Global — Nov. 24/17

The first music from Strauss' opera, "Ariadne on Naxos," to be heard in Boston was the aria of Zerbinetta, sung yesterday afternoon at the Symphony concert by Miss Mabel Garrison, making her first appearance at these concerts. Charged with neurotic decadence in "Salome" and "Elektra," again with Hugo von Hoffmannsthal as his librettist, Strauss determined to write an operatic comedy. Instead of a swollen orchestra riotous with modern dissonance, he would employ only 36 men, but each of necessity a virtuoso. He would also write coloratura music for a soprano voice. This aria of Zerbinetta, originally long and of extreme height, was altered in the revision following

the premiere at Stuttgart five years ago last month, which made other more sweeping changes.

From the performance yesterday this is music of audacious cleverness, of a magical technic which stamps the genius of Strauss upon a form he had not attempted before. Not only does he set forth this exquisitely satirical confession upon her lovers by Zerbinetta to the despairing Queen in roundelays of scintillant pyrotechnical display in the voice, but makes his little orchestra catch and reflect the spirit of fantasy, caprice and amiable malice. It is music which none other than Strauss could have written, and whatever its permanence, is a matchless miniature, which puts every instrumentalist upon his mettle and demands a singer of surpassing abilities.

Miss Garrison's voice is too light, perhaps, to say that she did the florid music fullest justice, but she gave a superb performance in point of musical conception as in skill with decorative song requiring a consummate art. In the climax of the sustained melody she sang with breadth and emotional beauty of tone. Her sense of Mozart's aria "L'Amore, saro costante" from "Il Re Pastore" was equally appropriate to its style. In all a young singer of remarkable equipment.

Giving pleasure in the Strauss, Dr. Muck conducted Haydn's "The Chase" Symphony and three movements from Berlioz' "Romeo and Juliet." The Queen Mab music was exquisitely done. Mr. Longy made Juliet's song in the garden of incomparable beauty.

SOPRANO HEARD IN "ARIADNE" ARIA

Monitor — Nov. 24, 1917

Miss Garrison Soloist With Boston Symphony Orchestra—Haydn and Berlioz Pieces

Boston Symphony Orchestra, Karl Muck, Conductor; Miss Mabel Garrison, Soloist—Sixth program, presented in Symphony Hall, Boston, Mass., afternoon of Nov. 23, 1917: "The Star Spangled Banner" (played at the opening, though not scheduled in the program book); Haydn, symphony in D major, "The Chase"; Mozart, aria, "L'Amore, saro costante," from "Il re pastore"; Strauss, aria of Zerbinetta from "Ariadne on Naxos"; Berlioz, three movements of "Romeo and Juliet" dramatic symphony, comprising "Queen Mab" scherzo, "Garden Scene" and "Ball at Capulet's."

Miss Garrison perhaps intends to take the scene from "Ariadne" on the concert circuit of the United States, in the same way that Miss Marcella Craft not long ago took a scene from the Strauss opera, "Salome," singing it

with orchestras here and there about the country. If she does so intend, she is not likely to find many sopranos desirous of snatching her honors away from her. For her exploit is one of enormous vocal difficulty, promising slender artistic reward and offering slight temptation to rivals. And yet the Zerbinetta aria, having such an accomplished soloist to sponsor it, will doubtless find its way into the programs of many important concert organizations, because, to begin with, it is a novelty, having had its first American performance a week ago, according to the Chicago Symphony Orchestra program book, when given by Miss Garrison and Mr. Stock's players; and because, furthermore, it is a kind of orchestral curiosity, requiring for the accompaniment a small group of instrumentalists of chamber-music skill.

The reason why this aria holds insignificant promise of artistic reward for the champion of it in the American concert field is not because of any defects of construction. For it has no such defects. Indeed, it can well be called a perfect piece of musical engineering, being, probably, without technical flaw in its entire framework. But the thing that is out of the way with it is the contemptuous manner in which the composer treats the voice as the means whereby speech is uttered and individuality is expressed. The music of Zerbinetta represents in comedy just the same thing that the music of another opera character of Strauss, Elektra, represents in tragedy. It puts a human being in the position of struggling to say something, when the power of saying it is hopelessly nullified. It makes the voice but an inarticulate musical instrument, as witless as a tube of wood.

More cunningly the word-conveying power of the voice is negated in the comedy than in the tragedy, in that the melodic line of Zerbinetta is distorted until delivery of words becomes impossible, while the Elektra song is merely overpowered in a swirl of orchestration. The light and simple accompaniment of a piano and a few stringed and wind instruments in the Zerbinetta aria heightens the ridiculous plight of the voice and no doubt adds to the dramatic effect of the scene, when given in a theater, by em-

phasizing the silliness of the shepherdess herself, just as the powerful and complex accompaniment to the opera, "Elektra," emphasizes the madness of its Greek heroine. And without question the interest of the accompaniment played by the little ring of artists who surround Miss Garrison in her singing of the excerpt, will go far toward appeasing listeners for any uneasiness she herself may give them by her strange use of her beautiful voice. For in the accompaniment of the scene is found Strauss, the orchestral humorist, flashing forth at his wit- tiest.

This occasion was the only one, perhaps, in the annals of the symphony concerts when Haydn sounded big in comparison with Strauss, for the symphony, "The Chase," notwithstanding its fundamental lightness of tone plan, was played with full modern sonority. The feats of agility and the sharp contrasts of shading achieved by the great orchestra were interesting; but why take a pretty, Eighteenth-Century house of brick and try to rebuild it in imposing marble?

The "Romeo and Juliet" music of Berlioz rather suffered from a precise, geometrical presentation, as though it were used to block up a hole in the program. The great French romanticist is somewhat like Schumann, in seeming never quite to win the conductor's major attention.

SYMPHONY MEN AT FUNERAL *Jan. 22, 1917* **Quartet of Strings Heard at Services for Placido Fiumara**

Members of the Boston Symphony Orchestra and other friends filled the chapel of the Massachusetts Cremation Society this afternoon for the funeral of Placido Fiumara, for more than 30 years a member of the Symphony band. The services were conducted by Euclid Lodge of Masons, of which Walter B. Tripp is master. Ralph Harlow, one of the members of the lodge, sang the music incidental to the Masonic ritual.

A string quartet, consisting of Julius Theodorweiz, Walter Habernicht, Heinrich Warnke and Emile Ferir, all Symphony musicians, played the andante from the Tschalkowsky quartet.

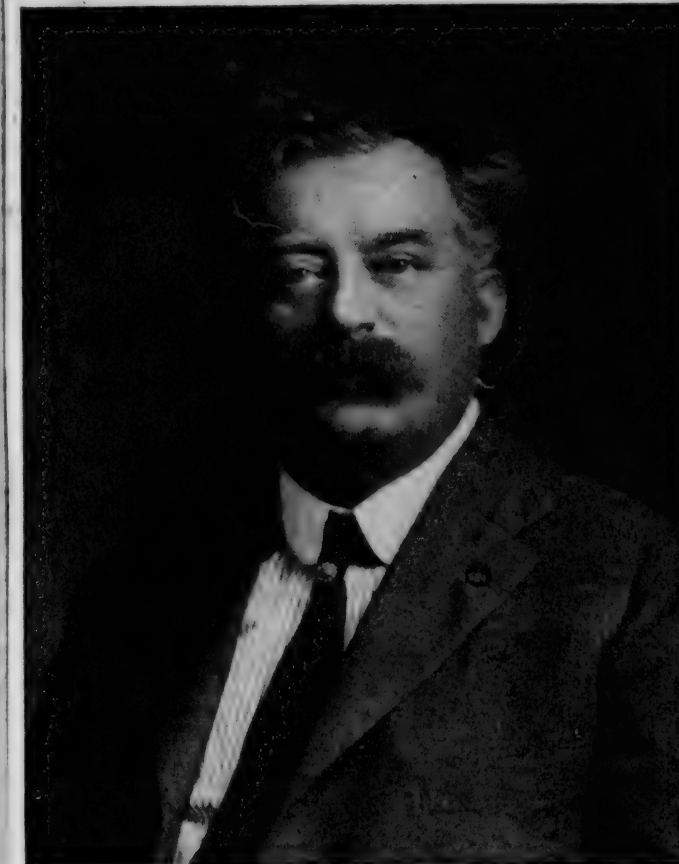
PLACIDO FIUMARA, VIOLINIST *Jan. 21, 1917* **Italian Musician, Long a Resident of Boston, Was Oldest Member, in Point of Continued Service, of the Boston Symphony Orchestra**

Placido Fiumara, a player in the Boston Symphony Orchestra, whose active membership in that organization exceeded in point of years that of any of the present players, died suddenly on Tuesday evening at his home at 92 Gainsboro street, from heart failure. He had just finished his dinner and was preparing to go to Symphony Hall to play with the orchestra, at the special performance there of Beethoven's "Ninth Symphony," in which a chorus of 350 singers had a part. Mr. Fiumara played second violin and long occupied the first desk of the group of second violinists.

He was born in Messina, Province of Sicily, Italy, and lacked about five months of reaching the age of sixty years. He came to the United States when about sixteen years of age and in his long musical career had travelled with the Boston Ideals, the company which produced light opera, and played also in the orchestra of the old Boston Museum, before joining the Symphony Orchestra. He was gifted as a singer, in addition to his ability as a violinist, and formerly sang in public as a baritone soloist. In past years he had sung at the "Pop" concerts and was a member each summer of the orchestra which played at these concerts. He studied vocal music under Giuseppe Campanari, now of New York and formerly of Boston, who was a cello player in the Symphony Orchestra and who later became a leading baritone of the Metropolitan Opera House.

Mr. Fiumara, apart from his duties as a member of the Symphony Orchestra, taught violin playing. He was a member of Euclid Lodge of Masons and of the Theatrical Mechanics' Association. He is survived by a second wife and by three sons, John Fiumara, of Boston, Frank Fiumara, who lives in Medford, and James, an infant.

LONGY SCHOOL



Monsieur
GEORGES LONGY
(Director)

Mademoiselle
RENÉE LONGY
(Assistant Director)

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A string quartet, consisting of Julius Theodorweiz, Walter Habernicht, Heinrich Warnke and Emile Ferir, all Symphony musicians, played the andante from the Tschalkowsky quartet.

PLACIDO FIUMARA, VIOLINIST
Jan. 22, 1917
Italian Musician, Long a Resident of Boston, Was Oldest Member, in Point of Continued Service, of the Boston Symphony Orchestra

Placido Fiumara, a player in the Boston Symphony Orchestra, whose active membership in that organization exceeded in point of years that of any of the present players, died suddenly on Tuesday evening at his home at 92 Gainsboro street, from heart failure. He had just finished his dinner and was preparing to go to Symphony Hall to play with the orchestra, at the special performance there of Beethoven's "Ninth Symphony," in which a chorus of 350 singers had a part. Mr. Fiumara played second violin and long occupied the first desk of the group of second violinists.

He was born in Messina, Province of Sicily, Italy, and lacked about five months of reaching the age of sixty years. He came to the United States when about sixteen years of age and in his long musical career had travelled with the Boston Ideals, the company which produced light opera, and played also in the orchestra of the old Boston Museum, before joining the Symphony Orchestra. He was gifted as a singer, in addition to his ability as a violinist, and formerly sang in public as a baritone soloist. In past years he had sung at the "Pop" concerts and was a member each summer of the orchestra which played at these concerts. He studied vocal music under Giuseppe Campanari, now of New York and formerly of Boston, who was a cello player in the Symphony Orchestra and who later became a leading baritone of the Metropolitan Opera House.

Mr. Fiumara, apart from his duties as a member of the Symphony Orchestra, taught violin playing. He was a member of Euclid Lodge of Masons and of the Theatrical Mechanics' Association. He is survived by a second wife and by three sons, John Fiumara of Boston, Frank Fiumara, who lives in Medford, and James, an infant.

LONGY SCHOOL



Monsieur
GEORGES LONGY
(Director)

Mademoiselle
RENÉE LONGY
(Assistant Director)

with orchestras here and there about the country. If she does so intend, she is not likely to find many sopranos desirous of snatching her honors away from her. For her exploit is one of enormous vocal difficulty, promising slender artistic reward and offering slight temptation to rivals. And yet the Zerbinetta aria, having such an accomplished soloist to sponsor it, will doubtless find its way into the programs of many important concert organizations, because, to begin with, it is a novelty, having had its first American performance a week ago, according to the Chicago Symphony Orchestra program book, when given by Miss Garrison and Mr. Stock's players; and because, furthermore, it is a kind of orchestral curiosity, requiring for the accompaniment a small group of instrumentalists of chamber-music skill.

The reason why this aria holds insignificant promise of artistic reward for the champion of it in the American concert field is not because of any defects of construction. For it has no such defects. Indeed, it can well be called a perfect piece of musical engineering, being, probably, without technical flaw in its entire framework. But the thing that is out of the way with it is the contemptuous manner in which the composer treats the voice as the means whereby speech is uttered and individuality is expressed. The music of Zerbinetta represents in comedy just the same thing that the music of another opera character of Strauss, Elektra, represents in tragedy. It puts a human being in the position of struggling to say something, when the power of saying it is hopelessly nullified. It makes the voice but an inarticulate musical instrument, as witless as a tube of wood.

More cunningly the word-conveying power of the voice is negated in the comedy than in the tragedy, in that the melodic line of Zerbinetta is distorted until delivery of words becomes impossible, while the Elektra song is merely overpowered in a swirl of orchestration. The light and simple accompaniment of a piano and a few stringed and wind instruments in the Zerbinetta aria heightens the ridiculous plight of the voice and no doubt adds to the dramatic effect of the scene, when given in a theater, by em-

phasizing the silliness of the shepherdess herself, just as the powerful and complex accompaniment to the opera, "Elektra," emphasizes the madness of its Greek heroine. And without question the interest of the accompaniment played by the little ring of artists who surround Miss Garrison in her singing of the excerpt, will go far toward appeasing listeners for any uneasiness she herself may give them by her strange use of her beautiful voice. For in the accompaniment of the scene is found Strauss, the orchestral humorist, flashing forth at his wit-tiest.

This occasion was the only one, perhaps, in the annals of the symphony concerts when Haydn sounded big in comparison with Strauss, for the symphony, "The Chase," notwithstanding its fundamental lightness of tone plan, was played with full modern sonority. The feats of agility and the sharp contrasts of shading achieved by the great orchestra were interesting; but why take a pretty, Eighteenth-Century house of brick and try to rebuild it in imposing marble?

The "Romeo and Juliet" music of Berlioz rather suffered from a precise, geometrical presentation, as though it were used to block up a hole in the program. The great French romanticist is somewhat like Schumann, in seeming never quite to win the conductor's major attention.

SYMPHONY MEN AT FUNERAL

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LONGY SCHOOL



Monsieur
GEORGES LONGY
(Director)

Mademoiselle
RENÉE LONGY
(Assistant Director)



7-1

129

Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1917--18.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

Dr. KARL MUCK, Conductor.

SEVENTH PROGRAMME

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 30, AT 2.30 P. M.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 1, AT 8 P. M.

RACHMANINOFF,

SYMPHONY in E minor, No. 2, op. 27

I. Largo. Allegro moderato

II. Allegro molto

III. Allegro

IV. Allegro vivace

MENDELSSOHN,

MUSIC to Shakespeare's "A Midsummer
Night's Dream," for Orchestra, Soprano
Solos and Female Chorus, op. 61

a) Overture

b) Nocturne

c) Scherzo

There will be no Public Rehearsal and Concert next week.



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RACHMANINOFF SYMPHONY GIVEN

Herald — Dec. 1/17

Dr. Muck Conducts Seventh
Concert Featured by Rus-
sian Work.

TO BE REPEATED TONIGHT

By PHILIP HALE.

The seventh concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Muck, conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows: Rachmaninoff's Symphony in E minor, No. 2, and the Overture, Nocturne and Scherzo from Mendelssohn's music to "A Midsummer Night's Dream."

What Angelo said to Escalus: "This will last out a night in Russia when nights are longest there," might be said of Rachmaninoff's symphony. Although there is more matter in this music than there was in Pompey's testimony, there are irrelevancies and repetitions that threaten if they do not actually impair the effect of the whole.

The symphony is, indeed, a Russian work; Russian in the spirit of its thematic material; Russian in its melancholy; as Russian in its length as any one of Dostoevsky's greater novels. Rachmaninoff, unlike Glazounoff, has not been thoroughly Germanized. When he wrote this symphony he was more or less influenced by Tschalkowsky. This was natural, for he studied at the Moscow Conservatory, and although he was not Tschalkowsky's pupil, although the symphony was composed some years after Tschalkowsky's death, nevertheless the influence of the latter was still felt by the majority of the younger Russians.

In spite of its length, this symphony is an engrossing and stirring one. Its melodic frankness — obviousness, at times — appeals directly to them that wish melody to be aimed straight at them; its fiery spirit excites; the pronounced sentiment that approaches sentimentalism soothes; there is an authority of expression that leads an auditor to say at once: "That is a great work." The frequent tumultuousness of the instrumentation is also pleasing to many, who say, as the horse saith among the trumpets, "Ha, ha!"

The symphony suffers from the riot of technic. As Mr. Montagu-Nathan has well remarked, Rachmaninoff's technic constitutes an interest in itself. In this symphony the composer is intoxicated by it. His contrapuntal facility leads him into excesses. Nor do we find relieving nuances, a wealth of dynamic contrasts, a cunning employment of orchestral timbres. What variety there is comes from rhythmic changes and stentorian surprises, as the sudden introduction of fortissimo passages when the hearer has been lulled for a few minutes. The horns are overworked. On the other hand there is a remarkably effective use of trumpets that is stamped upon the memory, after the hearer has left the hall.

The performance of the symphony was magnificent in every respect, technically and emotionally. Its excellence was fully appreciated by an audience that completely filled the hall.

Mendelssohn wrote the Shakesperian overture when he was 17 years old. With the exception of the overture to "Fingal's Cave" he wrote little afterwards that for pure fancy and charm of expression is comparable. Was he spoiled by his good fortune, by his easy life, by the flattery of friends, and an adoring English public? In music as in life he was too often conventional, priggish, genteel. A little portrait of him by Aubrey Beardsley, published in the Savoy, too interesting a magazine to live, shows the Mendelssohn of mature years; the man that was shocked by Berlioz, did not understand Chopin and Schumann, wrote an overture for "Ruy Blas," although he did not approve the play, and turned his eyes away from pretty, innocent Zerlina disrobing in "Fra Diavolo." It is a pity that he did not live to see Richard Strauss's "Salome" and Puccini's "Tosca," or the first act of "The Valkyrie." His letters about these operas would have been entertaining reading. Perhaps he would have inserted pen-and-ink sketches of the "objectionable" scenes. For he was handy with pen and pencil, and we suspect him of writing verses in ladies' albums. But the overture to "Midsummer Night's Dream" will not soon be stale. The Nocturne, composed long afterwards, reveals the composer of the "Songs without Words." The fairies in the Scherzo are heavy-footed after those that Berlioz imagined. "The words of Mercury are harsh after the songs of Apollo."

The concert will be repeated tonight. There will be no concerts next week, for the orchestra will be on its second trip. The program of the concerts of Dec. 14 and 15 will include Mozart's Symphony in E flat major; an excerpt from Ravel's "Daphnis and Chloe," and Balakireff's symphonic poem "Thamar." John McCormack will sing an aria from Handel's "Atalanta" and Beethoven's "Jehovah, Hear Me."

RUSSIAN MUSIC BY SYMPHONY

Post Dec. 1/17
Rachmaninoff's Work
in E Minor Given
New Beauties

BY OLIN DOWNES

The programme of the Boston Symphony concert of yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall was purely orchestral, without a soloist. The compositions were Rachmaninoff's E minor symphony and three movements from Mendelssohn's "Midsummer Night's Dream."

LONG DRAWN OUT

There are several curious and interesting things about this symphony of Rachmaninoff. One is the character of its harmony. There is not a chord in the symphony, practically, which Mendelssohn would have feared to use. For once the genteel Felix did not sound out-of-date, either in the spirit or the material of his music. Rachmaninoff uses chords that our grandfathers knew, and makes them sing. His symphony is too long, because its ideas are too many and the composer gets intoxicated with his resources in the handling of these ideas. "Just once more before I finish," one hears him say—and another transformation of some germ of the melodic material.

The symphony is uncommonly solid in its texture, but it is too thick and too drawn out. It is like an immense picture, overlaid with details which finally fatigue instead of inspire the beholder. The fact that in spite of its length it fascinates the ear is a remarkable tribute to the composer. But if this symphony were pruned of its too luxuriant thematic growths it would be a masterpiece of its kind, instead of a work which talks longer than it has good excuse for talking. An idea is

worth a dozen, whether in a newspaper or a symphony. It should not be overworked, no matter how many fine phrases come into the head of the writer.

Wonderfully Picturesque

But with this reservation, and despite it, the symphony is a wonderfully sincere and picturesque work. It is a sort of a blend of Mendelssohn of the A minor symphony and Tschalkowsky. There is a suavity that was never Tschalkowsky's, a mastery of form, if not of conciseness, that Tschalkowsky never attained, a facility pre-eminently characteristic of Mendelssohn. There is also a naive lyricism which speaks irresistibly for itself. The whole symphony sings, in such a heartfelt, Russian manner that even where it is most sentimental or long drawn out one's sympathies are engaged.

And again Dr. Muck made a record with a work which is now well known and of which a certain sort of traditional interpretation might well be accepted. But Dr. Muck never accepts a tradition, at least without subjecting it to the most searching analysis, in his interpretation of a score. Invariably his music is studied afresh, every time that he plays it. We do not say this from personal acquaintance with his methods of study, but from the incontrovertible proof of his successive performances. It is seldom indeed that a piece of music fails to grow in interest and significance under his baton.

Principal Changes Noted

The principal changes noted from previous readings by other conductors and even by Muck himself were in the second movement, a sort of a free scherzo, and the finale. The latter movement had long been held by the writer the weakest of the four, with the possible exception of the slow movement. Yesterday it was, at least, amazingly effective, in many an unsuspected detail, and in the dramatic emphasis of the recurrence of various motifs, brought forward from the earlier movements. The tempo of the scherzo, if we are not mistaken, was faster, at least in the opening, than previously, and the contrast broader and more striking.

The peroration of the finale movement, for sheer pomp and splendor, will not soon be forgotten. The introduction of the first movement was notable for its dreadth, as was the comparative quietness and reserve strength in the interpretation of the movement proper. In brief, the entire work sounded more continuous, more cumulative in interest, more characteristic of a Russian composer, than ever before. The conductor was recalled repeatedly, with marked enthusiasm. The music of Mendelssohn brought an agreeable ending to the programme.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT Trans. Dec. 1, 1917 A PROGRAMME OF CONTRASTING PIECES

Three Numbers from Mendelssohn's Fanciful and Polished Music to "A Midsummer Night's Dream," Besides Rakhmaninov's Puissant Second Symphony—The Eloquence of Each in Kind, and of Conductor and Orchestra with Both

FOR once in a way, yesterday afternoon, Dr. Muck set a programme of two sharply contrasting pieces for the Symphony Concert; while, again for once in a way, the more slender-bodied and fanciful of the pair endured well the proximity of the stouter substance and the larger power of the other. This fortunate music happened to be the overture and two of the entr'actes in Mendelssohn's numbers to accompany Shakespeare's comedy of "A Midsummer Night's Dream." The years come and the years go; but naught else that the composer left behind so well withstands the lapse of time; while, try as three generations of music-makers have, no accompaniment to Shakespearean comedy or Shakespearean tragedy has yet matched in fitness to the play, in suggestion to the audience, in fancy, fecundity and felicity within itself these thirteen pieces distributed through a fairy farce of Athenian duke and English Puck, "rude mechanicals" hoydenish damsels and pursuing swains. Almost never do we in America hear them in tonal vesture to the play; the days have seemingly passed when it was read in the concert-hall that an orchestra might intersperse the text with the appointed numbers. The overture has become an item in "the standard repertory"—almost the only item therein that endures permanently from the copious pages of Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy—to be taken down for biennial or triennial performance as perfect as conductor and orchestra may give it and, often in association with as many other divisions of the music to the whole comedy as the conductor elects to set after it. Seldom does it fail to abide the neighboring numbers; while almost never does it fail to pleasure the youngest or the oldest hearer.

When the critical and the curious sons of men fall to measuring the titles of one overture, sundry entr'actes, marches, songs and dances to such permanent vitality and favor, they usually set high the exceeding skill the unflinching felicity of Mendelssohn's workmanship. How aptly he shapes his music to the orthodox forms of his time, yet with no lessen-

ing of fitness, from number to number, to the course of the play; with no drying of the invention that fertilizes it. How limpid it all is, both in itself and in implication of personage and incident, scene and atmosphere; how round of phrase and flowing of period; how dexterous in transition and animate and opposite of rhythm; how shimmering of color and playful in suggestion. The learned treatises on orchestration expatiate through pages of the skill of hand, the nicety of ear and the fertility of fancy that Mendelssohn displays with his wind instruments; they find room at least for a paragraph about the dexterity and the imagination with which he keeps his strings either shimmering or incisive, or even both at once. The poets rejoice in a fairy music that trips to meet their visions more than halfway; the pursuers of humor in tones enumerate a score or two of little touches that point the ways of Bottom and his company or tweak and twinkle at Puck and his horde. The dullest-eared, the poorest-witted listeners taste these satisfactions though, wisely, they give not a thought to the examining of them.

Now it is quite true that Mendelssohn's music to "A Midsummer Night's Dream" shines with all these technical aptitudes and distinctions; but so, in greater or less degree, do many more of his pieces seldom heard nowadays and then irking to impatient listeners. True again, Mendelssohn was the born and practised technician, the instinctive and the adept elegante in the artistry of tones; yet others of his own time and of the epoch in music immediately preceding it enjoyed an audible share in these distinctions. Rather, what really isolates this overture and the twelve "additional numbers" from the rest of Mendelssohn's music is the unflagging play of poetic and characterizing imagination, of answering tonal invention, of fancy busy with the details of both, from end to end of this "incidental music." No other of the composer's pieces—not even the two overtures of the sea—bear comparison with it in the possession of these attributes. They flower into a suave and shimmering intrinsic beauty, into a poetic, a humorous or a characterizing illusion, into a sustained, yet diversified flow of fancy and feeling such as nowhere else did Mendelssohn attain and maintain. Felicity of workman is indeed no mean preservative in the arts; but it must have something to preserve. The music to "A Midsummer Night's Dream" provides that something savorily and abundantly and by virtue of both substance and style the music smilingly outwits the year and flouts the fashion. Even "suburban schedules," the omnipotent cannot loose many hearers from it.

As the concert went, the felicities of

the conductor and the orchestra heightened the felicities of the composer. The tone of the strings could hardly have been lighter, brighter, more flowing, transparent, sprightly, incisive when the music bade; the woodwind suffused phrases and drenched whole periods in a beauty that seemed the very gossamer of tone; or the bassoons made merry; or the brass preluded to a mellow dignity. Dr. Muck's ear for the tone of his men, for the voice of the music, seemed as sensitive as Mendelssohn's own; he missed not a stroke of the composer, speeding his rhythms, touching in his ornament; while along with these discerning and characterizing executive perfections, he distilled from the whole music its intrinsic beauty and its never flagging poetry or fancy of suggestion. The pleasure, the illusion, might hardly run higher. Yet, in very different kind, conductor and band did as much for the preceeding symphony—the record, in E minor, revived after four years—of Rakhmaninov. This music exacted deep glows, high lights, dark shadows of tone, and the performance yielded them. It demanded a sustained largeness of style and energy of progression. Not once did they flag. Occasionally, it cut from the orchestra an individual choir or even an individual voice and the players made either vivid. Again the music surged into climax and the hearer felt the might and the majesty of the tone. Intricate passages ran luminously; excited rhythms jumped to the ear; song, intensely conceived and intensely voiced, bore the listeners into the emotion that bred and fed it. Clearly Dr. Muck was giving himself to the utmost to the music. Seldom has he conducted a modern symphony—no; not even Franck's—with such penetrating and energizing conception, with such manifold and unflinching eloquence of transmission. Composer and conductor, orchestra and audience, were as one with the sensations of the music.

So heard, for the ninth time within seven years "at these concerts," the symphony unmistakably holds its own among the modern kind that individualizes and vitalizes orthodoxy in the composer's own fashion and yet runs not away to gods new and strange. The studious and scholarly hearer may take his satisfaction of the surety and the power with which Rakhmaninov wields his tonal masses; of the skill with which he guides music, players, and audience, too, in and out of intricacies, of his mastery of large adjustment, adroit detail, and interlocked suggestion; of the range and quality of his harmonic backgrounds and instrumental dress. The less instructed but sometimes more susceptible listener receives from the sum and the interplay of these qualities the sensation of a music he comprehends and feels, that illudes him into pleasure, that stimulates him into answering emotion. Both sorts of listeners will experience the large unfolding of the music from the dark and groping beginning to

the blazing and leaping close. Both will know the pervading songfulness, deep and glowing, or sharp and bright, of the symphony; the richness of its manifold voices; the fertility and the variety of imagination that informs, directs, adorns it. Hear it as they may, they find it an engrossing, a puissant music, upon which occasional superfluous lengths and occasional opacities of tune are but the flaggings or the accidents of the moment. No wonder that, again and for the ninth time, Symphony Hall rang with applause for piece and performance.

Yet, be he merely studious or merely susceptible, the imaginative listener will somehow suspect a drama in tones in this symphony of Rakhmaninov—in the interplay and the recurrence of the motives from movement into movement; in the return of that dominant motive of the first Allegro until it masters all the rest; in such singular passages as the fugued and the hymn-like measures interrupting the course of the scherzo; in the insistent intensity of progress from the first bar to the last; in the sense of a deep and personal emotion that rises from the whole symphony. Possibly it is the familiar Russian symphonic drama of motives prompted by introspection that Chaikovsky plays so often in his larger music—the beginning in sombre and groping despairs; the ascent into a nervous, restless, occasionally frantic activity; the resort to

external excitements as in the scherzo; the solace of inner meditation as in the slow movement; the final upspring into an exultant, vigorous, human and happy energy. But Rakhmaninov is no Chaikovsky. The elder Russian wrote his tonal dramas out of a neurotic, almost an hysterical spirit, usually at extremes of sensation. The younger has a masterful mind as well as an ardent temperament; feels more deeply, speaks more eloquently, attains a beauty, wields a power that the other could not summon. Chaikovsky's moods and passions, procedure and achievement in his symphonic dramas interest and impress the hearer for the vivid and singular personality they disclose and proclaim. Rakhmaninov's symphony of yesterday, his tone-poem, "The Isle of the Dead," of a month ago, speak out of a finer, graver, more controlled spirit, with an exaltation of passion and speech, a wider, deeper human appeal, a universal quality that Chaikovsky knew not. Once more the composer who directs emotion by mind excels him who leaves it unbridled.

RACHMANINOFF WORK PRESENTED

Monitor — Dec. 1, 1917
Russian Composer's Second Symphony Performed by Orchestra, Dr. Muck Directing

Boston Symphony Orchestra, Karl Muck, Conductor—Seventh program, presented in Symphony Hall, Boston, Mass., afternoon of Nov. 30, 1917: Rachmaninoff, symphony in E minor, No. 2, op. 27; Mendelssohn, overture, nocturne and scherzo from "Midsummer Night's Dream" music, op. 61.

The second symphony of Rachmaninoff is conceived in such large architectural terms and it has such a complex framework, that listeners in the first minutes of its performance can hardly help being at a loss what to make of it. And yet, vast though it is, it proves in the course of interpretation to have a frank unity of plan that makes everybody like it. By the time it is three-quarters presented, anyone can plainly see that it is merely an adaptation of the musical forms in which Beethoven wrote his symphonies, sonatas and quartets; that it is a four-movement composition, with opening and closing allegro movements of rather strict, though exaggerated, contour, and with intervening scherzo and slow movement. It is found, indeed, to be as clear in its general scheme of contrasts of the intellectually pondering mood, and the humorous, the romantic and the triumphantly achieving moods as any symphony in the repertory of Mozart or Haydn.

So there the symphony in E minor stands, a modern edifice in gleaming stone, towering above little brick structures of a century and a half ago, and serving its busy, industrial purpose as inevitably as those structures of low roof and modest tower in its shadow served the exigent, empire-aspiring purpose of a past day. Really, the method according to which this Twentieth Century symphony is put together is intelligible enough to those who have watched the setting-up of concrete posts on a town-building site, who have stood by when steel timbers were laid across,

and who have noted floor rise upon floor until height found its proportion to base. The only thing about the architectonic pile of the Russian composer that is hard to understand is the overlaid instrumental covering. This is elaborated into so many ramifications of ornament and forced into so many pretensions and contradictions of design, that people perforce wonder whether the builder is working in the Egyptian, the Greek, the Romanesque or the Gothic style.

Perhaps such a condition is necessary in the making of symphonies today. It may be that a scheme of melodic structure so simple and strong as Rachmaninoff's would appear bald and angular unless masked behind a rich ornamental façade, responding to an academic notion of decorative beauty, to some fashion of investiture authorized by the Beaux Arts professors. At all events, the themes of the symphony played on Friday afternoon are dressed up in some of the most showy sonorities that have yet been contrived. The melodies and harmonies of the piece are clothed with an almost measureless wealth of orchestral sound.

How studiously the climaxes are plotted! With what regularity, and still with what variety, crescendo succeeds crescendo! Tone colors are mixed, to the gaining of all transparent effects imaginable, but never is a touch of indefiniteness or of impressionism allowed. This painter is especially skillful in his use of the violin tints, knowing how to keep their individuality even when using them for background. He is skillful, furthermore, in keeping his string, wood and brass choirs distinct and in preventing any department of tone from becoming submerged.

Which means that Rachmaninoff is a master of the technique of tone balance, though he is better at balancing masses of tone than in setting off a single voice against a group of voices. One of the most noticeable solo exploits in the symphony is the passage for clarinet in the slow movement, which intrudes itself in a rather forlorn, detached and unpersuasive manner.

The symphony was a selection to call out the best powers of the conductor and the players, and the interpretation of it was among the note-

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worthy accomplishments of the first two months of the season. Necessarily its splendors of tone made the overture, nocturne and scherzo of Mendelssohn, which entered into the second half of the concert, sound thin. Mendelssohn in his fragile way is as great a master of tone balance as is Rachmaninoff. If his orchestration were less delicate and less dependent on the light interplay of solo instruments, and if an expansion of the tone volume of his music, such as was tried with Haydn's symphony, "The Chase," at the concerts of last week, were justifiable, the seventh Boston Symphony program might also have merited the praise of balance.

SYMPHONY CONCERT

9:00 p.m. — Dec. 1/17

The performance by Dr Muck and the orchestra of Rachmaninoff's second symphony in E minor yesterday afternoon was eloquent. The inspired pages of this notable score were illumined as at no previous hearing of them; to those more prolix than significant was given a nobility they did not inherently possess.

It has been said when this symphony was played before in Boston that it was too long, that it did not gain with acquaintance. For some the merit now will lie with Dr Muck's reading. The charge of length is indisputable. The audience gets little from a symphony playing over an hour. In the slow movement the composer becomes enamored of a figure expanding into a melody of folk or naive character. Its profile is indeterminate, and in prolonged development it becomes discursive. The last movement leads through a devious fantasia before a belated return of the first theme and the review of others in the work.

Even in these there are striking passages, but not the sustained beauty of thought and expression of the first two. There are reminiscences of Tchaikowsky and particularly of the "Pathetic" symphony in the first movement, but there are noble passages, a compelling flow of orchestral song, fascinating blends of instrumental colors, superb dramatic climaxes and a Slavic somberness of character. The scherzo with its cheerily, bustling theme, the vivacious fugue and its admirably sustained mood was played with just the touch of folk or festival gaiety.

The euphony, the virtuosity throughout, was such as only this orchestra can give, nor must the beautiful tone and finely curved phrasing of Mr Sand's playing of the theme in the slow movement be forgotten.

The overture, nocturne and scherzo of Mendelssohn's music to "A Midsummer Night's Dream" finished the program. Next week the orchestra will be away on its second Southern tour.

RACHMANINOFF NO MUSICAL BOLSHEVIK

Ador. — Dec. 1/17

**Proves Emotional Symphony
Need Not Break All
Musical Laws**

By LOUIS C. ELSON.

PROGRAM.

Rachmaninoff—Second Symphony, E minor.
Mendelssohn—Overture, Nocturne and Scherzo, from "Midsummer Night's Dream."

The list looks brief, but the concert was of usual length, for a modern symphony is always as big as a modern steamship, and requires plenty of room to turn around in. But Rachmaninoff (the name is accented on the second syllable), at least deviated from the modern works when he made his symphony in E minor intelligible and sometimes melodic. This was to be expected from a disciple of Tchaikowsky, for that master never indulged in musical puzzle pictures.

Some modern points, however, may be noted in the work. The carrying of figures from one movement into another is a constant procedure in recent symphonies. Beethoven began this idea in his ninth symphony, and Brahms emphasized it in his first symphony. The finale here gives an interesting epitome of preceding movements, because of its recapitulation of figures.

SONATA—ALLEGRO FORM.

The first movement is portentous, long and decidedly emotional. If we have called the work melodic at times this does not imply actual tunes, but rather tuneful figures. In spite of strong contrasts and bold explosions, musical shudders and mysterious suggestions of calamity, the composer does not throw musical form to the winds; the architecture of the movement is not far removed from the classical sonata-allegro. We are glad to note, therefore, that Rachmaninoff does not belong to the musical Bolsheviki, like Stravinsky or the late Scriabine.

More definite rhythmic treatment appeared in the second movement, which takes the place of the Scherzo, although it is not playful. Yet it has suggestions of Russian dance themes and folk music, but these remain, alas, only suggestions, and suddenly they are thrust aside by a very bitter and ascetic fugue, such a one as

Browning satirized in his "Master Hugues of Saxe-Gotha," full of dry learning and without any sap whatever.

The Adagio pleased us much. The house programme labelled it "allegro." It is lofty, long-breathed, like the slow movements of Beethoven, with mighty surges of tone, great crescendos, that were given grandly by the orchestra. Of the finale, since we have already spoken of its reminiscences, we need only add that it is much given to tremulous, soft passages, that suggest profound mysteries which we (and the composer) could not unravel.

LESSONS TO THE RADICALS.

Summing up, one can praise this work highly. It is a lesson to some of the radicals that they need not break all musical laws when they become emotional. The work was superbly played.

Then came the Tennysonian Mendelssohn, clear as crystal and tuneful to the whistling point. The overture to "Midsummer Night's Dream" is equal to any bit of musical humor and daintiness ever written. And it was composed by a boy of eighteen. Last week we had the fairies of Berlioz, and yesterday those of Mendelssohn. It would be difficult to say which were the more attractive.

In this overture the chief theme (violins) pictures the fairies, the second theme the lovers, the closing theme, the clumsy Athenian players, Bottom, Quince, etc., and the Shakespearean reader could follow every picture with ease. There was the Braying bassoon, picturing Bottom turned into an ass, and there was the long tone on the bass tuba (Mendelssohn wrote it for Ophicleide) which portrayed the weaver snoring in drunken sleep amid the fairies, and there was the final vanishing into thin air of all the fairy hosts. A musical fantasy that will never die.

The other two movements were written after the youth had grown to manhood (Mendelssohn was greatest when he was little) and show less inspiration, but quite as much melody and symmetry. The Nocturne is a beautiful display of horn-playing, composed when the valve-horns were beginning to take the place of the natural instruments. It was charmingly played, and it was a delicious rest to listen to such simple harmony in these days of tonal ugliness. Our compliments to the horn player.

A PLAYFUL MOVEMENT.

The Scherzo was playful, yet not with the ebullient animal spirits of the overture. Yet, if we take the Scherzo for what its name indicates—a playful movement—then we may think of Mendelssohn as the best of Scherzo composers. Beethoven oftener

achieved grotesqueness or brusquerie than daintiness or genial humor in his Scherzos. But Mendelssohn caught the true spirit of the movement which Beethoven invented, and while some of the other movements of his symphonies are fading, his Scherzos stand the test of time.

We wonder that Dr. Muck did not add the "Wedding March" belonging to this same work. It would have been very fitting in these strenuous fighting days, for it has led more people into combat than all the other battle marches of the world.

NEXT SYMPHONY CONCERT.

The programme of December 14-15 will be as follows:

Mozart, E flat Symphony.
Handel, aria from "Atalanta."
Rouel, "Daphnis and Chloe," "Symphonic Fragment."
Beethoven, aria, "Jehovas Hear."
Bulokieff, "Thamar," Symphonic poem.
Soloist, John McCormack.

Editor, Daily Advertiser: Dec. 3/17

Dear Sir:—Having read Mr. Louis C. Elson's article in your paper concerning the knitting at the Symphony concerts, I wish to express my entire sympathy with his opinion. I have suffered much from the restless movements of those industrious hands, but have been silent, except in speaking of it to a few friends.

Those persons who knit while the music is going on must be essentially unmusical and also, I am sorry to say, wanting in true politeness, because thoughtless of the comfort of others.

To those who are musically sensitive the sight of the moving hands and needles in their near neighborhood or even in their easy line of vision, is most annoying and disturbing, interrupting the entire attention which they give to music and which music demands of those who listen to love and understand. I can say honestly that I could not possibly sit next to anyone who knitted during the performance of music.

Let us all then, knit for our soldiers and sailors (God bless them!), but let us arrange to do it, or have it done for us, in a more fitting place.

AN OLD CONCERT GOER.

Items and Announcements

The recent regulations of the Department of Justice limiting the movements of German subjects in the United States have compelled the Symphony Orchestra to abandon its monthly visits to Philadelphia and Washington. There are twenty-three such "enemy aliens," though they happen to be

among the most peaceful of men, within the band and were they to go to Washington or Philadelphia with it, they would enter "prohibited areas." Whether they can journey to New York and not infringe such prohibition remains to be determined. If they can, the orchestra will undertake the usual concerts there and in Brooklyn on Thursday, Friday and Saturday of this week, with the possibility of an extra matinee on Sunday. If, however, such a journey proves contrary to the new regulations, the orchestra, for the rest of the season, will limit itself to concerts in Boston and a few neighboring cities.

The programme for the next pair of Symphony Concerts in Boston on Friday afternoon, Dec. 14, and Saturday evening, Dec. 15, will traverse for purely orchestral numbers a symphony by Mozart in E-flat major; a fragment, new to Boston, of Ravel's ballet, "Dauphin and Chloe"; and Balakire's sombre tone-poem, "Thema." Between these numbers Mr. McCormack, the tenor, will sing an air that he has resurrected from Handel's opera of "Atalanta" and another from Beethoven's oratorio, almost as new and strange, nowadays, "The Mount of Olives."

A Dissenting Voice to Rakhmaninov's Applauded Symphony—

LISTEN to the other side and accordingly here follows a letter from a frequenter of the Symphony Concerts, a man of no mean judgment and taste with music who demurs to the applause lavished on Rakhmaninov's symphony on Friday and Saturday and the spoken praise of piece and performance in many a quarter. "Why," he writes, "does not Rakhmaninov's symphony move us more deeply? It is ingenious and imaginative; it reveals a keen, resourceful and lurid sense of orchestration; it has a piquant, Russian flavor; its dramatic ascents momentarily transfix; its varied, songful courses invite immediate emotional response. To be sure, it departs in no considerable degree from the style of the composer's forbears, and the traditional usage which he has been assimilating. But neither does Chausson's, for instance, nor even Franck's to a much greater degree, but those are more vital, more personal, and reach more of the heart.

"The final answer to the question lies only in the music itself. The symphony rises from darkness into light, which previous symphonies have done with a far different kind of elevation, but again that has become a traditional and a very convenient formula. Perhaps, instead of saying 'light,' we should say 'lightness.' This symphony makes one realize that Rakhmaninov owed a great deal to Chalkovsky, and the two have interesting similarities as well as differences. Both had a ready, too ready, faculty for absorbing western culture, and thereby individuality suffered,

and Russian characteristics became purely external. (Surely Chalkovsky's pessimism was rather personal than national.) Both composers are obvious, and reveal their art and utmost at the first hearing. But there the difference begins. Chalkovsky is emotional, sensational; his themes are often striking, vivid and indelible upon the memory; Rakhmaninov is self-contained, well groomed, no more than mildly exciting; his themes are pleasurable and winning for the moment; but ephemeral and undistinctive. Both have a way of becoming obsessed and haunted by their themes to the point of over-repetition.

"Thus Rakhmaninov's Symphony is too long—first of all because only a colossal conception could justify such length, and a colossal conception it by no means is. There are too many parts and episodes; Rakhmaninov's invention is inexhaustible, and he has not the discrimination to reject the lesser ideas that occur to him. His idiom is facile, impressionable, engagingly colored, and it skims the surface of music. In his dramatic procedure there is always the consciousness of picture-making. His climaxes gather finely and burst like bubbles. We do not sit on the edge of our seats, but lean back in quiet and comfortable enjoyment. He has a high and keen sense of the orchestra, but he is by no means an instrumental creator. He is proficient and apt in the use of colors; his varied wood-wind wins our involuntary admiration, and so does his clever use of the lowest register of the brass in the first movement. On the other hand, the percussion serves trivial ends. The melodic subjects, particularly in the first and the slow movements, are commendably songful; the contour is so pliable and workable that they seem to take the strings and develop almost of themselves. The parts are cleverly and acceptably knit together. At the occasion of performance everything combines for our pleasure and applause. But afterwards we remember little of it, except that we enjoyed ourselves."

For the satisfaction of many curious spirits, it may be said that the Symphony Orchestra is making its present visit to New York with the full knowledge and under the free sanction of the authorities of the United States, concerned with such matters. The only deviation from routine was a journey to New York by way of Albany, instead of the usual route, so that the German subjects in the band might cross no "prohibited area." Dec. 7, 1917

HALT SYMPHONY PLANS BY ALIEN ENEMY RULES *Herald — Dec. 3/17* Concerts Scheduled in Three Cities Cancelled by Manager C. A. Ellis.

C. A. Ellis, manager of the Boston Symphony orchestra, sent telegrams last evening cancelling concerts that were to be given in Philadelphia Monday evening, in Washington Tuesday afternoon and in Baltimore Wednesday evening. The message sent to Philadelphia follows:

"The regulations concerning aliens which have recently been promulgated by the department of justice at Washington affect 23 members of the Boston Symphony orchestra and make it impossible properly to give the concert which has been announced for Monday evening at the Academy of Music. It will therefore not be given. The price of the tickets for this concert will be refunded at Heppes.

"The management regrets that this notice could not have been published earlier, but owing to the holiday definite information concerning the effect of the regulation was not received until late Saturday afternoon."

ONE SERVICE OF DR. MUCK.

To Editor of Herald and Journal:

Dr. Muck is doing one important piece of work for this community and wherever he appears with his orchestra throughout the country and plays "The Star Spangled Banner" in showing the American people how it ought to be played and sung.

Those of us who have been accustomed all our lives to hear the liberties taken with the tempo by some of the so-called great singers and the almost interminable hold some of them make on the final note of the last nine but one are very thankful to Dr. Muck for enabling us to hear the fine rhythm in which the music ought to be rendered, in contrast to the usual pauses which are ineffective and unmusical. As he plays the anthem we are getting to feel a much greater respect and love for the music than ever before.

SAMUEL CARR.

403 Commonwealth avenue, Dec. 3, 1917

BOSTON SYMPHONY MAY GIVE NEW YORK CONCERTS *Herald — Dec. 3/17* Manager Ellis Hopes to Arrange Route That Will Avoid Area Barred to Alien Enemies.

Charles A. Ellis, manager of the Boston Symphony orchestra, went to New York early last evening to arrange, if possible, some route by which the 23 alien members of the orchestra might be able to travel to New York and Brooklyn, later in the week, without entering any restricted area affected by the recent alien enemy ruling. The orchestra was scheduled to appear in Brooklyn Thursday evening and in New York Friday evening. Announcement of the cancellation of concerts scheduled for tonight, tomorrow and Wednesday evenings, in Philadelphia, Washington and Baltimore, was made late Saturday night by Manager Ellis.

Under the interpretations of the proclamation of President Wilson, Germans are prevented from taking trips of any length. The orchestra includes in its winter schedule five weeks of concerts outside of this state. If Manager Ellis learns that it will be impossible to carry out this schedule, the schedule will be readjusted, and Boston will have a longer series than heretofore.

PHONY 1917 ON'S CAPITAL

JOURNAL BUREAU,
NGTON, Nov. 29.

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LAW BARS SYMPHONY FROM NATION'S CAPITAL

HERALD JOURNAL BUREAU,
WASHINGTON, Nov. 29.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra is barred from Washington and will be unable to fill its engagement here next Tuesday, according to a ruling by Atty.-Gen. Gregory, in response to an inquiry from Maj. Henry L. Higginson. All alien enemies are excluded from the District of Columbia under the recent proclamation of the President, and, according to reports to the attorney-general, 22 members of the Boston musical organization are enemy aliens. Atty.-Gen. Gregory has further ruled that all other musical or theatrical organizations that have members who fall within the enemy alien exclusions regulation will be also barred from appearance at the capital.

Tomorrow—German
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creases.

RUMOR BUSY WITH THE SYMPHONY CONCERTS

Trans — *Nov. 14/17*
No Visible Sign That Dr. Muck's Resig-
nation Has Been Accepted—The Varie-
gated Canvass of Possible Successors—

RUMOR runs about the town that Mr. Higginson has accepted the resignation of Dr. Muck as conductor of the Symphony Orchestra, and rumor has already picked his successor—a much easier task for it than for those who have ever sought a leader for such a band or such concerts. Of evidence to bear out the rumor there is none except the war-time gossip that flies from ear to ear and the war-time credulity that eagerly receives it. Dr. Muck himself is proceeding quietly and busily with his usual and unusual work—more particularly with the preparations for the choral concert at Symphony Hall next week, at which he is to lead in Beethoven's Ninth Symphony for the first time in America. No man could for the moment act less than he does as one about to leave his usual employments. The management of the orchestra is equally unaware of any impending change; the entourage of Mr. Higginson discredits the rumor. In fact, the disposition among those officially concerned with the concerts is to rest content with the calm that has followed recent storms.

Rumor, moreover, is not well advised in the successors that it is picking for Dr. Muck and betrays its ignorance of their present engagements, their quality and of their leanings in the present war—the new test of a conductor's availability. One, Mr. Stokowski, upon whom it likes to dwell is tied by long contracts to the orchestra and the public he now serves in Philadelphia and by a guarantee fund raised especially in his behalf. Another Mr. Gabrilowitsch, of recent and signal rise to praise and promise as a conductor, has in the past, at any rate, made no secret of war sympathies, which are not those of the public that has been loud in outcry and is now busy with surmise. A third, "with a following"—Mr. Henry Hadley—is hardly likely on the strength of his work and experiences in Seattle and San Francisco, to be seriously considered as the conductor of an orchestra of the first rank. A fourth, Mr. Mengelberg, the celebrated conductor of the Amsterdam orchestra, happens to be Jewish, a little past the prime of life and a "specialist" in contemporary German music; while fifth and most curious choice of all is no other than Arthur Nikisch, Hungarian, it is true in blood, but long conductor of the Gewandhaus Concerts in Leipzig and of the Philharmonic Concerts in Berlin and fast bound in Germany. So

gossip goes a busy and Symphony Hall and Dr. Muck in particular—a quiet way.

SUPPORTERS OF MUCK CRITICISED

Washington Societies Say That
Patrons of Boston Sym-
phony Are Unpatriotic.

PUBLIC STATEMENT ISSUED

HERALD-JOURNAL BUREAU,
WASHINGTON, Nov. 11

The Capital patrons of the Boston Symphony Orchestra are charged with lack of patriotism in giving their support to Dr. Karl Muck in a statement issued by the national committee of Patriotic Societies today.

"Is Washington less patriotic than other American cities?" reads the statement.

"Dr. Karl Muck, leader of the Boston Symphony Orchestra who has been barred from Baltimore, Philadelphia and Pittsburgh, because of his German associations and interests was received with open arms in the capital city. The newspapers in the cities from which Dr. Muck was barred have laid before the public enough facts concerning his German affiliations to make it seem undesirable for him to be received at this time. Washington people who support his concerts say that music and patriotism are two different things, but there is an increasingly large number who maintain that in war-time everything must be weighed in the scale of patriotism.

"The national committee maintains that the capital of the nation is the place where, because of its influence on every other community, nothing should be tolerated that will be harmful to the successful prosecution of the war. The position of Dr. Muck and some of his musicians is open to grave question, and therefore Washington people who call themselves patriotic should not give them support."

A WORD FOR DR. MUCK.

To the Editor of the Herald:

In the name of common decency and courtesy let our newspapers stop printing insulting letters about Dr. Muck, and, above all, let them cease publishing vulgar caricatures and refrain from reprinting attacks from the papers of other cities.

Have we Americans indeed sunk so low as to forget all common rules of courtesy toward an honorable gentleman, who is our guest, being in this country by invitation, and to whom we are indebted for eight years of high musical achievement, such as has made our city deservedly famous, not only through the length and breadth of our land, but throughout the world? Without belittling the admirable conductors who have built up our Boston Symphony Orchestra to its present state of perfection, it may safely be said that under Dr. Muck it has reached the high-water mark of efficiency.

Mr. Higginson has given a large part of his life to establishing these concerts, besides the generous support that alone has made them possible. Is that

which has been accomplished during 37 years of concentrated effort to be swept away in a night, owing to the hysterical attitude of a few unnamed and unknown individuals in other cities, and the malice and violence of a few equally unrepresentative and ill-informed persons in our own city, who seem to have forgotten President Wilson's wise and humane warning, that "we have no war with the German people"?

Dr. Muck is no fortune-seeker. His salary is to him but a fair remuneration for his arduous services, and it is absurd to suggest that he came here to make money. His position in Europe was pre-eminently assured, honorable and remunerative, and only Mr. Higginson's ambition to secure for Boston the best conductor available accomplished Dr. Muck's engagement. Dr. Muck has worked for eight years among us, and has proved himself not only an artist of highest ability and very unusual powers, but in addition at all times a quiet, law-abiding and honorable gentleman. It should also not be forgotten that the orchestra itself is in no wise a German one, but consists of many different nationalities, and thus is typical of the melting-pot of the nations, our United States. Only Dr. Muck's unflinching tact and conciliatory spirit have amalgamated these discordant elements into one harmonious whole, able to work together during this time of storm and

stress for the enjoyment and spiritual inspiration of the community, which never stood in greater need of such ideal influence.

Let us then help Mr. Higginson to preserve intact that which he has built up through the effort of so many years, let us remember that we are indebted to Dr. Muck and owe him not only toleration, but support, courtesy and consideration. Let it be repeated that Dr. Muck has made all the concessions that were required of him, and let it be reiterated that he never refused to conduct our national anthem, as Mr. Higginson himself has testified. Once again, Dr. Muck is with us at our request, not of his own volition; let us then no longer transgress all laws of hospitality, but rather assure him that he is appreciated and valued during the probably short period for which he will still be with us.

At any rate, let not Boston dishonor itself by permitting its greatest institution, a pattern of its kind, to disband at this juncture, owing merely to unfounded and petty attacks on the person of its leader.

I am but voicing the sentiment of the best part of the community, which unhappily has not sufficiently expressed its disapprobation of the malevolent and narrow-minded attitude of the American press. For the sake of our own self-respect, if for no other reason, let all attacks, direct or indirect, cease, and let Dr. Muck's name appear in print only where it belongs, on our concert programs. LOUISA LORING DRESEL.

Herald Nov. 25, 1906
Belated Wisdom

By no stretch of the imagination can Dr. Muck's customary attitude be characterized as that of a "contemptuous and defiant alien." Dr. Muck's polished manner may conceal a severe contempt for much that is American, but, as the reviewer of musical affairs for The Sun observed on Nov. 9, 1906, "the new conductor . . . is anything but a poseur."

Has Dr. Muck ever said anything adverse about America? As we say, we find no record of it; but we do find him recorded as calling America "a marvellous country, a country that should be the source of splendid inspiration for every art." We do find him recorded as saying: "In America, I should say, you will have for your later day music the great idea of democracy, of freedom for all the people."

Let us be fair to Dr. Muck. There have been Germans before this who loved music and liberty both. Richard Wagner was forced into exile because he loved liberty. Ludwig van Beethoven, dedicating his Heroic Symphony to a leader of the people, tore the dedication in two when that leader, flushed by victory, proclaimed himself an emperor. [The New York Sun Editorially

MOVEMENT TO STOP BOSTON SYMPHONY

Monitor Dec. 1, 1907
United States Department of Justice Asked to Prevent Orchestra From Giving Concerts Anywhere in Country

A request that the United States Department of Justice take action to prevent the Boston Symphony Orchestra giving concerts anywhere in the United States was sent yesterday to Thomas J. Boynton, United States District Attorney, by the American Defense Society. The letter was signed by Edward N. Dingley, Boston representative of the society, and cites the recent edict prohibiting the orchestra from entering the District of Columbia as the basis of the demand.

The letter follows: "Having learned that the Boston Symphony Orchestra has been denied entrance to the District of Columbia, the American Defense Society urges the Department of Justice to take immediate action to prohibit this organization from giving concerts in other cities of the United States.

"Dr. Karl Muck, an enemy-alien, is its conductor. He acknowledges that his sympathies are with the Kaiser. He is said to be traveling on a Swiss passport, the genuineness of which has been subject to some discussion. The American Defense Society urges that Dr. Muck be interned and the Symphony Concerts be suspended for the duration of the war. We do not believe that Dr. Muck should be permitted to convey the information he has secured in this country to the German War Office, or be permitted to learn of our military operations while he travels with immunity. Other men, perhaps some of them far less dangerous than he, are in detention camps.

"It is an insult to our national anthem to have it played by men who are secretly hoping for our destruc-

tion and advancing the cause of the enemy with treacherous propaganda.

"American soldiers have given their lives before German cannon, peaceful citizens have been killed and murdered by German agents within our boundaries. The American public is in no mood to listen to music played by these men, no matter how wonderful that music may be.

"Baltimore, Providence and Springfield have voiced their opinions on this matter. The District of Columbia forbade them, and, with due respect to its venerable patron, Maj. Henry L. Higginson, we know that loyal Americans are with us in this appeal."

Major Henry L. Higginson, founder and supporter of the orchestra, declined to comment on the letter.

Announcement has been made by the American Defense Society, which has its headquarters in New York, of the formation of a Vigilance Corps in Boston to cooperate with the federal authorities to check seditious utterances. Cleveland Moffett, who has done a good deal in that direction in New York City, arrived in Boston last night to contribute his efforts to the work.

Mr. Dingley said the Vigilance Corps will be able to put at least 100 men at the disposal of the United States Secret Service, should emergency arise. The men will all be volunteers, ready day or night to help the Government. The Vigilance Corps, he said, will list disloyal persons and investigate them. Any suspicious circumstances or evidences of enemy propaganda will be reported to the Department of Justice.

The temporary office of the society in Boston is 262 Washington street. Permanent offices will be established later. The motto of the society, according to Mr. Dingley, is: "Serve at the front or serve at home." The people are asked to give information of suspicious persons.

Mr. Dingley said that members of the Vigilance Corps will patrol the city and see that seditious meetings are broken up. "The Defense Society cleaned New York of treason breeders from the Battery to the Bronx," he said, "and now there are few, if any, seditious street-corner meetings permitted in that city."

ALIEN ORDER BARS BOSTON ORCHESTRA

Monitor — Dec. 3/17
Symphony Concerts in Washington, Philadelphia and Baltimore Canceled as Result of the Restrictions on Enemies

Special to The Christian Science Monitor from its Washington Bureau

WASHINGTON, D. C.—The concert that was to have been given in Washington on Tuesday afternoon by the Boston Symphony Orchestra has been canceled because of the President's proclamation barring enemy aliens from the District of Columbia. Manager Ellis, of the orchestra, has notified the management of the theater where the concert was to have been given that the organization will not attempt to enter the District of Columbia. Agents of the Government draw no distinction between Dr. Muck and any other alien enemy, and he would be arrested if he entered the District.

A telegram from Mr. Ellis states that tickets sold for the concert will be redeemed at the office where they were on sale. The management stated in the telegram that definite information concerning the effect of the regulations on the members of the orchestra was not obtained from Washington until Saturday afternoon, which prevented an earlier announcement of the cancellation.

The music lovers of Washington are not the only ones who will be deprived of hearing the orchestra, as similar concerts scheduled to be given in Philadelphia today and in Baltimore on Wednesday also had to be canceled because of the enemy alien restrictions.

erable patron, Maj Henry L. Higginson, we know that loyal Americans are with us in this appeal."

Maj Higginson, when approached last evening in connection with this demand, refused absolutely to make any comment upon it whatever. Mr Boynton had not received the letter last evening and could therefore say nothing in regard to it.

ASKS BAN ON BOSTON SYMPHONY CONCERTS

Globe — Dec. 1/17
American Defense Society
Wants Orchestra Barred

Urges That Dr Muck Be Interned—
Vigilance Corps to Be Formed Here

In a letter which the American Defense Society sent yesterday to United States Dist Atty Thomas J. Boynton the Department of Justice is urged to take immediate action to prevent the Boston Symphony Orchestra from giving concerts anywhere in this country.

The edict prohibiting the orchestra from entering the District of Columbia is cited as the pretext for this demand, which is signed by Edward N. Dingley, Boston representative of the American Defense Society. The letter follows:

"Having learned that the Boston Symphony Orchestra has been denied entrance to the District of Columbia, the American Defense Society urges the Department of Justice to take immediate action to prohibit this organization from giving concerts in other cities of the United States.

"Dr Karl Muck, an enemy-alien, is its conductor. He acknowledges that his sympathies are with the Kaiser and that his hopes are for the destruction of our country. He is said to be traveling on a Swiss passport, the genuineness of which has been subject to some discussion. The American Defense Society urges that Dr Muck be interned and the Symphony concerts be suspended for the duration of the war. We do not believe that Dr Muck should be permitted to convey the information he has secured in this country to the German War Office, or be permitted to learn of our military operations while he travels with immunity. Other men, perhaps some of them far less dangerous than he, are in detention camps.

"It is an insult to our National anthem to have it played by men who are secretly hoping for our destruction and advancing the cause of the enemy with treacherous propaganda.

"American soldiers have given their lives before German cannon, peaceful citizens have been killed and murdered by German agents within our boundaries. The American public is in no mood to listen to music played by these men, no matter how wonderful that music may be.

"Baltimore, Providence and Springfield have voiced their opinions on this matter. The District of Columbia forbid them, and, with due respect to its ven-

SYMPHONY CANCELS CONCERTS

Alien Enemy Ruling
Makes Train Trips
Impossible

Post — Dec. 2/17

Because 23 members are alien enemies the Boston Symphony Orchestra is forced to cancel its engagements to give concerts in Philadelphia, Washington and Baltimore, and may possibly be forced to cancel also its engagements in Brooklyn and New York, through the workings of the alien enemy restrictions which became effective yesterday by proclamation of President Wilson.

Under the interpretation of the regulations the 23 alien enemies, members of the orchestra, cannot travel to Philadelphia, Washington or Baltimore.

ALMOST INTERNED

It has not been determined yet whether the alien enemies included in the orchestra, and essential to it as a musical organization, can travel between Boston and New York and Brooklyn without passing within 100 yards of any restricted area under the proclamation barring alien enemies from such zones. If they cannot, it will be impossible for the orchestra to keep the engagements in New York and Brooklyn.

The orchestra was scheduled to give a concert tomorrow night in Philadelphia, another in Washington Tuesday and another at Baltimore Wednesday.

There is some question whether or not alien enemies can travel through the Pennsylvania tunnel.

C. A. Ellis, manager of the orchestra,

learned yesterday that the alien enemy members of the orchestra cannot make the trips called for in the orchestra's programme and consequently cancelled the engagements for the first three days of this week.

It is believed that a strict enforcement of the President's proclamation will virtually intern Germans, or at least prevent them from taking trips of any great length, as has been possible for them to do when equipped with permits specifying their destination and purpose of travelling.

THE SYMPHONY CONTROVERSY.

To the Editor of the Herald:

Our esteemed citizen and philanthropist, Henry L. Higginson, created the Boston Symphony Orchestra, and every music-lover is grateful for it.

Almighty God created a world of people to love one another and live in peace.

Our forefathers created the United States that we might perpetuate these thoughts and insure freedom to humanity.

Thousands of us may be "unnamed and unknown individuals" to Louisa Loring Dresel, yet we appreciate and understand art, music and literature in its best interpretation, but we are also patriots and we believe we best express our appreciation of citizenship in this country by proclaiming our allegiance to God and to the United States rather than to the Boston Symphony Orchestra, especially when in this body of musicians are many of our enemies and directed by an intimate of the head of the most diabolical group of military autocrats ever known!—the enemy of four-fifths of the world—whose sole purpose is to destroy or enslave humanity. Our sons and brothers are not in a foreign land playing musical instruments, but are there for the purpose of sacrificing their lives, if necessary, to overcome the nations of which Dr. Muck and many of these Symphony players claim loyal citizenship.

Under such circumstances, even though "unnamed and unknown individuals," we believe we manifest our loyalty to our cause, our country and our brothers "over there" by refusing to listen to any overture of our enemies, whether rendered by an orchestra or on the battlefield, except it be an overture of peace whereby a free people may again enjoy the freedom inherited by them from Almighty God, and thereby establishing all there is worth having.

FREDERICK D. BATES.

31 Bedford street, Nov. 27.

May not the discussion stop with the publication of this letter? We had hoped not to continue the debate, but the letter to which this is a reply evoked so many responses that we have decided to print this representative one.—Ed. *Herald*

Dec. 2/17

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SYMPHONY HALL
SUNDAY AFTERNOON, DECEMBER 2, 1917, AT 3

SECOND PERFORMANCE
OF
BEETHOVEN'S
NINTH (CHORAL) SYMPHONY
Dr. KARL MUCK, Conductor
BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA
CHORUS OF THREE HUNDRED AND
FIFTY SINGERS
TRAINED BY STEPHEN TOWNSEND

SOLOISTS
FLORENCE HINKLE, Soprano
MARGARET KEYES, Contralto
ARTHUR HACKETT, Tenor
ARTHUR MIDDLETON, Bass

PROGRAMME

SYMPHONY IN D MINOR, No. 9, WITH FINAL CHORUS ON SCHILLER'S "ODE TO JOY," OP. 125 LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN

(Born at Bonn, December 16 (?), 1770; died at Vienna, March 26, 1827.)

- I. Allegro, ma non troppo, un poco maestoso.
- II. Molto vivace: Presto.
- III. Adagio molto e cantabile.
- IV. Presto.
 Allegro assai.
 Presto.
 Baritone Recitative.
 Quartet and Chorus: Allegro assai.
 Tenor Solo and Chorus: Allegro assai vivace, alla marcia.
 Chorus: Allegro assai.
 Chorus: Andante maestoso.
 Adagio, ma non troppo, ma divoto.
 Allegro energico, sempre ben marcato.
 Quartet and Chorus: Allegro ma non tanto: Prestissimo.

TO JOY.

Joy, thou spark from flame immortal,
 Daughter of Elysium!
 Drunk with fire, O heav'n-born Goddess,
 We invade thy halidom!
 Let thy magic bring together
 All whom earth-born laws divide;
 All mankind shall be as brothers
 'Neath thy tender wings and wide.

He that's had that best good fortune,
 To his friend a friend to be,
 He that's won a noble woman,
 Let him join our Jubilee!
 Ay, and who a single other
 Soul on earth can call his own;
 But let him who ne'er achieved it
 Steal away in tears alone.

Joy doth every living creature
 Draw from Nature's ample breast,
 All the good and all the evil
 Follow on her roseate quest.
 Kisses doth she give, and vintage,
 Friends who firm in death have stood,
 Joy of life the worm receiveth,
 And the Angels dwell with God!

Glad as burning suns that glorious
 Through the heavenly spaces sway,
 Haste ye, brothers, on your way,
 Joyous as a knight victorious.

Love toward countless millions swelling,
 Wafts one kiss to all the world!
 Surely, o'er yon stars unfurl'd,
 Some kind Father has his dwelling!

Fall ye prostrate, O ye millions?
 Dost thy Maker feel, O world?
 Seek Him o'er yon stars unfurl'd,
 O'er the stars rise His pavilions!

—From the German of Schiller
 by HENRY G. CHAPMAN.

The wonderful production of the Ninth Symphony under Doctor Muck on Tuesday, November 20, won unstinted praise in all quarters and has brought requests for a repetition from many who would hear it again and from many others who were unable to secure tickets. In response to these requests a second performance of this masterpiece will be given.

THE CHORAL SYMPHONY REPEATED

Trans. ———— Dec. 3, 1917
UNDIMMED

Dr. Muck and His Forces in a Second Performance—Beethoven, Tolstoy and the Lay Listener—Mr. Gardner and His Violin Pieces—Travel, Under Difficulties, for the Symphony Orchestra—Items of the Instant

NOT a foot of sitting or standing space in Symphony Hall was unfilled at the repetition, yesterday, of Beethoven's great Symphony. Both those who came for a second time and those who had been denied before were uplifted by one of the most inspired performances which the masterpiece has ever received, perhaps as fine as it may receive in our day. However much we had been told previously about the executive impossibilities of the vocal parts, when we had been brought to the close of the sublime Adagio, and the coming message of joy was being wondrously and darkly whispered in the orchestra, we were entirely subject to the conception and the exaltation of Beethoven; the voices of the chorus and the individual singers seemed perfection itself, because we were in a state of mind to forget all difficulties of breathing, interval, and register; to hear, not what was being sung at the moment, but what was sung in Beethoven's heart as he strode up and down with his note-book, wildly humming and rearing, racked by the great creative forces within him, conceiving the voices almost as the instruments which always came first in his thoughts. So, spiritual attainment may conquer physical impracticability and executive discrepancy, and we may pity any who were so unfortunate yesterday as to be conscious of the latter.

Yet no ideal has been entirely realized—the whole earth cannot follow Beethoven in his ascent through the Finale of the Choral Symphony. It seems a tragedy that a barrier of misunderstanding should close it to one of the few other great men who have turned "universal brotherhood" from a phrase or a thinly strained sentiment

into an actual and all-pervading concept. Tolstoy, searching thoughtfully for the highest function of art as the emotional intercourse of man, defines something very close to the spirit of the Ninth Symphony. In those same pages he mentions Schiller's "Ode to Joy" as fulfilling his ideal of the art all-inclusive, religiously inspired, simple, spontaneous, and directly comprehensible to all people, yet in Tolstoy's view, Beethoven's setting of it denies this spirit at every point! As a matter of fact, the Ninth Symphony denies Tolstoy hardly less than Schiller. To be sure, it is complex and personal subjectivity must ever conflict with universality. The "Kuss der ganzen welt" is more fully realized than the "Seid umschlungen, Millionen!" for the whole world is not so innately musical as we should wish. But to listen to the music is to affirm its universality, and indeed its simplicity. The themes in octaves and fifths, the choral melody on five diatonic notes—these are the pure elements of the musical universe. There are intellectuals who will tell you that that almost childishly simply folk-tune is commonplace, but that is its Tolstolian glory, and the remark in question indicates a cultural snob. In other hands it might conceivably have been trivial but fraught with its present associations we are incapable of imagining it so.

Again the ninth Symphony throughout divides into a great intricate mass of detail, which, however, never obscures, but rather emphasizes the broad and simple structural lines. Even though the layman cannot penetrate the finer points, he is never bewildered, but immediately impressed and uplifted. For instance, the rhythmic refinement of the Scherzo never obliterates the larger pulse, the elaborate contrapuntal interweaving—"well fugued," as Beethoven's memoranda expressed it—is never baffling to the musically uncultivated, as Brahms often is. A single bar of the Adagio divides into triplets of as many as thirty-six notes, but through it melody gleams clear, eloquent, and indescribably lovely to all. The delicate variety, contrast and expressiveness of color is unprecedented (behold Beethoven marvellously developing his sense of tone-color in abject deafness), and again, those beauties are wholly lost to none.

Choral Symphony Repeated

Beethoven's Ninth ("Choral") Symphony—Second performance by the Boston Symphony Orchestra and Stephen Townsend's chorus, with Karl Muck conducting; Symphony Hall, afternoon of Dec. 2. The soloists were: Mme. Florence Hinkle, soprano; Miss Margaret Keyes, contralto; Arthur Hackett, tenor; and Arthur Middleton, bass. *Monitor. Dec. 3, 1917*

A performance such as the one rendered yesterday afternoon leaves the audience with a sense of having listened to something that is practically perfect from any angle it is regarded. The outstanding feature was, of course, the chorus, because a chorus that can measure up to the standard of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, and hold its own against it, is, it is needless to say, no ordinary chorus. And that it did both itself and the orchestra full credit is giving the least measure of praise that can be accorded to it.

There is something peculiarly impressive in an achievement such as was scored in this second rendering of the ninth symphony with its choral finale. Passing over the general majesty and beauty of such a performance, and ignoring the fact that the theme upon which the variations for the chorus, orchestra and quartet are built is of a somewhat forced and rather exaggerated nature, one cannot but acknowledge that the ensemble was so unusual and at the same time so irreproachable that it calls for more than passing comment.

The technical difficulties were all overcome with apparently the greatest ease, an attainment that bespeaks careful and studied training of a most particular type; while the soloists upheld their parts with vigor and spontaneity.

As regards the first three movements, there is really little that need be said. They were performed with all that perfection of detail and musicianship that one gets to expect from the Boston Symphony Orchestra at its best, and surely there is scarcely a production of Beethoven's that shows him with more incomparable skill directing the tonal qualities of his material.

It was hard to resist the temptation, while listening to the rendition, of speculating for a moment upon the personnel of the performers in its bearing upon the national crisis as it exists today. What did it foreshadow—that harmonious production, delivered by the combined efforts of so many individuals of so many nations of the world, with the encircling throng of Americans above them? And as the chorus sang the words:

"Let thy magic bring together
All whom earth-born laws divide;
All mankind shall be as brothers
Neath thy tender wings and wide,"

the thought unfolded to a united world, even though today disruption should rend asunder the very organization that was picturing the future harmony.

The audience was enthusiastic in its applause both in greeting Dr. Muck, and after the performance.

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A great audience again filled Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon when the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Karl Muck, conductor, repeated the admirable and impressive performance of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony given a little over a week ago. Every seat was taken and all available standing room filled. As before the orchestra was assisted by 350 singers excellently trained by Stephen Townsend, and this quartet: Florence Hinkle, who replaced Miss Hempel; Margaret Keyes, Arthur Hackett and Arthur Middleton. The performance began with "The Star Spangled Banner."

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ARTHUR MIDDLETON,
BARITONE



ARTHUR HACKETT,
TENOR.

FINE PERFORMANCE OF 9TH SYMPHONY

Adv. ——— *Dec. 3/17*
Boston Orchestra and Chorus
Under Dr. Muck Repeat
Beethoven's Work

Beethoven's Symphony in D minor No. 9, with final chorus on Schiller's "Ode to Joy," which was performed recently by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Karl Muck, conductor, with a chorus of 350 singers trained by Stephen Townsend, and with eminent soloists, was repeated yesterday afternoon at Symphony Hall. With the exception of Miss Hinkle, who took the place of Mme Hempel, the personnel of the soloists was the same as that of the initial performance, and included Miss Margaret Keyes, contralto; Arthur Hackett, tenor, and Arthur Middleton, bass.

Preceding the symphony the "Star Spangled Banner" was sung by the chorus, soloists and audience, accompanied by the orchestra led by Dr. Muck.

There are some occasions that make heavy drafts on our stock of superlatives. Such an occasion the concert of yesterday proved to be. As a comprehensive analysis of Beethoven's heroic masterpiece has previously appeared in these columns, and the splendid achievements of the orchestra, conductor, chorus and soloists in this work have likewise been adequately reviewed, it is therefore unnecessary to dilate further on these matters.

It would, however, be but natural that the repetition of this colossal work should inevitably reveal greater freedom of expression by reason of more familiarity with the intricate and difficult score. With the exception of the tympanist, who must needs be a virtuoso, doubtless to the players in the orchestra, the gnarled and knotted measures of this symphony hold no terrors and seemed but as a matter of course and all in a day's work; but to the average vocalist the case is different. With regard to the latter, in his vocal scoring, Beethoven's motto might have been, "Hew to the line, let the notes fall where they may." Although the members of the chorus had a difficult task to perform, and acquitted themselves creditably, it was the intervals and rhythms that confronted the quartet that caused "the heart to sag with doubt" as to the outcome. If then the soloists met with too formidable

a foe, the chorus more than compensated for this lack by its fine attack, brilliant, thrilling tone of great power, and marked fidelity to pure intonation.

To Dr. Muck's masterly conducting was due the remarkably smooth and altogether excellent performance.

F. M. W.

GREAT CHORAL HEARD AGAIN

Post ——— *Dec. 8/17*
Symphony and Chorus Repeat
Beethoven's Ninth

Beethoven's ninth symphony was given a second performance this season yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Karl Muck, conductor, a chorus of 350 voices, and a solo quartet consisting of Florence Hinkle, soprano; Margaret Keyes, contralto; Arthur Hackett, tenor, and Arthur Middleton, bass. The performance, like that of a few days previous by the same forces, was most brilliant and impressive. Long since had the first three movements of the symphony, for orchestra alone, been done justice by the superb orchestra and by more than one conductor, but never before, probably, in this city, had the vocal passages been so well sung. It was surprising that voices could do so much with this dramatic but essentially unvocal music. The only new element in the performance was the appointment of Miss Hinkle as soprano. She has ere this proven herself a vocalist and interpreter of the very first rank, a musician equal to the demands of such music.

The performance was preceded by the performance of the national anthem by orchestra, chorus and soloists. The hall was crowded to its capacity, many standing in the aisles. There was much enthusiasm.

FLORENCE HINKLE

Arrangements have been made whereby Miss Florence Hinkle will be the soprano of the quartet in the second performance of the Ninth Symphony directed by Dr. Muck in Symphony Hall next Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock. Mme. Hempel, who sang at the last performance, is not available. The other members of the quartet will be the same as at the first performance, Margaret Keyes, contralto; Arthur Hackett, tenor, and Arthur Middleton, bass.

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Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1917--18.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

Dr. KARL MUCK, Conductor.

EIGHTH PROGRAMME

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 14, AT 2.30 P. M.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 15, AT 8 P. M.

MOZART,

SYMPHONY in E flat major, (No. 3 of Breitkopf's
edition K. 543)

I. Adagio; Allegro
II. Andante
III. Menuetto; Trio
IV. Finale: Allegro

HANDEL,

ARIA "Di ad Irene" from the Opera "Atalanta,"

RAVEL,

ORCHESTRAL FRAGMENTS from "Daphnis et
Chloé" Ballet in one act. "Lever du Jour," "Pan-
tomime," "Danse Générale," ("Daybreak," "Panto-
mime," "General Dance")

BEETHOVEN,

RECITATIVE, "Jehovah, Hear, oh hear me," and
AIR, "Oh my heart is sore within me," from the
Oratorio "Christ on the Mount of Olives"

BALAKIREFF,

SYMPHONIC POEM for Orchestra, "Thamar".
(after a Poem by Michail Lermontoff)

Soloist:

JOHN McCORMACK



John McCormack.

SYMPHONY GIVES EIGHTH CONCERT

Herald Dec. 15/17
Music for Ballet, "Daphnis
and Chloe," Splendidly
Presented.

JOHN McCORMACK SINGS

By PHILIP HALE.

The program of the eighth concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Muck conductor, which took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall, was as follows: Mozart, Symphony in E flat; Handel, Air, "Di ad Irene," from "Atalanta"; Ravel, second suite from the ballet music of "Daphnis and Chloe" (first time in Boston); Beethoven, Recitative and Air from "Christ on the Mount of Olives"; Balakireff, "Thamar," symphony poem. John McCormack was the singer.

The concert was a brilliant one. Mozart's Symphony may not be the equal of its two companions, but its purity of outline, its artistic simplicity, the tenderness with the tinge of melancholy peculiar to Mozart that characterizes the Andante—these keep it ever fresh and beautiful.

Two suites were made by Ravel from his music for "Daphnis and Chloe," a ballet produced in Paris by the Russian visitors in 1912. The first suite was played in Paris in 1911, for the music was written in 1910; it has been played in New York. The performance of the second suite yesterday was probably the first in this country. The music is taken from the latter half of the ballet, which is in one act. The day dawns, Daphnis is distracted by the absence of Chloe, who had been borne away by pirates. She returns, having been rescued through the intervention of Pan. Daphnis is told that the god did this, remembering his adventure with the nymph Syrinx, who, running away from his not pursuit, was changed into a reed, out of which Pan fashioned his pipe. Daphnis and Chloe then relate in pantomime this adventure to shepherds and shepherdesses. He swears fidelity to Chloe on the altar. There is then a

joyous, tumultuous dance, in which all join.

As a rule, music for a ballet suffers when it is played on a concert stage. It may be said, on the other hand, that when it is performed in the theatre the eyes are more occupied, more receptive, than the ears. In this instance the music, even without the little explanatory argument that accompanies the score, would be engrossing, if the only clue were "Music for a Ballet, 'Daphnis and Chloe,'" or only "Music for a Ballet." Not everyone in these days is acquainted with the pretty romance written by Longus, but any hearer with imagination would know from the music that it was for pastoral scenes and for delicious dancing.

Nor is this music effective only by reason of pronounced rhythms and ingeniously gorgeous instrumentation. There are entrancing melodic phrases; there are seductive harmonies; there is beauty, spirit, passion. The picture of daybreak is an admirable example of true program music; it is not photographic; it is not like unto an interlinear translation, it is something more than a sketch by a musical impressionist, while there is no undue fidelity to nature. The scene is pictured vividly with an artist's restraint.

The instrumentation is astonishingly brilliant; dazzling is the word for certain pages; but the composer never loses his sense of beauty. He charms the musician and every lover of the beautiful, but not for a moment does he strive to make the bourgeois sit up. While there are countless exquisite details, there is a breadth, there is a sweep, a swing to the whole, that we have missed in other works by this rarely gifted composer, who at times seemed a miniaturist, a cameo-cutter.

Appreciation of the music and the performance was immediate. The applause was spontaneous, hearty, prolonged.

Bostonians have heard Balakireff's "Thamar" in concert halls and as music for a ballet. As a symphonic poem it does not in imaginative qualities come up to the sensuous and cruel subject. Here is a case where music not designed for a ballet is glorified by scenery, costumes, mimes and dancers. Balakireff thus fares better than Rimsky-Korsakoff, whose "Scheherazade" suite was sadly perverted by the employment of it for incongruous stage scenes and adventures.

Mr. McCormack sang an air from an Italian opera by Handel, the great melodist, and a Recitative and Aria from Beethoven's early and forgotten oratorio. He sang neither in Italian nor in German, but in English. By his distinct enunciation and fine diction he made us all realize that English is after all a noble and eloquent tongue when it is not clipped, smeared, snuffed, barked. Mr. McCormack sang with a breadth, a fervor, a differentiation in emotions that

surprised even his warmest admirers. Very seldom do we hear singing of so marked excellence at Symphony concerts or in opera.

The concert will be repeated this evening. The program of the concerts next week will be as follows: Cherubini, overture to "Anacreon"; Chausson "Poeme" for violin and orchestra; Saint-Saens, Havanaise for violin and orchestra (Mr. Noack, violinist); Beethoven, "Pastoral" Symphony.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT

From — Dec. 15/17.

VIVID MUSIC IN THRILLING PERFORMANCE

Conductor and Orchestra Outstrip Themselves—Even a "Star-Spangled Banner" Glorified—The Perfections of Mozart in a Symphony, the Grim Concentration of Balakirev in "Thamar," and the Beauty and Power of Ravel's "Daphnis and Chloe" — Mr. McCormack's Singing in Full Complement to the Rest

TO begin at the very beginning of the Symphony Concert yesterday afternoon, how many in the audience, to which the weekly repetition of "The Star Spangled Banner" has already become routine, note how well Dr. Muck and the orchestra now play the hymn? According to his custom with whatever music he undertakes, the conductor has not spared pains upon performance. He has emended the orchestral version of the piece to the exclusion of all extraneous ornament; he gives the melody large, deep, songful voice; he points the rhythm so that the anthem moves amply, vigorously; he ends in truly upswelling climax. From the first measure to the last Dr. Muck and his men glamor the music with an eloquence and an exaltation by no means intrinsic. In the hearing of few has "The Star Spangled Banner" been played as it is now played at Symphony Hall. The contrast between the performance there and the fashion in which our "co-belligerents," the conductors of the Metropolitan Opera House, orchestras in theatres or bands at "patriotic" meetings rattle or skimp through the hymn speaks for itself. No wonder that once upon a time, President Roosevelt invited Dr. Muck to join a committee about to revise the anthem.

This same mingling in the conductor of the imagination that perceives and designs performance in the revealing and characteristic voice of the music, and of the executive faculties that then order the accomplishment shone—and in a far more exacting mirror—out of Mozart's

symphony in E-flat. Precedent prescribes that this music of the eighteenth century, if played in the twentieth within a large hall and before a numerous audience, shall be played by an orchestra twice and thrice as many as the comparatively little bands for which the composer wrote it. Balance his amplified choirs as the conductor may, lighten his tone to the utmost of which the virtuosi of Symphony Hall are capable, tint his shadings with the most adroit of fingers, not a little of the figuration and arabesque will still sound more thickly, move more heavily than was Mozart's or Haydn's intent in composition or performance. The Mozartean pattern when it is lightest, as for example in the Minuet of yesterday; the Mozartean shimmer when it is most glinting as, again, in the Finale of this symphony in E-flat; the Mozartean shading when as in the Andante it is as the very tremors of fancy, inevitably under present conditions of performance lose a measure of lace-like and transparent quality. Once again, even though the resonance that ears of 1917 expect would be missing, it does seem worth while to try for once even in the acoustics, by no means ideal, of Symphony Hall, the performance of eighteenth-century music by a diminutive but expertly proportioned orchestra. After all did not Strauss's twenty-two instruments, eighteenth-century wise, sound the other day when in that same room Miss Garrison sang the ornate air from "Ariadne on Naxos?"

Within this reservation—doubtless one of those chimerical counsels of perfection which most of us like to nurse—the performance of Mozart's symphony was well-nigh flawless in imagination and execution. The graceful flow, the light beat of the Minuet was a superlative feat of tonal and technical eloquence. The limpid fleetness, the springy precision of the Finale—familiar qualities of conductor and orchestra with these ancient pieces—less pleased the ear than yielded a new sensation as of the dancing and sporting of the music into the prescribed pattern upon the ear as leaves and flowers sometimes make pattern to the eye in the play of breeze and sunshine. Pattern, again, like all ancient music, like all music, indeed, until the great emancipation of Beethoven and the romantics began, were the slow introduction and the quicker Allegro beginning the symphony. But how rich and warm the sheer fertility in tonal invention that filled the design, and how glowing the tonal beauty in which the mingled virtuosity and verve of the orchestra imparted it. The Andante is music of another quality—the quality that set Mozart above all the composers of his time and manner. By intuition and practice he wove his pattern almost as though it were second nature, while he shot it through with the wistful beauty of melody, the tender musing upon modulation and ornament that make this instrumental song the melancholy of music incarnate. As Virgil

wrote "the tears of things," so here Mozart put to everlasting music-paper the tears of tones.

Akin to this perfection of Dr. Muck and the orchestra in the performance of the symphony was Mr. McCormack's felicity in the designing, the imagining and the accomplishment of his song. From the neglected treasure-house of Handel's half-forgotten operas the tenor had resurrected an air in "Atalanta" and from Beethoven's oratorio of the Mount of Olives nearly as unknown an air for Jesus. The first piece—a lover's plaint to insignificant verse, whether in the original Italian or in the English which Mr. McCormack used—teems with the method and the ornaments of eighteenth century song—repetitions, roulades, "shakes" and nearly all the rest; while sustaining them and keeping them in motion are serenely flowing periods of broad melody. Scarcely a tenor of opera house or concert-hall except Mr. McCormack, is now capable of this florid song—alike in the ease and sparkle of the decorative measures, the deftness with which he makes them ripple upon the main current of melody, the smooth spinning of transitions and modulations, the maintenance of the opulent flow of the whole music. Only a slight nasality here and there marred his tones; while always they mingled the poised eloquence and elegance, the mastery of music, method and the singer's self—the ideals of eighteenth-century song. In it Mr. McCormack, studious still and now in the flower of his powers, recalls a subtle virtuosity believed to have vanished from the earth.

The air of Jesus gave the tenor different opportunity. Long, largely phrased recitative of impassioned and mourning entreaty, between the periods of which Beethoven's orchestra makes not a few dramatic strokes, precedes a soliloquy of woe and fear that in intensity of voice falls little short of some more celebrated and familiar passages in "Fidelio." Both in the declamation and in the sustained song, Mr. McCormack was dramatic singer in a degree that he has hardly disclosed hitherto in Boston. His tones were his means to project upon his hearers the graphic power of Beethoven's music and his own puissant response to it in the voice alike of entreaty and of agony. Give Mr. McCormack the impetus of such a music and he can evoke passion—and the more surely because therein he uses his voice and his artistry only the more discriminatingly, expertly, masterfully. Seldom nowadays do the distinctions of florid and of dramatic song and the vocal wisdom and skill which are the means to both meet in a single singer as they met on Friday in Mr. McCormack. Idol of the popular audience, if you will, but on the way, also, to be idol of the connoisseurs of song.

So was the way cleared for what seemed the two pieces of ballet music upon the programme. True, Balakirev wrote his tone-poem of "Thamar," with never a

thought that a quarter of a century later other Russians would mime and dance to it. In those that admire the music, admiration has already risen into an irascible devotion. If the piece fails to impress others as it impressed them, they will have it that the performance is at fault. Clearly, yesterday, Dr. Muck and the orchestra had ripened their original version of "Thamar" first heard a year ago. The prologue that sets the scene sounded more grim and ominous; the epilogue that ends the legend more sinister and fateful. The dances and revelry between moved with more total freedom, rhythmic elasticity and sensual bite. More vivid were the sharp-edged foreboding harmonic strokes that once and again cut balefully through them. By all the tests of memory Dr. Muck's version of the tone-poem falls hardly a whit short of Mr. Monteux's, for example, in graphic and penetrating eloquence. Yet still the impression prevails that the besetting dryness of Balakirev, theorist, propagandist, apostle, rather than imaginative and eloquent composer haunts the music.

The prologue does work the illusion of grim, gray, sombre and boding solitude and with no little reflective skill in the delineative manipulation of tones. The epilogue conveys and concentrates with like skill a malignant, a dismal fate. Steely, vivid the music begins; in death and bane, as the old ballads put it, the music ends. But between, in spite of all the impinging folk-melodies and harmonies that Balakirev discovered or imagined out of the Caucasus is only a music of a willed wantonness, a meditated sensuality, a contrived foreboding. It will not rise into vital image from the engraved page or even from such a performance as Dr. Muck and the orchestra may give it in the concert hall. It needs to do so, Bakst's tower of flaming reds; Mr. Bolm to mime the fated, frenzied wayfarer; Miss Karsavina for the insatiate, sinister, tricking queen, the exotic spectacle, the willing and tingling dances of the Russians. With them remembered, long pages of "Thamar" in the concert-room or the library are but mute.

In sharp contrast, Ravel's music of "Daphnis and Chloe," written for the stage with constant thought of pictorial background, play of lights, dresses and other scenic accessories, mimed action and narrative or decorative dance, lost little in the "Symphonic Fragments" played for the first time in a Bostonian (and probably an American) concert-room. Those that know the ballet in the theatre—the Russians, unfortunately did not venture it in the United States—could hardly have felt the music depleted unless it was in the miming or the pursuit of Syrinx by Pan. Yet even there the music held its own in nervous and sinuous progress, in fleeting, amorous suggestion, in melancholy whisper of old, forgotten, far-off things when the present and ardent loves of swain and shepherdess creep within it, flood and hush it. Enough has already been said in this place

of Ravel's mastery of his means—of his fertility of matter and method in the interweaving of motives, of his inexhaustible and adroit invention of harmonic background and suggestion of his command of old capacities and his divination of new, not only in the choirs, but in the single instruments of his orchestra. Enough also has been written of the unique blending throughout the ballet, of so to say, symphonic sense of music as such and scenic sense of music primarily designed for the theatre. To the students of music from the printed page "in their closets" as well as from the impressions of stage and concert-hall may be left to determine the springs of the technical and tonal inventions, imagination and resource that fill the ballet. At the end of their inquiries, the fountain thereof will still remain the genius and the cultivation, at once musical and poetical of Maurice Ravel.

Moreover, these rare possessions and distinctions would be unavailing did they not impress and illude the answering imagination, vision and emotion of listening men. Dull-eared and dull-fancied, indeed, was he in the audience of yesterday who did not feel the beauty, the imagery, the illusion of the mysterious shiverings, the mounting tremors, the brightening tonal colors, the quickening rhythms in which the day dawns and life stirs anew in Ravel's music. Not merely his birds, his shepherds but a whole quivering and gladdening world piped in his tones the morning miracle of renewed life and light. And then the instrumental song that in deepening, broadening, more and more glowing voice sings the ecstasy of the lovers. The sweep, the passion, the climax of the music is of Wagnerian exaltation. So may the poetry of tones transfigure the amours even of shepherd folk. Next to open way for fancy, the music thinks that with the skill, the elegance, the piquancy and the subtlety of Ravel it may mirror the pursuit of Pan, amorous but regretful god, upon the nymph, Syrinx, whom, evasive, he transformed into reeds to whisper his song of disillusion. But again, the triumphant melody of the lovers in presence and desire, who did but so do him honor; and out of it, through leading, pricking figures, the dance, which is as a shower of crackling timbres, of flashing harmonies, of ever-renewed and sharply beating rhythms.

A kaleidoscopic music, if ever man wrote it, yet a music that perpetually springs from itself; a prismatic music in which each flashing color of harmony or timbre falls on the instant into jewelled place; music that marvels of rhythm whip into sharper and more vivid frenzies, changeable as the moment, yet insistent as time itself; music that moves in sweeps of dynamic power as the music of the lovers moved in as deep and glowing periods of beauty. And through it all the dart of a sudden detail that stings to fresh pace

the listening imagination. The performance, with conductor and orchestra fired as they have hardly been this autumn, matched the music. An audience, lifted at the end from illusion to reward, applauded a masterpiece—even of genius.

H. T. P.

M'CORMACK SOLOIST AT SYMPHONY

Post, Dec. 15/17
Tenor's Great Virtuosity Creates a Deep Impression

BY OLIN DOWNES

John McCormack was the soloist at the concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The orchestra played Mozart's symphony in E flat; orchestral fragments from Ravel's ballet "Daphnis et Chloe," and Balakireff's "Thamar." The music of Ravel was heard for the first time here.

Mr. McCormack sang the air, "Di ad Irene" from Handel's opera, "Atlantis"; the recitative, "Jehovah, Oh Hear Me," and air, "Oh, My Heart Is Sore Within Me," from Beethoven's oratorio, "Christ on the Mount of Olives."

M'CORMACK'S VIRTUOSITY

Again the art of Mr. McCormack made a deep impression. Not only is he master of vocal difficulties, but his mastery includes the clear enunciation of the English language, and the making of this tone beautiful in song. For vocal virtuosity alone his performance of the air of Handel would have been memorable for the control of the breath, the

ease and finish with which he executed the most taxing vocal passages. At the same time, Mr. McCormack never forgot the expressive import of the music. He sang the delicious pastoral music with astonishing virtuosity, yet he always subordinated the music to the text. To give this aria, in addition to the vocal finish of its performance, the meaning and the coherency, the length of line, the fineness and logic of proportion shown yesterday by Mr. McCormack is to deserve far more than the tribute instinctively paid to a talented singer.

Schindler said that Beethoven, years after writing "The Mount of Olives," wished to revise the music of Jesus, for it seemed to him too dramatic. Perhaps he was right. It is drama rather than oratorio that one hears in the supplicating air sung by Mr. McCormack, and the orchestra as well as the voice suggests a situation in the opera house. The musical declamation of the recitative, however, is admirable, and the simplicity of the air, not one of Beethoven's most individual inspirations, nevertheless commends itself because of its directness and sincerity.

Needs Stage Action

Ravel's ballet was performed by the Russian Ballet in Paris in 1912. Originally there were choral as well as orchestral parts. With this version Mr. Diaghileff dispensed as soon as possible, and the recriminations of Ravel when the later version was presented in London make entertaining reading in the programme book. Appropriately to its subject, the music is simple and pastoral, albeit ultra-modern in texture when it accompanies pantomime. The opening piece, "Day-Break," is all of the cooing of doves, the whispering of breezes, the bubbling of brooks. It is simplicity itself, and a charming effect of color.

The music for the Pantomime is valueless in the concert hall; it should be heard as the accompaniment of action on the stage. The "Danse General," which makes the last piece heard yesterday, is effective but conventional and ordinary in its material. In fact, there seems to be very little material in this music, which must depend almost wholly for its existence on the stage spectacle.

Early Russian Music

Balakireff's "Thamar" is another matter. Despite its orchestration, which is old fashioned indeed by the side of Ravel's, and despite its rather unsatisfactory form, it is music of genuine fantasy and strikingly representative of an element in music that was new when "Thomas" was produced. In that day the Russians were only just evolving their own style of composing and orchestrating, and fighting free of the customs of the German school. The stockiness, the solidity, the "keep-

something-sounding-all-the-time" of so much German orchestral music is dispensed with. Percussion instruments with Balakireff contribute not merely rhythm, but fascinating color. There are old-fashioned instrumental combinations for which Balakireff's thorough training in the music of the classic school is largely to be blamed, but there is also a freedom and variety of coloring that were extremely modern in his day.

Compared with a Russian composition that came a little later—Rimsky-Korsakoff's "Scheherazade"—this orchestra is tame, for Rimsky carried out in a much finer and more artistic manner the principles Balakireff was struggling with. But where would any of these men have been without him, their leader, and how many composers of Russia have profited by Balakireff's example—even by Balakireff's mistakes! He suffered the fate of a pioneer and of an incomplete creative nature, but so true is it that the spirit of music is what counts, and not the letter, that with all its deficiencies this music remains superb in its vigor and imagination, its oriental and legendary quality.

Might Be More Brutal

But we think Dr. Muck's performance a tame one—one which emphasizes the shortcomings of the piece rather than it reveals its essential greatness. This work, we believe, should be and easily could be read with more abandon, more brutality, and less superfine elaboration of detail. Furthermore, there could be more sensuous treatment of the theme of Thomas. Dr. Muck often makes beautiful and distinctive that which is inherently vulgar, but this is a place where we would rather have vulgarity when it is present emphasized, and hear it for what it is worth.

There is a place where the orchestra should roar like wild beasts. The music should not merely charm but overwhelm the hearer. Admirable as the performance was in many particulars, this element was not present.

JOHN McCORMACK SYMPHONY SOLOIST

John McCormack, the tenor, is the soloist at the Symphony concerts this week. He sang at the first yesterday "Di ad Irene" from Handel's "Atlantis" and the recitative, "Jehovah, Oh Hear Me," and the air, "Oh My Heart Is Sore Within Me," from Beethoven's oratorio, "Christ on the Mount of Olives."

Mr. McCormack yesterday made even a happier impression than when he first appeared with the Symphony last year. His delightful diction, he sang in English, his breath control, his mastery of technical diffi-

culties and his keen appreciation of the import of text, were those of the real artist.

The orchestra played Mozart's flat symphony fragments of Ravel's ballet, "Daphne and Chloe," and Balakireff's "Thamar." *Record Dec. 15/17*

M'CORMACK SINGS WITH SYMPHONY

Adv. — Dec. 15/17
Balakireff's "Thamar" and
Ravel's "Daphnis and
Chloe" Are Played

By LOUIS C. ELSON.

PROGRAM.
Mozart, Symphony in E flat.
Handel, Aria from "Atalanta."
Vocalist, John McCormack.
Ravel, "Daphnis and Chloe." Orchestral
fragments from suite.
Beethoven, "Jehovah, Hear Me."
Mr. McCormack.
Balakireff, "Thamar," Poeme Symphonique.

Of course, on this occasion the tail wagged the dog; of course, the singer was the great attraction, and the Symphony Orchestra was merely the background to his appearance. It was not to hear Mozart's E flat symphony that a line of ticket-seekers stretched from the Symphony Hall doors into the blue distance in the morning. It was "Vox McCormack, Vox Populi," to make bad Latin out of the old proverb.

Nevertheless even the crabbed critic can here acquiesce with the popular verdict. Mr. McCormack is the only tenor that we know of who can give a folk-song without spoiling it by exaggeration, and can also phrase a Handel aria, or sing a difficult operatic role, in the most perfect technical manner. He is the most versatile of artists and his scope extends from the simplest to the most difficult in vocal art. His dramatic action is not on a par with his vocalism, but that does not count in the concert-room.

UNFAMILIAR ARIA.

The "Atalanta" aria was an unfamiliar selection, but it had all the familiar roulades, long phrases and melodic contrapuntal touches of the old master. It was received with favor by the audience, and its shading, pure intonation, and general delivery deserved the recognition.

Mr. McCormack's second number, from Beethoven's one oratorio, "The Mount of Olives," was also an unfamiliar one. Beethoven's oratorio

is almost never performed and is not one of his most successful works. Beethoven's vocal solos are never entirely vocal in effect. Even his "Adelaide" is overrated. The number which Mr. McCormack sang, the opening number in the "Mount of Olives," has some striking recitative, which was very dramatically done, and in the aria the orchestral accompaniment plays an important part. The ensemble was creditable, both to Dr. Muck and the vocalist. If the singer did not arouse the frenzy of enthusiasm that he usually does (he won very much applause, however) it was because he chose unusual numbers, preferring on this occasion to reveal John McCormack, the splendid vocal technician, the thorough musician, and the classicist, rather than the popular singer.

FIRST USE OF CLARINET.

The Mozart symphony in E-flat is the one in which the clarinet was first introduced into the symphonic orchestra, in 1788.

Ravel is one of the moderns for whom (with Rachmaninoff) we have a good deal of respect. He is not a dealer in mere eccentricities, but has something to say, a new message to bear. The so-called "Symphonic Fragments" are from a ballet, but they are much more dramatic than the music which we usually associate with this short-skirted side of art. The work begins by picturing dawn. We have had dawn all the way from Grieg to Mascagni, and Ravel had no new day-breaking thoughts. But the subsequent dances of Daphnis and Chloe were tremendously effective, the best orchestral work of the concert and superbly played. It is a work for the large modern orchestra, and is full of caprice and sharp contrasts.

ORIENTAL BALLET.

Balakireff's "Thamar" has also reached the ballet stage, although in this case it was against the wishes of the composer's family, and Balakireff had no thought of ballet when composing it. This is also a modern work which does not run to extremes and to puzzles. Yet the story of the legend is but vaguely told. The tale is not unlike Gautier's "Une Nuit de Cleopatra," for the attractive Thamar has a fashion of being most loving in the evening and very deadly the next morning, when her lover finds his career suddenly cut short.

The work begins with growls in the depths, a la Tchaikowski, and there were passages that were portentous enough to scare away the lady's suitors. The rush of the river was easy to identify. There were Oriental dance suggestions, with tambourine and triangle. There were also the reiterated taps of the

drum and repetitions of figures, which any visitor to a Midway Plaisance recognizes as Eastern. There was also much of passionate utterance and some mysterious passages which suited to the picture. But the end was so ecstatic and blissful that it suggested that the murdered lovers did not greatly mind their sudden taking off, but rather liked it. Altogether "Thamar" made a spicy dessert to a musical banquet that was not heavy enough to be indigestible; but why follow French dance themes with Russian ones? Why follow Love a la Grecque with Love a la Russe? One could criticize with Solomon's outburst—"Stay me with figs, one, comfort me with apples, for I am sick of Love!"

The Symphony Orchestra at Cambridge with Mr. Goding, Pianist, for MacDowell's Second Concerto—For the Coming of Miss Torpadie—Mme. Melba's and Mr. Kreisler's Pieces Next Sunday

THE programme of the Symphony Orchestra in Cambridge last evening took a pleasing and somewhat shallow turn, innocent alike of deep emotion and large vigor. Debussy's "The Sea" loomed almost imposing and forceful, as it stood beside the light and pretty conceits of Mendelssohn's overture to "A Midsummer Night's Dream," and the slight and almost insipid substance of MacDowell's Concerto in D minor. With such environment, the climaxes of the first and the last sections of the "symphonic sketches" sounded unwontedly powerful and positive from the Parisian painter in pastel tints—"the oversensitized hedonist," as a ruddier English composer has called him, "with his delicate subtleties, mainly in transparent pearl-grays." To this generalization those pages are an emphatic denial; they are finely calculated and long prepared, and as the trombones flare forth for once in solid and long-drawn voice at the end of the whole piece, piled up with rich polyphony and stinging dissonance of the full orchestra, the effect might stir the envy of many a composer of sturdier individuality. Debussy is certain a versatile genius of many aspects. But there is one inescapable and bounding limitation: Whatever he does, is mainly "effect." Possibly his distinction rests upon the number and originality of those effects, and the unquestionable truth that they are unsurpassed in their time. For instance, the orchestral usage of "La Mer" is often distinctive and exclusive to the immediate design. There is nothing very much like it in any other music, not even Debussy's own: the constant and various use of the harps, the violins in topmost register, and elsewhere their exotic, pungently set figurations, the unprecedented hues in the peculiar combinations of wood-

wind and brass, the elaborate and mysterious percussion. Also—and this with no loss of picturesque atmosphere—sound, integrated and enduring melody in the last section. For the minutely and intricately careful setting forth of all these attribute there can scarcely be as fine a hand in all France as that of Mr. Muck. It will always be a matter for marvel to hear him and his orchestra interpret "La Mer." In the profusion and subtlety of detail, the rapid scattering and instantaneous assembling, the necessity for finest maintenance of balance, the virtuosity exacted in discreet and lightning figures from the trumpets, trombones, and wood-wind, no single slip or miss was audible yesterday.

After "The Sea," the concerto and the overture inevitably sounded rather tame. But a soloist is always welcomed by the Cambridges as food for comfortable diversion and comment. Mr. Howard Goding, the elect of the evening, descended upon his part with fine energy and incisiveness. He strove hard to live up to the conductor's standard of scrupulous precision, and succeeded well, albeit at the sacrifice of the poetic plasticity and the sensuous grace and beauty of tone, which qualities alone signal the individuality of the composer, and save his concerto from mediocrity. There are concertos which assertive virility becomes; perhaps this one is more attractive under the softer persuasion of a woman's touch, partially hiding over-much dead wood of uninspired incident. Mendelssohn's fairy overture, on the other hand, "wears" well in parts. Happy of conception, thematically delightful and aptly turned to its subject, it is one of those isolated achievements upon which a composer comes as if by pure good fortune. Smetana's "Bartered Bride" overture is another such and so is the "Sorcerer's Apprentice" of Dukas. Thus Mendelssohn's youthful overture in its freshness and charm, holds place beside the fruits of his maturity, and usually surpasses them.

Highland white terriers.
Miss Alice Thorp, Plymouth, Mass.—
French bulldogs.
Samuel R. Foster, Philadelphia—Bos-
on terriers.
Mrs. K. Carlin Mayers, New York—
Germanians, Maltese, Brussels griffons.
Norman B. Rodham, Franklin, Mass.—
English toy spaniels.
Mrs. F. T. Harrison, New York—Jap-
nese spaniels, toy poodles, Yorkshire

of the cabinet will attend.

When the announcement was made that Mr. McCormack would volunteer to raise so large an amount, telegrams poured in from all parts of the country. The first received was from Saginaw, Mich. Ex-Gov. Glynn of New York telegraphed that Albany would guarantee \$10,000 if Mr. McCormack would include that city.

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Highland white terriers.
Miss Alice Thorp, Plymouth, Mass.—
French bulldogs.
Samuel R. Foster, Philadelphia—Bos-
on terriers.
Mrs. K. Carlin Mayers, New York—
omercians, Maltese, Brussels Griffons.
Norman B. Rodham, Franklin, Mass.—
English toy spaniels.
Mrs. E. L. Harrison, New York—Jap-
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JOHN M'CORMACK TO SING SUNDAY

Sold Million Dollars' Worth of Liberty Bonds and Is Said to Have Purchased \$135,000 Himself—Individually He Has Raised Over \$100,000 for Patriotic Charities.

Post Dec. 2/17
The patriotism of John McCormack, who sings at the Boston Opera House on Sunday afternoon, Dec. 9, has been the theme of numerous notices and addresses, but the public has only a faint idea of the number of deeds that he has done along the lines of what he is pleased to call patriotic and charitable movements. Figuring it recently he found that the amount raised through his individual efforts exceeded \$100,000 alone. It is but a short time ago since he sold over \$1,000,000 worth of Liberty bonds in New York, Pittsburg, Cincinnati and Chicago, and it is said that he has purchased \$135,000 worth of Liberty bonds himself.

When the National Red Cross opens its campaign in New York on Dec. 16, with a great mass meeting at the Hippodrome, at which ex-President Taft will preside and President Wilson will be one of the principal speakers, Mr. McCormack will once more contribute to American liberty and the Red Cross fund. He will open the meeting by singing the "Star Spangled Banner," and later singing patriotic songs. The committee in charge selected Mr. McCormack for this honor, because as they put it—"he represents not only the best type of patriotic American artists, but



John McCormack.

also because it is hoped to make this one of the largest meetings ever held in New York city, and John McCormack's popularity will go far to insure it."

When he sang a short time ago at the New York Hippodrome and chose "The Star Spangled Banner" to open his concert, the immense audience stood and cheered the popular singer for at least three minutes. At the conclusion of the concert, after he had sung "Keep the Home Fires Burning," a group of soldiers and sailors on the stage made a rush for the singer, lifted him on their shoulders and carried him around the Hippodrome.

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Symphony Hall.

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT

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Tickets, \$2.50, \$2.00, \$1.50, \$1.00

Mr. McCormack will give a programme of the usual length.

Mr. JOHN McCORMACK, tenor, was born in Athlone, County Westmeath, Ireland, on June 14, 1884. Having been in school there, he went to Summer Hill College, Sligo, when he was twelve years old. There he won prizes and scholarships enough to pay his tuition for five of the six years. He went to Dublin, hoping to study law, but his voice attracted attention. He joined the Marlborough Choir and the Dublin Oratorio Society. On May 14, 1903, he competed at a festival open to tenors from all parts of Great Britain, and took the first prize. For two years he studied singing in Milan under Sabattini. On March 1, 1907, he sang at a Ballad Concert in London and made a sensation. He made his début in opera at Covent Garden, October 15, 1907, as Turiddu, and was engaged at that theatre until the war. Coming to the United States in 1909, he made his first appearance at the Manhattan Opera House, New York, November 10, as Alfredo. For the two seasons following he was engaged with the Philadelphia-Chicago Opera Company and later with the Boston Opera Company, appearing as "guest" at the Metropolitan Opera House. In the fall of 1911 he went to Australia with Mme. Melba's company. On his way back to London he gave concerts in America, and in 1912-13 he gave many concerts in the United States and Canada. There was a second visit to Australia in the fall of 1913. In 1914, besides his concert work, he sang in opera with Mme. Melba in Paris, gave concerts in Ostend, and was to have taken part in "Don Giovanni" at the Salzburg Mozart Festival organized by Mme. Lilli Lehmann, but the war prevented. Since then he has given a great many concerts in the United States and Canada.

Dec. 3, 4 and 5, during the luncheon open to the public. John Powell, pianist, will give a representative program. This talk will be by Miss Emma Roberts, conductor, assisted by Modest Altschuler, conductor, of the Russian Symphony Orchestra of New York, Saturday evening, Dec. 8, when the Russian concert to take place at Symphony Hall will analyze the program of the All-Russian University department of music will ward Burlingame Hill of the Harvard Tuesday evening at 8 o'clock Mr. Ed. will follow Mrs. White's lecture. 7:30 o'clock. A half-hour of discussion

When the National Red Cross opens its campaign in New York on Dec. 16, with a great mass meeting at the Hippodrome, at which ex-President Taft will preside and President Wilson will be one of the principal speakers, Mr. McCormack will once more contribute to American liberty and the Red Cross fund. He will open the meeting by singing the "Star Spangled Banner," and later singing patriotic songs. The committee in charge selected Mr. McCormack for this honor, because as they put it—"he represents not only the best type of patriotic American artists, but

the camera in a stirring production soon to be released under the title of "For Liberty." Gladys Brockwell's debut was not particularly auspicious. Her first speaking part was that of the newsboy in "Charity Hall," at the New York and other cities.



one of the largest meetings ever held in New York city, and John McCormack's popularity will go far to insure it." When he sang a short time ago at the New York Hippodrome and chose "The Star Spangled Banner" to open his concert, the immense audience stood and cheered the popular singer for at least three minutes. At the conclusion of the concert, after he had sung "Keep the Home Fires Burning," a group of soldiers and sailors on the stage made a rush for the singer, lifted him on their shoulders and carried him around the Hippodrome.

Symphony Hall.

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT

Mr. JOHN McCORMACK

will give a concert in Symphony Hall, Sunday afternoon, December 30, at three o'clock, the entire proceeds of which will be donated to the American Red Cross.

Tickets, \$2.50, \$2.00, \$1.50, \$1.00

Mr. McCormack will give a programme of the usual length.



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Fritz Kreisler.

Signing Their Gift

Hellie Melba

Fritz Kreisler

Dr. Karl Muck

W. L. Higginson

Four Notable Signatures From the Programme of the Concert Yesterday
for the Halifax Relief Fund

The "Halifax Concert"

*Trans.
Dec. 17, 1917.*

Still more largely in the annals of the Symphony Orchestra, since, after all, the fragments of "Daphnis and Chloe" made but a single piece, will be written the concert of Sunday afternoon for the profit of the Halifax Relief Funds. In every respect and in full degree it fulfilled the expectations of the conductor and the orchestra proposing it; of Mr. Kreisler and Mme. Melba joining readily in it; of Mr. Higginson and Mr. Ellis undertaking the external details; when catastrophe, as swift and scarifying as are such bolts of fate, shook our little world of Northeastern America. The receipts of the concert from the sale of tickets, from the vending of an autographed and pictured programme, from incidental additions to box-office prices exceeded \$10,000—the largest sum a concert for charitable purposes, or indeed for any other, has ever

gathered in Boston. Not a seat stood empty in Symphony Hall on Sunday; the standing room was stretched to the last square inch of floor and the last legal inch of municipal regulation; yet even so hundreds had been turned away. The audience was representative of the manifold life of the city and of the manifold sympathy the occasion had encouraged—desirably a miscellaneous company in which the British and the Canadian colonies were conspicuous, in which new hearers of the Symphony Orchestra were many and in which not a few came to bask under such planets of the musical firmament as Mme. Melba and Mr. Kreisler.

From such a company the more significant was the applause, exceeding that lavished upon either conductor or prima donna, with which Mr. Kreisler was first welcomed and then, at every pause in his pieces, acclaimed. The master-violinist of

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this present day indeed shone out of his playing of Mendelssohn's concerto and of a long array (as the insistence of the audience made it) of lighter numbers, but it was the man, the recent and proudly patient victim of lying calumnies, malignant enmities and obvious self-seeking, whom it also, and clearly, applauded. Such token of the sympathy of a miscellaneous audience may well comfort Mr. Kreisler in a perturbed hour; while no less good and significant to hear were the general and hearty plaudits accompanying every entrance and exit of Dr. Muck and crowning him and the orchestra at the end of the most eloquent performance of Rimsky-Korsakov's "Scheherazade" that even they have yet wrought. No less in degree was Mme. Melba rewarded; but she, unlike her companions in artistry for compassion, is exempt from superfluous and unreasonable antagonisms of wartime.

Musically, the concert interested most in the beauty and the power of voice that the conductor and the orchestra gave to Rimsky-Korsakov's music of legend and fantasy, in the discovery for most of us, of the felicity and fancy of the orchestral version of Duparc's thrice familiar song of "Phidyle"; and in the renewal to the surprise of not a few, of the soft and silvery lustres, unique in kind, of Mme. Melba's tones. The beginning with Sullivan's resurrected overture, "In Memoriam," was justified of the occasion and bespoke the breadth of sympathy in the givers of the concert, even if in itself it is commonplace music-making of a vanished British time. To be expected out of many a memory, was the vitality that from ardor of tone, rhythm, phrase and progress, Mr. Kreisler infuses into the tame and academic Allegro "appassionato" of Mendelssohn's concerto, to flow thereafter into the suave, shadowed and, yesterday, exquisitely tempered song of the Andante and the shimmering grace of a finale in which the composer writes that light, flying, glinting music in which few have surpassed him. To be expected, likewise, were the slight musical confections, appointed and extra, with which he and Mme. Melba gratified their own virtuosity and the eager ears of the audience. But hardly to be foreseen, since "Phidyle," favorite though it be, is rarely heard with orchestra, was the adroit use of harmonies and timbres, the delicate adjustments, the limpidity, the fancy, the mirror-like quality of Duparc's softly crystalline instrumentation. It was the complement of a like perfection of means, of a like loveliness in Mme. Melba's tones. For the instant, and again in her subsequent pieces, her voice sounded as in the silvery glow, the velvety texture of her noon of song; while it sounded also with an intuitive and a practised artistry that knows no twilight.

Even so, the glory of the concert in itself and in performance was "Scheherazade"—notably well chosen for the occasion, since the voice of the music is sunlight

clear and changeful, since it suggests on the instant the composer's imagery, and since it gives plentiful room for the individual skill that Mr. Witek, Mr. Sand, Mr. Holy, Mr. Longy, Mr. Maquarre, the bassoonists and the players upon the instruments of percussion proved and re-proved. A year ago when Dr. Muck and the orchestra first set themselves to the piece, they characterized the music as never before in Bostonian hearing, gave it the golden atmosphere of legend that enwraps it, adorned it from end to end with feat upon feat of imaginative finesse. Yesterday, under the just stimulus of an exceptional occasion—their own occasion as it were—they surpassed even this memory of themselves. To hear them in the sea-music of the beginning and the end was to believe for the time that no such music of the sweep, the surge, the vastness of ocean has come from other composer's pen. The music of the fete in Baghdad was the sensuality, frenzied or languorous, of the Arabian Nights made glowing or biting tones. Fortunate the embraced youth, sitting in the still and solitary garden and "talking of love" who could speak with the loveliness of fancy and of speech that yesterday tipped their tongues; while the humor and the gayety of the Kalendar's tale caught as tones may seldom do the fantastic grotesquerie, the rush of endless high spirits that have kept Scheherazade's tales immortal. She, happy Sultana, had the voice of Mr. Witek's violin at once fine and ardent. Various as it is, the suite is long, since Rimsky-Korsakov is inexhaustible of new rhythms, harmonies and timbres, but from first measure to last the spell upon the audience held unbroken.

CONCERT FOR HALIFAX RELIEF

Harold Dec. 17/17
Symphony Orchestra, Assisted
by Mme. Melba and
Fritz Kreisler.

MEMORABLE PERFORMANCE

By PHILIP HALE

A relief concert for the benefit of sufferers by the catastrophe at Halifax was given in Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon. The hall was crowded. The Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Muck conductor, Mme. Melba and Fritz Kreis-

er, all gave their services. Maj. Henry J. Higginson gave the use of Symphony Hall.

The program was as follows: Sullivan, overture, "In Memoriam"; Mendelssohn, Violin Concerto (Mr. Kreisler); Duparc, "Phidyle," song with orchestra (Mme. Melba); Rimsky-Korsakov, "Scheherazade," Symphonic Suite; songs with piano: Chausson, "Le Temps des Lilacs," "Les Papillons"; Bemberg, "Les Anges Pleurent" (Mme. Melba); violin pieces with piano: Pugnani, Prelude and Allegro; Mozart, Rondo in G major. Frank St. Leger accompanied Mme. Melba; Carl Lamson, Mr. Kreis-

ler. Sullivan's overture was played, not on account of its intrinsic worth, which is very slight—although an enthusiastic biographer, H. Saxe Wyndham, characterizes it as "glorious" also "a work of genius," but because a memorial composition by an Irish-Englishman seemed appropriate to the occasion. Sullivan wrote the overture in memory of his father, Thomas Sullivan, a bandmaster at Sandhurst, and professor of the Brass Bass Instruments at Kneller Hall, who died in 1866. It was performed at the Norwich Festival of that year. In 1879 Sullivan came to Boston and conducted his "Prodigal Son," at a Handel and Haydn concert (Nov. 23). The overture was then played under his direction. This was the first appearance in the United States of a composer whose fame will rest on a number of delightful operettas. Rimsky-Korsakov's suite is familiar to all through performances in concert halls and by its perversion for the ballet first made known to us by Gertrude Hoffmann at the Shubert Theatre in February, 1912, and later by Diaghileff's Ballet Russe at the Boston Opera House in January, February and November, 1916. Frequent repetitions do not tarnish the gorgeousness of this music or break its spell. It is as rhapsodic in the spirit of the East as are the wondrous tales themselves. Nor is there an attempt at literal portrayal of any particular tale except in the music that paints the seas through which Sinbad sailed and the shipwreck off the magnetic mountain. A Kalendar tells his story, but which one of the three that met with strange and perilous adventures? Who were the young prince and the young princess that the composer had in mind? Were they Kamar al-Zaman and Budur? Rimsky-Korsakov smiles and answers: "They are in the book of tales and in my music. There are so many princes and princesses in 'The Thousand Nights and a Night.'"

Mme. Melba sang "Phidyle," a song by Henri Duparc, music to Leconte de Lisle's poem. Duparc, asked when it was composed, answered that he could not give the exact date; that all his songs were written before 1885, for since then his poor health has forbidden com-

position. Surely Duparc is to be reckoned among the greatest of modern song writers, although his songs are few in number. This may account in a measure for their excellence. Duparc orchestrated the accompaniment of "Phidyle," "Chanson triste," "Invitation au Voyage," "La Vague et la cloche." Do they gain by the transference of the accompaniment from the piano to the orchestra? Composers have not always been fortunate with this experiment. Hugo Wolf's "Ernst's" is more effective when it is sung with piano accompaniment. It is an open question whether songs of Schubert have been improved by the labors of Liszt, Mottl and others. But there can be only one answer to the question in the case of "Phidyle": the instrumentation is exquisite in its delicate support and embroidery of the melody, its fine poetic feeling. There is no superfluity of invention. The various instruments in their allotted say speak significantly.

Singer, violinist and orchestra vied in art. Mme. Melba sang charmingly. Mr. Kreisler played the hackneyed concerto as though it were a new and fresh work, not turning the Andante into sentimentalism; playing the Finale with rare vivacity and in the spirit of Mendelssohnian lightness and grace. The orchestra gave a magnificent performance of Rimsky-Korsakov's Suite. Long as the program was there were additions to it by the soloists.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra has given several concerts for the benefit of a city or a fellow-member. The two conspicuous concerts of this nature were the one for the benefit of the San Francisco fund, April 29, 1906, when Mr. Gericke conducted and Mme. Samarooff was the pianist; the other for the Chelsea relief fund, April 27, 1908, when Dr. Muck conducted and Harold Bauer was the pianist.

These concerts were in time of peace. The concert of yesterday will be still more memorable in the history of the orchestra, not only because of its extraordinary nature and its pecuniary success, but because it showed that the highest humanity knows no national boundaries, no political differences. They that volunteered their services gave generously to a sorely afflicted town. They that formed the great audience also gave generously.

THREE, AND EACH GIVING RARE PLEASURE

Harold Dec. 17/17
Ravel's Ballet Suggests Others for the Symphony Orchestra—The Notable Audience and Occasion of Sunday for the Halifax Relief Funds—Mme. Melba in Old Glories, Mr. Kreisler Exceptionally

Applauded and the Rest Outdoing Themselves—The Charm and Skill of Miss Torpadie—A New War-Tax?

RAVEL'S "symphonic fragments" of "Daphnis and Chloe" are not the only music from ballets and mimodramas written in recent years in Europe that deserves hearing at the Symphony Concerts and the score and the parts of which may even now be obtainable in America. Dukas's one piece in the species, "The Peri," is a symphonic poem in itself, and as such has been played oftener in Paris and in other cities than as music for dancing and miming. It is a pity, besides, that American ears in the concert-hall should know so various a composer by a single, and now somewhat hackneyed, jeu d'esprit, "The Sorcerer's Apprentice." Like Ravel, Stravinsky long since drew from his ballet of "The Firebird" a suite for orchestra, keeping much of the beauty, the fancy, the graphic suggestion of the music within the theatre. This very season Mr. Stokowski and the Philadelphia Orchestra have played it with no little pleasure to hearers. In Paris, and, if memory serves, in London, under Sir T. Beecham, Stravinsky's other ballets, "Pétrouchka" and "The Rite of the Spring," have been played in entirety as so much symphonic music—an interesting experiment almost deserving trial here, though admittedly the impression was sometimes confused and obscure when the composer was writing in closest complement to action on the stage. It is within possibility that Debussy's "Jeux" and "Khamma," both ballets seldom heard or seen anywhere, would interest played as symphonic pieces; while in the library of Symphony Hall may still lie Schmitt's mimodrama, "The Tragedy of Salome," once ventured by Dr. Muck as a curious and occasionally illusive tone-poem. Moreover, to complete the catalogue for the moment, the other "symphonic fragment" from "Daphnis and Chloe," already heard in New York from Mr. Damrosch, ought surely to be obtainable for performance in Boston.

Be the future harvest what it may, there is no questioning the stimulus of Ravel's music upon orchestra and conductor or the eagerness and satisfaction with which, on Saturday evening as on Friday afternoon, the audience listened with ear, mind and heart. The performance, indeed, already has place among the superlative feats of Dr. Muck and the band he has now wrought in his image. Never have they been more various and vivid masters of rhythm; more excelled themselves in the instant revelation and coördination of detail; more graphically compassed sharp or suave transition or multitudinous and songful climax. The tone of the orchestra matched the beauty, the power, the manifold implications of the music while the felicities and the subtleties of Ravel's play with harmonies and timbres must have

rejoiced its virtuosos soul. To sit before "Daphnis and Chloe" in the theatre is to divide perception and reception between the music and the action, the settings, the lights, the dancers, the mimes. To hear the music apart from the stage, and in such performance as that of Saturday, was to discover anew and to the full the ardent sweep, yet flawless proportion, of design, the mingled splendor and finesse of invention, the manifold delineative and emotional imagination, the command of means that body forth the poetry and the passion of the illusion from a masterpiece of a time blessed with no small portion of remarkable music. Never before in Boston has Ravel so affirmed his signal and still mounting powers.

THE SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA AND

Grand HALIFAX *Dec. 10/17.*

Generous Human Impulse Quickly Transmuted Into Timely and Tactful Action

THOSE that from ignorance, carelessness or, more recently, malice like to believe the Symphony Orchestra isolated in a circumscribed world of its own, indifferent to the concerns of its fellowmen, may receive timely enlightenment from the concert it will undertake next Sunday to increase the relief funds for destitute Halifax—a concert initiated by the conductor and the men themselves and forthwith transmuted from proposal into accomplishment by the manager of the band with "the founder and sustainer" blessing and speeding the adventure. It is an established custom, from the year of the earthquake in San Francisco, if not earlier, for the orchestra to join in the relief of a calamity stirring the imagination and opening the purse of the community of which it is a part. Doing so again, it no more than follows honorable precedent, but, happily, at a time when it was unjustly reproached with self-centred and self-righteous aloofness from the interests and the moods of the hour. By the mere fact that men of many nationalities sit within its ranks, and out of clear loyalty to its task of music-making in a time of war, it has been obliged to keep itself as remote as possible from the rancors of that conflict. But, when an incident in it becomes a catastrophe such as no city in America has ever experienced—a catastrophe wrought by the inscrutable hand of chance rather than by the determining hand of man—it obeys, like the rest of us, the universal human impulse to mitigate it. As the orchestra has felt and acted, so, in turn, and as naturally, has Mr. Kreisler. He also is human no less than Dr. Muck, no less than the men who next Sunday will sit in circle around them. Admittedly the reminder is tactful and timely. So also it is true.

RECORD SUM FOR HALIFAX VICTIMS

Adv. *Dec. 17/17*
Concert at Symphony Hall Nets
More Than \$10,000 for
the Fund

The concert in Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon, given for the benefit of the Halifax sufferers by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mme. Melba and Fritz Kreisler, brought in more money than any concert that has ever been given in that hall. The actual sale amounted to \$9,034. The sale began Tuesday at 8:30 a. m., and at 3 p. m. the house had been sold out. Fully \$5,000 in mail orders had to be returned. Money refused at the box office for lack of seats must have amounted to as much more.

In addition to the actual sale of tickets there were donations amounting to \$485 from Mrs. Elizabeth S. Cheney, Mrs. E. C. Kaufmann, Mrs. Hale McAllister, Mrs. C. G. Weld, Mrs. Charlotte L. Bullens, G. J. Fowkes, A. M. Wright, Philip Hale and Edward R. Warren.

There was also a souvenir program, the sales of which, with the advertising contained therein, will add several hundred dollars to the fund. As Major Henry L. Higginson gave the use of Symphony Hall and all the attaches gave their services, the concert will net to the Halifax fund well over \$10,000.

SYMPHONY CONCERT ADDS \$10,000 TO HALIFAX FUND

Largest Sum Ever Received for One Performance in Hall.

More than \$10,000 will be added to the Halifax relief fund, it is estimated as a result of the benefit concert given in Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon by the Boston Symphony orchestra, under Dr. Karl Muck, with Mme. Melba and Fritz Kreisler as soloists. In amount it was the largest sum ever brought in by a single performance at that hall.

The actual sale of tickets amounted to \$9,034. This sale began on last Tuesday morning at the box office at 8:30 o'clock and at 3 o'clock the house had been sold out. At least \$5,000 in mail orders had to be returned and the money refunded at the box office for lack of seats must have totalled as much more at least.

In addition to the actual sale of seats there were donations amounting to \$485 from Mrs. Elizabeth S. Cheney, Mrs. E. C. Kaufmann, Mrs. C. G. Weld, Charlotte L. Bullens, C. J. Fowkes, A. M. Wright, Philip Hale, Edward R. Warren and Mrs. Hall McAllister.

DR. MUCK NO GERMAN, NEW SWISS FIND

Record *Dec. 8/17*
Dr. Karl Muck, director of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, though a native of Bavaria, is not a German subject, but a citizen of Switzerland, is declared at the Swiss Legation in Washington, according to a dispatch from the capital.

From other sources it is learned that Dr. Muck, born in Wurzburg, Bavaria, was eight years old when his father, a magistrate, took out naturalization papers in Switzerland, the son automatically taking the same status.

This was in 1867. Later, when Dr. Muck had become a man, he also took out papers that strengthened his Swiss citizenship. This he did of his own volition, it is declared.

About two years ago, Dr. Muck secured passports at the Swiss Legation for foreign travel, but it is not known whether he ever used these, or where he went abroad.

"Not a Prussian"

For a time Dr. Muck was director of the National Orchestra in Zurich and lived there at various intervals.

Manager Charles A. Ellis of the Symphony Orchestra, in a letter sent to friends of Dr. Muck in Washington, declares that Dr. Muck "is not a Prussian; is not an enemy alien of the United States; is not an official of the German Government; is not a citizen of Germany, but a citizen of Switzerland, as was his father."

Mr. Ellis says that the Federal authorities "have found nothing to incriminate Dr. Muck as a German agent or as having performed any act which is prejudicial to the interests of our country."

"During the more than seven years he has been in America," adds Mr. Ellis, "he has respected our laws and complied with them in letter and spirit."



(Courtesy of C. A. Ellis)

Mme. Nellie Melba

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Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1917--18.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

Dr. KARL MUCK, Conductor.

NINTH PROGRAMME

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 21, AT 2.30 P. M.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 22, AT 8 P. M.

CHERUBINI,

OVERTURE to the Opera-Ballet "Anacreon"

CHAUSSON,

POÈME for VIOLIN and ORCHESTRA, op. 25
(First time at these Concerts)

SAINT-SAËNS.

HAVANAISE for VIOLIN and ORCHESTRA, op. 83
(First time at these Concerts)

BEETHOVEN,

SYMPHONY in F major, No. 6, "Pastoral," op. 68

I. Awakening of serene impressions on arriving in the country. Allegro ma non troppo

II. Scene by the brookside. Andante molto moto

III. Jolly gathering of the country folk. Allegro. In tempo d'allegro. Thunder-storm. Tempest. Allegro

IV. Shepherds' Song. Glad some and thankful feelings after the storm. Allegretto

Soloist:

Mr. SYLVAIN NOACK



(Courtesy of C. A. Ellis)
Mme. Nellie Melba

Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1917--18.

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Soloist:

Mr. SYLVAIN NOACK

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT

Trans. — Dec. 22/17

AN INNOVATION WITH AGREEABLE

OUTCOME

Mr. Noack Substitutes Two Short Violin Pieces for the Usual "Soloist's" Concerto—The Pleasures of Chausson's "Poem" and Saint-Saëns's "Havanaise" So Heard—Familiar Pieces Revitalized for Beginning and End

LAST season, so far as recent memory runs, Mr. Gebhard and Dr. Muck bravely set the example. Yesterday afternoon Mr. Noack and Dr. Muck began to make it precedent. There is not a sound reason in the world, except the pestilent "tradition," why an "assisting artist" of violin, violoncello or piano, called to the Symphony Concerts, or having turn as "soloist" from the "first desks" of the orchestra, should count himself constrained to play a concerto. Though two centuries and more academically hallow the form, it has no signal interest in itself. Few composers ply it with ease or energy, invention or imagination; many more, especially among the moderns, chafe within it, stretching, twisting, transmuting the prescriptions. Often such music discloses less clearly and widely the individual quality of the virtuoso than many a less orthodox and freer handled piece. It is hard to fill the exacting form with musical matter interesting or animating in itself; while the process is a reversal of the normal procedure wherein the matter conditions the method. Under this limitation, hearers, by long habit, take a concerto as existing by virtue of the pianist or the violinist only and, primarily, for the display of his imparting skill.

Concertos for violoncello with few exceptions are tedium to the listening ear and, seemingly, vexation to the playing hand. Few are the concertos for violin that keep place in the active repertory, perhaps because the violinists are not diligent in the widening of it; as probably, because they find little to reward research. Not too numerous are the concertos for piano that virtuosos play and audiences hear with equal gladness. Rare must be the composer in these days who writes a concerto from inner and irresistible prompting; yet still he writes that he may do his full duty to the art of music, himself and the proclaiming virtuoso. Many a pianist and a violinist, were he to speak his full mind, would eagerly break this bondage of orthodoxy in which "the tradition" holds him fast. The more, then, the courage of Mr. Gebhard, when, called to the Symphony Concerts last winter, he played Franck's Symphonic Variations and

Strauss's Burlesque, instead of a concerto; and of Mr. Noack, who, rising from his place in the orchestra to be "soloist" yesterday, chose for pieces Chausson's "Poem" and Saint-Saëns's "Havanaise." Dr. Muck blessed both innovators; and so, once more, was the good gospel of freedom and individual choice preached at the Symphony Concerts to the fresh pleasure of the listening congregation. Liberty, as Monsieur Talleyrand shrewdly defined it, is the right to follow one's own will and the privilege to impose it, willy-nilly, on others. Yesterday Mr. Noack's hearers submitted gladly.

Moreover, such pieces as the violinist chose for his happy venture of Friday regained in a symphony concert the voice and semblance in which the composer designed them. Time and again both Chausson's "Poem" and Saint-Saëns's "Havanaise" are played in recitals with the orchestral background dimly suggested in a transcription for piano. Yet Saint-Saëns wrote his piece for violin and orchestra—even though it be a discreet orchestra often no more than pulsing with the rhythm of the Spanish dance, the Habanera, that underlays the whole music. Chausson, however, by no means held his band in such careful leash; his "Poem" is really a tone-poem for orchestra in which a "solo violin" as the phrase goes, is the distinctive voice. Heard merely with piano, the music penetrates and stirs the hearer in the melancholy progress through which shadow falls recurrently upon the brightening song or gathering energy quickly succumbs to regathering brooding. Heard as it was yesterday with orchestra and with Dr. Muck keenly sensitive alike to melodic line, harmonic color and inwrought euphonies, it rose to finer beauty of speech and graver intensity of mood. The songful melody of the violin sounded more richly, sensuously against the orchestral background; the shadows of melancholy seemed to play upon it more deeply, variously; it gained power when for a time the energy of the longing and the quest fitfully filled it; the fading into the calm of resignation was more wistful.

Mr. Noack loves the finesse of the violin, the spinning of his tone in undulating phrase and delicate lustres; his temperament in response to music might be more ardent. Often here has Mr. Ysaye played this music that he cherishes and to which he answers out of the deep stores of his mind and heart. Yet even with the implied reservation, the "Poem" rose yesterday to a beauty of sound and progress, to a sustained intensity of longing and questing mood, shot through with the lights and shadows of romantic fancy that without orchestra even such a master as Ysaye may hardly give it. Chausson probably knew not Tennyson; but he did know his Arthurian legends; and wrote his music that "follows the gleam." At best, Saint-

Saëns's "Havanalse" is only dexterity and fancy; but an orchestra points the deftness of the piece in itself and for the violin, sustains the rhythmic beat; brightens the light contrasts. Moreover, it was music that welcomed Mr. Noack's technical grace, fineness of tone and quick sensibility. His audience had reason to reward him.

A piece that in itself stoutly withstands a century and more, and that Dr. Muck and the orchestra have more than once revitalized began the concert — Cherubini's overture to his "opera-ballet" of "Anacreon." As it was first played in 1803 before the "citizens" and the "citizenesses" of the Paris that still affected those democratic titles, could it possibly have sounded in a little opera house from a small orchestra as it sounds now when many instrumental voices swell it? The sonority of the opening chords carries all before it; the music gathers body in puissant progressions; before it is done, it has outspread into a broad and glowing tapestry of tones; the whole impression is of the unfolding design, the precise and economical means, the mounting mood, the sweeping eloquence of a soliloquy in a French classic tragedy. The power of the voices and the handling infuses into the music a loftiness of mood, manner, speech, of which "Anacreon" itself gives no hint. Yet were this power, this voice not inherent in the music, no conductor and no orchestra could of themselves summon it. Perhaps Cherubini took less thought of his "opera-ballet" when he wrote than of the creative impulse within him. "I follow my own way," he snapped at a detractor that may have felt this incongruity. And the way, as it sometimes happens, has handed the overture to "Anacreon" down to posterity more alive, according to history of past and experience of present, than the "citoyens" and "citoyennes" ever suspected.

The more for this same divining and imparting treatment and for a more varied eloquence of separate and collective speech did Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony, in biennial repetition, gladden expectant ears. If ever Beethoven wrote a transparent, homely, sentimental, playful music, it is this symphony. Even the "little" eighth is artful, intricate, self-conscious beside it. Read into it what the commentators will, the Pastoral Symphony is Beethoven writing the limped, merry, plain-spoken, free-running music of the folk, however much the melodies therein are all his own. Of course, he transfigures it, and of course, such performance as it received yesterday glorifies it. Not for an instant does Dr. Muck stay the spontaneous flood of the music; yet cunningly he varies the curve and the progress of the current, speeding, staying, lightly modulating it. He is ingenious in mitigating by light and changeable strokes the repetitions with

which the composer "establishes" his moods. He is adept with the long and short gradients of the music. He misses not a hint of the suggesting tonal colors; each phrase, each figure falls into pointing place in the cumulating tonal pattern; from first measure to last the instrumental song never sags or dulls. The method is as subtle as the outcome seems simple.

H. T. P.

ANACREON GIVEN BY SYMPHONY

Nov. 24 — Dec. 22/17
Cherubini Overture and the
Beethoven "Pastoral" Feature
the Program.

REPEAT CONCERT TONIGHT

By PHILIP HALE.

The ninth concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Muck conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The orchestral pieces were Cherubini's overture to "Anacreon" and Beethoven's "Pastoral" symphony. Mr. Noack, the second concert-master of the orchestra, played Chausson's "Poème" and Saint-Saëns's "Havanalse."

The names of Cherubini and Beethoven go well together on a program. Beethoven held the Italian at Paris in great respect. Not only did he declare him to be the greatest composer living—probably with a mental reservation in his own favor—but he once wrote to him about his own great Mass in terms almost obsequious. This overture to "Anacreon" is over 100 years old, but it is still heard with pleasure; not only on account of its classic workmanship, but by reason of its inherent grace and nobility. The word "nobility" is loosely used, too frequently applied, no doubt; but here it is no out of place; for the music of Cherubini, even when it is less important than his better overtures, his requiem in C minor, his Coronation Mass, is written in the grand style and with the cunning simplicity of the artist. It is said that as a man he was

cold, austere, forbidding; but his music does not show it. This generation might not listen patiently to his operas, "The Water Carrier" and "Medea," yet there are dramatic strokes in them worthy of Gluck.

The musical season is so arranged that overtures entitled "Spring" are played when the ground is covered with snow and the wind bites furiously. This, too, may be said of the "Pastoral" Symphony with its murmuring brook, jovial country folk, thunder storm and thankful peasants. But the music is welcome at any time when it is played by the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The violin pieces chosen by Mr. Noack were played at these concerts for the first time. Chausson's "Poème" has been heard in Boston several times, but with piano accompaniment. Even when thus performed by Mr. Ysaye or by Mr. Thibaud the music suffers in a way, for the "Poème" is really an orchestral piece with a solo violin. Chausson was rich, happy in his family, a man of fine tastes, which he could gratify, respected by all, blessed with warm friends. Why is much of his music so sombre, so profoundly sad? Had he a premonition of his untimely and tragic ending? This "Poème" is steeped in melancholy. Beautiful in its sadness, it needs a contrasting piece, if the violinist is anxious for popular success. Mr. Noack chose the "Havanalse" of Saint-Saëns, constructed on the rhythm of the Habanera. The charming music has been played here with piano, also at Pop concerts. Yesterday it might have been more effective if Mr. Noack had taken the habanera measures at a little faster pace, and not played the episodes so quickly that at times some of the notes were hardly audible. Mr. Noack has a pure, fine tone. Technical difficulties do not daunt him. There is, however, a greater depth of feeling in Chausson's "Poème" than was disclosed yesterday, and the "Havanalse" admits of more dash and brilliance in the performance.

The word "Anacreon" on the program reminded us that the old English tune "To Anacreon in Heaven" was borrowed or lifted, in this country to fit the words of "The Star Spangled Banner."

The concert will be repeated this evening. The orchestral pieces to be played next week are Brahms's "Tragic" overture, Sibelius's "Swan of Tuenda" and Tchaikowsky's Fourth Symphony, Mme. Melba will sing a recitative and aria from Mozart's "Idomeneo"; Voi che Sapete from "Nozze di Figaro" and Lia's air from Debussy's "L'Enfant Prodigue."

SYMPHONY CONCERT

Globe — Dec. 22/17

The Symphony concert yesterday began with Cherubini and ended with Beethoven—a fitting juxtaposition. Beethoven esteemed above all his contemporaries this visiting Italian, born in Florence, abiding in London, then in Paris, finally in July, 1805, came to Vienna with an opera for the Imperial Theatre, Napoleon having disprized him in favor of the soothing tones of Paisello. Cherubini was honest enough to say Beethoven did not write sympathetically for the voice and that in person he was "toujours brusque."

The introduction to Cherubini's overture to his opera-ballet "Anacreon," whom his succeeding directors of the Conservatoire—Auber, Ambroise Thomas or Dubois—hardly could have equalled, might have been written by Beethoven. But the lightness, the recurring winged and delicately rhythmed passages reflecting the spirit of the ballet cannot conceal either the Italian limpidity or the French grace. There is, too, the grand manner in the vein of Gluck, whose foundations for a noble musical art had been buried under the latter fripperies of a frivolous Parisian taste.

Chausson's genius for poignant, intimate, intensely personal expression in tone wed to a text to be sung is almost that of a man who in all writes autobiography, who transcribes in every bar from his heart's blood. His "Poème" for violin and orchestra yesterday, by curious previous omission, heard for the first time at these concerts, is as vital, as instinct with sensibility, as reflective of a poetic mind and noble spirit as his songs. Some have said that his idiom drips with melancholy. But it is not merely lachrymose nor repining. It is the speech of a soul for whom all images take on oftenest a somber beauty, whether reflective, tender or nobly impassioned.

Mr. Noack of the orchestra played as one caught under its spell, with sensitive regard for the long, winged lines of the composer's thought, emotional in every bar, weaving among the strands of a score which makes orchestra vie with soloist and permits the conductor to become the recreator of all, as Dr. Muck did yesterday. Saint-Saëns' superficial music for the salon, the "Havanalse," followed, also a first time at these concerts. Mr. Noack properly made no attempt to read beneath its polished surface, playing with taste, facility and the characteristic elegance Saint-Saëns requires. The performance of Beethoven's pastoral symphony in all the unctious flavor of its bucolic moods was a superb one, both in tribute to the joys of men and of nature.

Boston Symphony Orchestra
 Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Karl Muck, conductor; Sylvain Noack, soloist; ninth program of thirty-seventh season, Dec. 21, 1917. The program: Cherubini, overture to opera-ballet "Anacréon"; Chausson, "Poème" for violin and orchestra, op. 25 (first time at these concerts); Saint-Saëns, "Havanaise" for violin and orchestra, op. 83 (first time at these concerts); Beethoven, symphony in F major, No. 6, "Pastoral," op. 68.

While the Bostonians of today, unlike the Athenians of old, spend their time, some of them, in other ways than to tell or to hear some new thing, nevertheless, those who gather at the Symphony concerts dearly love to consider a novelty that the soloist of the day may bring before them. Last week Mr. McCormack succeeded in convincing his hearers that he had something very much worth while in the exacting and broadly sweeping recitative and aria from Beethoven's oratorio, "Christ on the Mount of Olives." This week Mr. Noack comes with two "first-time" numbers, one of which, the Chausson "Poème," proved to be a most welcome addition to the repertory of pieces for violin and orchestra.

All in all this was a concert to gladden the heart. Strong in its contrasts, interesting in its novelties, stimulating in its reviving of old favorites, it offered at the same time pleasing recreation and substantial pabulum. Can we reasonably ask more of our musical entertainment?

The music of the temperate Cherubini sounds strangely impersonal in these days. Does the personal equation become of more and more moment as we advance further into the thick and tangled woods of modern music? The Chausson "Poème" immediately following would seem to point an affirmative answer. The music of Cherubini might conceivably have been written by Mozart, Haydn, Gluck, Giordani or some other contemporary. The music of Chausson can in no wise be attributed to César Franck, Debussy, Ravel or any other modern French writer.

Mr. Noack has quite evidently been spending his time since he last appeared as soloist with the orchestra in developing his tone. Warm, pure and clear, flexible and pliant, it has begun

to take on that certain disembodied quality which marks the artist. His technique also has gained in incisiveness and precision. His numbers were therefore beautifully played, but each lacked something which ripper years, after study and experience, will unfailingly bring. The Chausson piece has a subtle melancholy, a poetic quality of thought which demands more in the player than tone merely, and the "Havanaise" begs for a feeling for rhythm, a plea which was heard by Mr. Neumann at the kettle-drums. Mr. Noack's enterprise in bringing forth these works new to Boston indicates a commendable desire for progress.

There remains the sixth symphony of Beethoven. Conductor and men attacked this with freshness and avidity after its two-year rest on the shelf. The result was a transcendent performance. Unless the quality of the execution be such as to hold the interest, there is likely to arise the complaint that Beethoven lingered too long by the brook. This could not be the case yesterday. The precision of the strings was remarkable and the wood-wind never showed to greater advantage.

SYLVAIN NOACK IS SYMPHONY SOLOIST

Adv. — Dec. 22/17
**Plays Works by Chausson and
 Saint-Saëns on Light Classic
 Program**

By LOUIS C. ELSON.
 PROGRAM.

Cherubini, "Anacreon" Overture.
 Chausson, St. Saëns, two violin pieces.
 Soloist, Sylvain Noack.
 Beethoven, Pastoral Symphony.

Cherubini's overtures are always a serene delight. Clear in form, perfect in the leading of the voices, sufficiently contrapuntal yet never straining after a display of learning, such works are an antidote to the neurotic style of the latter-day composers. Dr. Muck gave a powerful dramatic effect to the overture which made it sound like anything but ancient music—it was composed in 1803. Naturally there were no technical difficulties in an orchestral work of that

epoch for our brilliant orchestra, but the powerful contrasts, the crashing chords, the distant horn calls and the final climax were well read and executed, and the work seemed heartily appreciated.

Then came one of our orchestral players in two solos. It ought to show that our violin band is the foremost of the present, when we remember that there are a half dozen soloists of first rank in this department, and Mr. Sylvain Noack is one of the most sterling of these. He is to be congratulated upon taking two numbers which have not been done to death in these concerts. There are very few effective violin works with orchestra. Many play at the concerto of Beethoven or of Brahms, both great works, but only for the giants of the violin world. Then we get the concerto of Mendelssohn or those of Brush "ad nauseam."

WELL-CONTRASTED SOLOS.

On this occasion we had two interesting pieces by Chausson and Saint-Saëns, new, well contrasted and not too long. Both were played in the proper spirit, and, of course, one does not need to speak of Mr. Noack's intonation, or of his points of technique, his double-stopping, harmonics, his broad bowing, or phrasing, for he is a well equipped artist in these points.

The Havanaise (Saint-Saëns) was full of the striking rhythms with which Bizet has made us familiar in his "Carmen," and it had much work in the high positions, which was excellently done. The "Poème" (Chausson) was in thorough contrast with this sharply defined composition, being tender and dreamy, elegiac at first, more fiery later, ending quietly. The "Poème" gave good display of temperament and emotion, the "Havanaise" of technique, and both were successful. It was wise to have the technical display come last, for violin fireworks, when brilliantly given, always arouse an audience to enthusiasm. They certainly did in this case, for Mr. Noack was recalled with very much enthusiasm.

MUSICAL TABLESPOON.

Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony was the first great piece of that program—music, which has now become such a graphic school that Richard Strauss says that the composer can today picture a definite tablespoon in a dinner service and be sure of having it identified. No wonder that Mendelssohn said, "When Beethoven has opened the door any one may enter in." The pictures were strongly drawn. The figure development of the first movement was very clearly delineated. The second movement ("By the Brook") always seems like Tennyson's waterscape:

"Men may come and men may go,
 But I go on forever."

for it is too long drawn out. But the rollicking Scherzo, with its dancers and village band, and especially the storm, with its thunder (cellos and contrabasses) and its rising wind (piccolo) was gloriously read and performed. The Finale always seems in the nature of an anti-climax. Horns and clarinets deserve especial mention for clear work and the strings always.

NOACK SOLOIST AT SYMPHONY

Post — Dec. 22/17
**Concert Master Is Warmly
 Welcomed**

Sylvain Noack, concert master of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, was the soloist at the Symphony concert given yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. Mr. Noack, a most accomplished musician, played Chausson's "Poème" and Saint-Saëns' "Havanaise." He has conspicuously the refinement and finish of style that the latter work demands, and he met successfully the bigger requirements of Chausson's "Poème." A musician as well as a technician of parts, a man of sensitive taste and feeling, Mr. Noack was warmly welcomed by the audience.

The orchestral pieces of a rather conventional programme were Cherubini's overture to "Anacreon" and Beethoven's "Pastoral" Symphony. This symphony is very effectively played by Dr. Muck. It is more than a mere piece of programme music of "nature-faking," the peace of the country-side, the fury of the elements, are felt as well as the mere sounds that these things convey.

The orchestra, long familiar with this amiable music, played it as admirably as usual.

ist:

MELBA

our and forty-five minutes

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Mr. SYLVAIN NOACK, the second concert-master of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, was born in Rotterdam on August 21, 1881. Intending to become a pianist, he devoted the greater part of his attention to the pianoforte in Amsterdam until he was fourteen years old. In the mean time he also studied the violin. He finally decided to devote himself entirely to the latter instrument. His first teacher was André Spoor, concert-master of the Amsterdam Orchestra. When Mr. Noack was seventeen years old, he entered the Conservatory at Amsterdam, where he studied under Elderling. At the same time he became one of the first violins of the Concert Gebouw. Two years later he left the Conservatory, having won the first prize for violin. In 1903 he was appointed teacher of violin in that institution, and became second violin of the Conservatory Quartet. Two years later he went to Rotterdam, where he taught and did much work in chamber music. In September, 1906, he became the first concert-master of the City Orchestra in Aix-la-Chapelle, in which city he also formed a quartet. Here he stayed until the fall of 1908, when he was engaged by Dr. Karl Muck to be the second concert-master of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. As a soloist, he made his début in Amsterdam with the Concert Gebouw Orchestra in 1898. In 1905 he travelled as a virtuoso in England and Germany.

Mr. Noack played for the first time in Boston at a concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, November 20, 1909 (Saint-Saëns's Concerto in B minor, No. 3, Op. 61). On December 24, 1910, he played at a concert of this orchestra Lalo's Concerto, Op. 20. On April 20, 1912, he played at a concert of this orchestra Mozart's Concerto in D major, No. 4 (K. 218). He played Sinding's Concerto in A major with the orchestra on December 28, 1912. On December 27, 1913, he played with the orchestra Mendelssohn's Concerto; on April 17, 1915, Lalo's Symphonie Espagnole; on April 14, 1916, Dvořák's Concerto. Since his arrival in Boston he has played frequently in concerts of chamber music and those of a more miscellaneous nature. He is the first violin of the Boston Quartet (Mr. Otto Roth, second violin; Mr. Émile Férier, viola; Mr. Alwin Schroeder, violoncello), which gave its first public concert in Boston on March 8, 1915.

Better Late Than Never *Jan. 1917*

The belated and little emphasized announcement of Dr. Muck's Swiss citizenship does not lessen the validity of the fact which the most sceptical Vigilante may verify to the letter at the Legation of Switzerland in Washington. The conductor is neither a Prussian nor a Bavarian subject, either by birth or residence, but a citizen of Switzerland in which country his father was naturalized when the son was a child of six. Thereby the boy became automatically of like nationality with his parents, attaining and acknowledging at his majority full Swiss citizenship. The predisposing cause to the action of both father and son was their preference for the Swiss city of Zurich as a place of residence. Until the confusions and the exactions of the war began, Dr. Muck, like most of us engrossed in exacting work, gave little heed to his own or to any one's else nationality. Then long process was necessary to validate his Swiss citizenship and to secure Swiss passports, permitting him such freedom of travel as neutrals may enjoy during a widespread war.

It was quite possible for Dr. Muck to make known his legal standing as a naturalized Swiss when he was most bitterly assailed as a Prussian and an "enemy alien," but it was not in his temperament or in his code of conduct, as is easy to understand, to take such cover in such stress. Accordingly, he hid his neutral citizenship and, even now, would hardly have disclosed it had not the management of the Symphony Orchestra wished to include the fact in a circular sent to the subscribers to its interrupted concerts in Baltimore, Washington and Philadelphia. That circular, however, falls into one error. Dr. Muck was not born, as is commonly reported, at Wurzburg in Bavaria, but at Darmstadt in the Grand Duchy of Hesse, as it was in 1859, where his parents happened to be travelling. On the other hand, the circular justly reminds the recipients and many another more in need of such prompting, that because the conductor has received the "courtesy title" of "General Music-Director in Prussia," he is no more a member of the Prussian official hierarchy than are the American holders of German orders bestowed in time past by the Imperial or the Royal Government. In fact, Dr. Muck's connection with the Royal Opera in Berlin ended summarily and in some irritation on the part of the Intendant and the court when he quit it definitively at the expiration of his contract in the summer of 1912. The informed in such matters will also recall that the Parisian, Meyerbeer and the Franco-Italian Spontini was each in his day and by title a "General Music-Director in Prussia." The circular, which might advisedly have been sent to the subscribers to the concerts of the orchestra in New York and in Boston as well as to those elsewhere, runs:

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Dr. Muck is a man of high attainments, and his unusual gifts as a musical director are well known. During the more than seven years he has been in America he has respected our laws and has complied with them in letter and spirit. For three years of the war he has directed our cosmopolitan orchestra with rare tact in almost daily rehearsals and concerts. He has permitted no discussion of political affairs and there has not been the slightest friction among our musicians of many nationalities—fifty-one American citizens (seventeen native-born), twenty-two Germans, eight Austrians, two Italians, two British, six Dutch, two Russians; three French, two Belgians and two Bohemians.

One subject which has caused much unkind and undeserved criticism of Dr. Muck has been a report that he refused to conduct "The Star-Spangled Banner" in our concerts. He has never refused. On the contrary, when requested he willingly complied, and he has since conducted our national anthem in every concert by our organization.

Truly Noted *Jan. 11, 1917*

It is customary to say that Mr. Gerike "stored up" the Boston Symphony Orchestra and Mr. Fiedler "used it up"—that the one imparted discipline without evoking eloquence, while the other secured eloquence without maintaining discipline. But Dr. Muck, who conducted the second pair of the orchestra's concerts in New York on Friday and Saturday last, has admirably maintained the balance. He uses his orchestra to the utmost of its expressive possibilities, and at the same time fosters the mechanical virtues to an ever increasing degree. Perfect ensemble execution has become second nature to these men, who have worked together year after year, with scarcely a change of personnel. What is a tour de force to other orchestras is habit to them. Dr. Muck's strings have all the eloquence of massed instruments, with the purity of one. His brass has the smoothness of a flute and an amazing virtuosity in the pianissimo. Even the bourgeois kettledrum becomes under his baton an instrument of fine art." [The New York Tribune]

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Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1917--18.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

Dr. KARL MUCK, Conductor.

TENTH PROGRAMME

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 28, AT 2.30 P. M.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 29, AT 8 P. M.

BRAHMS,

OVERTURE, "Tragic," op. 81

MOZART,

a) RECITATIVE, "Solitudini Amiche," and
ARIA, "Zeffiretti Lusinghieri," from "Idomeneo"
b) CANZONA, "Voi che sapete," Act II., Scene 3, in
"Le Nozze di Figaro"

SIBELIUS,

"The Swan of Tuonela": Legend from the Finnish
Folk-Epic, "Kalevala"

DEBUSSY,

RECITATIVE and ARIA of LIA, from "L'Enfant
Prodigue"

TSCHAIKOWSKY,

SYMPHONY No. 4, in F minor, op. 36

I. Andante sostenuto; moderato con anima in movimento di valse
II. Andantino in modo di canzona
III. Scherzo: Pizzicato ostinato; Allegro
IV. Finale: Allegro con fuoco

Soloist:

Madame MELBA



Melba..

MUSIC

Monitor — Dec. 29, 1917
Mme. Melba With Orchestra

In Symphony Hall on Friday afternoon, Mme. Nellie Melba, soprano, appeared as soloist with the Boston Symphony Orchestra, taking part in the tenth program of the season. She presented the aria, "Zeffiretti lusinghieri," from Mozart's "Idomeneo," the aria "Voi che sapete," from Mozart's "Marriage of Figaro," and the air of Lia from Debussy's "L'enfant prodigue." The orchestral numbers of the program were the Brahms "Tragic" overture, the Sibelius "Swan of Tuonela" and the Tschaiikowsky fourth symphony, in F minor.

The performance was uncommonly interesting, because of elegant exemplifications of vocal style given by the soloist, and because of brilliant studies in orchestral expression given by the players. Seldom does musical endeavor of the larger sort so completely make its point as on this occasion. From the platform side of the question, at least, the day was a success.

Some listener in contradictory mood might say of the singing: "A very good presentation, indeed, of the 'Idomeneo' and 'Figaro' arias, historically considered; but give me a dramatic interpretation of these old-school pieces; modernize your Mozart a trifle, please, if you want my applause." Another might say of the playing: "A vivid conception of the tragic purpose of Brahms in the overture; but what need of that rough scraping of fiddles to make the purpose understood? A poignant reading of the 'Swan of Tuonela,' but did you ever hear the light, lyric tone of the Philadelphia orchestra violins in a Sibelius tone-poem? An incredibly clear statement of Tschai-kowsky's themes and developments, but where has gone the vivacity that the Boston Symphony Orchestra used to show in the scherzo of the plucked strings?"

And so objections might be added and added, according to the theory of interpretation which each person happened to hold; and yet nobody could deny that the artists on Friday

afternoon were all clear as to what they meant to do, and that they carried out their intentions perfectly.

The air from "Idomeneo," which Mme. Melba sang, is essentially the same thing in melodic outline as an air in a later and more famous opera of Mozart, and it explains the facility with which the composer is said in the histories to have worked. It may be understood how he easily tossed off the scene of Donna Anna, "Or sai chi l'onore," in "Don Giovanni," between turns in a game of skittles, seeing he had but to paraphrase his old aria in "Idomeneo."

This air and the more familiar song of Cherubino in "The Marriage of Figaro" were delightfully given by the distinguished soprano. Tone was beautiful, phrasing exquisite. And the piece with which she returned to the platform, the air by Debussy, was no less remarkably executed.

MELBA THE SOLOIST AT SYMPHONY

Post — Dec 29/17
Brahms, Tschaiikowsky
and Sibelius Pieces
Played

BY OLIN DOWNES

Mme. Melba was soloist at the concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The orchestral compositions were Brahms' tragic overture, Sibelius' "Swan of Tuonela" and Tschaiikowsky's fourth symphony.

Mme. Melba sang the aria "Zeffiretti Lusinghieri" from Mozart's

"Idomeneo," the "Voi che Sapete" from "Nozze di Figaro" and the recitative and aria of Lia from Debussy's cantata "L'Enfant Prodigue."

MELBA'S ADMIRABLE ART

She sang with compelling art, chiseling her phrases like a master sculptor, sustaining a melodic line with a control of her vocal means that was thrice admirable; giving a dramatic interpretation by her of text as well as music, and bestowing on Debussy's air a significance which it seldom has, since the Debussy of the cantata, "L'Enfant Prodigue" is the Debussy of Massenet, and not of the "L'Après midi d'un Faun" or the "Iberia" for orchestra. The occasional physical shortcoming in Mme. Melba's performance was more than made up for by the finish, intelligence and vitality of her art.

Brahm's overture has the impersonal, Greek spirit which he more than once achieved in his music. This is the more astonishing, when one recalls the ultra-romanticism that reigned in Brahm's time, the modern and exotic quality of Wagner, the glowing, subjective emotion that was then carrying composers farther and farther from the classic Greek ideal. It was something to so stem the torrent and quietly attain mastery in one's own chosen field.

There were very sympathetic performances of the music of Sibelius and Tschaiakowsky. The mystical spirit of "The Swan of Tuonela," the dark and mysterious color cast about the melody played by the English horn, are essentially of the north, and the mood haunts one long after the music has sounded. As for Tschaiakowsky's symphony, it seems made of material often cheap and even vulgar, yet it keeps its place in the repertory year after year. It must, then, say something. It does. The best audience for this symphony might be a crowd of moujiks thoroughly saturated with vodka, drunken and in Russian despair. Yet there is a broader note in the work. There is a message heard and felt by everybody, whether born in the Caucasus or Kalamazoo. First of all Tschaiakowsky was a human being, and then a composer, even at his poorest of enormous gifts. Yesterday Dr. Muck helped this supremely subjective composer to give reign to his emotions.

MELBA IN FINE VOICE AS SYMPHONY SOLOIST

George — Dec. 29/17
The orchestra concert yesterday was a brilliant one. Dr. Muck surpassed

himself in Tschaiakowsky's fourth symphony. He read Brahms' tragic overture as a noble piece of dramatic literature. The sad song of "The Swan of Tuonela" had superlative, haunting qualities. Added to these, Mme Melba sang as she has not sung within recent years.

In his symphony of "fate," particularly in the first movement, also in the last, Tschaiakowsky is the Slav, morbid, passionate, at times banal, but an individual. It is rare to hear as yesterday the barbaric fury, gorgeous, untrammelled, of the final movement set off in appropriate contrast with the Latin graces, the limpidity and folk snatches of the two middle movements, which are of Italy and autobiographical of the composer's sojourns. The scherzo, of which he wrote with eager enthusiasm from Venice to the friend and patroness whom he had not seen, the widow von Meck, to whom the symphony was dedicated, yesterday won a tribute of applause, deferring the last movement until Dr. Muck had brought the string players to their feet.

Mme Melba kept in the recitative and aria from Mozart's "Idomeneo" and in the familiar "Voi, che sapete," the fine line of a stradivarius. It is not necessary to inquire into her age. The dictionaries gave it as that of Mme Nordica within a few months. It is enough to pay tribute to this remarkable woman, who first took time to build the voice upon native principles and has adhered to them during the years. While others shrieked and shouted, she has not forgotten the secrets of vocal beauty and therefore of endurance. The purity of her singing of Mozart yesterday becomes a reasonable miracle. Lia's air from Debussy's "Prodigal Son" was a second number.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT *Grand* — Dec. 29/17 MOZART, MME. MELBA AND SUNDRY OTHERS

The Singer in Music of Youth, Notably in an Air from the Half-Forgotten "Idomeneo"—The Puissant Brahms of the "Tragic Overture," Chaikovsky, Imaginative and Fertile, and Sibelius in a Tone-Poem Complete and Flawless

BRAHMS, Mozart, Sibelius, Debussy, Chaikovsky, Mme. Melba, Dr. Muck and a New England audience—only an Italian could have plausibly complained of oversight in the cosmopolitan quality of the Symphony Concert yesterday afternoon; while he might have found a measure of compensation in the fact that two of the singer's airs—from "Idomeneo" and "Le Nozze di Figaro"—were sung in Italian text from Italianate operas, though

the one was written for a Munich of 1781 and the other for a Vienna of 1786. Eight times in twenty-two years Mme. Melba has sung at the Symphony Concerts, and on five of those occasions, like most lyric singers when they "assist" the orchestra, she has chosen at least one number from Mozart—sometimes the air from "The Shepherd King" that Miss Garrison sang at them a few weeks ago; sometimes the countess's melancholy soliloquies out of "Figaro"; and yesterday, as at least once before, Cherubino's half-arch, half-languorous canzonetta, "Voi che Sapete" from that same opera. To it, however, she prefixed from another of Mozart's operas that now seldom comes to the stage an air as seldom heard in these days in concerts—"Zeffiretti Lusinghieri," from "Idomeneo," the first of Mozart's "serious pieces" for the theatre. Sixteen years ago she herself sang it in Symphony Hall; since that time Bostonian ears have not known it.

"Idomeneo" unfolds stiltedly, long-windedly, the hapless plight of Idomeneus, King of Crete, who returning to his island after long absence at the Trojan War, vows in sacrifice to Neptune the first being that he encounters, since the sea-god has saved him from tempest. That being proves to be his son, whereupon both king and prince are prey to highly conflicting emotions. In the youth, they are heightened by his love for Ilia, captive Trojan princess, who secretly returns his affection, and by his disdain for Electra, princess of Greece, who openly pursues him. It is not necessary to follow this fable through the many ramifications of self-sacrifice and amorous rivalry that the relenting god finally adjusts. Suffice it that the air sung by Mme. Melba falls to Ilia and that in it, at the moment in which the fortunes of all concerned seem most desperate, she soliloquizes upon her love for the Cretan youth. In "Idomeneo" as a whole, Mozart is sometimes mindful of the new fashions in which Gluck had written operas of ancient mythology; again he follows the conventional Italian procedure of the time with such pieces; but in this air of Ilia, as in divers other numbers, he forgets models under the promptings of his own inclination and imagination.

The outcome in this instance, both in the preliminary declamation and the succeeding air, is music lovely of melody, delicate of workmanship, and subtle, almost, in the wistful suggestion of the orchestral part. It is music also that might be the poetized speech of the gentle and devoted young princess, speaking to herself the longings of amorous melancholy, yet glad within if only her prince's heart may overhear. Mme. Melba has passed her fiftieth year; but the soft bright glow of her tones summons the glamor of youth that Mozart sheds over Ilia's air, accords now with the gentle warmth, now with the wistful melancholy, of the music. To the sentiment of such a piece, as the eighteenth century would have called it, Mme. Melba's

voice answers almost intuitively; while it is as sensitive to the long undulation, the melting of phrase into phrase, in the unbroken progress of the Mozartean melody, to the limpid lustre of it against the harmonic background. The music and the voice, the sentiment and the staging, united in a single impression of nearly perfect beauty; for the very lightness of Mme. Melba's present tones accorded with the matter and the mood of the air. It was the music of youth that she essayed also in Cherubino's song and again to glamor it with the light pulsing, the silvery flow, the sensuous beauty still abiding in her middle tones. The charm of the voice was the charm of the amorous boy—half-pleased, half-troubled—and of the music that mirrors him. Once more Mme. Melba seemed to sing by an intuition that is musical magic upon her piece and her means. If her third number, the soliloquy of the longing and remembering mother from Debussy's cantata, "The Prodigal Son," gave less pleasure, the shortcoming lay more in the quality of the music, which barely rises above appropriateness and utility, than in the quality of the singing. Yet again were Mme. Melba's tones the illusive voice of wistful melancholy. Where once she was mistress of brilliant vocal ornament, she is now equal mistress of the tender sentiment of sensuous song.

With each repetition, the power of the beginning and the end of Brahms's "Tragic Overture" seems more and more to lay hold up. Dr. Muck and through him upon his orchestra and his audience. Under his hand, there is no questioning the grim and sombre force of the measures that seem to set the scene for the composer's fated hero; that bear him across it through struggle and tumult; that at last seem more to crush than to exalt him. Driving creative energy sustains Brahms in an impassioned music of relentless and resistless fate against which mortal will fights or broods in vain; bends the chosen form to the idea and the emotion; leads the overture through turbulent progress; impregnates it with dark harmonic color; goads it to puissant voice. By these attributes and in such performance as the piece received yesterday, the music, so far, is tragic and epic too. If only the idea and the emotion had not exacted the "contrasting passages" of softer, more songful mood, as of the hero in vision comforted; if only, the form had not demanded this "second subject." Neither intrinsically nor as it unfolds in musical or dramatic suggestion does it bear comparison with the rest. For a little, Brahms, as he is wont to do when the creative impulse weakens, calculates his way and the outcome is a dry, austere, almost passionless music that no performance may quite vitalize. Not until fate strides and strikes anew upon the imaginary hero does the overture rise afresh to power. The beauty that Beethoven could set glowing against force was not here

for the continuator of the symphonic line. Not unlike some of Rodin's figures, plentiful in power but lacking the beauty that would intensify it, is this "Tragic Overture."

No more does Chaikovsky's symphony in F minor attain to that rare perfection in which music seems completely to fulfill the composer's design. Conductor and orchestra spared not in eloquent pains upon it. The most ardent champion of the native and neurotic wildness of Chaikovsky's music might not complain of the frenzies and the languors of the first movement, of the thunders of fate therein, as Dr. Muck released and contrasted them. He could as little question the rhythmic leaps, the songful stride, the driving tonal excitement of the finale. It was hard in the celebrated scherzo to say whether the precision and the animation of the string choir plucking at its instruments or the finesse and the lightness of the brass was the more remarkable technical feat; while the contrasts of the little andantino sounded both apt and fanciful. To the full Dr. Muck disclosed and emphasized the range of invention, the readiness of imagination, the clearness of progress in variety of means, the measured mingling of passion and workmanship that set this fourth symphony above the other five from Chaikovsky's pen. For once, the Russian's music that sometimes seems to evade the conductor, spoke the more characteristically and vividly because he was its voice. Yet by that very eloquence, the plainer were the moments when Chaikovsky flags, when he takes refuge in repetitions; when he is loud, but empty; when the fancy that enlivens the lighter movements takes the easiest, rather than the choicest way. Like the power of Brahms in the "Tragic Overture," the imagination of Chaikovsky in the symphony in F minor does not quite and always fill his mould.

In contrast, the music with which Dr. Muck interspersed Mme. Melba's numbers is such perfection of fulfilled design—the terse tone-poem of Sibelius, "The Swan of Tuonela." Upon the black river circling the Hades of Finnish myth floats the white swan; into the stillness it lifts piercing haunting song; singing it courses the stream—to die because a hunter-hero would gratify a woman's wicked will. These very premises set the composer exacting tasks. With sound, he must invoke stillness and solitude. Only in the darkest colors of his harmonic and instrumental palette may he paint his tone-picture. His music must move as the murky waters of this underworld, waveless, currentless; yet bear a swan-song weird and woful. Therewith imagination and resource go hand in hand in achievement; often Sibelius's means are intricate, yet always the outcome is as direct as though the listener's eye visualized and the listener's ear heard with naught between them and the illusion of the composer's voice. The song of the swan is at

once a melody of mordant and mysterious woe; uncanny harmonies and modulations make it yet more piteous, strange. There is sense of the great still place through which it rises and penetrates, falls and dies. The blackness of the music never brightens; phrases like stillness stirred expand faintly from the song like the eddy cloven by the white bird upon the dark waters. The imagery of the music never dims; the smallest of the means to expression never falters. Nothing is spared; yet nothing is wasted. A unified, unclouded, undiminished sensation possesses the hearer, spell-like—the magic of perfect achievement. H. T. P.

SYMPHONY GIVES TENTH CONCERT

Herald Dec. 29/17
Brahms, Tschaikowsky and
Sibelius's Works Delight
Large Audience.

PROGRAM FOR NEXT WEEK

By PHILIP HALE.

The 10th concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Muck, conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The orchestral pieces were these: Brahms, "Tragic" overture; Sibelius, "The Swan of Tuonela"; Tschaikowsky, Symphony No. 4, F minor. Mme. Melba sang the aria, Zeffiretti Lusinghiere from Mozart's "Idomeneo"; "Vol che sapete," from Mozart's "Marriage of Figaro," and Lia's air from Debussy's "Prodigal Son."

The orchestral selections were well suited to the mood of the dying year. The overture of Brahms, which was read in a singularly dramatic manner, is one of that composer's greatest works in spite of a few pages where the elaboration of the material is without significance, as if Brahms, thinking that they should be filled in orthodox fashion, merely trod water. German and deep thinkers, as Reimann, Deiters et al., have expatiated on the "meaning" of the music; how it follows the principles of tragedy laid down by Aristotle and Lessing; while others have associated the overture with "Hamlet." Possibly Brahms had only this in mind: to write an overture of a sombre nature.

It is certainly tragic, but it is romantically tragic. We have never heard a performance of this music so impressive as that of yesterday: music that is now sad, now defiant, now funereal, now hopeless. Dr. Muck conducted it with intense force, as though the overture were the speech of the distracted world.

"The Swan of Tuonela" is a highly imaginative composition of unearthly melancholy. This swan in Finnish mythology moves majestically on the river of black water that surrounds the Kingdom of Death. His song is one of unmitigated sadness. By the mournful melodic beauty, by the admirable strangeness of the orchestral expression, by the steady maintenance of mood, this little symphonic poem is one of the fullest expressions of Sibelius's indisputable and markedly individual talent.

This symphonic poem was played with fine poetic feeling, while the performance of Tschaikowsky's Symphony was extremely brilliant even for this orchestra. To our mind the symphony is the one of the six most characteristic of the true Tschaikowsky. Certain writers, discussing Russian music, are inclined to dismiss Tschaikowsky with the reproach that he was a cosmopolite. In this symphony, at least, he shows himself an Oriental. Not because he uses a Russian folk-song in the Finale. He reveals himself a man of the East in this symphony by his fondness for the monotony of repetition, by the childishness of his ornamentation—as in the first movement; by the recklessness of his fancy; by inconsequential joining of fascinating episodes; by barbaric rhythmic fury; by delight in wild orchestral din. What symphony more significant for the year now glad to die, yet anxious about the future? For this symphony Tschaikowsky wrote in a letter to Mrs. von Meck an elaborate program. Fate thwarts man in his pursuits of happiness; but, says Tschaikowsky, if a man finds no pleasure in himself let him go to the people, gay on a holiday. There is real happiness to be found. Well, Russia has gone to the people. Is there happiness in treachery and anarchy? How ironical the words of the composer seem today!

Mme. Melba sang carefully the aria from "Idomeneo." She was more herself when she sang Cherubino's Canzona, for the charm of her middle tones is still incomparable; the sureness and the beauty of her vocal art are still the envy of her younger sisters. Remembering her exquisite singing of Duparc's perfect song not long ago, one wished that she had sung it at this concert instead of Debussy's aria, which, written before he had found his ravishing idiom, is only in the manner of Massenet, and not Massenet at his best. The concert will be repeated tonight. The program of the concerts next week

is as follows: Shumann, overture to "Genoveva"; Dohnayni, concert-piece for orchestra with violoncello obligato (Mr. Warnke, violoncellist); Handel, concerto Grosso in D minor, No. 10, op. 6; Ropartz, Symphony No. 4, C major; Ravel, "Daybreak, Pantomime, General Dance" from the ballet, "Daphnis and Chloe."

Mme. Melba Charms Audience at Symphony

Traveler Dec. 29/17

Mme. Melba's appearance as soloist at the weekly symphony concert proved quite a magnet, drawing a good sized audience. The great singer may not be any longer in her prime, but still can give many an ambitious singer several points regarding phrasing and interpretation. There are few who can equal her today in her best points. There are still some wonderful places in her voice and her exceptional artistry goes a long way toward minimizing the weaker points.

Mme. Melba sang the aria, "Zeffiretti Lusinghiere" from Mozart's "Idomeneo"; "Vol che Sapete," from Mozart's "Marriage of Figaro," and Lia's air from Debussy's "Prodigal Son."

The orchestral pieces were these: Brahms, "Tragic" overture; Sibelius, "The Swan of Tuonela"; Tschaikowsky, Symphony No. 4, F minor.

Dr. Muck and his players won well deserved recognition of the artistry displayed throughout the concert.

The program of the concerts next week is as follows: Shumann, overture to "Genoveva"; Dohnayni, concert-piece for orchestra with violoncello obligato (Mr. Warnke, violoncellist); Handel, concerto Grosso in D minor, No. 10, op. 6; Ropartz, Symphony No. 4, C major; Ravel, "Daybreak, Pantomime, General Dance" from the ballet, "Daphnis and Chloe."

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Mme. MELBA (born Helen Porter Mitchell) was born at Melbourne, Australia, May 19, 1861, the daughter of David Mitchell, a contractor, who built the Melbourne Town Hall and the Exhibition buildings. She sang in the choir of St. Francis's Roman Catholic Church, Melbourne, and appeared at the Melbourne Liedertafel concerts in 1884. It is said that her voice attracted the attention of Pietro Cecchi,* who urged

*Pietro Cecchi, who was largely responsible for Mme. Melba's vocal training, died at Melbourne. April 4, 1897. A native of Rome, he was architect to Pope Pius IX., but he was obliged for political reasons to leave the papal territory, and he turned singer. He sang in Italy (La Scala, Milan, November 12, 1861, as Arturo in "I Puritani"), at London, and in the United States. He lived at Melbourne for about twenty-five years.

her to adopt a professional career. Her first appearance in Europe was at Leonard Emil Bach's concert, at Prince's Hall, London, June 1, 1886. She studied with Marchesi, and made her first appearance in Paris in concert, March 21, 1887. Her first appearance in opera was at the Monnaie, Brussels, as Gilda in "Rigoletto," October 12, 1887. Her first appearance in London was at Covent Garden on May 24, 1888, as Lucia; at the Opéra, Paris, on May 8, 1889, as Ophelia. She married in 1882 Charles N. F. Armstrong of Queensland. The marriage was followed some years afterwards by divorce. Her first appearance in the United States was at New York as Lucia, December 4, 1893.

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Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1917--18.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

Dr. KARL MUCK, Conductor.

ELEVENTH PROGRAMME

FRIDAY, JANUARY 4, AT 2.30 P. M.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 5, AT 8 P. M.

SCHUMANN	OVERTURE to the Opera "Genoveva"
DOHNANYI,	CONCERT-PIECE in D major for Orchestra, with Violoncello Obbligato, op. 12
HANDEL	CONCERTO GROSSO in D minor, op. 6, No. 10 I. Overture II. Air III. Allegro IV. Allegro V. Allegro moderato (Arranged by Seiffert)
ROPARTZ,	SYMPHONY No. 4, in C major, in one movement
RAVEL,	ORCHESTRAL FRAGMENTS from "Daphnis et Chloé" Ballet in one act. "Lever du Jour," "Pantomime," "Danse Générale," ("Daybreak," "Pantomime," "General Dance")

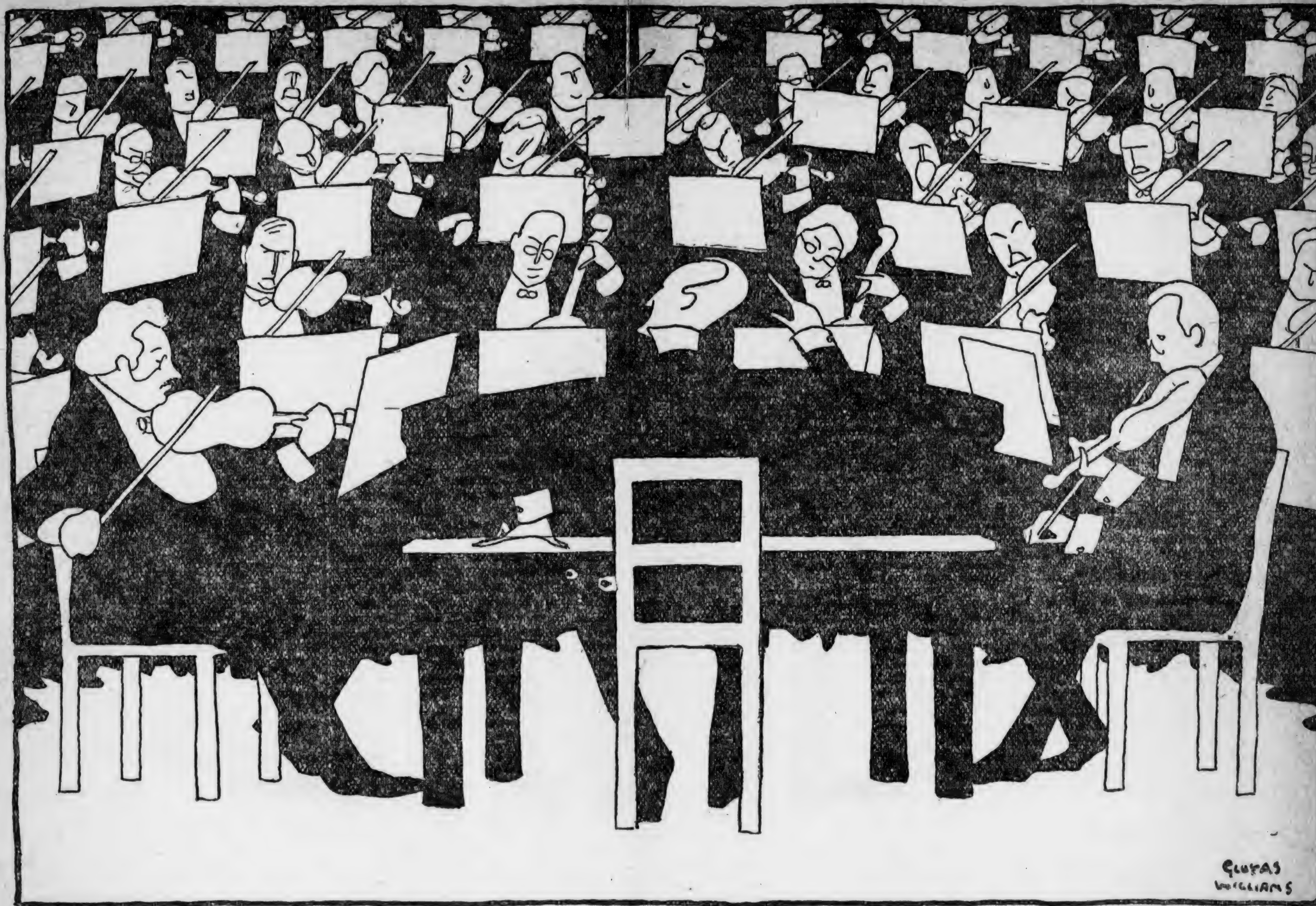
Soloist:

Mr. HEINRICH WARNKE

Steinway Pianoforte used

There will be no Public Rehearsal and Concert next week.

Twentieth-Century Variation of Eighteenth-Century Scene



Haendel's Concerto Grosso (1739) at the Symphony Concerts (1918)

With Dr. Muck as Both Pianist and Leader, and Mr. Witke (to Left) and Mr. Habenicht (to Right) as "Violini Concertini" 2

SYMPHONY GIVES 11TH CONCERT

Herald Jan 5/8
Overture to 'Genoveva' and
Concerto for Violoncello
Feature Program.

NO PERFORMANCE IN BOSTON NEXT WEEK

By PHILIP HALE

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Muck, conductor, gave its 11th concert yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows: Schumann overture to "Genoveva"; Dohnanyi, concert piece in D major for orchestra and violoncello (Mr. Warnke, violoncellist); Mendel, Concerto Grosso in D minor op. 6, No. 10; Ropartz, Symphony No. 4 in C major; Ravel, Second Suite from the ballet "Daphnis and Chloe."

The introduction of Schumann's overture is still impressive, music hinting at a tragedy, music that puts the hearer in a sombre, yet expectant, mood. The Allegro that follows is below it in invention and in workmanship. There is a striving after passionate expression, but the passion is fitfully feverish, not deep-rooted. The music is not dramatic, in the sense that other opera-overtures suggest the stage, as the overture to "Don Giovanni," the great overtures of Beethoven, the overture to "Der Freischuetz," to name only classic examples. Schumann's genius was lyrical, not dramatic, and in this Allegro there is not the rushing, spontaneous flow of high-strung feeling. That his instrumentation is thin, ill considered, in the nature of patchwork, is an old story.

Concertos for the violoncello are as a rule abomination in the sight of the Lord and in the ear of the hearer. There are a few exceptions, as the first one of Saint-Saens. We should like to hear

Mr. Loeffler's again. Dohnanyi is to be thanked for writing his concerto in the form of an orchestral piece with violoncello obligato and without the arbitrary divisions. The stopping-places for violoncellists to wipe their manly brows and bow gracefully in recognition of the awaited applause. Dohnanyi is also to be thanked for treating the solo instrument as a purveyor of melodic passages, not as a showman of florid measures. Walt Whitman, hearing the violoncello, then heard the "voice of the young man's complaint." The violoncellist too often does not remind one of Werther or Chateaubriand's hero suffering from romantic melancholy and premature disillusionment; he delights in the bravura display that Hanslick of Vienna compared to the chasing of flies up and down the instrument. Now Dohnanyi has written music that does not obtrude preposterously the violoncello. Its entrance is here welcome; its visits are of discreet length. It has something to say; its speech is agreeable, at times poetic. These are fine things in this concert piece. There is also at the end "linked sweetness (too) long drawn-out." Mr. Warnke played in a warm and eminently agreeable manner.

Handel's Concerto, as Max Seiffert arranged it, was played here last season. Again Dr. Muck, as a pianist (the piano taking the place of the cembalo), played and conducted. It was a pleasure to hear this sturdy music, with allegros essentially English, music of roast beef and strong ale, music that is stirring, great in its simplicity and rhythmic force. And in the Air is revealed Handel. The melodist, the born melodist, to be ranked thus as a favored child of nature with Mozart, Rossini, Schubert—one is tempted to add Oppenbach.

The symphony of Ropartz made a deeper impression than it did three years ago, when the influence of Cesar Franck was perhaps unduly considered as its chief characteristic. There are many pages of individual feeling. There are others that seem labored, perfunctory, not essential. It is a question whether a work in this form does not suffer from the length of continuity. "To be played without pause" may reassure some that are secretly timid at concerts; but ears need rest for a moment, especially after a serious composition is the fourth on a program.

Ravel's charming, dazzling, exciting Suite was played for the second time this season at the request of many.

The concert will be repeated tonight. There will be no concerts next week.

HEINRICH WARNKE CONCERT SOLOIST

Adm. — Jan. 5/18
Dr. Muck Plays Piano in
Handel Concerto as
Symphony Number

By LOUIS C. ELSON
PROGRAMME

Schumann "Genova Overture"
Dohnanyi Concerto for 'Cello
Soloist, Heinrich Warnke.
Handel Concerto Grosso
Ropartz Fourth Symphony, C Major
Ravel... Fragments from "Daphnis and Chloe"

Again the modern works were conservative, or at least intelligible, and Ravel's ballet numbers (repeated by request) confirmed the favorable impression that they made when first given. Ravel is certainly distancing Debussy in the large musical forms. "Daphnis and Chloe" seems a superb work; one of the best recent additions to the orchestral repertoire.

Schumann's "Genoveva" overture proves how much more musical ideas are than mere orchestral skill. Outside of the exquisite horn passages, which were very well played, there is nothing striking in the scoring of this number, but the poetic fantasy of the thoughts expressed, the melodic charm and beauty, these make the work seem never-fading.

MEANING HAS CHANGED.

Handel's Concerto Grosso demands no new eulogy. One must remember that such words as "concerto," "sonata" and "symphony" had an altogether different meaning in Handel's time from the classical application of them today. The old concerto displays a combination of instruments, not a solo instrument only, and instead of modern figure treatment one gets beautiful counterpoint. And Handel's counterpoint is generally more popular, if sometimes less learned, than that of Bach, and remains attractively melodic in the midst of all its intricacy. The purity of tone, clear attack and general ensemble of the strings of our orches-

tra always tell out gloriously in a Handelian work, as they did on this occasion.

Dr. Muck conducted it, playing a grand piano instead of a Harpsichord, exactly as Handel himself might have done. He was wonderfully effective, was recalled again and again, and made the concerto the star point of the concert.

Ropartz is one of the numerous famous Frenchmen who studied with Cesar Franck. He is one of the extreme modern cacophonists, but is at least symmetrical in his forms and not greatly over-swollen in his orchestration. The symphony is given as one long piece, but it has all the four regular movements clearly recognizable, merely joined together by transitions. The first movement (scanned as above) had a striking chief theme and was very dramatic, with sharp contrasts of crashes and mystery. The adagio which followed was impressively sombre and had also its touches of mystery. The allegretto (a sort of intermezzo) was attractive in its strongly rhythmic touches. Another adagio seemed to break symphonic form, but it may be regarded as an introduction to the finale, which would be regular enough. The finale had the least to say for itself, but was effectively scored. Not a great work, but worthy of a place in the modern repertoire, which contains so many monstrosities, if only for the sake of its clearness. It echoes Mahler now and then. It was perfectly played, but it shriveled up when compared with the Ravel composition which followed it.

MASTERLY PLAYING.

The Dohnanyi 'cello work would have been better placed after the symphony, for its subdued and conservative style scarcely made a contrast to the Schumann overture. The adagio part of this work is over-long; only near the end is there a touch of stirring and resolute music.

But just this quiet composition suited well Mr. Warnke's pure legato playing, which was masterly. In the cadenza, too, one can compliment his work in double-stopping and high positions, and one must remember that these touches are far more difficult upon the violoncello than upon the thinner strings of the violin. Mr. Warnke was recalled with evident appreciation and he certainly deserved the tribute, for his playing well earns that often misapplied word—classical!

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT *Trans. — Jan. 5/18* SURPRISES, CONTRASTS, LENGTH, VARIETY

A "Hundred Per Cent" Conductor and Orchestra—New and Quickening Voice for Dohnanyi's 'Cello Piece and Ropartz's Symphony on the Franckian Model—The Contrasts of Haendel's Concerto, with Dr. Muck at the Piano, and Ravel's Repeated Ballet-Music—Other Incidents of a Spirited Afternoon

EVEN the keen and reasoning mind of Dr. Muck might find difficulty in the "unifying" of the programme that he set for the Symphony Concert yesterday afternoon, ranging as it did, from Händel through Schumann to Ropartz, Dohnanyi and Ravel—three centuries, almost, bridged in two hours. Frankly, it was a miscellany assembled according to various necessities of the day, but yielding none the less pleasure for that and leaving most of the audience oblivious to the fact that it ran well beyond the normal length. By the interest of pieces and performance did the conductor so beguile his hearers, imparting to Ropartz's symphony a vigor and variety of mood and speech hardly discoverable in the music when Bostonian ears first heard it in 1914; recalling, with Mr. Warnke at the solo violoncello, the songful progress and the glowing harmonic vesture of Dohnanyi's "Concert-Piece"; striking new rhythmic fire or opening new suggestion of detail from Ravel's repeated ballet-music; and pleasing both the eyes and the ears of the audience when he took his place at the piano, with Mr. Witek and Mr. Habenicht on either hand and the string choirs in crescent around them, to play Händel's concerto in D minor, repeated from a programme of last winter.

The audience took cue in the heartiest applause of an unusually applausive afternoon. For, as has befallen many times of late at the Symphony Concerts, Dr. Muck, in full play of powers and zest, spared not the particular eloquence that each piece asked; while at every turn the orchestra answered him, no less in the stately or the animated periods of Händel and the romantic fervors of Schumann in the overture to "Genoveva", than in the propulsive force that upbuilt Ropartz's symphony and the tonal splendors and fired imagination of the fragments of the ballet of "Daphnis and Chloe."

In the presidential campaign of 1916, Mr. Hughes liked to say that he was "one hundred per cent American"; similarly in its concerts of late the Symphony Orchestra has been "one hundred per cent orchestra." It is hard to remember when for so long and so unflaggingly it has kept week after week to its amplest and finest standards.

The surprises of the afternoon were Dohnanyi's "Concert-Piece," in which Mr. Warnke, rising from and returning to his place in the orchestra in the good old modest fashion of "soloists" from the band itself, played the outstanding part, and the fourth symphony, in C major and in one movement, of Ropartz, one of the few French composers stilling and working away from Paris. Neither piece had lingered long in the memory of hearers, though Dohnanyi's music was played in Symphony Hall nine years ago and Ropartz's little more than three years back. The livelier the pleasure, therefore, when "The Concert-Piece in D major for Orchestra with Violoncello Obligato" expanded upon ears expecting no more than the equivalent of the usual perfunctory concerto for a 'cellist's hey-day. Instead, they heard a tone-poem quite able to justify existence and quality apart from any halo the virtuoso might shed upon it, and standing well beside Schumann's preceding overture in continuance of the romantic line in music. Dohnanyi has been fortunate in the invention of a motive that he quickly expands into warm and songful melody; leads in adept and ardent progress through an Allegro, an Adagio and an Allegro again; varies and fructifies with ready and adroit fancy; clothes in rich and pulsing harmonies; glamors with romantic suggestion. The violoncello is usually the voice of motive and melody, while the orchestra sets luminous or shadowed background, provides pointing euphonies, and occasionally upbuilds and expands the music by itself.

One pleasure of the piece is the richness pervading it; the melody is full-throated; the harmonies deep and warm; the timbres well fused; while the whole music courses forward as by a single impulse of eager creative imagination—a true fantasia in tones bred of romantic mood, zest and answering resource. Somehow the listener readily felt it as the continuance in these days of the romantic voice of music that had filled Schumann's preceding overture to "Genoveva." True, there was no occasion in the "Concert-Piece" for the sombre, ominous measures with which the overture begins or for the large and mounting sonorities with which it ends. But in Dohnanyi's tones, as in Schumann's, was the melodic warmth, the eager progress, the richness of mood and vesture, the vague, yet glowing ardors

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that make music romantic in impression. Beside it, the ordinary concerto for violoncello seemed the poor, wizened, obligatory thing that in truth it usually is. Here was no dull and labored "passage-work" for the virtuoso; no futile caperings for an instrument that clings obstinately to self-respect when it is prodded into them; but instead the large depths and the ruddy heights of instrumental song and the sustained way between, over which the violoncello spreads the sensuous beauty, the emotional prompting of its tone. Mr. Warnke in ear and hand is past master of that beauty; while Dohnanyi's music gave him imaginative impulse to animate and enrich it. For once the piece was worthy of the player fused within it.

Like ardor of creative impulse seemed to flow from Ropartz's symphony or, more truly perhaps, from a conductor and an orchestra plainly doing their utmost to vivify and amplify the music. Grant that Ropartz in the piece has followed faithfully the Franckian model—"cyclic form," long ascents from tonal shadow into tonal brightness, keen-edged and penetrating instrumental song, contrasting measures of agitation coalescing into aspiration, a merry-hearted scherzo, frequent high-hearted climax and so forth and so onward. Grant that he has remembered Franckian harmonies and Franckian "little ways" in musical procedure. Agreed that he has turned also the pages of some of his fellow-disciples of "the master." Even so, the symphony gave—in the performance of yesterday—unexpected pleasure. After all, the Franckian model is not so old or misused as to be hackneyed or threadbare; while it is no mean pattern for the design and progress of a symphony of ascendant emotion from within outward and upward. Still, moreover, do the Franckian harmonies quicken ear and mood beyond many a modulation less imaginative innovators have since devised.

Better yet, from the symphony, heard as in a new eloquence, emerged a Ropartz with a musical individuality of his own. Clearly he had written his music with expanding ardor as in a single and sustained creative heat. Out of itself it rose upon itself. The climaxes gained boldness of outline and progress; the passages of introspective and tremulous song rose into beauty of tone and significance of mood; excitement was more than mere orchestral turbulence; even measures of transition sounded warmer and more apposite. There was imagination as well as workmanship in Ropartz's distribution of harmonic and instrumental color; in the pulsations of undervoces. The design held firm and elastic; the music filling it took on emotional quality—aspiration and agitation, melancholy, elation, calm. Unmistakably

Ropartz had "looked in his heart," as well as in Franckian scores, before he had written; imagination and passion are in him, though they fructify into no masterpiece. A routine French symphony, if the hearer will exact the last farthing in judgment, but well above the level of routine Parisian opera for example, and, on Friday, a shining token of a neutral music made bright and warm in kindling performance.

Händel's concerto, with Dr. Muck and the two violinists needing only eighteenth-century dress and frame to look as though they were in tableau of an old print, and Ravel's ballet music were the high contrasts of the programme; yet each gained in vivid kind by such place in a single afternoon; while both exemplified that many-sided power over the perceptions, the feelings, the imaginings of listening men, which is the glory of tones. Händel contents himself with a string choir, probably tripled or quadrupled yesterday above the original band, and with a cembalum to which Dr. Muck's piano succeeded; while his music bears such multiplication of voices, to suit the necessities of twentieth-century concert rooms, much better than do the finer textured symphonies of Mozart and Haydn. The concerto is pure pattern-weaving in tones—stately, striding, sonorous prelude that energy saves from pomposity; ascendant air, broad-measured, full-voiced, slow-paced, intervening allegros for sprightly figuration and springy counterpoint; and lively flourish for close, as though Händel would beamingly wave himself off the stage.

Throughout, the concerto is music that to the ears of the present day relies upon a narrow range of harmonies and timbres; that is as sedulous of form as of substance—a quality helping to preserve it down the centuries; that incites to no emotion except that which its own felicities of design and voice may prompt. Yet there it is interesting and potent in 1918—more, perhaps, than it was in 1739, when such pieces were all in the day's work and pleasure alike for Händel and the listening "nobility and gentry" of a Georgian London. It is so because of the finely tempered power that keeps the prelude in ample and sounding march; that makes the air ring deep and rise high in the beauty of tones; that, elastic and fanciful, saves the Allegros from the monotony and the dryness besetting such arbitrary patterns. The power is the genius of Georg Friedrich Händel, man and musician, though he turned off this particular concerto, no doubt, as a newspaper man might turn off his daily article.

Ravel's many-voiced orchestra for "Daphnis and Chloe" overflows into the instrumental luxuries of the hour—a "little clarinet in E-flat"; a "shallow" side-drum;

double basses "with low C"; and glockenspiel, celesta and two harps in the mere ordinary course of things. Händel was content with the usual gamut of his instruments; Ravel sometimes stretches their range. The Parisian of our immediate day dares all things and invents not a few in harmonic background, in impinging progressions, in play of instrumental color. Yesterday, in the repetition of the "symphonic fragments" more such points of imagination and artifice flashed newly out of the music or else the whole wove itself onward in more and more glowing strands. A few clear rhythms well sustained, served Händel; Ravel twists, breaks, intertwines the multifold rhythms of these scenes from "Daphnis and Chloe" until the final episode is less "orgy" of the dancers than of them.

Everywhere Ravel's music is delineative—the dawn creeping out of darkness, pulsing in the light, stirring in the air, before his pastoral earth rustles with it; the loves of his shepherd and shepherdess flowing in grateful elation into their miming of the pursuit of Syrinx by Pan and of her reedy fate; the zests and contrasts, the mounting heats, of the dances of wild festival. The Parisian is far enough from the Händelian pattern-weaving; yet not Händel himself is more resolute upon the symphonic cohesion and continuance of his music. Into this structure, this substance, this delineation Ravel flings and sustains what passion of invention, power of imagination, force of suggestion, what beauty for its own sensuous sake, what march that stings and intoxicates. Again it is the individual quality of the man and the musician that animates and glorifies the music—the genius of Maurice Ravel writing in 1911 on commission from the Russian Ballet over yonder at the Chatelet Theatre. For as a man is, whatever his "date," so he makes his music; and as it is—equally dateless, if it be a masterpiece—so it endures.

H. T. P.

SYMPHONY CONCERT.

Gloucester 5/18

Händel's 10th of the 12 "great concertos" for orchestra, revived with a nice historical regard for the 18th century manner, insofar as the modern orchestra permits, was made a feature at the Symphony concert yesterday afternoon. Dr. Muck again was seen seated at the harpsichord—or its descendant, a grand piano—playing, as we believe, from the figured bass, occasionally directing with his right hand. Mr. Wittek, as concert master, again sat alone, in tandem fashion, in front of Mr. Noack, ordinarily his desk associate, for in the Händelian days the concert master upon occasion beat time with his bow and was a personage.

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It would be of interest to hear this music played by the small body of strings and the harpsichord contemporaneous with it. The air is a noble one and the fugue of the overture long admired for the fine line of its subject. Repeated figuration of the three allegro movements tends toward monotony when the work is played entire.

The influence of Cesar Franck upon the men of his own and succeeding times, both in and out of the French school, will always be a theme worthy of the historian. Something of the lofty conception of spiritual beauty came to Ropartz, the pupil, if not that divine spontaneity, that gift of sustained and inspired utterance which kept the flame undimmed upon the altar. Ropartz' symphony in C major reveals the soul in evident attempts at great flights.

There is lyric expression of high order, finely conceived, of poetic mold and sensibility, music which one other than a Frenchman scarcely could have written, or one not in some degree under the influence of the great Belgian, humble, untiring, devoted.

Dohnanyi's concert piece in D major for orchestra with cello obbligato gives the solo instrument beautiful passages in cantabile, two cadenzas and some embroidery, and then impetuously ardent in the Hungarian manner, gives the orchestra wings to impassioned flights. There is little reward in seeing a cello pitted against a modern orchestra when its happiest place is not in solo, but in the quartet or the trio. This a fortunate compromise in fervently, now amorously rhapsodical music. Dr. Muck and the orchestra were much in the vein. Mr. Warnke played the cello part with the intonation and style of his accustomed manner. He was warmly applauded.

Ravel's now enchanting, now gorgeous fragments from his ballet, "Daphnis and Chloe," were repeated with eloquence as with finesse by conductor and players. Schumann's "Genoveva" overture began the program.

The Symphony Orchestra will depart on Sunday for what has now become its monthly visit to New York, Brooklyn and Philadelphia. Its series of concerts in Baltimore was cancelled last autumn because of the furious outcries, now somewhat amusing in retrospect, raised there against Dr. Muck. More recently, the management has abandoned the similar series in Washington because of the regulation forbidding the entrance of German subjects, of whom there are some twenty in the orchestra, into the District of Columbia. There remain the series in Philadelphia, on Monday evenings; in Brooklyn, on Friday evenings; in New York on Thursday evenings and Saturday afternoons. All these are proceeding, and are expected to proceed through February and March, as usual.

MUCK PLAYS PIANO WITH SYMPHONY

Post. — *Jan. 5/18*
Conductor Joins Men
in Concerto by
Handel

BY OLIN DOWNES

The programme of the concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall included Schumann's "Genoveva" overture; a concert piece by Dohnanyi in D major for 'cello and orchestra; Handel's Concerto Grosso in D minor for strings and piano—originally harpsichord; Ropartz' symphony in C major, and the suite from Ravel's ballet, "Daphnis et Chloe," which found such favor when it was performed on the 14th and 15th of December that Dr. Muck repeated it. The solo 'cellist was Mr. Warnke, first 'cellist of the orchestra.

BEAUTY OF SCHUMANN

Dr. Muck gave a remarkable reading of the Schumann overture. It was never more romantic and intimate in its character. One was moved afresh by its beauty, and at the same time understood very well indeed why the opera to which this overture was written, and all other operas by Schumann, were not successful. He was never a man of the theatre. He always craved "solitude a deux." For him there was only Schumann and the person for whom he was improvising, and in the "Genoveva" overture he improvises on

an orchestra in almost as personal a manner as he might on a piano. The instrumentation of this work by a man who was never skillful in handling an orchestra is often strangely beautiful.

The piece of Dohnanyi is insufferably long and sentimental. It was happily interpreted by Mr. Warnke, who was recalled repeatedly by the audience. Dr. Muck himself played the piano-part, as Handel himself played the harpsichord when he conducted a performance of a concerto. The prelude, the slow movement and the finale of this "concerto grosso" are especially charming. The symphony by Ropartz has been heard before at these concerts and is now known to be an honest and well considered work, in one movement, and redolent, not only of Franck, but of d'Indy. Why, by the way, do we hear no d'Indy at the Symphony concerts of late? He is a composer for whom such a conductor as Dr. Muck should make an admirable interpreter. Ravel's music is of exquisite beauty.

HENRY HEINDL *It is odd. Jan. 4/18* Player 30 Years with the Symphony

Henry Heindl, a member of the Boston Symphony Orchestra for many years and the father of three sons who are musicians, died yesterday afternoon at his home, 18 Cranston street, Jamaica Plain, at the age of 74. He had been ill five weeks. The funeral will be held at 2 P. M. tomorrow.

Mr. Heindl was born in Germany and came to the United States when a young man. He was the son of a musician and showed musical ability himself at an early age. He played a viola in the Boston Symphony Orchestra for 30 years, retiring several years ago. His sons are Alexander of the New York Philharmonic Orchestra, Herbert of New York and Hans of Augusta, Me. He is also survived by a widow and two daughters, Mrs. Albert Johnson of Troy, N. Y., and Mrs. Elsa Steltzenmuller of Germany.

Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1917-18.

Mr. HEINRICH WARNKE was born at Wesselbüren, a few miles from the North Sea, on August 30, 1871. His father was a violinist, and all his sons are musicians. Mr. Warnke began to study the piano-forte when he was a young boy. When he was ten his father began to give him violoncello lessons. Two years later the boy was sent to the Conservatory of Music in Hamburg, where he studied with Gowa, and it was there that he first played in public. He afterwards studied at Leipsic with Julius Klengel, making his debut at the Gewandhaus. He has been associated with orchestras in Baden-Baden and Frankfort-on-the-Main. Felix Weingartner invited him to be the first violoncellist of the Kain Orchestra at Munich. He left that orchestra in 1905, to take a similar position in the Boston Symphony Orchestra, as successor to Rudolf Krasselt, whom he had taught. In Munich he was associated with Messrs. Rettich and Weingartner in a trio club, and was also a member of a quartet. He first played in the United States as a soloist at a concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra in Boston, October 28, 1905 (Dvořák's Concerto in B minor for violoncello). On January 5, 1907, he played at a Symphony concert in Boston Volkmann's Concerto in A minor, Op. 33; on February 29, 1908, Dohnányi's Concert Piece in D major for orchestra, with violoncello obbligato, Op. 12 (first time in Boston); on March 13, 1909, Grädener's Concerto for violoncello, Op. 45 (first time in America); on October 30, 1909, Strube's Concerto in E minor (MS.; first performance); on January 28, 1911, Saint-Saëns's Concerto in A minor; on February 10, 1912, Lalo's Concerto; on December 21, 1912, Klughardt's Concerto, Op. 59 (first time in Boston); on November 15, 1913, Haydn's Concerto in D major; on November 21, 1914, Dvořák's "Waldsruhe," and Rondo, Op. 94; on March 24, 1916, Volkmann's Concerto in A minor, Op. 33.

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Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1917--18.

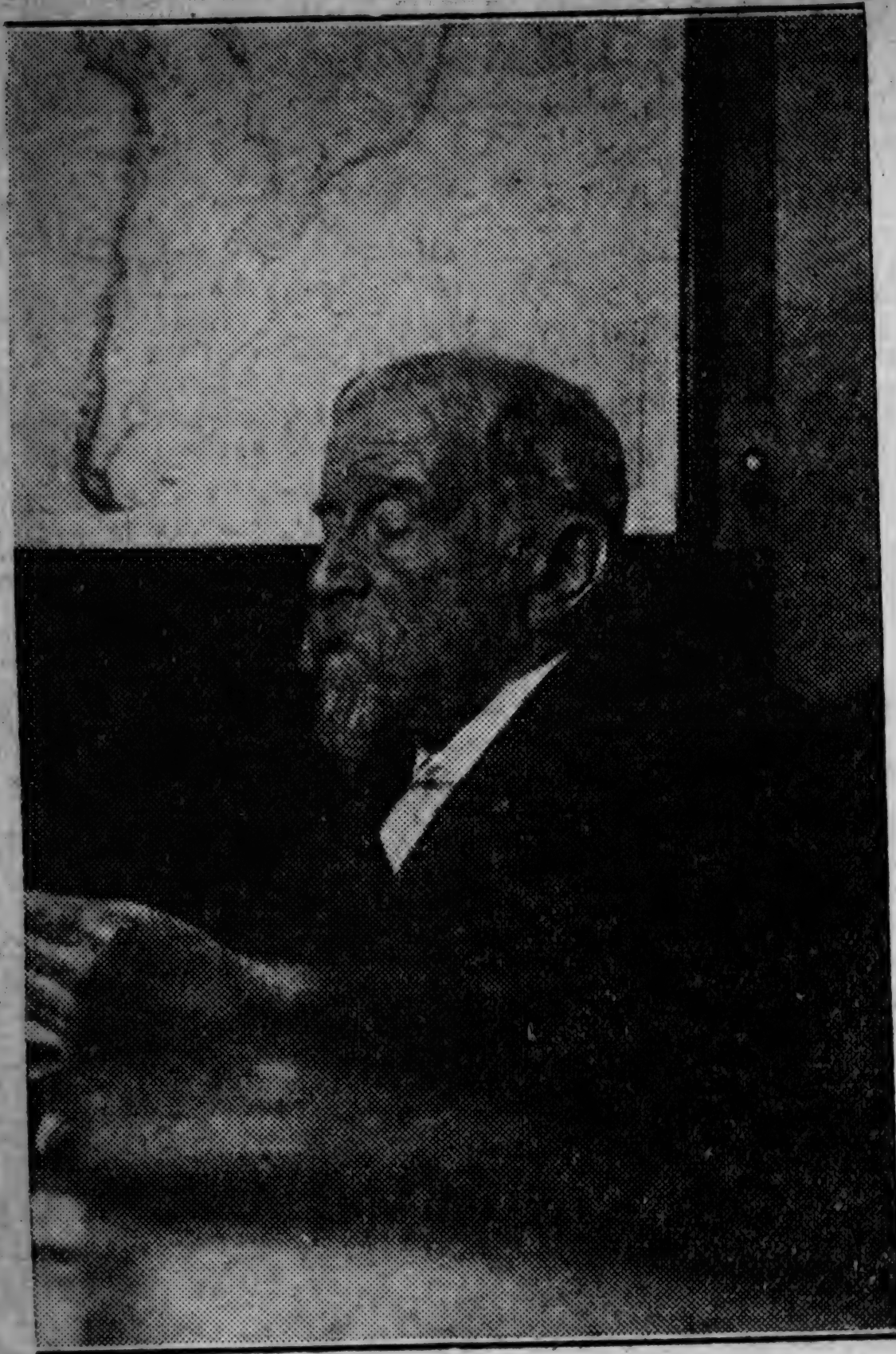
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Major Higginson's Fiftieth Anniversary



Senior partner of Lee, Higginson & Company joined firm on Jan. 1, 1868. He was at his desk at nine o'clock today as usual. Mr. Higginson gives much of the credit of the growth of the house to his "young men."

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Symphony Hall.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS:

The Commissioner of Internal Revenue of the United States under date of December 18, 1917, has reversed his former ruling concerning the tax on subscription tickets bought prior to November 1, 1917, and now directs that no such tickets shall be received for admission unless the tax is paid upon them and they are stamped "tax paid." The tax is one cent for each ten cents of the price of the ticket.

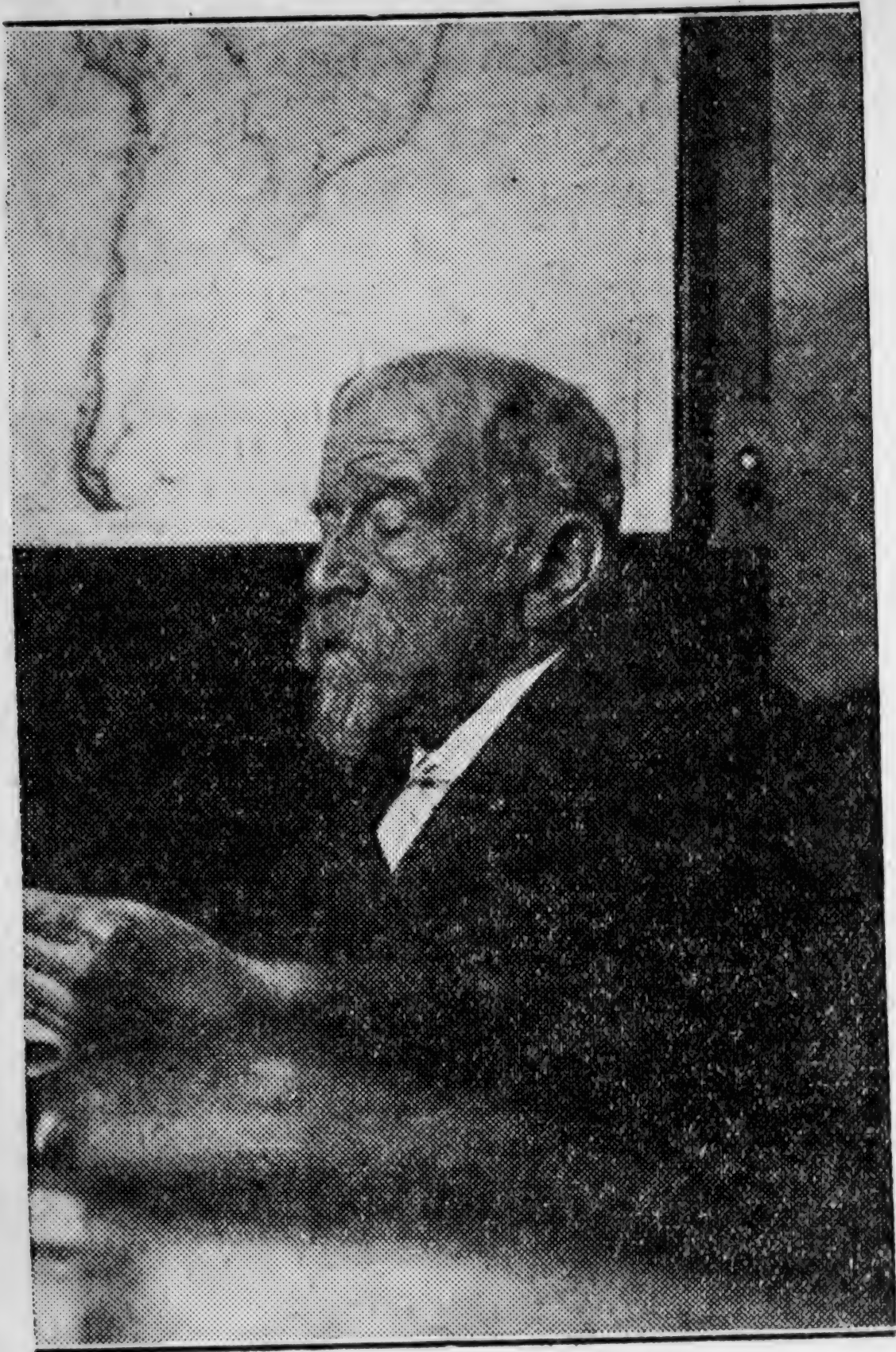
If the tax is collected at the door at the time of each performance it is obvious that the delay would make it impossible for a majority of our subscribers to be admitted in time to hear the concert at all. Plainly the payment must be made in advance. The ticket office of Symphony Hall will be open daily from 8.30 to 6 to receive payment of this tax and to stamp the tickets of our subscribers.

The management earnestly requests holders of season tickets to present them at once for this purpose. We regret the inconvenience which must be caused thereby.

Symphony Hall,
January 5, 1918.

C. A. ELLIS, Manager.

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Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1917--18.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

Dr. KARL MUCK, Conductor.

TWELFTH PROGRAMME

FRIDAY, JANUARY 18, AT 2.30 P. M.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 19, AT 8 P. M.

BERLIOZ,

OVERTURE to "Les Francs-Juges" ("The Femic Judges,") op. 3

BRAHMS,

CONCERTO in B flat major, No. 2, for Pianoforte and Orchestra, op. 83

- I. Allegro non troppo
 - II. Allegro appassionato
 - III. Andante
 - IV. Allegretto grazioso
-

TSCHAIKOWSKY,

SERENADE for Strings, op. 48

- I. Pezzo in forma di Sonatina: Andante non troppo; Allegro moderato
 - II. Valse: Moderato, tempo di valse
 - III. Elegia: Larghetto elegaico
 - IV. Finale: Tema Russo; Andante; Allegro con spirito
-

Soloist:

Mr. OSSIP GABRILOWITSCH

Mason & Hamlin Pianoforte



THE SYMPHONY CONCERT

OVERTURE, SERENADE, CONCERTO IN CONTRAST

Berlioz in an Unfamiliar Piece, Romantic and Rhetorical—Chaikovsky in Suave and Elegant Artifice, Salted Finally with Folk-Tune—Brahms's Second Piano Concerto, with Dr. Muck, Mr. Gabrilowitsch and the Orchestra All Enriching and Releasing the Music

CONTRAST abounded in the Symphony Concert of yesterday afternoon: romantic music—Berlioz's overture to his unsung opera, "Les Francs-Juges"—for beginning; salon music—Chaikovsky's Serenade for Strings—for ending; in long space between and in substitute, perhaps, for the usual symphony, Brahms's symphonic and standard concerto in B-flat with Mr. Gabrilowitsch playing the piano part. None of the three pieces was too familiar, though the concerto was heard for the third time in successive seasons; while the overture sounded almost novel and the serenade proved one of those light, graceful numbers too seldom set by a long line of conductors upon their programmes. Berlioz's music disclosed anew the large sonorities, the graphic contrasts, the vivid tonal rhetoric of which Dr. Muck and the orchestra are capable. Chaikovsky's serenade confirmed afresh the varied voice, elegance and artifice of leader and string choir; while the concerto set in many-sided aspect the imparting and the heightening abilities of band, conductor and pianist.

Whether these three were animating the first movement with incisive rhythm and energetic, mounting progress, joining ardent voices in the second, crystallizing the third in songful beauty, or more lightly weaving the glinting pattern of the finale, they clarified, vitalized and glamored the music in a fashion that would have set the laboring audiences, say of the nineties, with Brahms the abstruse and arid, into rejoicing wonder. He passes as a composer of the last quarter of the nineteenth century; but not until the twentieth has his music hereabouts been opened and vivified. A great gap indeed separates Mr. Fiedler and Dr. Muck as conductors, but together, with incidental aid from the passing Mr. Nikisch and Mr. Stock, they have made Brahms keen pleasure to the audiences of Symphony Hall. Nor, as yesterday, have they lacked aid in the good work from such pianists as Mr. Gabrilowitsch

and Mr. Bauer, such violinists as Mr. Kreisler and Mr. Witek. By so much, then, and the more for many-sidedness a concert to be enjoyed.

No doubt, Berlioz's overture needs the aid of an expatiating programme-book to inform the casual listener (who may not have the Encyclopædia Britannica in his head, long as he has had it in his mail), that the "Francs-Juges" or the Fehmle Judges were a secret, sardonic, savage tribunal, looming grim and grisly out of mediæval Westphalia. As little may he know, until he has scanned learned pages, that they and the gruesome deeds told or imagined of them kindled Berlioz's romantic imagination until he wrote an opera in which they figured and of which only this overture survives. Yet even were he of those keeping the pleasures of the programme-book for "the closet" rather than the concert-room, to him the music may have spoken by intrinsic voice. There is formidable, perhaps awesome, beginning, when brass and bassoons join in hollow and sonorous thunders; there is no mistaking mystery and foreboding when the strings shake and shudder, the cymbals shiver and the bass-drum lugubriously murmurs. Between this music of the scene, as it might be called in the mute opera which suggested it, a characteristic melody, saved from commonplace by clear warmth of imagination and expression, peoples the invisible stage with devotion pitted against doom.

Berlioz songful, Berlioz in romantic agitation, Berlioz graphic, but, most of all, Berlioz loving the ardors of melodramatic tonal contrast and situation, and more and more possessed by the tonal rhetoric which turns the end into the "grand crescendo" which was the strepitous fashion of a voluble and exuberant operatic day. Programme-book or no programme-book, the overture to "Les Francs-Juges" still speaks for itself, and the more forcefully when there is a Muck to release and swell this romantic rhetoric, this power of vivid tones, as though they were as real and sincere to him as to Berlioz himself. In life he was always blaming conductors; now in the Elysian Fields he must be praising not a few.

For itself also, as limpidly, brightly and changefully as sunshine, dappled here and there with shadow, speaks Chaikovsky's Serenade. However hysterical and hackneyed, shallow and faded he may seem in some of his symphonies and overture-fantasias, there is no reproaching him in these light, tranquil, fanciful pieces. The little sonatina with which the Serenade begins is amiable, agreeable artifice. Sonorities, full and fine, recall the voice of such pieces in the eighteenth century; suave are the phrases; ingenious yet unlabored the workmanship; dexterous and imaginative the play with the timbres a string choir yields. The waltz escapes fluent commonplace by

adept and playful modulation of pace and rhythm, by a Viennese alternation of languor and animation. Wistful sentiment, never swelled into incongruous or too personal emotion, colors with melancholy the songful little "elegy."

So far the eighteenth century, which heard serenade after serenade in this fashion, might have listened pleased, approving. If it questioned at all, the final movement would have been the prompting. Unmistakably it is folk-song that tramps along Russian tow-path or jigs in Russian streets—the Folshevik note, as these days might call it, in a music that is elsewhere of drawing-room voice. But if Chaikovsky keeps the mettle of his Bolshevik tunes, he also bids them mind their manners. For this finale, as in the persistent bass figure, does not spare the smiling ingenuity, the ready fancy of the preceding movements. The rest of Chaikovsky's Russian generation—the stark Musorgsky, the explicit Balakirev, the luscious Rimsky-Korsakov—knew not grace. At will he could summon it. They sought to impress; he was content sometimes merely to please out of a more supple fancy, a lighter artistry. With reason the audience listened as in its own music-room.

In contrast with overture and serenade, Brahms's concerto seemed to speak by will of Dr. Muck, Mr. Gabrilowitsch and the orchestra; for all three were as one in the opening and the enhancing of the music. Successive repetitions have made conductor and men sympathetic, communicating, almost affectionate masters of the piece; while the pianist plays hardly a concerto until he is in like case with it. The ruminant and sluggish Brahms when yesterday the first movement rose sharp of outline, animate of rhythm, energetic of period, resonant of climax—music, if the hearer will, of thought and prescription, but of both, as it sounded, winged with creative emotion! Propulsive power sped its course and in the progress generated warmth. The dry and calculating Brahms when the Andante flowed out of the orchestra in gentle, musing, tender song, phrased as though a human voice was singing the melancholy melody, while Mr. Gabrilowitsch let as gently fall upon it the crystal shower of the piano's figure and ornament! The abstruse and ponderous Brahms when the finale ran in shimmering pattern of lightly threading tones!

Only upon the second Allegro might rest the reproach of dryness in the piano part and of mere music-making for the composer; yet it is not so when the horns color with light and shadow a melody that the strings send penetrating into the listening imagination. Rather, the whole concerto, in such releasing performance as it received Friday, seems like an upspringing piece of tonal architecture, rising

in sharp and energetic line, setting above frieze of fancy, frieze of quiet beauty and culminating in airy pattern and light pinnacle. Seldom can it have sounded so musically clear and warm, in such sensuous voice and ardor of mood as it did from Dr. Muck and Mr. Gabrilowitsch.

The unity of accomplishment and impression in the whole performance was indeed so integral that it is hard to part the several factors in it. Conductor, pianist, orchestra were throughout as of a single understanding, sensibility and imparting voice. To Dr. Muck and to Mr. Gabrilowitsch equally, the music of the first movement seemed to owe clarity of outline, rhythmic verve and animated progress. To the orchestra the second and the third movements owed not a little richness of tonal color. From all three sprang the lightness and the brightness with which the Finale spun itself. The pianist as virtuoso shone most clearly in the prismatic loveliness of tone with which he glamored the Andante, in the felicity of his touch with accent and ornament in the last movement, in the incisiveness of phrase and period in the first. As musician, he shone as clear in his perfect proportioning of his part to the symphonic whole, in his sense of the design and progress of the piece from first measure to last, in a fineness of ear measuring both the quality of his own tone, and its euphonies or contrasts with the orchestral voices. In him, in Dr. Muck, in the orchestra, there seemed to be thought only of the music. They infused themselves into it until they became less its interpreting than its newly creating voice. The arts, the imagination, the power of transmitting musicians could hardly go further. Rarely have they more richly deserved the applause a rapt audience gave them. H. T. P.

GABRILOWITSCH IN BRILLIANT CONCERT

Score — Jan. 19/18

The Lord Byron, whose feverish thirst upon occasion prompted him to break off the necks of bottles to be drained, might have written the libretto to the opera "Les Francs-Juges," begun by Berlioz. Of his overture, played at yesterday's symphony concert, the composer said that it encompassed both the fury and the tenderness of his nature.

The pages of this overture are strangely autobiographical—the curious mingling of noble passages, of those to inspire awe, with those of flamboyant vulgarity as the harrangue of brass near the close. The brass choir is called to heroic service, including in the instrumentation a pair of the now obsolete ophicleides, a keyed instrument of brass, with a peculiarly raucous voice. Yesterday Mr. Alloo played an instrument resembling the modern euphonium.

But the thundering proclamation of all the brasses early in the overture, an amazing, stupendous picture of monstrous usurpation and implacable abuse of power, is cyclonic. How impressive the contrasting plaint of the woodwind, as of the voices of the innocent and oppressed, the sardonic and relentless organ point of the strings and the ominous beating of the drum, warning as of the day of doom. In all, the very scheme of lurid emotionalism to lift Berlioz into a fertile ecstasy, and a score of lively interest, the more so for the superb performance by Dr. Muck and orchestra, one which did not gloss the garish nor attempt to make gold of tinsel, but which made those wonderful opening pages as an overture to the Great Judgment.

Mr. Gabrilowitsch, Dr. Muck and the players gave a performance of Brahms's second concerto (B flat), which may long be remembered.

The audience recalled Mr. Gabrilowitsch time after time with such an ovation as these concerts rarely see. Tchaikowsky's "Serenade of Strings" closed the program.

Mr. Gabrilowitsch as Soloist

In Symphony Hall, on Friday afternoon, Ossip Gabrilowitsch, the pianist, appeared with the Boston Symphony Orchestra, presenting the Brahms second piano concerto in B flat major, op. 83. On the program with the concerto were the Berlioz overture, "Les Francs-Juges," op. 3, and the Tchaikowsky serenade for strings, op. 48.

The second Brahms concerto is long, measured by the number of pages which the score fills, and measured also by the time it takes in performance. But so clear is its structural design and so continuous is the appeal of its melody, it seems of no more than normal length. It stoutly challenges the technical skill of the solo performer, and it provokes his powers of expression to full activity. Likewise, it invites the orchestral players to their best execution and to their most earnest utterance. In fine, it has all the merits a work should have, both as something to interpret and as something to hear, to make it deserve a place on the Symphony programs for three years running.

One reason, perhaps, why this concerto, which contains one movement more than the rules authorize, seems of reasonable length is because the orchestral part of it, in order not to overbalance the piano, must be played with a moderate volume of tone. It may be that ordinary time computa-

tion does not count where music is concerned and that some such formula, therefore, as this applies—the duration of a piece increases with the magnitude of the sonority. Under this scheme of measurement, the overture of Berlioz, though written in what is commonly regarded as a short form, was a long composition, as played on Friday afternoon. The immoderate shoutings of the brass choir in certain of the episodes drew the piece out vastly. And in the same way the heavy-handed bowing of the violins, the violas, the violoncellos and the basses in the Tchaikowsky serenade for strings meant undue protraction for the closing part of the program.

It is fortunate for the orchestra, probably, that the schedule of soloists has lately been enlarged back to the basis of a number of years ago. A fair number of the selections presented in the course of the year must now be played with tempered sound.

The soloist of this occasion won the enthusiastic approval of the audience for his service in modifying the voice of the orchestra and for bringing interpretation around to terms of polished style and gentle mood. Possibly he overdid his method in those portions of his text where passage work prevailed. But he was perfectly in command of affairs where he had his part to sustain in dialogue, directing his conversation now fervently, now wittily, as the subject changed; and politely through everything.

BRASSES FEATURE BERLIOZ CONCERT

Adm — Jan. 19/18
Gabrilowitch Wins Triumph
With Boston Symphony
Orchestra

By LOUIS C. ELSON.

PROGRAM.

Overture, "Les Francs Juges".....Berlioz
Second Piano Concerto.....Brahms
Ossip Gabrilowitch, Soloist.
Serenade for String Orchestra...Tchaikowsky

All modern and conservative, in spite of the fact that once Berlioz

was thought very radical. The noisy and blood-and-thunderous overture which Berlioz builds upon the Vehmgericht, the secret Westphalian tribunal of the time of Charlemagne, is not one of his greatest works. He himself did not value it very highly in his later years. The second theme is most simply melodic, while the crashes of the heavy brass work and the mysterious touches of the overture give very sharp contrasts. Every musical Bostonian knows what a master in the interpretation of such contrasts Dr. Muck is, and the composition was made exciting and impressive even beyond its intrinsic worth, the brasses playing most ponderously.

GABRILOWITZ'S TRIUMPH.

Mr. Gabrilowitch is making rapid strides toward the highest rank in music. He has become a conductor, a composer, and even in his piano-playing, by which the world chiefly knows him, he is becoming more and more earnest and classical. The Brahms B-flat piano concerto is not a work with which to charm the general public. It is "musician's music," to be fully appreciated only by adepts. The late Carl Baermann once said to the writer: "When I began work upon the concerto I thought it unnecessarily difficult. Only after long study I began to see that the difficulties were really the only expression possible for certain of Brahms' thoughts."

Mr. Gabrilowitch gave a good example of artistic self-abnegation, first, in choosing such a severe work, and second, by the manner in which he sank his part into the ensemble. The concerto gives an orchestral impression above all, and the great pianist never pushed his instrument unduly into the foreground. There was no display made of the great technical skill of the work, but one thought only of the music itself. The orchestra seconded the artist perfectly and the result was one of the great piano performances of the season. Spite of the asceticism of the concerto and its complicated vein, Mr. Gabrilowitch was recalled again and again at its close, and the work, for once, seemed to make a popular triumph.

ORCHESTRA'S OPPORTUNITY.

The Tschalkowsky Serenade made amends for the extreme earnestness of Brahms. Our string orchestra had a great opportunity here and used it. Wonderful are the contrasted effects which the Russian manages to get, even without any wind instruments. The opening allegro is musi-

cally the best movement (it is in good sonatina form, but the finale is the most popular. In the second movement Tschalkowsky tries his hand at waltz-writing. He and Berlioz are the chief composers who have tried to push the waltz into symphonic music, but it really does not seem to belong there. Its omission (as announced upon the program) would have been wiser.

The elegy which follows restores the high character of the work, and shows Tschalkowsky, the greatest emotional composer of our time, at his best.

The first theme of the first movement, and the chief theme of the finale are both Russian folk-songs. They are full of the picturesque monotony of endless repetition of figures, but they are so quaint and naive that they make an impression upon musician and non-musician alike. Therefore everyone enjoyed the Serenade from beginning to end, and, played by our string orchestra, it became a performance which we shall never hear excelled.

TWO GREAT ARTISTS AT SYMPHONY

Post Jan. 19/18
Gabrilowitsch and Muck Share Honors at Concert

BY OLIN DOWNES

The performance of Brahms' B-flat piano concerto by Ossip Gabrilowitsch yesterday afternoon at the concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra in Symphony Hall will stand in the history of these concerts by the side of the proudest achievements of the orchestra. It is not necessary to compare Mr. Gabrilowitsch's playing of Brahms' work with others performances of the same composition. The woman who was asked to compare

the two pianists, Liszt and Thalberg, began by saying: "Thalberg is the greatest pianist in the world." "And Liszt? Liszt is the only pianist."

Mr. Gabrilowitsch's interpretation of Brahms' concerto is the only interpretation of this work heard by the writer in 17 years' experience of the Boston Symphony concerts.

TWO MASTER MUSICIANS

It should be added at once, that it was the performance of not one, but two master musicians; not a performance given by a darling virtuoso and a complacent conductor, but a reading of a work of profound and majestic beauty by two great scholars of orchestral music—Mr. Gabrilowitsch and Dr. Muck. Each found in the other a musician worthy of his steel, and their mutual understanding and comprehension of the music could be felt by the hearer.

The music unfolded itself page by page, movement by movement, one great thought leading to the next, one vast line of musical architecture joining the other, and the whole completing itself, gradually and with infinite majesty, as a colossal mountain might emerge, line by line, height back of height, in a glowing morning mist. At last one was agape before the vision.

Justness of Balance

It is not easy to write in a few words of the many great qualities of Mr. Gabrilowitsch's performance. The mere thinking out of so vast a work as this concerto and its crystal clear presentation to the audience would have been an impressive thing. But others might have done this.

Others—though few indeed—might also have emulated Mr. Gabrilowitsch's prodigious technic, his unflinching beauty and sonority of tone, the exquisite justness of balance between solo instrument and orchestra, the coherence and homogeneity of the entire performance. Remarkable as they were, these things did not constitute the crowning glory of his accomplishment. The grandeur of this performance lay primarily in the fact that the man was equal, spiritually speaking, to the composition. Heard, head and hand—there was something even greater than all this in Mr. Gabrilowitsch's playing; something religious, prophetic; something that made the hearer, with the player, as a little child in the presence of Art. Hats off to this! To the thing that is greater than human definition, with which only the humblest and the greatest may converse!

Has Romantic Spirit

Incidentally, the music had a beauty and warmth of coloring, a romantic

spirit as well as a rugged grandeur of outline, and great heroic outbursts, which it has seldom had in other hands. But of what avail are words, when they do not even reach the place at which the music begins? It was a pleasure to see that Mr. Gabrilowitsch's performance of a work which has no elements of popularity was genuinely appreciated. Seldom, indeed, has a Brahms concerto been so applauded at a Boston Symphony concert.

The concert opened with the brilliant and extravagant overture to Berlioz's "Frances Juges," which, with all its youthful daring and rhodomontade, owes not a little to Carl Maria von Weber—though it is poor enough stuff anyhow—and came to a close with the performance of movements from a "Serenade of Tschalkowsky."

SYMPHONY GIVES RARE NUMBERS

Herald Jan. 19/18
Berlioz and Tschalkowsky Works Not Heard Here in Many Years

CONCERT WILL BE REPEATED TONIGHT

By PHILIP HALE

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Muck conductor, gave its 12th concert yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows: Berlioz, overture to "Les Francs-Juges"; Brahms, Piano Concerto No. 2; Tschalkowsky, Serenade for string orchestra.

Is it wise to perform an inferior work of a composer long after he died? Is the performance fair to the audience or to the reputation of the dead musician? Possibly there are some that still believe in the plenary inspiration of a composer, poet, essayist; some that find the inferior music of a great composer preferable to the best work of a man ranked in the second class.

Berlioz was indisputably a genius. His influence is still felt; it is impossible to think of Liszt, Wagner, and men

of the Russian and French schools, without mentioning reverently his name. The overture to "Les Francs-Juges," however, is not among his superb compositions, any more than the

overture to "King Lear," which was played at the first concert of this season.

Yet we should be thankful for the opportunity of hearing the overture to "Les Francs-Juges" for these reasons. It was first performed in 1828 when Berlioz was in his 25th year. He had studied little, but his ambition was unbounded, his imagination was aflame. Romanticism was in the air. The plots of dramas performed in Parisian theatres during the latter twenties were every whit as wild and absurd as the libretto of "Les Francs-Juges," an opera never completed. The Berlioz of this overture was a little before the Hugu of "Hernani." Dumas with his "Tony" was of the family. The overture is interesting, then, as typical of the period, also as a revelation of Berlioz's character. We know from his own romantic memoirs how this music affected him. He thought it a full expression of the horrible; he called it "terribly frightful," to him it was a "hymn of despair." During the last 20 years we have "supp'd full" with orchestral horrors. This overture, as a whole, now seems alternately bombastic and childish, yet there are pages that still command attention and show the native genius of the Byronic musician.

Think what an effect this overture made in 1828. Compare it with the French music of the same period; see how it stands out as something new, startling, revolutionary. Even here Berlioz shows his heaven-born gift of instrumentation in a then uncommon use of instruments, although he had not acquired the finesse that characterizes the greater number of his later works. He had dramatic ideas, he had the audacity to express them melodramatically.

The overture had not been performed here at a Symphony concert since 1902. Tchaikowsky's Serenade for Strings had not been heard since 1888. It is one of the Russian's lesser works, though he himself was fond of it. When the Serenade was played in Paris, the Valse pleased so much that it was repeated. Dr. Muck purposed to omit the Valse yesterday. The program book stated that it would be omitted. Later he changed his mind, when the book was in press.

Mr. Gabrilowitsch gave a remarkably fine performance of Brahms's concerto. He chose this concerto when he first played with the orchestra ten years ago. It is reasonable to suppose from this that he likes it, or, at least, is not afraid of it. The only performance of it in Boston that was comparable to that of yesterday was that by Joseffy. It is a pity that the first two movements of the concerto are in the composer's crabbed manner; that he was more interested in the structure of the movements and in declarations, often perfunctory, of orthodoxy than in emotional feeling and expression. The beauty of the Andante

and the Hungarian piquancy of the Finale are not a complete atonement for the preceding "solidity" and "profundity," as the latter is understood in Germany.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The program of the concert next week will be as follows: Haydn, "Surprise" symphony; Mozart, Symphony in G minor; Beethoven, Symphony No. 1.

Mrs. Littlefield Distinguishes Herself with the Symphony Orchestra at Cambridge—Miss Berry and Her Music for Violoncello—Three Symphonies in One Concert

Jan. 18/18
IN Boston, many sorts and grades of music must pass performance by the Symphony Orchestra and judgment by all that hear. In Cambridge, on occasion at least, there may be a sifting down of the tried and tested to a programme the finest available. Such was the good fortune at Sanders Theatre last evening, with Brahms's Fourth Symphony, a standing pride and perfection of the orchestra, "The Swan of Tuonela," a veritable gem from the Sibelius whom Dr. Muck deservedly favors, and Berlioz's gorgeous and stunning fete-music from "Romeo and Juliet." Moreover, while most "soloists" at Cambridge have a perverse way of puncturing such a programme of sustained and noble beauty with a routine or indifferent piece, Mrs. Laura Littlefield came up to standard with three inimitable songs, and admirably justified her participation in distinguished company. Hers is a voice which takes color and vitality from an opulent setting, and she can adapt herself to such a setting without in the least forcing it. If every singer has "off nights," this was a most propitious night; it is safe to venture that Mrs. Littlefield has never been in better vein, more fully mistress of her powers. Her fresh and vibrant tone-quality was the means of injecting emotional life into the three love-songs, and only an unusual versatility of skill, only an artist's fond study and rare intuition could have caught the moods so aptly and unmistakably of Mozart's aria from "The Shepherd King," gentle, tender, tinged with wistfulness; of Rameau's ariette from a ballet on the "Jealous Juno," in which Apollo sighs for Daphne with a bright, as against Mozart's softer, grace, sprightly and minutely polished, but still amorous; of Duparc's "Phidylé" of more liberated emotion, glamorous and dreamy, a century's advance in the resources of tonal love-making, with even a suggestion of the nocturnal "Tristan." Mrs. Littlefield has a way with recent French songs, so much in fashion now. Where most of our singers make them sound more artificial than they properly are, she finds the kernel of the feeling and the imaginative suggestion. And to this her excellent French and her clear diction lend much.

Most distinctive was the number from "Rameau," not only because it was unusual in this day, but able by virtue of the harpsichord which the college could lend for accompaniment. Harpsichord and softly insinuating cellos went smilingly together through the preliminary recitative, and the sense of miniature might almost have been attained, had not the entrance of the far too numerous string orchestra and the far too stout proportioned violins destroyed it. Nevertheless, an interesting and a happy experiment. Mrs. Littlefield fell into the spirit and verve of the period with clear enthusiasm; she executed the florid interlude of Mozart's aria as one likes to hear such embellishment—lightly and aptly, skimmingly, and yet with no slurring.

For the rest, Brahms's symphony provided the solid fare of the evening. It is music of inexhaustible content, to live with, to ponder, to study in detail, with the assurance of never tiring. For rich and abundant are its counterpoint, its modulation, its rhythmic division, its manifold colorings, wherein the fine, the brave themes are taken up in every timbre, and twisted every which way into a copious texture. Deliberate music, but surely built, and hard of wear. The legend from the "Kalevala" of Sibelius, is an example of that composer's genius for exalting music of the popular stamp, the conventional and the simple, into the enduring and the important. As for Berlioz's setting of the Capulets' ball, nothing for Liszt or Strauss is more splendid.

y Hall.

1917-18.

NY ORCHESTRA

K, Conductor.

PROGRAMME

25, AT 2.30 P. M.

RY 26, AT 8 P. M.

HAYDN,

SYMPHONY in G major, No. 6

MOZART,

SYMPHONY in G minor

BEETHOVEN,

SYMPHONY in C major, No. 1

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SYMPHONY HALL

TUESDAY EVENING, JANUARY 22, 1918

SECOND CHORAL CONCERT

GUSTAV MAHLER'S

SYMPHONY IN C MINOR, NO. 2

FIRST PERFORMANCE IN BOSTON

CHORUS OF THREE HUNDRED AND
FIFTY

(TRAINED BY STEPHEN TOWNSEND)

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

MAY PETERSON, Soprano

MERLE ALCOCK, Contralto

Dr. KARL MUCK, Conductor

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SYMPHONY No. 2, IN C MINOR GUSTAV MAHLER
(Born at Kalischt, in Bohemia, July 1 (or 7), 1860; died at Vienna, May 18, 1911.)

I. Allegro maestoso. Mit durchaus ernstern und feierlichem Ausdruck (with serious and solemn expression throughout).

II. Andante moderato. Sehr gemächlich (in a very easy-going manner).

III. In ruhig fliessender Bewegung (with a quietly flowing movement).

IV. Urlicht (Primigenial Light). Sehr feierlich, aber schlicht; Choral-mässig (very solemn, but in a simple manner; like a choral).

V. Finale.

Mahler began work on this symphony during his engagement at the Opera House in Leipzig, 1886-88. He completed the symphony in June, 1894, at Steinbach on the Attersee, where he spent his summer holidays (1893-96). The three instrumental movements of the symphony were performed at a Philharmonic Concert in Berlin, in March, 1895. Richard Strauss conducted. On December 13, 1895, Mahler conducted the whole work in Berlin. The Philharmonic Orchestra and the Stern Choral Union took part.

The symphony was performed under Mahler's direction in New York on December 8, 1908, by the Symphony Orchestra of that city, with the assistance of Laura Combs, soprano, Gertrude Stein-Bailey, contralto, and the chorus of the Oratorio Society.

Laid out on great lines, the symphony demands an unusually large orchestra. The full complement of wind instruments used in ultra-modern works is doubled in some instances, and there is even a greater number in the Finale. There are many percussion instruments. Bells and the organ are also employed. The score calls for eighteen first violins, sixteen second violins, twelve violas, twelve violoncellos, and ten double-basses.

There are conflicting opinions about the "programme," the "meaning" of the music. Mahler himself was opposed to any programme book when his symphonies were performed, yet Paul Stefan in his *Life of Mahler* quotes him as giving "a subsequent explanation," that implies in the first movement "the death of a hero, who is fallen in Promethean struggle for his ideal, for the knowledge of life and death." Stefan calls the symphony "a symphony of destiny." Nodnagel sees in the first movement the funeral ceremonies for a great man. Episodes in his life are portrayed in the middle movements. At the same time he insists that Mahler wished the symphony to be considered as absolute (not programme) music. Still another finds the key to the symphony in the poem "Urlicht" ("Primigenial Light"), on which the fourth movement is based. "Going back from the words: 'Mankind lies in sorest need! Mankind lies in sorest pain! The rather would I be in heaven!'"—verses taken from *Des Knaben Wunderhorn*—"then do we understand the symphony."

The first movement, says the writer of a Dresden Royal Orchestra programme-book, is an introduction to the line, "Mankind lies in sorest need!" Here is the strongest expression of pessimism. All toil and striving on earth is vain. The second movement breathes contentment, but it is the happiness of the philistine. The coloring is in the nature of a parody. The third movement, the Scherzo, deliberately grotesque, is a musical expression of St. Anthony's sermon to the fishes. And what is the upshot of the sermon? "The pike remain thieves, the

eels are lustful, crabs go backward, the stockfish are still gross, the carp are greedy,—all have forgotten the sermon." Then comes the fourth movement with its redeeming word of primigenial light. The fifth movement is in two sections. The first again expresses doubt. Moods of anguish, mockery, irony, passion, piety alternate. At last there is the dispelling of doubt, the grand fulfilment as expressed in the poetry that supplements the music.

I. The chief, great theme is that of a funeral march, in which a chorale is heard. There are episodes of consolation.

II. The chief theme is a dance tune announced by the strings. As one commentator finds an ironical view of human enjoyment in the music, so another finds joy in the contemplation of nature.

III. According to some the Scherzo was suggested by Mahler's song taken from the *Wunderhorn* of St. Anthony of Padua's sermon to the fishes. The Dresden programme-book writer goes so far as to say that an imaginative hearer can recognize in the music the various kinds of fish. Other commentators speak of the fantastical E. T. A. Hoffmann, also of Wiertz's picture "Christ and the Various Factions." As Stefan puts it, the Scherzo is a second typical figure. "The hero in manhood goes forth into the world, and sees how stupidity and vulgarity, like the fishes of the legend, are incorrigible." There is at last an outcry of disgust.

IV. Urlicht ("The Primal Light"). The alto sings an old song preserved in Achine von Arnim's and Clemens Brentano's collection "The Boy's Magic Horn," which was published in 1806. (The English version is by Margarete Münsterberg.)

Thou red, red rose!

Ah, man lies in bitter throes.

Yea, man lies in greatest woe—

Far rather I would to heaven go.

I entered upon a broad highway.

Then came an angel bright and wanted to stay me.

Ah no, I would not let him stay me!

Ah no, I would not let him stay me!

I am from God, I will go back to God!

The merciful God, the merciful God a candle will be sending,

To light my way unto a blessed life unending.

V. Mahler wrote to Arthur Seidl that he had searched literature to find the "liberating word" for his Finale. He was in Hamburg at the funeral of Hans von Bülow, conducted by the Senate in the church of St. Michael. Klopstock's ode "Auferstehen, ja auferstehen" was sung. At this service Mahler received the inspiration for the final choral movement of his second symphony. He used the Ode and added verses of his own.

After the first tormented section there is a reference to the coming "Resurrection" motive.

The Great Call. The first two stanzas of this hymn are taken from a poem "The Resurrection," by Friedrich Gottlob Klopstock (1724-1803). The English version is by Margarete Münsterberg.

Chorus a cappella and soprano solo.

CHORUS AND
SOPRANO SOLO. Rise thou shalt, yea, rise again,
Oh, thou my dust—thy rest is brief!—
When life unending, when life unending
The Lord who calls thee, who calls thee is spending.

Ah, to bloom again thou hast been sown.
The Lord of harvests,
The Lord doth walk alone:
In sheaves He bindeth
The dead He findeth!

ALTO SOLO. Believe me, my heart, believe me:
Thou hast no loss, but gain!
Thine is all thy desire—
What thou hast loved and won with daring.

SOPRANO SOLO. Believe me:
For thou hast not been born in vain,
Nor lived in vain, thy sorrow bearing!

CHORUS. All that is and was—behold, it dies!
All that perished—lo, shall rise!
Ah, cease thy sorrow,

SOPRANO AND
ALTO DUET. Prepare thee for the morrow!
Oh, pain that all men smitest,
Behold, I have fled thee!
Oh, death that all things blightest,
I never shall dread thee!
My wings that I have won, unfolding,
My fervent love outpouring,
I shall be soaring,

CHORUS. The light no eye hath seen, beholding!
My wings that I have won, unfolding,
Then I shall, yea, then I shall be soaring!
Death, oh, take me, life restoring!
Rise thou shalt, oh rise, my heart, rise in the twinkling of an eye!
Thy faith shall praise thee, thy faith shall praise thee,
To God, to God, to God in glory raise thee!



Mahler From the Bust by Rodin

CHORUS AND
SOPRANO SOLO. Rise thou shalt, yea, rise again,
Oh, thou my dust—thy rest is brief!—
When life unending, when life unending
The Lord who calls thee, who calls thee is spending.

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To God, to God, to God in glory raise thee!



Mahler From the Bust by Rodin

PLAY MAHLER'S SYMPHONY HERE

Work Shows Little Genuine
Musical Value—Chorus
Is Powerful

PERFORMANCE IS TRIUMPH FOR MUCK

By PHILIP HALE

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Muck conductor, assisted by May Peterson, soprano; Merle Alcock, alto, and the great chorus trained by Mr. Townsend, performed Gustav Mahler's Second Symphony last night in Symphony Hall. There was a very large audience. The symphony was performed for the first time in this city.

The final chorus by its sheer dynamic force, with the voices of many singers, the frenzy of an enlarged orchestra, the roar of organ and the peal of bells, undoubtedly affected the nerves of the hearers. They were for the moment thrilled. The question is whether it was worth while listening for an hour or more to the preceding movements of the symphony to experience a thrill.

It is known that Mahler was bitterly opposed to the program notes when his symphonies were performed. It was his habit to ask that only the indications for the movements should be printed on a program. Notes he abhorred, whether they were biographical, analytical, explanatory. Yet we find his biographer Stefan saying that Mahler explained the first movement of the second symphony as portraying the death of a hero who is fallen in Promethean struggle for his ideal, for the knowledge of life and death. This is a high-sounding phrase. Other ingenious commentators find the movement an expression of pessimism. An unsophisticated hearer knows that the movement is chiefly a funeral march, and realizes that Mahler wrote a more effective, a more emotional and imaginative one for the first movement of a later symphony, the one that has been played here several times.

We are also told that the Scherzo was suggested by St. Anthony of Padua preaching a sermon to the fishes; that the movement is a piscatorial Scherzo; that a keen-eared hearer can distinguish in the music the carp from the eels.

No doubt Mahler had some sort of a program in his mind, for in a letter to a friend he wrote that he had searched from the Bible down to contemporaneous literature in hope of finding the "liberating word" for the Finale. He found it when attending Buelow's funeral; he heard the choir sing Klopstock's "Resurrection" ode. Klopstock—who is now best remembered by the answer of Coleridge to a German clergyman who insisted that Klopstock was "the German Milton." "Yes," replied Coleridge, "a very German Milton indeed."

As we have said, the funeral march is not nearly so dramatic, so impressive as the mighty dirge in the later symphony. The dramatic material is commonplace; the treatment is laborious, the various episodes furnish little contrast or relief.

The second movement with its dance tune is most honest, the most pleasing of the five. The tune itself is common, but it has folk-character; it brings before one the thought of the country and joyous peasants. Never mind the deep-thinking commentator who detects irony in the movement, a sardonic view of human enjoyment. The music might have been written by any honest Kapellmeister of the second or third rank, but here at least Mahler is frank and comparatively simple. His music is homely in the good old meaning of the word.

Then we come to the Scherzo—ye gods and little fishes! Haglogists say, by the way, that the sermon to the fish is falsely attributed to St. Anthony of Padua, who came from Lisbon. Here is a fine opportunity for an elaborate digression in a program book. Let the Saint rest! The Scherzo, with or without the fish, is mildly amusing, not significant.

In the fourth movement "Primal Light," the alto sings an old song from "The Boy's Magic Horn," a quaint old song. Would that Mahler had treated it sympathetically! Would that he had given Mme. Alcock better music for her rich and beautiful voice!

In the last movement there are convulsive measures; there is music that is theatrical, not dramatic; there are phrases that recall moments in the last act of Verdi's "Otello," accidental no doubt—and how much more effective are Verdi's! There are pages, now boisterously tiresome, now lethargically dull, until the chorus enters. The choral pages are the most striking in the Symphony. They gain greatly by the bombast and the dullness of what has gone before.

It is to be regretted that Dr. Muck spent his rare talent and the excellent resources at his command in the preparation and performance of a work that has so little genuine musical value. Mahler could not have complained of the performance. In his lifetime, when he conducted the symphony abroad and

in New York, he never had such an admirable orchestra and chorus. If he had been present last night he would have shaken warmly the hand of the conductor; he might have embraced him. But the splendor of the performance did not glorify the music itself. It still remained now blatant, now wildly pretentious, now of leaden dullness; with here and there hints at ideas that came to nought in the expression; with a few pages of pleasing commonplace; showing too often a surprising lack of taste, a clumsiness in orchestration, the belief that din is necessarily dramatic, that brute force is artistic strength.

MAHLER'S SYMPHONY Grand. — Jan. 22/18 MUSIC IN WHICH DESIGN EXCELS ACCOMPLISHMENT

A Scheme Too Vast and Epic, a Canvas Stretched Too Wide and High for the Composer's Invention, Imagination and Procedure to Fill — The Persistent Impression of Shortcoming — Occasional Moments of Achievement—A Performance That With All Its Virtues Raises Questioning Here and There

FORTUNATE the composer and the man who can awaken and sustain such devoted loyalties as did Mahler. His enemies, his detractors abound; but against them persisted an apostolic band. Eminent conductors were among these disciples and as he wrote one symphony after another they made or seized opportunity to play it. Eminent writers kept them company in printed exposition and praise. Even artists, like Rodin or Orlik, liked to set Mahler on canvas or in bronze. Now that he is eight years dead as many of these apostles as survive him multiply rather than abate these loyalties. Here in the United States, for instance Mr. Stokowski prepares with endless pains and accomplishes in New York and Philadelphia, performances of the huge "Symphony of a Thousand." In Chicago, Mr. Stock makes that symphony the chief item in a series of festival concerts. Mahler's fifth symphony, requiring no more than the usual orchestra; his fourth, asking only an incidental singing voice, are now well established in American repertoires. His sets of orchestrated songs have made their way into symphony concerts; occasionally singers set his simpler pieces on the programmes of their recitals. In Boston, the fifth symphony was heard in Mr. Gericke's final year at Symphony Hall, and at three

pairs of concerts Dr. Muck has repeated it. From him came first in America the "Songs of a Wandering Journeyman"; while last evening he brought to hearing for the second time on this side of the Atlantic, Mahler's second symphony, known by a single performance in 1908 to the ears of New York, unknown hitherto to Boston. Side by side with these apostolic conductors have wrought the apostles of print and speech. Both questioned as to this zeal, return a single answer: "It is for Mahler." Only a Parisian composer or two enjoys in the United States so steadfast, so loyal a following. Perhaps it is in America, rather than in his own Austria and Germany that Mahler's music now most flourishes.

Possibly these devotions on the one hand and on the other the huge forces and the arduous preparation required for several of Mahler's symphonies tend to raise too high the anticipations of audiences. Last evening, for example, the expectant company that filled nearly every place in Symphony Hall, looked upon a platform extending the stage an appreciable distance into the parquetry. Upon it sat the Symphony Orchestra, "augmented" in wind and brass choirs, with two women actually disposed among the horn, with yet more "additional instruments" hidden without for distant voices. Above this band, five score and more, rose the chorus in tier upon tier, three hundred at least in numbers, strong with the prestige gained two months ago by its singing in the Finale of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony. From New York and elsewhere had come musicians of note and amateurs of music, hardly less noted in kind and degree, to hear this second symphony of Mahler. It was known that weeks had been spent in preparation for the performance; that Dr. Muck, preparing and conducting, was not the least of the Mahlerian apostolic band. There was little need for devoted and diligent expositors to whet anticipation in article and on programme sheet. Already it ran quite as high as the outcome of music and performance was to warrant. Intent, impressed, the audience listened; through the Finale it was plainly rapt and stirred; at the end of the concert—and on these Storrovian nights—it lingered for recall upon recall to all concerned. Yet, as manifestly, this second symphony of Mahler had swept into no such emotion and exaltation as did, of old, the merely orchestral fifth.

Perhaps Mahler stretched too wide a canvas for even his fecundity of invention and abundance of means to fill; perhaps he conceived a musical and quasi-dramatic design too large, too exacting for achieving mind, will and hand to compass. That design, on the poetizing, the quasi-dramatic side is clear enough in the music, whether the expositors and the commentators clarify or confuse. Consider, the composer is ob-

viously saying, the spiritual, the emotional life of man. He may waste it in tranquil existence, easy futilities, placid pastimes. He may stifle it in self-satisfactions, cynical disdains, the commonplaces of pleasure. He may see his ideal as in the heavens opened; he may press manfully upward toward it; yet while he is yet afar and struggling, death descends and the mourning of his fellows less swells his achievement than proclaims his failures. "Vanity of vanities," saith the preacher, "all is vanity." Then, of a sudden, out of this murk and mock, shall sound a song of simple things—an elemental, universal voice entreating the divine aid and hope, the divine consolation and compensation. Centuries before Mahler, Saint Paul wrote the divine answer: "In a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump: for the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed. For this corruptible must put on incorruption and this mortal must put on immortality."

There is no questioning the emotional, the poetic, the dramatic, perhaps even the epic quality of this design. It is spacious, sweeping, human, universal. By as clear token it lends itself to expression in tones and in music of the expanding dimension, the upswelling course, the massed forces that Mahler loved. As little is there just quarrel with his scheming of the frame for this design. For beginning, a proclamation of death and mourning as present end to this manful battling for the ideal. In contrasting sequence tonal image of the placid life shunned of the cynical and sensual life scorned. Thereafter, the prayer of faith and need; upon it the ascent heavenward to the Divine Justice, the entrance into the glories and ecstasies of resurrection. Really does this design join with the formal prescriptions of symphonic course—the stormy Allegro of beginning; next a tranquil and shimmering slow movement; a sardonic and spirited Scherzo; the intermezzo of songful entreaty; the free finale in which to crowd tonal imagery of the emptied earth, the great judgment, the final beatification. There might Mahler have his hosts of instruments and voices; there might he flung himself first upon a music of stress and pang, then upon a music of ecstatic radiance, eternal exaltation. The design is worthy of a symphonic imagination and ambition, ever burning to conquer summits, to sustain itself upon them.

By the experience and test, as the performance of last evening afforded them, it is in the execution of this design that Mahler falls short. His tonal invention, his imagination too often falls short of his "great argument," while an excess of 'handling, as a painter might say, with his musical material does not enable him to fill the gap. The long-breathed, far-flung Mahlerian theme—in the narrow sense of the word in music—the motive that in

itself arrests the ear by songful eloquence or tonal pith and point, is an old story. Other of his symphonies abound in them; but there is hardly one in this second so laying and maintaining hold upon the hearer. The short and simple, almost naïve Mahlerian theme on the instant charm to ear and fancy is familiar. One such gladdens this second symphony—the motive that quickly expands into the Andante of the placid and futile life. What ever recollects the fifth symphony of Mahler recalls the darkling splendors and the poignant passion of lament, the epic mourning, with which it begins. The like passage at the beginning of the second symphony is pale beside it in matter and treatment, misses quite the wild plangency. There can come rifts in Mahlers gloomiest music—again recall his fifth symphony—in which the sheer radiance of a melody pierces and rends the settled blackness. The like rift, in the first movement of the second symphony, sounds very like a willed and workmanlike effect.

Mahler has written sardonic music in which a bitter tonal wit seethes and crackles; or Scherzi of light and playful humor, or playful measures of apt delineative strokes. Of all three, seemingly, would be the Scherzo of sermon and fishes in the second symphony; yet the invention, the zest to make it tingle, flash, bite enter not the music. Mahler excels in passages in which he launches his whole orchestra, like some mighty tonal enginry to proclaim the passionate struggle of man in as riven and writhing music. He essays such passages in the first movement of the symphony of yesterday. They serve their purpose; but they rend neither the ears nor the hearts of hearers. Mahler is capable of epic fresco in tones, of musical canvas like to those that sometimes Michael Angelo stretched and filled. There is one such in the Finale of the second symphony—the tonal panorama of the dreads and pangs, the confusions, the concealments, the torture, the awe of the Last Judgment. Again it serves, but the mind does flash back to the fresco above the altar in the Sixtine Chapel to find fit analogy for it.

Thrice and thrice only, as it seemed last evening, is Mahler with this "Resurrection Symphony," at the heights of the beauty, the power, the illusion that the scope and substance of his design exactly demanded; that his mind, heart and hand passionately sought. Once, at the beginning of the Finale, when faint and far, yet with soft pulse that is irresistible goading and bell-like clear the blinded horns and trumpets of the resurrection morning seem to call to a world quickened in celestial light. Again, a little further into the Finale, when the chorus sung in the divine pity, the divine redemption upon the dead in measures of a deep and radiant a longing and serene beauty alike of confidence and compassion. Yet again, when the choral song of the beatified is like the voice of a great host streaming, elate but

grave through the gateways of Paradise. Near to them, through the rest of the symphony is only the clear, stark voice of simple, universal tremulous entreaty that rises in such measure of beauty between the music of life and the music of resurrection.

BIG CHORUS HEARD WITH SYMPHONY

350 Voices Sing Part
in "Resurrection"
Symphony

BY OLIN DOWNES

Gustav Mahler's second symphony was given last night in Symphony Hall for the first time in Boston by the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Dr. Karl Muck, conductor, a chorus of 350 voices, rehearsed for this occasion by Stephen Townsend; Merle Alcock, contralto, and May Peterson, soprano, assisting soloists.

The symphony, which has been called the "Resurrection" symphony, is one of vast dimensions, requiring an hour and forty minutes in performance. The orchestra was considerably augmented to meet the enormous demands of Mahler's score. At the close of the performance there was an ovation for Dr. Muck and the performers.

SINCERITY IMPRESSES

One is immediately impressed, first by the broad and simple outlines and the profound sincerity of the composer in this work, and then by the curiously incongruous characteristics of the music.

Now it is deeply impressive, as in the choral conclusion of the last movement; now it is theatrical, bombastic, and tedious in its reiteration of unimportant themes. Now the harmony is pungently modern—although this is comparatively seldom the case—while most of the time it is so simple as to be old-fashioned. In fact there are no measures in the work which show a pronouncedly original quality of musical invention.

The themes tell because of their broad outlines, their passionate sweep, or because of instrumentation which is not only effective but at times crudely sensational. The composer is frankly indebted to Wagner and Bruckner. Probably neither the suggestion of the sleep motive from "The Valkyrie" at the end of the first movement, nor the quotation of certain progressions from the "Love-death" of Isolde in the duet between the contralto and the soprano, where there is reference made to the welcoming of death, are accidental.

From Bruckner there are derived certain broad progressions, but also, alas, some of the tireless reiterations of thematic material, which was at times the strength, but more often the weakness of that master whom Mahler adored. But, at least, as regards passionate feeling and symphonic intention, the first and last movements of this work show the vision and the intense conviction of the composer.

One Gay Little Tune

This is not the case with the rest of the work. After the opening movement, which alternates between deep gloom and mystical exaltation, and presents thematic material referred to again in the finale, we have in the following section a happy and naïve tune, a sort of landler, in which the composer is wholly at his ease and felicitous in his invention. But this gay little tune has neither the substance nor importance to justify its so frequent repetition, or the unsuccessful efforts to give its variety of effect by changes of instrumentation. What is obvious, of course, is that in alternating his dramatic opening and this landler the composer had in mind a definite programme which he has not given us. But that does not excuse or condole the fact that as music pure and simple and as a movement of a dramatic symphony the music is at first pleasing and then trivial.

Between this movement and the next there is too little variety of character, although the third movement has a certain grotesquerie which the second has not. Then suddenly the alto voice is heard in a charming, tender song, "Thou red, red rose," from "Das Knaben Wunderhorn," an expression of faith in the mercy of God and the hereafter.

"Resurrection" Music

The last movement commences with orchestral pandemonium, then a mystic call from horns off stage, then again pandemonium, in which motives of the first movement are treated in various guises, including that of the plain chant, the Dies Irae; and after much of this and of reiterated preparations for the "resurrection" music, the chorus, with the two solo voices, sing Klopstock's ode, "Auferstehen, ja auferstehen," which Mahler heard sung at the funeral of Hans von Bulow in the Church of St. Michael. The simplest harmonies are employed. The chorus sings for the greater part without accompaniment, the orchestra supplying joyous interludes, and the solo voices woven in from time to time. The effect is very simple, beautiful and full of feeling, and moved the audience profoundly.

A spirit of devotion was to be felt throughout this performance, which for its brilliancy and eloquence will long be remembered. As for the work itself it does not make a very durable impression. Both Mrs. Alcock and Miss Petersen sang admirably. Mahler, the dreamer, the humanist, the philosopher, the mystic, was to be felt and admired back of this music. But we believe the music itself will be shelved long before the memory of the man and his potent services to his art will be forgotten.

MAHLER SYMPHONY TRIUMPH FOR MUCK

Concert Proves Memorable
Event in Musical Annals
of Boston

By LOUIS C. ELSON

Last night, in Symphony Hall, before a large audience, Mahler's second symphony was performed for the first time in Boston. These symphonic choral concerts are memorable events in our musical annals. They attain a grandeur that is far beyond even the regular symphony concerts. The score of this work is tremendous, and the orchestra was much augmented for the performance, yet there is nothing crabbed or puzzling in the symphony and the large forces are used legitimately to build up mighty climaxes.

The score is filled with the minutest directions and these were followed with fidelity. Rehearsal upon rehearsal led to a performance that would have satisfied the "pernickety"

Mahler himself. The enthusiasm evoked by the grandest portions of the work, such as the mighty marches of the first and last movements, was very marked and spontaneous.

The contrasts between the turbulence of the chief theme and the tenderness of the second, in the opening movement, were very finely drawn. The dramatic character here suggests a definite story, but Mahler gives it no title and declines to have the work judged as "Program" (pictorial) music. It is, however, undoubtedly a picture of the struggle with Destiny, of Sorrow, Joy and grim Determination.

The Schubertian melody and simplicity of theme in the second movement was a foil to the touches of the first. Quite as popular is the playful shimmering of the third movement, almost a Viennese waltz at times, but there is something of bitterness, of musical sarcasm, intermingled. It was all directly and unmingled. It was affectedly attractive. Now followed the alto solo, very expressively sung by Miss Merle Alcock. It forms practically a movement by itself, but it serves to usher in the great finale. And here, where words are first attached, we also get a title—"Urlicht"—the Primal Light.

The finale is a reflection of both Beethoven's ninth symphony and of Berlioz' Requiem, but treated in a different manner from either. As in the ninth there is complaining, contention, struggle and final triumph, but Beethoven's is an earthly triumph, while Mahler's is beyond the grave.

The alto solo is not so good a bridge to the chorus work as Beethoven's bass phrases were in his symphony, but it is direct and attractive and one of the popular points of the expressive composition.

There is some massive instrumental work before the vocal climax, and this was performed with heroic power. All this but leads into "The Great Summons, which is a movement far beyond Berlioz' picture of the Day of Judgment. Wonderfully effective, full of suspense and hope, was the simple beginning of this. A horn call against a trill upon bass drum, an echo, (both repeated) and then the song of a bird, the entire orchestra silent, only a piccolo and flute chirruping against the drum trill, now upon kettle-drums. It was as if Mahler had set Byron's words:

"A light broke in upon my brain,
It was the carol of a bird.
It ceased, and then it came again,
The sweetest song I ever heard."

The duet for soprano and alto (Miss May Peterson being the soprano, Miss Alcock the alto) was excellently given. It was noticeable how much more vocal the singer's parts were than those of Beethoven, in the preceding concert. And now the chorus had its opportunity. Stephen Town-

send's training of the chorus has been most thorough, and even in the "A Capella" (unaccompanied) portion of the work, the intonation was sure and the shading commendable. The chorus has become a great adjunct to the orchestra in these concerts. The climaxes of the finale were great. If Mahler has used extremely large forces in this, surely the end has justified the means, which can be said of very few modern composers. The power of the finale and the dramatic yet clear character of the earlier movements show Mahler a genius, even if an unequal one. It was certainly a more grateful work to do than Beethoven's choral symphony which was given in the preceding concert. In that we felt that almost insurmountable difficulties had been overcome, but last night it seemed as if the performers enjoyed the work almost as much as the audience.

The performance was a triumph for our orchestra and for Mr. Townsend's carefully prepared chorus. Those who were present last night assisted at a very important occasion in Boston's symphonic history. Especially noticeable was the work of the brasses (the trumpets had most difficult passages) and the kettledrums. The enthusiasm at the end was boundless.

MAHLER SYMPHONY GIVEN FIRST TIME

Gustav Mahler's second symphony in C minor was given at Symphony Hall last night for the first time in this city. An excellent, in many respects a brilliant, performance marked the efforts of the orchestra, greatly augmented in the brass for this occasion, of Mr. Townsend's superb chorus, which again distinguished itself, of Miss May Peterson, soprano, and Mme Merle Alcock, contralto, the two solo voices, and of Dr Muck, under whose direction all was assembled.

The first hearing of a work of such large proportions in scheme and apparatus required provoked lively anticipation. Of the dead Mahler's eight symphonies, the fifth alone has been heard in Boston. Philadelphia, Chicago and New York in recent seasons either have produced or heard the yet more colossal eighth, "the symphony of 1000," and certain of the earlier works, as this second, once in December, 1908, in New York, have been done in various cities.

The avid, insatiable thirst of Mahler for creative activity is one of the striking facets of his genius, for like a precious stone, the gifts of the man shone at times luminous, even resplendent. Sitting under Dr Muck's performances of the fifth symphony, completed

in 1903, nine years after the second, one often wished the composer had weighed with a more critical eye the value of this passage, had stricken out here, had condensed there. The prodigal facility, the onfaring imagination, even of those mature years, often seemed a foe to genius, a menace from which even a respectable talent finds profit in escaping.

At 26 Mahler began his projection of this symphony. At 34 he attended Bulow's funeral in Hamburg, where Klopstock's "Resurrection Ode" gave his thought the spark enkindling into the choral finale. Here is a work of the period which, for Schumann, Berlioz, Richard Strauss, more so for Schubert and Chopin, if somewhat less true for Wagner, was one of established maturity. Yet in this second symphony the hearer awaits a proclamation, not merely the sound of many instruments, but a mood which speaks of the soul, of its struggle within rather than its much-visible writhing without, of a peace which translates and of a transfiguration which here Mahler at length does find in the power of the human voice.

Listening to the sung lines,

Ah, cease thy sorrow,
Prepare thee for the morrow!

one wonders at the futility of much which had gone before; the continuous, finally harassing suggestion of surface, as the speech of a man whose spirit cries for a tongue of flame, and only symbols, formulas come. To be sure, there are moments of at least suggestive force; but the composer's hero—albeit his meager admission of program—struggles ponderously, boisterously, and for a worse failing he excites no sympathy. His end would be welcome, but it brings funeral music of an empty, even a trivial pomp. The device of a moving counterpoint usually in the lower strings, and in the habitual broken rhythm, against a melody of quasi-martial character, is far overdone, and there are other signs of a stereotyped idiom.

In the second movement, Mahler finds a passing haven in the folk-song of which he was fond, and in the spirit of the folk-dance in the beginning of the third. The treatment of the naive melody of the second is ingenious, pleasing, and in the embellishment of the cellos in the middle section, of fresh musical beauty, but one looks in Mahler for a greater skill, a wider variety in invention. One can point to pages in Berlioz, written with less lofty purposes, but more poignant in human struggle, and far more picturesque in fantasy and in the grotesque. For the sweep of the whole drama, of combat and exaltation, excepting Mahler's inspired and overpowering effect from his choral apotheosis, there is little to endure comparison with Strauss' "Death and Transfiguration."

The music for the solo voices, based in part on "The Boy's Magic Horn," has the note both of emotional and artistic sincerity. Not soon is to be forgotten the beauty of Mme Alcock's voice, warm and vibrant with color and feeling, entering quietly, as an instrument of the orchestra, in the old song, "Thou Red, Red Rose." But for one previous appearance a stranger here, she gave pleasure by the emotional quality of her fine voice, her good diction and a reposeful manner keeping within the frame. All as fortunate was the choice of Miss Peterson, now familiar

and always welcome, for her vocal skill, discerning intelligence and an interpretative sense which did not attempt to exceed the comparative limitations of her part.

The audience was a large one and remained at the close for prolonged applause, above all for Dr. Muck. Expectations of this magnificent, unprecedented chorus for symphonic works, in the approaching Mathew Passion Music well may be large.

Impending Mahler *Jan. 27/18*

WHEN Bostonian ears hear Mahler's "Resurrection Symphony"—the title is not the composer's but the fancy of an admiring analyst—for the first time next Tuesday evening, Dr. Muck and the management of the Symphony Orchestra will fulfill a long-meditated purpose. Originally they planned the performance of the symphony for a concert, after the regular series was done, in the spring of 1915. The assisting chorus was then to be the celebrated Mendelssohn Choir of Toronto. It was preparing for a journey to England and Germany; it intended to take ship from Boston; and the arrangement was that in May it should join the Symphony Orchestra in two concerts—one for Beethoven's Choral Symphony and the other for this symphony of Mahler. War-time conditions put a European tour by the Mendelssohn Choir out of the question; indeed soon dissolved it; and the whole project for the performance of the two symphonies lay in abeyance until the decision last spring, in counsel with Mr. Townsend, to organize his present chorus. Singers, orchestra and conductors forthwith made ready Beethoven's symphony, with outcome in such graphic and eloquent performance that not once, but twice, the public demanded to hear it. Then they passed to the rehearsal of Mahler's music, and next Tuesday the end is expected again to crown the work.

It is easy to say, of course, that Mahler is not Beethoven; that, while the Choral Symphony is a mighty classic of music, the "Resurrection Symphony" is seldom heard either in Europe or in America. Mahler's music undergoes this fate, in part because of the exceptional forces and preparation required for the performance; in part because it still has its way to make to recurrent place in concerts; in part because the composer took his own course outside the symphonic currents of his time. None but him among the eminent composers of the local decades of the nineteenth century and the first decade of the twentieth conceived huge symphonies in which movement should pile upon movement, like some monument in tones; in which chorus and solo voices should swell the power and the range of the orchestra; in which large and elemental emotion should mount in grandiose ascent and proclamation. Mahler wrote these symphonies with the energy of an intensely nervous being, with questionless devotion to an ideal enkindled, at

glowing music of Romeo and Juliet, "The Fete at Capulet's House." Mrs. Littlefield, appearing for the first time with the orchestra, will sing two familiar numbers—the coloratura air from Mozart's opera, "The Shepherd King"—and the orchestral version of Duparc's song, "Phidyle"—and one unfamiliar—an air from Rameau's eighteenth-century opera, "Platée."

In New York last week, Dr. Muck and the string choir of the Symphony Orchestra repeated Handel's Concerto Grosso, as they had played it on the preceding Friday and Saturday in Boston, with the conductor seated at the piano and Mr. Witek and Mr. Habenicht as "violini concertini" on either hand. The secret of this placement of the musicians and of Dr. Muck's mingled leading and playing had been well kept. Discovering it with surprise, the audience broke into pleased applause that was still heartier at the end of the concerto. Indeed, on every occasion that the two concerts of last week in New York offered, the hearers of the orchestra and the conductor heaped them with plaudits beyond even those usually bestowed.



May Peterson,



Merle Alcock,

FLAWS IN MAHLER'S MUSIC

Post

Jan. 27/18

Symphony of Last Week Reveals the Limitations of the Composer—

What will be the fate of the compositions of Gustave Mahler? Long-standing and creditable curiosity on the part of this public was satisfied, so far at least as one of the most celebrated of his symphonies was concerned, last Tuesday night in Symphony Hall. Dr. Muck then performed the 2nd symphony in C minor in a manner which more than did justice to the work. The composer would have been delighted, beyond doubt, had he been present. The audience was more than appreciative. It assembled with the enthusiasm and breadth of appreciation which are characteristic of representative American audiences. It was easily moved by the more obvious beauties of the score, and always ready to applaud. But when the roar and the smoke of Mahler's heavy instrumental artillery had cleared away, there was not very much left of the symphony.

People say that it is unwise to rush to conclusions about a new and complex work of art. Sometimes that is true and sometimes it is not true. Music may be palpably poor and palpably great. The judgments of long deliberation and scholarly research are not infrequently as far or farther astray than the white-hot impressions of a sensitive and sympathetic listener. It does not seem to us rash or thoughtless to say that the symphony of Mahler is far more remarkable for what it betrays of its composer's personal problems than for its intrinsic, lasting musical value.

As a product of a great mind and of its times, the composition is full of interest and significance. Its elements are many and disparate. It is, on the whole, old-fashioned and without originality in its themes and its harmonies. Its instrumentation is singularly ineffective in proportion to the number of instruments employed. With all the

fire and conviction, the broad humanity felt in this music, it remains groping and unsatisfactory in its effect. It reaches out, usually vainly, for the great things of the spirit. It is sometimes naive and almost ludicrous in its attempts to say the big and simple or mystical and dramatic thing in an impressive manner. The mountain labors tremendously, and scarce a mouse. How is it, then, that this music has been so highly praised abroad, and not only in Germany, where the musicians are proverbially blind to their own faults and hyper-critical of the shortcomings of others?

First of all, the music lives because of the earnestness and imagination of the composer. Then because of the breadth and humanity of his purpose. Mahler does not speak of his own "resurrection," but of the resurrection of all humanity, of the brotherhood of the peoples, of understanding, love, faith in the future, even before the open grave. In this spirit he writes plainly for the multitude. We do not mean this in a contemptuous sense. He seeks for the simple, holy word. But he is led astray.

Why? First of all, as it seems to us, because of the limitations of his musically creative nature, for his invention is never markedly original, and secondly because of the spiritual limitations of his school. That school is the German school, although Mahler was a Bohemian. And that school, the most faithful reflection possible of the psychology of the German people under a tyrannical and materialistic government, was already, prior to 1914, dying of dry rot. The composer scaled his ladder. Like Strauss, for instance, he came into the arena with his share of vision and ideals. He worked like Hercules to acquire solid mastery of his craft. He climbed that long ladder step by step, and at the top found nothing but the ground beneath him. No new roads. No fresh vistas of the spirit opening before him. He knocked wildly at the door of the universe as Strauss knocked in the most audacious and imperious dream ever dreamed by a musician—his "Also Sprach Zarathustra"—and behold, it was not opened unto him. Then the German spirit, in art as in politics and social development, reacted on itself, struggled for air, for light, for freedom, and in so doing spent itself without avail, shrivelled up, retired into itself, cynical as a result of the quest. Strauss, whom we think of as a more intellectual nature than Mahler, at first struggled against this spiritual confinement, then capitulated, and in his later works went to seed. Mahler was too much of an idealist ever to acknowledge such a defeat. His burden grew heavier, he squared his shoulders to face it. Symphony after symphony of unheard-of dimensions came from his pen.

In view of the difference between the second and fifth symphonies, which have been heard here, and the authoritative and coolly reasoned accounts of some who have heard the eighth symphony, we are justified in believing that he grew stronger as a musician with the years, an abler technician, a more masterly architect of tones. But it requires more than all this to produce a great work of art. Such a work must be the result of freedom and fertilization of the spirit, and the long accretions of dreams and ideals made possible, not only by the artist's vision, but by the sentiments and ideals of the community about him. These sentiments and ideals were not to be found in the community or the artistic influences among which Mahler passed his days. He alone struggled on. Wherever he went there was a renaissance of the musical spirit, a reminder of the nobility of art and its mission to the world. But he was alone. There have been many stories, much exaggerated, as to the reasons of Mahler's death in 1911. Critical abuse, it was said, hastened his end. It was doubtless much more than the pen of a critic, favorable, friendly, or not, and a bodily ailment that sent him to his grave. His death was the end of a man who found no resting place and no fulfillment in the world. He found that which he sought, and when a man dies it is far oftener because his spirit is tired of its quest than because of delinquencies of the flesh.

It is, of course, easy to say that this is all fantastical supposition, but there are more things to be reckoned with in the career, personal and artist, of such a man as Mahler than is generally realized or believed, and a man's music is the true touchstone of his soul.

Hence there are few things more pathetic to the writer than this music of Mahler, for the reasons aforesaid, and also for the evident incongruities of his works. Even he was not guiltless of that theatricalism, that desire for the vast spectacle, the sensational effect, which found so representative an expression, for instance, in the stage effect of Max Rinehart. Dr. Muck told us once of seeing a performance of Shakspeare's "Taming of the Shrew" in Germany, when Ptruchio turned cartwheels as he came on the stage, by way of showing in a novel manner his high spirits and his independence of Katherine! Well, that, too—that restless experimentation and effect for effects sake—are in Mahler's music. Not wholly unconscious characteristics, either. Mixed with all the other elements of his nature was surely the love of spectacle and sensation. He was as capable of planning his enormous instrumental effects, as plain and as crude as though achieved by the brush of a sign painter, as he was incapable of realizing the naive and ill-balanced

contrast between his heroic music in the second symphony and the trivialities of the tunes that follow it.

Then there are his unconscious emulations of Bruckner, of Wagner, and even of Strauss. Mahler had to build his bricks at times without straw. Having neither the technic nor the flaming originality of Richard Strauss, he was not so successful as him when it came time to conceal a poor idea. Because of the foregoing, Mahler's art appears today as a chaotic confusion of these and other ingredients. He was rather unfortunately, we think, a literary musician. Goethe, Schiller, Shakspeare, Dostoevsky and a hundred other leading intelligences possessed his mind and moulded his music. There was never a more fascinating revelation of the mind of a great man, or a picture more arresting of the substance and evolution of it. Nor must we forget, in considering Mahler, his racial eclecticism. He understood everyone except himself. He investigated all literatures and found the "liberating word" for the finale in a funeral ode of Klopstock. If he could have maintained a personality more intact, absorbed from without less, if his liberating word had been, for instance, a grand phrase of the Old Testament, then we might have had another story and a new musical speech. As it is, we must remove the hat and salute the passing of a great man.

MAHLER SYMPHONY IS REPEATED HERE

Adm. Feb. 4 '18
Symphony Hall Filled for
Concert of Orchestra
and Chorus

Mahler's "Resurrection" symphony, which made such a favorable impression at its first performance, January 22, was repeated yesterday afternoon before an audience that filled Symphony Hall, the work being given, as at the first concert, by the Symphony Orchestra, the Townsend Chorus. The solo artists were Miss May Peterson, soprano; Miss Merle Alcock, contralto, and Dr. Muck, conductor.

A second hearing of this composition confirms the opinion that it is a work of the most extraordinary contrasts, and of amazingly unequal merit, for the heavens are rent in twain, and the depths are broken up by cyclonic outbursts of pure, unadulterated noise, followed by passages of tender beauty and much

melodic charm. The second movement would make an excellent number for a "Pop" concert; the Scherzo leaves nothing for the future to say concerning bizarre effects and unearthly combinations of orchestral sound.

The alto voice declaims a quiet passage and the orchestral forces are again let loose for a final trial of strength, when occurs the most effective point in the entire work, namely, the entrance of the chorus in a hushed and simple chorale-like strain, which is supremely beautiful and a welcome relief after the athletic contests between the brass and the kettle-drums.

The final chorus with orchestra and organ, works up to a wonderful climax, thrilling in its intensity, and an overpowering emphasis is thus placed on the closing text, "Death, oh, take me, Life restoring!"

In brief, the last ten minutes of the symphony are worth all the balance, and one is reminded of Southey's famous lines:

"But what good came of it all,"
quoth little Peterkin.

"Why, that I cannot tell," said he.
"But 'twas a famous victory."

Herald Feb. 3 '18
THE "RESURRECTION"
SYMPHONY

The second and last performance of Gustav Mahler's stupendous "Resurrection" symphony will be given in Symphony Hall this afternoon, Feb. 3, at 3:30. In order to make this second performance possible, it was necessary to put Mr. Elman's violin recital on last Thursday evening. This appeared to be warranted by the many requests received by the management of the Symphony orchestra to have the "Resurrection" symphony repeated. It speaks loudly for the enthusiasm of the chorus that there were practically no refusals to take part in this second performance, so that the forces, to all intents and purposes, will be the same as those that gave the remarkable performance of the symphony on Tuesday evening, Jan. 22.

It is not generally known that Dr. Muck was constantly consulted by Mahler during the years that Mahler was at work on the symphony. It was largely on account of Dr. Muck's advice that seven movements were reduced to five. The performances in Boston have had, in a sense, a sentimental interest for Dr. Muck.

The management has secured the soloists that were successful in the first performance. No contralto singer in many years has revealed to Boston a voice of such beauty as that of Merle Alcock, an accomplished musician. Miss Peterson's part in the work was not so exacting, but the beauty of her voice added much to the enjoyment of the symphony. The performance of the symphony requires about an hour and a half, so that the concert will be over about 5 o'clock.

MAHLER SYMPHONY HEARD SECOND TIME

Large Audience Enjoys Repetition of Stupendous Composition

Gustav Mahler's mighty Symphony in C minor, No. 2, was given its second performance in Boston yesterday afternoon at Symphony Hall by a chorus of 850, trained by Stephen Townsend, the Boston Symphony orchestra; May Peterson, soprano; Merle Alcock, contralto, and Dr. Karl Muck, conductor. There was a large and appreciative audience.

A second hearing of the work deepened the impression made by the first and heightened the appreciation of a superb performance. In whatever spirit the hearer approaches the work, whether it be accepted as absolute music or according to the interpretative programs of various commentators, there is in the mind of the listener the inevitable thought of humanity's struggle with existence; man striving blindly after this or that ideal only to learn in time the futility of the struggle. Moods of doubt, bitterness, despair, anguish, irony, passion, religious contemplation and poignantly expressed. Then comes comfort and ultimate peace embracing all humanity, with the reassurances of immortality voiced in the stupendous final movement.

Mahler used every conceivable orchestral color with genius on a colossal canvas. The work is not, however, without its weak spots. There are moments of distinctive reiteration in the first movement. There are other instances when orchestral anticlimaxes disturb the continuity of thought and momentarily lessen the grandeur of the whole. Yet the main impression is dramatic, striking, overpowering.

The performance has already been justly and superlatively praised. Extraordinary orchestral eloquence rivalled the beauty of timbre and fine spirit displayed by the chorus. The controlling genius of Dr. Muck has never shone brighter. There was hearty applause for him and for orchestra, chorus and soloists.

Herold Feb. 4 '18

SYMPHONY HALL—SPECIAL
SUNDAY AFTERNOON, FEBRUARY 3, 1918, at 3.30

In response to the many requests that have been
received a

SECOND PERFORMANCE
of
GUSTAV MAHLER'S
STUPENDOUS
RESURRECTION SYMPHONY

"A masterpiece by Bohemia's lamented Genius"

WILL BE GIVEN

CHORUS AND ORCHESTRA OF 500
MAY PETERSON (Met. Op. Co.), SOPRANO
MERLE ALCOCK, CONTRALTO
JOHN MARSHALL, ORGANIST
DR. KARL MUCK, CONDUCTOR

Tickets, \$2.50, \$2.00, \$1.50, \$1.00, 50 cents

13-1

Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1917--18.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

Dr. KARL MUCK, Conductor.

THIRTEENTH PROGRAMME

FRIDAY, JANUARY 25, AT 2.30 P. M.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 26, AT 8 P. M.

HAYDN,

SYMPHONY in G major, "The Surprise" (B. & H.
No. 6)

- I. Adagio: Vivace assai
- II. Andante
- III. Menuetto
- IV. Allegro di molto

MOZART,

SYMPHONY in G minor, (K. 550)

- I. Allegro molto
 - II. Andante
 - III. Menuetto: Trio
 - IV. Finale: Allegro assai
-

BEETHOVEN,

SYMPHONY in C major, No. 1, op. 21

- I. Adagio molto; Allegro con brio
 - II. Andante cantabile con moto
 - III. Menuetto: Allegro molto e vivace; Trio
 - IV. Finale: Adagio; Allegro molto e vivace
-

There will be no Public Rehearsal and Concert next week.

28
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13-2

GENTLENESS MARKS SYMPHONY CONCERT

Adv. — Jan. 26/18
**Soothing Melodies of Haydn
and Mozart Feature
Program**

By LOUIS C. ELSON.

Program.

Haydn. Surprise Symphony.
Mozart. G minor Symphony.
Beethoven. First Symphony.

This was milk for musical babes and sucklings. The pendulum swung back a full century from the program of last Tuesday to that of yesterday afternoon. It is not a bad idea to keep the old classics alive in the minds of concertgoers. Both Dr. Reinicke and Dr. Hiller have said to the writer that America ought to have been better grounded in Mozart and not have sprung at once into the modern school; but to give Haydn, Mozart and the earliest Beethoven, one after the other, was to pour honey upon syrup, and not a single repeat was spared.

Haydn's little joke of giving a loud kettle-drum stroke in the midst of a lulling and soothing melody did not startle an audience which had heard Mahler's drum earthquakes, and the minuet of his symphony was tepid. Three minuets in one afternoon, even if Beethoven's, was rather unconventional, was an extreme dose of dance melody for a modern audience.

Mozart's G minor symphony is the most attractive one that he ever composed, even though the "Jupiter" is more learned. That work at least was attractive in spite of its being handicapped by its position between two other symphonies. Its first and last movements are its gems and these were played with great delicacy.

Beethoven's first symphony is in the Haydn vein, but it has a few pioneer points that may be worth recording. Being written in 1799 and first performed in 1800, it fairly began the Nineteenth century with a new symphonic dispensation. Its very first chords set the critics agog, for to begin a symphony in C major with a closing cadence of the key of F major was something that excited them all. In the first movement our kettle-drummer came to the foreground (the passage is just before the return of the chief theme, at the end of the development, and it may not be generally known that this was the first liberation of the kettle-drum

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from mere accent and tonic-dominant effects.

The audience, by its applause different vein from those of Mozart melody has not lost its charm, but it was, after all, a species of concert-lesson. Naturally there was nothing in the entire program that was in any degree difficult for our musicians, but the readings of Dr. Muck deserve a few special words of praise. He makes Haydn virile, and he interpreted the Beethoven minuet in a different vein from those of Mozart and Haydn, showing in his reading something of a foreshadowing of the freer scherzo with which Beethoven afterwards replaced the conventional minuet. But the list of this concert does not exactly prove his skill as a program-maker unless it is his intention to educate us in the early symphonic school by force. But the readings and the performance were very remarkable and the audience was decidedly enthusiastic.

SYMPHONY GIVES ITS 13TH CONCERT

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Muck, conductor, gave its 13th concert yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows: Haydn's "Surprise" Symphony; Mozart's Symphony in G minor; Beethoven's First Symphony.

No doubt this program was to the passionate disciples of the ultra-modern composers the abomination of desolation. On the other hand the ultra-conservative in the audience rejoiced with an exceeding joy. There were still others, who realize that music which is beautiful is always modern. They welcome it, without regard to the century or the nationality of the composer. They go farther than those who grudgingly admit that Haydn, Mozart and Beethoven were, to use the phrase in Congreve's comedy, like Hannibal, "very pretty fellows in those days." All, of whatever party, yesterday found pleasure in the fine playing of the orchestra, and as the composers are safely dead there was no Chauvinistic scream of protest.

The concert will be repeated tonight. There will be no concerts next week.

The program of Friday afternoon, Feb. 8 and Saturday evening, Feb. 9 will be as follows: Wallace, Symphonic Poem, N. 6, "Villon"; Bruch, Concerto for violin, No. 1 (Antin Witek, violinist); Hugo Alven, Symphony in E major, No. 3, op. 23 (first time in Boston). Wallace's music, designed to illustrate moods of Francois Villon as revealed in his poems, was played here under Mr. Fiedler. Alven is a Scandinavian composer. His third symphony was performed for the first time in this country by the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra. It is a favorite in Chicago, where it has been played several times by the Chicago Symphony Orchestra.

Herald Jan. 26/18

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT

Trans. — Jan. 26 '18
FIRST HAYDN; THEN MOZART; LAST
BEETHOVEN

Three Old Symphonies One Upon
Another—A Singular Programme Plainly
Pleasing Audience and Players—Dr.
Muck's Happy Contrasts and Discern-
ments to Diversify Such Music—The
Flawless Orchestra

IF pleasure to the audience is the full measure of a concert, then was that of the Symphony Orchestra, yesterday afternoon, wholly delightful. Three symphonies, one upon another, filled Dr. Muck's programme and eighteenth-century symphonies to boot—Haydn's in G major, with the stout chord to break the flow of the Andante and win it the label "Surprise"; Mozart's in G minor of the year near the end of his life when he was most fertile in such composition, and Beethoven's, in C major No. 1, written in his young years when he more followed models than himself. Yet in spite—or more probably because—of so singular a list of pieces, the open second balcony was filled to the last seat; not a subscriber returned tickets to be sold to chance comers, while some two hundred of these were turned away. Furthermore: from beginning to end of the concert, the audience did not spare sign of general and hearty pleasure. Few departed before the close; all applauded warmly at each opportunity; on every side there was intent and rewarded listening. By the outcome of yesterday, Dr. Muck would be well warranted to venture a second and similar experiment. After all, a conductor, if he is honest to himself, his music and his work, does not shape his programmes with half an eye and ear on the reviewers.

The likelihood of monotony is the peril that threatens such a list. True, a symphony of Haydn does not sound like a symphony by Mozart, and even a first symphony by Beethoven ventures an occasional departure from Viennese orthodoxy of 1800. Yet all three are written in the form that such orthodoxy prescribed—the introductory slow measures at will of the composer; the first Allegro, sonata-wise; the slow movement—Andante in each piece of yesterday; the Minuet, where on quick-coming day was to stand the Scherzo, and the lively Finale—in Mozart's symphony, by exception, freer and more imaginative than the usual rondo. Thus, if the listener yesterday were minded to the formal procedures of music, thrice over he traversed the same design. Yet again, each of these symphonies is intrinsically pattern-weaving in tones for the felicity of the

chosen motives flowing on the instant into melody; for the aptness, ease and elegance of the workmanship within familiar prescriptions; for the play of happy tonal fancy in figure, arabesque, modulation; for the pleasure of ordered, imaginative, adept musical sound for its own sake. Songful sentiment may warm the slow movements, grace animate the Minuets; high spirits lilt through the Finales; but of the expression of emotion, in the sense in which the word applies to the whole succeeding century of music from Beethoven through Strauss, there is none. And obviously the twentieth century does not listen to three such symphonies with the ears, minds, tastes and habits, with which the eighteenth might—and often did—hear a like programme.

Not one of Dr. Muck's hearers was more aware of these perils to his programme than the conductor himself; while it was incumbent on him to avert them by keenness and suppleness of differentiating mind and hand laid upon the three several musics. Acutely, he applied both when, for example, by choice of pace, division of periods, emphasis of accent, he made Beethoven's stouter-bodied, more amply phrased and fancifully dialogued Minuet sound rather as an anticipation of the composer's later Scherzos than as an imitation of the graceful and often purely formal measures, in such movements, of Haydn and Mozart. The Minuet of the "Surprise" symphony is no more than pretty and deft pattern-weaving. The Minuet of Mozart's symphony in E minor contrasts a flowing trio with sharp-set counterpoint before and behind it. The Minuet-Scherzo of Beethoven's first symphony takes on fuller body, larger voice, freer stride. Again in the slow movement of Beethoven's symphony, Dr. Muck persuaded the music by like imaginative and adept handling into some suggestion of the fashion in which a maturer Beethoven was to dwell upon songful idea and mood in answer upon answer in later Andantes and Adagios. But not even the racing pace, the dancing rhythm and the lightest accents of a flying orchestra could save Beethoven's Finale from commonplace of eighteenth-century practice. An hour before, Haydn in a like Rondo had altogether outdone him in charm of motives, liveliness and freshness of handling.

It was these felicities of discernment and treatment, this sense of the individuality of each symphony that saved the concert from monotony and heightened pleasure to all but those who listen impatiently to any of this elder music. The charm of Haydn is homely, simple, direct—the charm of a natural, a spontaneous music flowing as easily into prescribed form as a river into smooth channel and as lightly flecked by the composer's workmanship as is that same stream by sun and breeze. Even his hearers of 1792—for the eighteenth century did not lack sophistication—may have thought his "crashing" chord in the An-

dante rather a naive stroke, though the town-gossips—the equivalent of press agents in that day—made much of it. Yet when he sets to variations upon his theme thus interrupted, he is cunning and mellifluous beyond time and change to cloud. The animation of his Finale, the smiling progress of his Minuet abide as well the years and the fashions of music. Haydn had Czech blood in him and peasant blood no less. When Czech peasant happens to evolve into composer, his native sense of rhythm only sharpens and sparkles the more.

In contrast with this homely and shadowless charm of Haydn in the usual practice of his calling, with the interesting, agreeable but too rarely individual exercise of Beethoven "upon the best models," Dr. Muck set the manifold beauty of the chosen symphony by Mozart. The music had not numbered fifty measures before there was a hint of the quality differentiating him from all his fellows. He seemed as songful as Haydn, but where Haydn was merely mellifluous and pleasurable Mozart lifted charm of melody into an ampler, deeper, more touching beauty. Mozart can be as simple as his fellows, but his is an aristocratic and glamorous, not a naive and fluent simplicity. Mozart's music sounds as spontaneous as Haydn's, but it less savors of a happy facility with material, method, means than of an imaginative ingenuity, a very poetry of tonal fancy. Haydn rounds off the "Surprise" symphony in the ease of an old and ever-ready hand at these Rondo-Finales. Mozart sets to his and the imagination within him, both moody and musical, permits no such routine. Away goes prescription, and an Allegro shapes itself, in flowing form, into a music as truly conditioned by the impulse behind, first restless and groping, and then subdued to song, as though the symphony were of today. No doubt, being pure genius of music, Mozart's moods and imaginings were as spontaneous as his melodic invention, as fertile as his workmanship. Being real genius, he may have taken them for granted; but they enter into his music and give it a sentiment or a poetry that no pattern-weaving, however lovely, may exhale. Had not Mozart been such, "Figaro's Wedding," "Don Giovanni," "The Magic Flute," perhaps even "Idomeneo" and "La Clemenza di Tito," would have been impossible for him. Dr. Muck perceives, summons this beauty, yet never labors it. Intrinsically Mozart, doing his daily stint at Salzburg or Vienna, must seem genius unawares.

Yet sense of all these fine contrasts and adroit discriminations, the whole unified, yet varied pleasure of the afternoon would have been less with all the conductor's penetration and pains, had not the orchestra been the perfect instrument it is in these eighteenth-century symphonies. With them, perhaps, above any other music, it

seems an orchestra—to all but Dr. Muck's endlessly exacting ear—of impeccable virtuosi. Where else does it sing with truer voice of sustained melody and melting phrase, with finer euphonies and more sensitive modulations than in these Andantes of Haydn and Mozart? Where does it match in fleetness of pace, suppleness of tone, lightness of accent, its seeming sport with Haydn's or Beethoven's Rondo-Finales? Where does it attain to such smooth articulation, bright enunciation, pliancy of modulation and graduation, felicity of contrasting or blended voices as in the half formal, half songful Allegros of these eighteenth-century composers? Into the unclouded outline of the form flows the clear, bright, changeful stream of the music. The sense of tonal beauty severally and collectively in these virtuosi of strings and reeds and occasional brass is as just as their measure of the sentiment behind it. Usually, they are so swift and light of hand that with all their zest for accent their mere numbers, exacted by the necessities of twentieth century concert rooms, never stays or weights a music written for what would now seem salon performance. Twenty slips may pass unheeded in the intricacies, the manifold stress and colors, the nervously fused and divided voices—confused, some would say—of much music of our time. Yesterday with Mozart, with Haydn, with early Beethoven, the orchestra played a music as clear as crystal—a very mirror for slightest shortcoming. Yet, from end to end of the afternoon the mirror stood speckless.

H. T. P.

MUSIC

Monitor — Jan. 26 '18
Boston Symphony Orchestra

The audience at the Friday afternoon concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra took a lesson in romance, following the progress of the thread which led from the Haydn "Surprise" symphony, where it may be said to have started with the drum crash that made the listeners jump pleasantly, through the G minor symphony of Mozart and the first symphony of Beethoven, and when they came to the end of the thread they found that, after all, they had not got so very far.

From the stilted precision of Haydn to the delicately restrained enthusiasm of Mozart and into the constricted early Beethoven is but indifferent progression. Indeed, Beethoven himself at this period had just begun to emerge from formalism and restriction, a step indicated first by a faintly

noticeable thickening of instrumentation and not by any freer handling of his melodic material.

One symphony leading into another this way, the afternoon lacked contrast, and contrast is the very essence of romance, for without it, how would those extraordinary deeds which belong to this desired state stand out as extraordinary? So the lesson of the afternoon was not as convincing as it might have been.

However, the audience got a great amount of enjoyment out of these simpler symphonies, and though as a lesson in romance the concert proved to be but an elementary leading up to the point where real romance might be taken up, yet the playing had a most gratifying and refreshing quality.

OLD PIECES

BY SYMPHONY

Post Jan. 26/18
Three Symphonies of
Same Period Played

BY OLIN DOWNES

The programme of the concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Karl Muck conductor, yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall, consisted of Haydn's "Surprise" symphony; Mozart's symphony in G minor; Beethoven's first symphony in C major. The Boston Symphony Orchestra plays these pieces to perfection—could play them, no doubt, in its sleep, and perhaps in the case of Beethoven's symphony without awaking the audience from theirs.

Beethoven's early symphony is inferior to either of the works by Haydn and Mozart. It was composed when Beethoven was principally conspicuous as an imitator of the other two men. This programme, then, does not invite comment, save to remark on its inexcusable lack of variety and sameness of effect. We do not object to the fact that it is exclusively a programme of German music, but that this German music is all of a period and a kind, and that it would be difficult to find a good reason why Dr. Muck should have inflicted it in a lump on a Boston Symphony audience.

It might be urged that the time required in preparing Mahler's symphony, played last Tuesday night, took many precious hours of rehearsal. But the Boston Symphony Orchestra has in its repertory literally hundreds of compositions which it knows as well as it knows the pieces played yesterday, and which it could have played with just as little preparation.

CLASSIC DAY AT THE SYMPHONY

Globe Jan. 26/18

Yesterday was a day of review in the history of the symphony as a musical form. Dr. Muck, occupying the professor's chair, opened the classical text book to Haydn, continued the lesson through Mozart, and was prepared to finish the exposition with Beethoven's first.

Three symphonies in one day! It is something not to have lived in vain. During the Haydn, there were yet some who refused sleep, and therefore the chagrin of an awakening start at the thumping cord designed or not designed for their discomfiture. But incurable insomnia during Haydn is not a gift of all. At the intermission which fell after the Mozart, the audience was bearing up bravely; none had yet cried out at the prospect of what was to come.

Mozart's beautiful G minor symphony would temper the presence even of neighbors introduced perchance for an illustration of historical sequence. The lovely slow movement of many singing voices, the series of modulations, progressive for their day, the minuet with its spirited dialogue in canonical imitation, in which each of the string choirs speaks out its mind, the brilliant finale—these lived again yesterday in a superb performance.

To the historian there may be a curious interest in the comparison of these three symphonies as to their time of composition: Beethoven's, as the program book tells us, in 1794 or 1795; Haydn's but three or four years earlier in time, yet of another epoch in content and manner, and Mozart's, written as the other two of his greatest symphonies, in 1788, the earliest of all, yet in some respects the most modern in spirit, the most eternal, the least trameled by period or epoch. There will no concert next week.

MR. MODESTE ALLOO'S IMPORTANT WORK

To Editor of Herald and Journal:

A very significant movement is going on now at Camp Devens to improve the regimental bands and to make their organization and the skill of the members in playing the instruments so efficient that when they go to France as American fighting men, they may be brought into comparison with the excellent regimental bands of France and Great Britain. Mr. Modeste Alloo, late trombone soloist of the Boston Symphony orchestra, who through the generosity of Maj. Higginson has been granted leave of absence, is in charge of the regimental bands as expert supervisor, and he has been working at the camp now for several weeks and has already accomplished wonderful results, which are highly endorsed by the military authorities and by the expert musicians of this vicinity with whom he and the officers at Camp Devens have consulted.

This movement, like so many other activities which are going on at present in our country, for the time being has to be what is known as a "private demonstration"; that is, it has to be backed by the influence of citizens intelligent enough to realize its significance, and it has to be supported financially by those who are sufficiently liberal and able to help on such a movement. This is so because, for the present at any rate, our governmental machinery, clogged as it is with matters of more concrete and possibly paramount importance, such as guns, munitions, food, uniforms and so on, has no time even to consider such a spiritual and ephemeral subject as music. Mr. Alloo's salary has been guaranteed by the members of a sub-committee appointed by Mr. Lee F. Hanmer of the larger commission on training camp activities, and this sub-committee has for its members, Mr. W. Kirkpatrick Brice of New York, Mr. John Alden Carpenter of Chicago, Mrs. Barrell of Buffalo, Mr. Morgenthau of New York, Mr. Owen Wister of Philadelphia, Mr. Frederick Converse of Boston, Mr. Wallace Goodrich of Boston and the undersigned.

To make this experiment successful a fund of \$2500 must be raised to cover Mr. Alloo's expenses. Of this sum over \$1500 is already in hand, and it has been contributed by such well known and liberal citizens of Boston and vicinity as Mr. Frank E. Peabody, Mr. Arthur Estabrook, Mr. Frank G. Webster, Mr. Ho-

ratio Lamb, Mr. Alexander Forbes, Mr. Alexander Steinert, Mr. George W. Brown, Mr. Ernest B. Dane, Mr. Charles Peabody, Prof. James Jewett, Mr. Theodore C. Hollander, Mr. Percy Atherton, Mr. William C. Endicott and others. As the movement has been so liberally supported and highly indorsed by these names, I make herewith a public appeal to all citizens who realize the significance of music as a distinct means toward increasing military efficiency, to send whatever contribution they may feel inclined to make to me at 5 Berkeley place, Cambridge. Such contributions will be forwarded to the treasurer of our committee and duly acknowledged.

WALTER R. SPALDING.

Cambridge, Jan. 25, 1918.

A New Symphony by the Swedish Composer, Alfven, and an Unfamiliar Tone-Poem by the Scotsman, Wallace, on Dr.

Muck's Next Programme —

A NEW symphony written by a composer, none of whose music has hitherto been heard in Boston, stands on Dr. Muck's programme for the Symphony Concerts of next Friday and Saturday—the symphony in E major, No. 3, of Hugo Alfven, Swedish composer of Stockholm and Upsala. He is now a man of forty-five who made his studies in Sweden and with César Thomson, in Brussels, who began his career as a violinist, but is now pursuing it as composer and teacher. The symphony to be heard next week dates from 1905 and made its way to the United States through the Minneapolis and the Chicago Orchestras. It runs in fairly orthodox form through the appointed four movements: Allegro con Brio; Andante; Presto and Allegro con Brio, and it is written for full modern orchestra with numerous wind choir and plentiful brass. Throughout it is a warmly imagined, animated, highly colored music.

Another piece on Dr. Muck's list will sound almost as new, the tone-poem, "Villon," heard at a pair of Symphony Concerts in the spring of 1912 and thereafter left on the library shelves. The Scotsman, William Wallace, wrote it in the years when he preferred the making of music to the philosophizing about it which more recently has occupied his pen. The tone-poem, composed for full orchestra, reflects the moods of Villon's wild life as versifier and vagabond of mediæval Paris, taking as texts, so to say, lines from his more familiar pieces. For familiar music, between symphony and symphonic poem, Mr. Witek, the concert-master of the orchestra, whose quality the public of the concerts has long known and applauded, will play Bruch's songful concerto in G minor for violin.

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Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1917--18.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

Dr. KARL MUCK, Conductor.

FOURTEENTH PROGRAMME

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 8, AT 2.30 P. M.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 9, AT 8 P. M.

WALLACE

SYMPHONIC POEM, No. 6, "Villon," for Orchestra

BRUCH

CONCERTO for Violin in G minor, op. 26.

No. I

I. Prelude, Allegro moderato

II. Adagio

III. Allegro energico

ALFVÉN

SYMPHONY in E major, No 3,

I. Allegro con brio

II. Andante

III. Presto

IV. Allegro con brio

(First time in Boston)

Soloist:

Mr. ANTON WITEK

There will be no Public Rehearsal and Concert next week.

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WITEK SYMPHONY CHARMS AUDIENCE

Adv. — Feb. 9/18
Genius of Violinist Ably Supported by Boston Orchestra

By LOUIS C. ELSON.
PROGRAMME.

Wallace, Symphonic poem, "Villon."
Bruch, violin concerto, G minor.
Soloist, Anton Witek.
Alfven, Third Symphony, E major.

In spite of these wheatless, heatless, eatless, meatless, sweetless days, the symphony concerts go on uninterruptedly, at least in Boston, and a host of other important musical events (McCormack, opera, etc.), looms up on the horizon.

If a Scotchman (Robert Louis Stevenson) wrote the best English essay on "Villon," we presume that another Scot may venture to set the "sad, mad, bad, glad poet" to music, although we feel that only his brother Frenchman, Bizet, could have done full justice to this vagabond of the fifteenth century. Wallace makes him too much of a "Till Eulenspiegel."

Of course there was plenty of spice in the portrayal of the wild Bohemian, possibly picturing him dissipating his stealings—

"All to Taverns and to Wenches."

A short bassoon solo gives a touch of trickiness to another portion of the work, and there is a joyous climax which is too lofty for the ignoble subject. The sweet theme for English horn in the centre may suggest the pathos of the line—

"Where are the snows of yesteryear?"

The odd little Carillon (chimes) of the end certainly illustrates the lines—

"I hear the soft-toned Sorbonne bell.
Which at the hour of nine would tell
Th' Angelic Salutation."

EXCELLENT PERFORMANCE.

But in spite of all this, and an excellent performance to boot, we could not find in the music a graphic portrayal of the fearfully sarcastic reviler of, and scoffer at, all respectability.

There are very few really great violin concertos, but Bruch's G minor is of them—and his other two are

not. It was refreshing to have our great violinist, Anton Witek, leave for a time the classic heights of Beethoven and Brahms and enter the more romantic field of the modern style. There was not the stupendous technique here that Brahms demands, nor the tremendous power of the Beethoven concerto, but the freedom and abandon of the movement, seeming almost improvisational, the tenderness and sympathetic quality of the slow movement, and the leonine power of the Finale, left nothing to be desired, and Mr. Witek was recalled over and over again with enthusiasm. The work was most refreshing in its clearness and did not make music a penance, as too many of the long concertos do. We have never heard Mr. Witek excel the tenderness of this adagio or the breadth of the Ossianic finale.

Hugo Alfven is a Swede, whose work is new to Boston. He wrote this symphony in Italy a dozen years ago. Both this and Wallace's "Villon" were for the large modern orchestra, but Alfven's does not follow the modern will-o'-the-wisp by being extremely long, nor by casting all forms to the winds. It is shapely and intelligible. The first movement is a very definite sonata-allegro form, such as might have been written by even a Mendelssohn, although the treatment is much bolder than that composer would have given. The slow movement is a clear rondo, and here the clarinets and the flutes did some excellent work.

WORK FREE FROM MORBIDNESS.

The whole work is free from the morbidness to which Sibelius and other Scandinavians tend, and the Scherzo is especially sunshiny. But there is much contrast in the Finale, a martial trumpet call, which plays a prominent part all through the movement, and some darkly dramatic passages, yet even these latter are not in the ascendant and the impression left by the symphony is one of clearness, melodic beauty and sensible development. The composition is a good proof that the classical lemon is not yet squeezed dry. One can use the Mozart form and yet say something quite modern. One can still put new wine into the old bottles.

Although the orchestration is essentially modern, there were no extreme difficulties in the score (save in a few string passages), no excessive rhythmic juggleries, and the reading was virile. The work gave somewhat the impression of Mahler's dramatic and melodic style, at his best; the Scherzo left a pleasant taste of dance rhythms, and the finale might have been a triumphant cavalry charge. The symphony made a decidedly popular success, and by legitimate means.

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SYMPHONY'S 14TH CONCERT

Herald — Feb. 9/18
Alfven's Third Symphony
Proves Disappointing
Throughout

MR. WITEK PLAYS BRUCH CONCERTO

By PHILIP HALE

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Muck, conductor, gave its 14th concert yesterday afternoon. The program was as follows: Wallace, Symphonic Poem No. 6 "Villon"; Bruch, Concerto in G minor No. 1 for violin; Alfven, Symphony No. 3, E major.

The symphony was played here for the first time. Produced at Gothenburg in 1906, it was first played in this country by the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra at Minneapolis on Nov. 6, 1914. The symphony is popular in Chicago, for it has been played there three times in two years.

Hugo Alfven, born at Stockholm in 1872, wrote with reference to the third symphony in a letter to a friend in Minneapolis that it was composed in Italy. "It is a paean in praise of all the joys of life, sunshine and the love of living. The last movement is imbued with an intense longing for home; I dreamed I was a knight in a far-off land, who in a heedless gallop is making for home—a wild ride, now through sunny landscapes, now through dark abysses—until I have reached the goal of my dreams."

This description arouses expectation that is not fulfilled. The symphony is, indeed, joyous but in a cheap and vulgar manner. Is this all that Mr. Alfven could derive from the landscapes, the mountains, the bay of Naples and the art of Italy? The humblest Cook's tourist, personally conducted, has voiced his joy in words of finer appreciation. Dr. Niemann in a solemn judgment on this Swedish composer discovered that he is strongly influenced by Bach, Brahms, Berlioz and others. This judgment was pronounced before the third symphony

was composed. Alfven has evidently shaken off the influence.

It is not worth while to discuss the symphony at length. The thematic material is insignificant; the material is seldom worked artistically and effectively; in the two middle movements the workmanship is at times halting and clumsy. The Andante is sentimental, with themes of the "Where is my wandering boy tonight?" order, and there are echoes of "Home, Sweet Home," and "The Last Rose of Summer." The Finale, we are told by the composer, is the expression of his dream that he was a knight. A knight in a circus, he should have said, with a tin helmet, galloping gayly over the sawdust, every now and then fearful of a fall.

Wallace's symphonic poem was first played here in April, 1912, three years after the first performance in London. The music is intended to reflect some of the moods of Villon's poems. The various sections have mottoes, quotations from the scapegrace genius' ballades and "Grand Testament." This is remarkable music, remarkable in that it was written by a Scot, who studied music in London at the Royal Academy of Music; remarkable because it shows a fancy, an imagination, a brilliance, that we do not associate with orchestral music by composers of Great Britain. There is nothing Mendelssohnian in it; there is no attempt to write in the vein of Brahms. Wallace is of the younger and daring English school.

It is true that the opening section in which Villon is introduced, "A poor little scholar named Francois Villon," reminds one of a characterization of Till Eulenspiegel in Strauss's rondo, but the resemblance is chiefly one of mood and only for a moment. The recklessness of Villon that leads to the moralization "Booze and the Blowens cop the lot," is portrayed in Wallace's own way. The crowning portion of the work is the transliteration into music of the prayer to the Holy Virgin written by Villon for his mother. There is an archaic flavor that is very beautiful. It is gained without pedantry, with a simplicity as charming as that of the prayer itself. Throughout the music the fancy of the composer does not lag. The instrumentation is skilful throughout, with passages of marked originality, as at the end where the bell of the Sorbonne sounds the Angelic Salutation.

Mr. Witek was warmly applauded for his performance of Bruch's concerto, which has not been played at a Symphony concert for five years. There was a time when this concerto was exceedingly popular with violinists in spite of Bue-low's furious blast against it. To some Mr. Witek's choice of this concerto to be played in an American city seems, to say the least, untimely, for Bruch, since the beginning of this war, has

been conspicuous for his boisterous support of Junkerdom and its military and naval policies, and for his attacks on the allies, especially England, a country that lodged, bed and clothed him for three years and through the University of Cambridge gave him the degree of Doctor of Music.

The following extract from the London Daily Telegraph of Jan. 19 is of present interest:

"Sir Charles Stanford is nothing if not vigorous in his recently issued denunciation of Max Bruch, whose diatribe against England and music was referred to on this page last week. Personally, I don't think Bruch worth powder and shot, but I could not help smiling at this sentence in Sir Charles's letter: 'Even your ancient namesake never achieved a position amongst the minor prophets, and had to be content with an obscure place in the Apocrypha.'"

The concert will be repeated tonight. There will be no concerts next week. The program for Feb. 22-23 is as follows: Brahms, Symphony No. 3 in E major; Liapounoff, Concerto for piano op. 4 (Ethel Leginska, pianist); Debussy, "In a Summer Garden."

NEW AND OLD PIECES BY SYMPHONY

Post — Feb. 9/18
Alfven's Work Heard

for First Time—
Witek Soloist

BY OLIN DOWNES

William Wallace's symphonic poem, "Villon," inspired by verses of the famous rascal of medieval France; a new symphony by Hugo Alfven, a Swedish composer, hitherto unknown in Boston, and Max Bruch's concerto for the violin in G-minor, played by Anton Witek, concertmaster, made the programme of the concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Karl

Muck, conductor, yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall.

Orchestra, Dr. Karl Muck conductor, yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall.

JACK OF MANY ARTS

The music of Wallace becomes more engrossing with repeated hearings. The unostentatious originality of manner, the quiet, poetic or humorous expression, the unconventionality of the orchestral plan, all these things are characteristics of a very genuine talent. It is seldom that a man like Wallace does such a thing so well. He is not only the author of one of the most brilliant of recent writings on music, "The Threshold of Music," but is also, we are told, a man of talent for poetry, drawing, painting, working in metal, engraving on wood—and a half dozen more things.

The essay of Ernest Newman quoted in the programme book is illuminating commentary on an extraordinary mind. But Wallace is not a dilettante. True, a practical master of orchestration could tell us whether the occasional thickness and grayness of his instrumental scheme is calculated or accidental. It is not always effective in the way we conceive the composer desires, while, on the other hand, this relatively subdued tone color is a thing which seems happily and singularly appropriate to the poetic character of the work.

Influenced by Other Arts

The music of most modern men is so authentic an expression of the mind that it is always tempting to embark on an inquiry, based on the character of the music, as to what sort of a creature the composer may be. Such inquiries, whether based on musical or other evidence, are usually quite futile, save in so far as they show what is in the mind of the writer instead of his subject. But we may be sure of this: Wallace could not have written so personally and poetically as he has in this piece if he had been all his life a victim of routine and if his mind had not been constantly enriched by the influences of many other arts as well as that of music. It is the music, beyond doubt or peradventure, of a rich and independent mind, of a man whose imagination is well harnessed to an uncommonly active intellect and a very catholic taste.

A singular work, a work which is reflective rather than passionate, the work of a man wholly sensitive to the appeal of Villon's poetry and to what one might call the artistic color of Villon's times, as seen through the small end of the telescope of the centuries.

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and who reproduces his impressions with readiness and individuality as astonishing as they are faithful in their reflection of his mood.

Music for the Artist

Mr. Wallace called his book "The Threshold of Music," "an inquiry into the future development of the musical sense." He might have called his symphonic poem a most sympathetic and imaginative inquiry into the spirit of a poet of poets, François Villon. (And heaven thank the programmatist for the wonderful translations of Villon which he culled from several sources, particularly the marvellous W. E. Henley.)

This music was interpreted by Dr. Muck with much understanding and sympathy. Its humor, its sadness, the supreme melancholy of the passage inspired by Villon's poem to his mother, the fantastical and ironic conclusion—ah! this is music for artists and men of intellect.

Mr. Wittek, with Dr. Muck's admirable assistance, gave a very spirited performance of the Bruch concerto. Not that he did violence to traditions, but that the dust was rubbed from these traditions, while there was rare collaboration between the soloist and orchestra.

Alfvén's Effort Joyous

As for Alfvén's symphony—it was amazingly refreshing! Why was it refreshing? Not, we admit, because it disturbed precedent and thus troubled the sluggish mind. Not at all! In many respects this symphony is quite a foolish work. That is, it is incredibly naïve, platitudinous and unsophisticated. But it is also the joyous music of a young man who knows no better than to write such stuff, and on that account it is incomparably superior to the mock heroics of most of our young lions of today.

Admit that the "Wild Ride Homewards" of the finale is simply laughable, and that the composer is seen reeling, not toward Sweden, but the bull-ring of Bizet's "Carmen," that the slow movement, from which a phrase is quoted in this finale, is insufferably sentimental; that the work is very conventional in idiom and form; it remains that this young man has dared to laugh, and furthermore, has had the temerity not to take himself seriously!

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA CONCERT

Monitor Feb. 9, 1918

William Wallace is an excellent name wherewith to refute those who say that there is no English music which can take the place of German on our programs. It also serves ad-

mirably to answer those who would try to tell us that even if there were acceptable English music for our programs it would show German influence. Such a work as Wallace's "Villon" symphonic poem No. 6 stands by itself, firmly and assuredly, free from the influence of a particular school, and to be judged, like any other music, on its individual characteristics.

François Villon, rogue, vagabond and genius, is at best an unworthy subject for a symphonic poem. He has not even the excuse of Till Eulenspiegel's slap-stick comedy which appealed to Strauss, nor of Tam o' Shanter's fantastic vehemence which Chadwick portrayed; he is only drag naughtiness and dull brawling. Very likely the pseudo romance which the world is prone to throw about its despicable characters glamored Mr. Wallace. However that may be, in this symphonic poem, he has written intricate and fascinating music, firm and logical in its structure, modern in its harmonies and progressions, reasonably descriptive of the incidents and passages it illustrates and pleasing to hear. Having discovered that, even though an Englishman, Mr. Wallace writes good music, it is to be hoped that the maker of the programs will place on them others of his works.

The excellence of the writing in this Wallace piece, which came first on the program, caused the symphony No. 3 in E major by Hugo Alfvén, which came last, to suffer by comparison. For, in spite of the freshness and spontaneity of the Swedish writer's work, there are spots where his thematic material is not happily handled. This symphony is a favorite in the Middle West, especially with the Chicago and Minneapolis orchestras, and judging it by the first movement, which is marked by clean-cut tunefulness and clarity of melodic outline, and by the third, which is a wholly delightful scherzo, its popularity is easy to understand. However, the second and fourth movements must needs be included when the work is played, and since this is so, the favor with which it is received is not so comprehensible. For the second movement, the andante, is murky, and drags its somber, mediocre way to what

seems tedious length. There is also a tendency to long-delayed resolutions which is exasperating. The last movement says very little, but says it flamboyantly and in heroic strain. The whole impression of the symphony is one of premature publication, but at the same time a desire is awakened to hear more of the work of this Scandinavian, who surely has something to say, and seems in process of acquiring an admirable method of saying it.

Between these two compositions stood the first concerto for the violin in G minor, Op. 26, by Max Bruch, played by the concertmaster of the orchestra, stodgily and with tiresome faultiness of intonation. By the way, when "The Star-Spangled Banner" is played, why will this same concertmaster persist in introducing perversities of bowing?

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT

Trans. — Feb. 9, 1918.

THREE PIECES, TWO NOVEL AND ONE TRANSFIGURED

A Swedish Symphony of Alfvén with Little to Commend It Except a Timely Cheerfulness and Energy—The Scotsman's, Wallace, Excellent Tone-Poem of Vagabond Villon—For Wonder of the Day, a Concerto of Bruch, Played by Mr. Wittek and Transfigured

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WHATEVER the intrinsic merit of Hugo Alfvén's symphony in E major—and even Dr. Muck and his orchestra could not make it seem large or individual—music was good to hear in Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon. It sounded cheerful and so small a part of this town as was shut within the walls of that auditorium needed, like the rest of it, such a tonic. It sounded energetic, which virtue antidote to a sort of lethargic discomfort also discoverable without these walls. even sounded youthful and gay, which qualities are excellent medicine for ceptible moods of the present hereabouts; while, best of all, it was the music of a man doing the job he had set for himself and letting no circumstance check his zest for it. So did the chances—and perhaps the fancies—of the day favor Hugo Alfvén, composer of Stockholm and Up-sala, when for the first time one, and sumably the best-liked, of his symphonies was heard in Boston. He wrote it twelve years ago when he was a relatively young

man in his early thirties, doubtless without the remotest notion that it would ever be played four thousand miles away and at a moment when it would sound twenty times more likable than it really is—so high-spirited and pleasure-giving in fact that one cynic of the lobby was sure that the Storrovian bureaucracy would promptly "close it up."

The shortcoming of the symphony is the lack in the music of much that even those high spirits do not offset. The motives from which Alfvén expands and upbuilds it are conventionally songful—quick-paced and stoutly rhythmed in the first Allegro; thick-voiced and vanilla-flavored in the Andante; brisk and perky in the Scherzo; full-mouthed and ardent in the Finale. They are serviceable motives; they give a short and surface-pleasure to the ear; but they yield little trace of individual and fertile imagination. So, equally, with the invention and the handling Alfvén exercises upon them. He is ready enough; he is energetic almost to a fault; he surrenders himself wholly to the conventional mood of the movement—vigorous in the two Allegros, pensive in the Andante, fanciful in the Presto, he has besides a quick sense of ways and means.

For outcome the music flows forward in commonplace period upon commonplace period with little but sheer exuberance in such process to commend it. Alfvén is not imaginative with harmonic backgrounds or play of instrumental voices; he is no more than an expert artisan in the manipulation of his themes; he is prone to energetic repetitions which are seldom Beethovenish; his prompting moods are not elastic or enlivening; he has a retentive memory for the operas—say of Wagner and Bizet—that he has heard; sometimes even, he pads until he can discover the next thing to do with his materia musica; self-criticism he knows not.

Occasionally, as at the end of the first movement and in the return of the fanfare of trumpets in the Finale, there are signs of individual imagination and procedure; but elsewhere the symphony indicates in him no other distinguishing trait than an unquenchable exuberance in music-making. The piece is not in the least Swedish, as much of Alfvén's other music is reported to be; any composer like-minded and like-talented with him might have written it anywhere. Yet beside the inert and groping self-consciousness of many a young composer, that exuberance yields a momentary pleasure—especially when conductor and orchestra take such an Alfvén at his word and rattle off a symphony, as they did yesterday, as though the playing was as much to them as the writing was to him. Whether the audience had quite so good a time in the listening was somewhat doubtful. There has been warmer applause in Symphony Hall for a new piece.

Vitality, indeed, was the order of the

day with the orchestra not only in the performance of Alfvén's symphony, but also in that of Bruch's concerto in G Minor, with Mr. Witek rising from his place as concert-master and returning to it (as his good custom is) to play the part for "solo violin." The piece is sixty years old now; and though the composer still drags out a senile existence in the suburbs of Berlin, he and his music seem to belong to another tonal generation than ours. Yet, if ever "Be thou perpetual" was written over violin pieces, it stands above Bruch's two concertos—there is a third which Mr. Helfetz lately played—and his "Scottish Fantasia," because, as the virtuoso-dialect puts it, they are so "violinistic." Being interpreted the word signifies that they invite the songful voice of the violin, give the violinist opportunity for displayful "passage-work," "lie well" for bow and strings; and on the instant, if the player half improves his opportunity, please the average hearer. Whether they, and this first concerto in particular, are anything more is dubious, especially when incessant repetition by the half-trained or the irredeemably mediocre has made them sound hackneyed even from an Ysaye or a Kreisler. Of course they outshone in quality of invention and interest of procedure the merely virtuoso concertos that Wieniawski, Vieuxtemps, Ernst and other illustrious fiddlers wrote out of the technique of the violin in that same vanished day; but they remain none the less of the music for violin that depends for interest chiefly upon the playing.

With one mind, yesterday, Mr. Witek, Dr. Muck and the orchestra with them, seemed resolved to make Bruch's concerto "sound"—with tonal life, color, imagination, even ardor. They gave to the prelude the voice of stirred, expectant declamation; the nicely calculated "passage-work" of the succeeding movement came from Mr. Witek like spirited improvisation in which the orchestra eagerly joined; warm and rich ran the passages of instrumental song. Akin was the Adagio, sustained in flawless flow by both violinist and orchestra, expanding into more and more ardent melody, phrased and paragraphed as though it were of Mozartean aptness of division and loveliness of progress, touched with quick, sincere sentiment but never droned into sentimentality, luminous against the finely shaded background of the assisting choirs. It was indeed Bruch transfigured above his usual commonplace by sheer intensive beauty of voice and handling. Yet again with the Finale. Not in long recollection has it moved with such snap of rhythm, zest of progress, with such return of the solo voice, each time in more fiery accent. If the slow movement were Bruch transfigured, the Finale was Bruch revived. Hardly before in his eight years in Boston has Mr. Witek played with so large, lustrous tone, with Elman-like and com-

municating zest in measures of violinistic skill and ornament, with Ysaye-like richness of voice and intensity of curve in sustained song, with Kreisler-like alertness to rhythm and return. For once Mr. Witek struck technical, musical, emotional fire. The Czech blood in him seemed to tell in spite of long years in Berlin; the American air he has breathed since 1910 may have lent stirring aid. The freedom, the ardor that he has been gaining for long in his work as leader of the strings, now spoke clear and bright out of the concerto. Though he sits within an orchestra, he is an eminent violinist. With reason a friendly and familiar audience applauded him.

For preface to concerto and symphony stood the tone-poem, "Villon" by the Scotsman, William Wallace, who long since forsook the composition of music for the writing of philosophic treatises about it, perhaps believing with reason that meditation and research would carry him farther on the printed page than would imagination and handiwork in tones upon ruled and lithographed staves. Those that have heard other music by Mr. Wallace report him limited and mannered in melodic thought, rhythmic range, harmonic diversity. He has but one voice, they say, yet that voice heard in an isolated piece, like the tone-poem of yesterday, both serves the composer's purpose and interests his hearers. After the fashion of our musical time he has tried to characterize Villon in his measures, bidding us hear with the ear of the imagination, the vagabond poet roistering among the taverns of mediæval Paris, singing the praises of the trulls and thieves who are his companions, or else mournfully meditating over their vanished ghosts, hymning Our Lady for his poor old mother, vanishing finally into the mists of poetry and romance. Wherefore Mr. Wallace has set appropriate fragments of Villon's verses over the divisions of his music.

With this stimulating hint, the piece speaks readily for itself. It does suggest in tones the Villon who loved his vagabondage, who had his zest for tavern bouts and routs, who being poet, idealized his fellow-roisterers, who could turn mystic and pitiful, and who comes and goes in our latter-day imagination, with his troop of youth, through the lights and shadows of the Paris of Louis XI., to the rhythms and the echoes of romance. Mr. Wallace has been happy musically in the expression of these things; he has been truly poetic in the suggestion, at the end, of the final vision of Villon. He has written music that develops and unites itself symphonically and yet bears his imaginings of Villon upon its course. He is apt with the characterizing and intensive phrase, with the heightening touch of instrumental color. He is not so individual in his broader melody; it moves too steadily in large progressions to square-toed

rhythms. It suggests the fulness of body, the amplitude of march that are already among the conventions, from Strauss downward, of much contemporary music. This melody is almost too amply, too securely songful, too "effective" for such a reckless and moody figure as Villon. Yet for most ears, that do not hear it too often, there is no resisting its largeness.

H. T. P.

ALFVEN SYMPHONY IS CHEERFUL MUSIC

Article Feb. 9/18

Hugo Alfvén, writing his third symphony in Italy, could not forget that Stockholm was the city of his birth. Tchaikowsky, visiting Italy, became a cosmopolitan. If one hears the feet of peasants in the dance, it is to music of the north; if sunlight radiates as Alfvén, an optimist, intended, it is not that of the mellow air which kisses the olive, but which reflects none the less cheerily from snows on Swedish mountains.

Heard yesterday afternoon for the first time in Boston, and for the first appearance of the composer's name on these programs, this is cheerful music. Alfvén said it was to be a "paean in praise of all the joys of life, sunshine and the love of living." The last movement is to be expressive of longing for home and a mad ride on galloping horse, not exalted or notable in thought, not even symphonic in character, although in form, this ingenuous, unpretentious, frankly melodious symphony is to be preferred to the turgid, cryptic work, an hour long, upon some psychological problem by a kappelmester of turgid liver. It is not cerebral; there is little in it to show that simple diatonic harmony ever has been improved upon by the science of dissonance; there is naive assimilation of the spirit of folk tune melody, and particularly of the folk dance.

The first movement opens with a jocund, spirited theme of such folk flavor. As a whole, it is the most coherent and best sustained, the least deficient in invention. The composer is beyond his depth in the slow movement where he attempts a mood serious, even lofty in thought and a certain sustained majesty of expression. The sensuous, the romantic, the impassioned, are not on this composer's palette; he does not speak gracefully in blank verse.

The scherzo brings a return of a rhythmic, vivacious figuration used rather happily, but often with the mannered and curiously abrupt transition to a lyric vein. In the last movement a good bit of "Carmen" has been confounded with the ride. Dr. Muck and the orchestra played the novelty with sympathy and enthusiasm.

Mr. Witek, the concertmaster, as soloist, gave a carefully calculated, often laborious performance of the first two

movements of Bruch's G minor concerto, and played the last with a freer bow. Wallace's colorful, delightfully varied "Villon," picturesque, distinctive, glowingly romantic, gave pleasure in a performance wholly worthy of it.

LIVELY ALFVEN MUSIC GIVEN BY SYMPHONY

Optimistic Work Full of Bright
Tunes—Soloist Anton Witek

Article Feb. 9/18
By FRED J. McISAAC.

An unfamiliar name for a Boston Symphony program is Hugo Alfvén, whose third symphony was performed yesterday by Dr. Muck and his men. Alfvén is a Swedish composer, a man of forty-five, who has been quite prolific, but few of whose compositions have crossed the Atlantic.

This particular symphony has been performed in Chicago and Minneapolis. Chicago liked it so much that it has been figured on Mr. Stock's programs three years in succession.

Alfvén himself says that the work is a paean in praise of all the joys of life, sunshine and the love of living. "The last movement is imbued with an intense longing for home. I dreamed I was a knight in a far off land who in a heedless gallop is making for home, a wild ride, now through sunny landscapes, now through dark abysses—until I have reached the goal of my dreams."

The symphony, in fact, is very much alive, full of bright tunes and musicianly if not astonishing harmonies. Mr. Alfvén speaks of longing for home in his finale; perhaps it is more than a coincidence that the chief theme of his andante is so much like a phrase from "Home Sweet Home" that there isn't any difference. The last movement is very stirring and spirited, with galloping rhythms and trumpets calling loudly and cheerfully.

Yesterday's soloist was Anton Witek, concert master of the orchestra, a violinist of sterling qualities,

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excellent judgment and rare technical skill. He played the Bruch Concerto in G minor, which was composed for Joachim, and which has always been a favorite with virtuosos. William Wallace's symphonic poem "Villon," an agreeable piece in the ultra modern manner, began the program.

Boston Music Notes

There will be no symphony concerts the coming week, as the orchestra will be away on its fourth monthly trip to the South. It will give its usual concerts in Philadelphia Monday night, New York Thursday evening and Saturday noon, and in Brooklyn Friday

evening. In Philadelphia and Brooklyn the soloist will be Winifred Christie, the Scottish pianist. In the following week the soloist at the Boston concerts will be Ethel Leginska, who will make her first appearance as soloist with the orchestra in Boston. Last year she played in Providence with the orchestra. She will also be the soloist with the orchestra in Cambridge Thursday evening, Feb. 21. The program of the concerts of Feb. 22-23 is as follows:

Brahms, symphony No. 3, in F major, op. 90; Diapounoff, concerto for piano and orchestra in E flat minor, op. 4; Delius, "In a Summer Garden."

Mr. ANTON WITEK, violinist, was born at Saaz, Bohemia, January 7, 1872. He studied the violin under Anton Bennewitz at Prague, and in 1894 was chosen concertmaster of the Philharmonic Orchestra of Berlin. Mr. Witek commanded attention in Germany in 1895 by his performance in one evening of three violin concertos (by Beethoven, Brahms, and Paganini). Since 1894 he has given concerts in all the European countries with the Danish pianist, Vita Gerhardt, who is now Mrs. Witek. In 1903 Mr. and Mrs. Witek, with Mr. Joseph Malkin, then solo violoncellist of the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra, formed the Berlin Philharmonic Trio. (Mr. Malkin became a member of the Boston Symphony Orchestra in October, 1914.) In 1907 Mr. Witek played in Berlin the newly discovered violin concerto in A major of Mozart, for the first time, and 1909 in the same city the newly discovered violin concerto in C major of Haydn, also for the first time.

Mr. Witek was engaged as concertmaster of the Boston Symphony Orchestra in 1910. He has played in Boston at concerts of this orchestra the following concertos:—

Beethoven's Concerto in D major, October 29, 1910; November 14, 1914; Brahms's Concerto in D major, January 20, 1912; Bruch's Concerto No. 2, Op. 44, January 18, 1913; Tschaikowsky's Concerto in D major, Op. 35, January 24, 1914; Beethoven's Concerto in D major, November 14, 1914; Joachim's Concerto in the Hungarian manner, February 11, 1916; Brahms's Concerto, November 24, 1916.

He has given chamber concerts in Boston, with Mrs. Witek and Mr. Malkin, and has also given chamber concerts in New York.

Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1917-18.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

Dr. KARL MUCK, Conductor.

FIFTEENTH PROGRAMME

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 22, AT 2.30 P. M.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 23, AT 8 P. M.

BRAHMS,

SYMPHONY No. 3, in F. major, op. 90
I. Allegro con brio
II. Andante
III. Poco allegretto
IV. Allegro

LIAPOUNOFF,

CONCERTO for Pianoforte, in E flat minor, op. 4.
(First time in Boston)

DELIUS,

"In a Summer Garden,"

Soloist:

Mme. ETHEL LEGINSKA

Steinway Pianoforte used

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Soloist:

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Steinway Pianoforte used



Ethel Leginska.

SYMPHONY GIVES 15TH CONCERT

Herald — Feb. 23/18

Mme. Leginska, Pianiste,
Makes First Appearance
with Orchestra

PROGRAM WILL BE REPEATED TONIGHT

By PHILIP HALE

The 15th concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Muck conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows: Brahms, Symphony No. 3; Liapounoff, Concerto for piano, No. 1, op. 4; Delius, "In a Summer Garden."

Dr. Muck and the orchestra gave a very fine performance of the symphony, which some justly prefer to the other three. It has no pages equal in imagination to the wonderful introduction to the finale of the first; it has nothing in it like the architectural grandeur of the fourth's finale; but as a whole, it is the most poetic of the four. Brahms wrote nothing more commanding than the opening of the first movement. Page after page thereafter might be cited in praise. And in this symphony the natural austerity of the composer is mellowed, his melancholy, as in the third movement, is tender, wistful, not pessimistic.

Mme. Leginska, favorably known here through her recitals, played in Boston for the first time with the orchestra. Liapounoff's concerto was heard here for the first time, although it is nearly 30 years old. It is a singular compo-

sition, first of all a parade piece for a pianist, without impressive or emotional contents. No one, hearing it, would at once name the composer a Russian. The influence of Liszt is observable. Liapounoff must have had the Hungarian abbe's concerto in E flat major in mind, but his own is far inferior to that dazzling composition. The most noticeable feature of Liapounoff's is the use of stormy brass as a background for solo bravura. The mild episodes in the concerto are a diluted blend of Liszt and Chopin.

Mme. Leginska, to use an expression of the street, played the concerto "like a house a-fire." Her performance was forcible and brilliant, but she also displayed delicacy and refinement and gave some soul to the pages of thin sentiment. The notes were on the rack, and this surprised those who were unaware of causes for her nervousness. She evidently did not need the engraved assurance. Vladimir de Pachmann and Raoul Pugno were at ease with a concerto only when the piano part was on the rack. We remember hearing Clara Schumann play in like manner.

The music of Frederick Delius is still comparatively unknown in Boston. "Paris" and "Brigg Fair" have been played at Symphony concerts but Mr. Fiedler was not the man to interpret them. He acquainted us with the piece played yesterday. Until yesterday the peculiar idiom of Delius was foreign to us. Surely there are beautiful things in this "Summer Garden"—witness the pages beginning with the cantilena for the violas; the pages of the approach to the emotional climax; the subtle charm of the ending. It has been said that Delius is strongly influenced by Brahms. We believe the accusation to be unjust. By this "Summer Garden" Delius is allied to the modern French, Debussy and the others, although his "impressionism" has substance as well as poetic finesse.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The program of the concerts next week will be as follows: Dukas, Symphony in Three Parts (first time); Saint-Saens, Concerto for violin No. 3 (Irma Seydel, violinist); Sibelius, "Pohjola's Daughter" and "Nightride and Sunrise."

Mme. ETHEL LEGINSKA

Steinway Pianoforte used.

LEGINSKA SURPRISES SYMPHONY

Post Feb. 23/18
Pianiste Gives Sensational Performance of Concerto

BY OLIN DOWNES

The programme of the concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall consisted of Brahms' third symphony; a little known piano concerto of Napravnik, played by Miss Ethel Leginska, and Fritz Delius' orchestral rhapsody, "In a Summer Garden." The poetry and rugged power of Brahms' symphony were admirably realized in the performance, after which the orchestra rose to its feet to acknowledge the audience's applause.

MISS LEGINSKA'S PLAYING

Then Miss Leginska gave a sensational performance of the concerto. We use the word "sensational" with deliberation. The performance was sensational in its dashing spirit, its masterly conception and physical power. At a first hearing it did not, considered as a work of art, make much of an impression, but it did provide Miss Leginska with a vehicle for pianistic display, an opportunity of which she made the most.

Some will think it a pity that she did not choose a work more worthy of her fast maturing gifts, but pianists and all the rest of us are human, and Miss Leginska, a young artist of astonishing capacities, can hardly be blamed if for once she decided to do a "stunt" with all the fire and self-confidence of a ripening virtuoso.

Dr. Muck Accompanies

This, too, should be said: Her performance was not only conspicuous for its physical resource, but for her mastery in interpretation. She sang the lyrical themes as passionately and colorfully as she declaimed the more dramatic passages for the solo instrument. She was fully the equal of the orchestra, not only as regards her hands, but also her brains. Usually Dr. Muck conducts the performance of a concerto. Yesterday he accompanied. It is not a small distinction. Miss Leginska had the situation and the orchestra in the palm of her hand, and good it was, after the host of ordinarily successful pianists who gradually gain a public following, to listen to a player who had the big mental grip, the free and unassailable authority of her temperament. It was big playing. The piano thundered or whispered, or shouted or sang. One forgot that it was a box of keys and wires. It was now a singing voice, and now a second orchestra, entirely the match of the first.

At the end, as though having enjoyed and been amused alike by her own feat, the pianist, short-haired and garbed in customarily artistic simplicity, was laughing as she bowed and shook Dr. Muck's hand, then faced the audience. That astute gentleman eyed her quizzically, as though hesitating between a shocked sense of her freedom before an audience and a real pleasure in a performer who had been able, without his fatherly assistance at the baton, to take care of herself. Miss Leginska was recalled at least half a dozen times.

Delius' Tone Poem

But for many the climax of the concert was the tone poem of Delius. It was heard for the second time here, and it made yesterday a lasting impression. It is music of true imagination and of a distinctive idiom which does not confess its indebtedness to some favorite composer or school of today. Plainly the man says his say regardless of the fashions and the public. His music is modern and highly colored.

There is no particular explanation of what he had in mind when he composed "In a Summer Garden," but the suggestion, if you like, of murmuring trees and sunshine that flecks the flowers, and then the passionate sweep of what can only be love music of a very poignant quality, need no programmatic explanation. The man is a poet. Each hearer can retire into his own summer garden and enjoy it with him. More could be heard of Delius without injury to the Boston Symphony programmes.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT Trans. — Feb. 23/18 BRAHMS, MME. LEGINSKA AND TWO OTHERS

The Contrasts of a Familiar Music Called Again to Characteristic Life—Lyapunov's Showy Concerto as "Vehicle" for a Feravid and Applauded Pianist—The Labors of Delius in a Summer Garden

THE programme of yesterday's Symphony Concert was mapped upon an entirely orthodox plan: a "classic" symphony to begin, a concerto, and to close, a tone poem of our own century. After the F major Symphony of Brahms, in fine and flawless performance, the best and the most was over—Lyapunov proved typical of a very large number of uniformly minor composers in Russia, Delius of a group almost as numerous in Great Britain. It would be difficult to say whether Delius's "In a Summer Garden" or Lyapunov's Concerto was the more mediocre; Mme. Ethel Leginska was the saving grace of the latter as well as its cause. But many are the Bostonians whose presence may be counted on with a symphony of Brahms in hand, and many are those who delight in the playing of Mme. Leginska. For one or the other, there were virtually none of the empty seats which sometimes mark a lagging of the season, and both brought vociferous applause.

It is to be wondered whether the sharp division of opinion over the music of Brahms will ever cease; whether the Latin peoples will always condemn its placid control and deliberate will power, whether the more self-content peoples of the north will always over-estimate it. In Boston there are two pretty distinct kinds; those who feel their ancestry and love their Brahms, and those who are reacting against moribund puritanism and impatient of all Brahms. But the Brahmsians comprise the majority of the subscribers—there is little doubt of that. Dr. Muck, sometimes giving his audiences what they seem to need rather than what they seek, is yet lavish with his Brahms. Turning once more to the third, the least played of the four symphonies, one is inclined to surprise at its comparative neglect, for it so intimately and finely reflects its composer's nature and personality. As such, it must have been dearly loved by Brahms's friends. Its more reposeful depths seem to breathe the tender and staunch friendship of Brahms for Clara Schumann which she so dearly prized, which was her solace and support in the grief over her husband's illness.

And then the sudden stern repression of sentiment which hurt her and brought her quiet reproach: that is in the music too. Music indeed worked a miracle when it made this rigorous disciplinarian lay bare his inmost heart almost in spite of himself. Two distinct traits are ingrafted into the Symphony: the energetic Brahms, his once boyish, ruddy, frank overflow of spirits tempered, modified, and enriched in maturity; and the affectionate Brahms, contemplative, shut up within himself.

The first trait pervades the two outer movements, brave, noble, heroic, in the chaste chivalric sense of Walter Scott, the very antithesis of the shouting, exulting and superlative Siegfried, stamped with graceful and contained curves of melody, and a golden effulgence of harmony, proud in progression, but innocuous, without a dissonant sting. And the two inner movements commemorate the inner Brahms, subdued, delicate, lovely in the reedy eloquence of the wood-wind variously intertwined. Dr. Muck spread a hushed pianissimo through the Andante—the strings giving whispered answer to the woodwind at its opening were hushed, scarcely audible, like a far-off religious choir. And the simple melody of the Allegretto, the rare sort which two geniuses in a century can conceive and which Brahms never exceeded, was taken up successively by the virtuosi of the orchestra with the finest subtlety of poetic inflection against the faultlessly shaped pianissimo of the accompaniment. Over the whole, Dr. Muck succeeded remarkably in infusing the restful placidity, the sustained illusion, the sense of reticence, moderation, mental and formal equipoise, which is the heart and soul of the symphony. Such music temporarily excludes all thought of the heroic or the amorous Wagner. It appeals to an entirely different side of human nature, if a side with generally less artistic propensity. Not to enjoy it is beyond doubt a limitation. But to exalt it above its generation—that is also a limitation.

The admirers of Mme. Leginska know her as a fiery tornado who can assault the piano with a vim to take one's breath away, who understands her acoustics, can pile up tone in most glorious fashion, and, making a virtue of extravagance, take her audience by storm. Those of her admirers who followed her to Symphony Hall yesterday must have been disappointed to find their hitherto uncontrolled steed decidedly restive and nervous under the stern, disciplinary baton of Dr. Muck; to find her former self-sufficiency and dominating assertion ill-suited to the reins of outer exaction and coöperation. Her remarkable strength was there, her vivid chords, excitingly pounced upon, but, not to mince matters,

she failed of Dr. Muck's speed, could not under it maintain clarity of detail and unanimity of statement. Again, Lyapunov's Concerto was against her. It was of the brilliant and dashing sort she must inevitably have chosen—an accommodating vehicle for stupendous "octave-work," for large-voiced sweeping of the keyboard, with a relieving middle section of rhapsodic melody. All that was provided conveniently enough. But the Concerto was a lesser edition of a dozen more finely wrought pieces gone before—a Lisztian work to the core by an ardent disciple of Liszt, yet with none of his master's individual power and heightening genius. Mme. Leginska might have done far better with the Liszt which she plays so magnificently, with music to lift her on its current and carry her to its close by its very impetus, less mindful of anxieties—but the other choice has been made and played. Lyapunov's themes were worthy of a student's exercise, his orchestral writing was entirely commonplace, no slightest trace of his nationality was observable beyond the name of the composer. It was obviously unfair to set the pianist's utmost against an imposing row of strong-lunged trombones. But against even these odds Mme. Leginska may be said to have triumphed—in a sense. Are musicians ever judged by purely musical standards? If the same performance had come from a massive and unprepossessing man from a strange city, in the usual uninteresting cut-away, instead of a slim-fingered young woman in a velvet costume, with an impulsive manner, violently expressive gestures, and a "following," the resultant prolonged applause and the six or seven acknowledgments would be decidedly doubtful. But Mme. Leginska's applause is her own personal triumph, and not to be begrudged.

The London reviewers of 1905 called Delius's "In a Summer Garden" in first performance "unusual," "formless," "surprising without reason." Comments such as might be expected to usher a masterpiece into the world. To revert to it in 1918 is to realize that no such expectations are justified. It has the quality of a "local" work to be performed by courtesy in its immediate district—surely not one that you would expect to cross the Atlantic. If it once surprised, it does not surprise now. It bespeaks the musician who has no darning in his soul; the musician who desires sincerely to be up with the times, to "evolve," but who chews his pen in vain for that rarest of treasures, a new musical

idea, who tries to be strange and is muddy instead, while inevitably echoing Wagner. For this work repeatedly recalls Wagner's summer nights, his forests and his birds,

and trying to be a little "queer," Delius was visitated by the ghost of Beckmesser. The general impression is a rather conglomerate orchestral body with incessant bird-pipings from the wood-wind, a surging but undistinguished melody for the 'cellos, and a climax towards the end, not too new. The course of it is limp and monotonous, the close, lame. It is conspicuous neither for poetic eloquence, nor the painter's skill. It does not mark the technically equipped experimentalist; there is nothing of the fresh, tingling wonder of new vistas opened up. For it takes an orchestral creator to do that—a composer with a fine appreciation of the latent possibilities in new instruments and new groupings, a composer who can manipulate their newly improved mechanisms to eloquent and colorful advantage. And Delius could not do this because he had not the creative orchestral sense. Consequently, he more than once loses himself among his instruments, and the elaborate additional ones of his full modern orchestra go for naught.

J. N. B.

RUSSIAN CONCERTO SYMPHONY FEATURE

Adm. — Feb. 23/18
Mme. Leginska, the Pianist,
Gives Splendid Entertainment
in Holiday Concert

By LOUIS C. ELSON.

PROGRAM.

Brahms, Symphony No. 3. F major.
Liapounoff, Piano Concerto. E flat minor.
Delius, "In a Summer Garden."

After a succession of outside banquets one is always glad to return to the home table. We have been dining out with the Chicagoans, on opera, for nearly a week; yesterday afternoon we were glad to return to the symphonic feast. We are gradually coming to believe in Rubinstein's opinion that symphony is a finer musical form than opera.

There is a stronger appeal to the intellect in Brahms' symphony than in a combination of dramatic action, scenic display and other adjuncts, and this was thoroughly borne home in the excellent performance of yesterday afternoon.

MOVEMENT CONSERVATIVE.

Brahms' third symphony is not an abstruse work. Richter once called it the "Heroic," but its second

and third movements are the reverse of this, only the first and last presenting strife in abundance. Once upon a time this first movement was considered boldly dissonant, but today it seems conservative enough, although the struggle between major and minor is as effective as ever.

Dr. Muck made an excellent contrast between the turbulence of the chief theme and the idyllic, pastoral character of the second theme, and horns and contra-bassoon did good work in the return of the chief theme.

In the second movement the antiphonal effect between wind instruments and deep strings was well brought out. The allegretto, which here takes the place of a Scherzo showed what beauty a good composer can draw from very limited scoring, for its orchestration is very meagre compared with most modern symphonies. Here and in the Finale there was some exquisite horn-playing.

The Finale is, as is usual with Brahms, the great movement, and it was given a great reading. The playing of muted violins and violas in the ending, and the return of the opening theme of the symphony here, were beautiful points to note. At the end Peace comes, the storm is over and the stars are shining, and the symphony closes in the opposite vein from the usual grand climax of symphonic form; but it makes a most impressive ending nevertheless, a vein which Tschai-kowsky followed in his Pathetic Symphony. The work was deeply appreciated by the audience, which showed considerable enthusiasm, recalling Dr. Muck twice.

Mme. Ethel Leginska won an emphatic success with Liapounoff's Piano Concerto in E flat minor. Liapounoff is not one of the greatest upon the Russian list, but he belongs to that estimable Muscovite school which builds on native themes and which does not disdain melody and intelligibility. His concerto in rhapsodical, a la Liszt, and tremendously virile, and Mme. Leginska played it with leonine power.

It is in one movement, but the essence and contrast of the regular three movements is preserved.

SCORING IS BRILLIANT.

The scoring is spicy and brilliant even to cymbals and triangle, and the work plunges into "medias res" even in the opening orchestral sec-

tion (Tutti) which is sensibly brief, after which the piano enters with fortissimo work.

Mme. Leginska played from notes, which is not often done in these concerts; yet it is a sensible proceeding, for it is surely better to have the music than the pianist on the rack. She won an absolute triumph for the work, and for her own interpretation of it. Her chord and octave playing was as brilliant as that of a d'Albert or Rosenthal, and the coda was a perfect whirlwind of bravura.

It was no wonder that there was a frenzy of enthusiasm at the end; Mme. Leginska deserved it, and the concerto deserved it, and we thank Liapounoff for avoiding the vagaries of Stravinsky or Scriabine and writing comprehensible music. Fritz Delius, a mixture of Englishman and German, a man who studied almost alone on a Florida orange plantation (helped by a New York organist), who went to the Leipsic Conservatory, rather to meet musicians than to study, has all the merits and defects of the self-made composer.

He does not always express himself clearly, nor choose the best possible scoring for his ideas, but the ideas themselves are generally very striking and original, filled with virility and native power. His "In a Summer Garden," played yesterday, is a companion piece to his "Brigg Fair," performed at these concerts seven years ago.

It is, of course, much less vivacious than that composition. We thought highly of "Brigg Fair," and we think that "In a Summer Garden" is also a worthy addition to the modern repertoire. It made a better impression than when given by Fiedler a few years ago.

LEGINSKA SOLOIST Feb. 23/18 AT SYMPHONY CONCERT

Mme. Ethel Leginska, the English pianist, appeared yesterday for the first time in Boston as soloist with the Symphony Orchestra, playing Liapounoff's fourth piano concerto, its first performance in this city. Dr. Muck's program opened with the third Symphony by Brahms, the closing number being "In a Summer Garden," the seldom-played composition by Frederick Delius.

The concerto by the Russian Liapounoff is in one movement, the various moods being frequently contrasted by bizarre orchestration, which, of course, is considered typical of the Slav style of writing. Some of the thematic material, that in the gentler

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mood, is expressed in charming bits of melody, and there is a rushing finale in fortissimo that taxes the pianist heavily. Mme Leginska, who has established an excellent reputation by her artistry shown in some half-dozen recitals here, performed her task as soloist with commendable zeal. Her technical competency was again in pleasing evidence, her runs in chord passages were brilliant and very rapid and her performance was one of well-sustained merit. She was quite equal to sustaining the piano part in the thunderous finale. The artist was recalled many times.

The Brahms Symphony and the somewhat somber "In a Summer Garden" were given the effective interpretations expected of the orchestra.

The young Boston violinist, Irma Seydel, will be the soloist next week.

Mme. Leginska, Pianist

Mme. Ethel Leginska appeared with the Boston Symphony Orchestra on Friday afternoon, taking part in a performance of the Liapounoff piano concerto, No. 1, op. 4. She gave a brilliant interpretation of a piece which she of all pianists would ordinarily be expected to let alone. She performed in as broad a manner as if she were and always had been a representative of the Rubinstein school. Though she must be associated in the minds of most listeners with things romantic and idyllic, she showed herself on this occasion to be among the foremost champions of the assertive and the bombastic. She made her way through Liapounoff's rough pages and over the difficulties of his contorted figuration with a power that nothing could stay. She proved herself the peer of any of her contemporaries in ability to express the grandiose.

All this does not mean, probably, that she has laid aside her Chopin, or that she is done with music of melody and sentiment, throwing it over for music of dissonance and cynicism. It only means, in all likelihood, that she wishes to show herself as interested in solo playing beyond routine concert requirements and merely respectable program demands. It means that she is unwilling to stand by and permit a composer's work, now 25 years before the public, to remain neglected, just because it is next to impossible for anybody to play.

The artist received hearty applause for her remarkable study of the concerto. The orchestra, also, had enthusiastic applause for its work in the Brahms third symphony in F major and in the piece by Delius, "In a Summer Garden." *Monitor Feb. 23/18*

A CHILLED CONCERT

Trans. — Feb. 22/18

None Too Interesting a Programme, a Cool Audience and a Colder Auditorium for the Symphony Orchestra at Cambridge—Alfven Again, a Russian Concerto with Mme. Leginska and the Triumphant Strauss of "Death and Transfiguration"

A CHOICE soloist and a choice programme will be greeted by the Cambridge public of the Symphony Orchestra almost as vociferously as any audience you might name. But last evening marked an "off night" at Sanders Theatre; Mme. Leginska was not at her best, and the Cambridges who look for solid fare were ill-pleased at the superficialities of Lyapunov and Alfven. That species of Scandinavian music may delight Chicago; Boston may mildly tolerate it for a passing trial and taste, but, probing further to Cambridge, it met with boredom, and the merest ripple of applause. Mme. Leginska, feeling that she had not done herself or her music justice, was reluctant to bow, so again applause was curtailed. Having arrived at the more uplifting "Death and Transfiguration" of Strauss, the audience was definitely out of the mood, and at the close, was too busy with wraps.

The exceedingly low temperature of the auditorium may have had something to do with it, for it takes only a little physical discomfort to mar musical enjoyment. Certainly cold keys were a partial cause of Mme. Leginska's rather nervous and faltering start. At any rate, the clean and sharp-set accuracy and the tonal vividness which usually underlie and heighten Mme. Leginska's fiery style were notably lacking. The much needed confidence and poise of the virtuoso gave way to the anxieties of the performer. Then again, as an "early work" by a third-rate composer, the music in itself was often more brilliant in intention than in effect. Lyapunov undoubtedly understood the piano, but he was as undoubtedly a novice with the orchestra. As a result, the reverberating and impressive sounds which Mme. Leginska powerfully made with galloping octaves and thunderous runs were despoiled acoustically by the "tutti." The would-be glamorous tone of the melodic portions, in the typical romantic manner, evaporated by the same fault. In theme and episode the piece was equally undistinguished; the orchestral writing commonplace and coarse-fibred.

In this respect, Alfven was, by comparison, well informed, apt, lucid, clever. The whimsical tricks were well conceived and well placed. What is more, no conductor can have given the symphony a more vivacious, deft and agile performance. Dr. Muck allows no frigidity of atmosphere to alter the slightest inflection of his hand, or

255
the scrupulous alertness of his attention. Despite the lightness and commonness of the music, the rhythmic incision, the swift contrapuntal play of parts in the first and third movements, befell with as delicate exactitude as if Mozart himself were under way. The fanfares of brass were in the finale engaging and decidedly above the ordinary; in many incidents of the symphony there was matter for genuine pleasure. But the sugar-coating quickly wore off with every repetition, the Andante was too trivial to merit the time and effort of a large orchestra, while the horse that galloped through the last movement has too often galloped before. Strauss's tone-poem rose mightily and majestic cut of mediocrity; seldom has it sounded more important. Where the other two composers came almost immediately to the end of their tether in orchestral variety, Strauss drew richly and deeply from untrammelled sources. Never did the sonorities of his brass sound more stirring, the swift ascending figures of the 'cellos more terrifying, the great orchestral convulsions more huge and more appalling. It is indeed time that the more magnificent orchestral forces of Strauss were presented to Boston in a season so far barren of them. J. N. B.

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Notice was served by the city property committee, in charge of the rental of the structure, that the orchestra and Dr. Muck would be allowed to give their concert providing all German and Austrian members were eliminated. This decision barred 22 Germans and 8 Austrians.

Because this took away one-third of the orchestra membership and prevented a finished performance, the rest refused to play, fearing a poorly given program would endanger the organization's reputation. A special concert plan was refused.

Mme. ETHEL LEGINSKA (Ethel Leggins) was born in Yorkshire, England. Mrs. Arthur Wilson of Tranby Court saw to it that she could take pianoforte lessons of Leschetizky in Vienna. Mme. Leginska gave a concert in London on June 15, 1906, when she played Henselt's concerto and Rubinstein's in D minor, but she had played in London as a child in 1896. She married Roy Emerson Whittern,* an American composer, in July, 1907. Having played in Paris, Petrograd, Berlin, Vienna, and other European cities, she gave a concert in New York on January 20, 1912. It was then said that this was her first appearance in the United States; but the *Cleveland Leader* of February 24, 1909, publishing an account of her disappearance from London when she was suffering from nervous depression, said that she was well known in Cleveland: "She played in a number of concerts here, notably one at the Hippodrome over a year ago." Since her appearance in New York in 1912 she has been a prominent figure in the concert field.

She played for the first time in Boston on November 9, 1914, when her programme contained only pieces by Chopin. She has played here on December 8, 1915; January 31, February 24, October 14, December 6, 1916.

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Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1917--18.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

Dr. KARL MUCK, Conductor.

SIXTEENTH PROGRAMME

FRIDAY, MARCH 1, AT 2.30 P. M.

SATURDAY, MARCH 2, AT 8 P. M.

DUKAS.

SYMPHONY in C major

- I. Allegro non troppo vivace, ma con fuoco
- II. Andante espressivo e sostenuto
- III. Allegro spiritoso
(First time in Boston)

SAINT-SAËNS,

CONCERTO in B minor for Violin and Orchestra,
No. 3, op. 61

- I. Allegro non troppo
- II. Andantino quasi allegretto
- III. Molto moderato e maestoso: Allegro non troppo

SIBELIUS.

- a) SYMPHONIC FANTASIA, op. 49, "Pohjola's Daughter"
- b) SYMPHONIC POEM, op. 55, "Nightride and Sunrise"

Soloist:

IRMA SEYDEL



Irma Seydel.

SYMPHONY GIVES 16TH CONCERT

Herald — *March 2/18*

Audience Is Delighted with
Violin Performance of
Miss Seydel

**MAKES DEBUT HERE
WITH ORCHESTRA**

By PHILIP HALE

The 16th concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Muck conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows: Dukas, Symphony in C major; Saint-Saens, Concerto for Violin, No. 3; Sibelius, "Pohjola's Daughter" and "Nightride and Sunrise."

Dukas is known here chiefly by his Scherzo "The Sorcerer's Apprentice," which at first seemed to be an excellent bit of humor in music, but now sounds like an old joke. The symphony, which was played here for the first time in Boston, if not in the United States, was composed in 1895-96, a year or so before the Scherzo. Its prevailing fault is dryness—dryness in thematic material and in the scholastic use of the material. There is little or nothing that can be called imaginative; the only approach to the poetic is in the second movement, at the beginning of the middle section, which is also noticeable for more ingenious and effective instrumentation than is elsewhere displayed. The harmonic schemes are orthodox, without a touch of ultra-modernity. There are a few traces of Cesar Franck's influence, as in a jubilant passage where trumpets play an important part, also in one melodic line that recalls the Franck of the Symphony in D minor. Dukas's symphony is a serious work, the work of a man enamored of development, delighting in working out contrapuntal problems; a laborious

work, one without the quickening breath of inspiration.

Miss Seydel, now in her 22d year, has had uncommon experience in playing before the public since she was 10 years old; experience in this country and in Europe. Yesterday she played at a Symphony concert in Boston for the first time, although she has played with this orchestra in Providence and twice in Cambridge. She chose Saint-Saens's familiar concerto in B minor. When the concerto was first performed in Boston by Mr. Adamowski the critic of a leading newspaper condemned it as "insipid, colorless," hastily put together as for a pressing occasion. The second movement reminded him of Gounod; the third of Bizet. Another critic said that the music was "without the characteristics of Saint-Saens," and saw a short life for the concerto. Let this be a warning to us, dearly beloved brethren! Let us not venture in prophecy. Miss Seydel displayed a sound, sure technique. Her performance was careful and feminine. There are women violinists of whom it is said admiringly: "She plays like a man." We do not wish to hear a woman, young or old, play with the virility of a male virtuoso. This concerto admits of broader treatment, of greater dash and brilliancy than were shown yesterday; at the same time, a milder interpretation, a woman's interpretation, is welcome, if it is as musical and agreeable as was that of Miss Seydel's. Certainly the second movement did not lose its pastoral charm, and Miss Seydel's harmonics were more secure than those played by some of her male predecessors. If her performance was feminine, it was not effeminate.

The two pieces by Sibelius were heard here about a year ago. "Pohjola's Daughter" illustrates a rune in the Finnish epic "Kalevala"—the wooing of Louhi's daughter by Valnamolinen and the ride of the disappointed and wounded lover who could not meet all the tests proposed by the mocking maiden. The fantasia is program, descriptive music, entertaining, now wild, now lyrically charming, often impressive. There is no printed argument for "Nightride and Sunrise." Whoever rode, rode for a long time and hard. The galloping figure becomes monotonous. The sun, in this fantasia, loudly calls attention to its rising, as if it were an extraordinary phenomenon. The final sonorous pages do not make one forget the monotony of those preceding.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The program of next week is as follows: Goldmark, overture, "Sakuntala"; Lalo, violin 'cello concerto (Joseph Malkin); Beethoven, Symphony No. 2.

Indeed, the economy of Sibelius's mate-

rials and design is never more apparent than in these pieces. In "Pohjola's Daughter," particularly, there is intensive and creative search of the latent melodic possibilities of the various instruments. The songful result, finely and freshly wrought, often follows a single line, blending from instrument to instrument, and enhanced by a weird and shimmering background. It is the very opposite of a multiplex score, intricately contrived, and breathlessly eventful. The subject is laid out simply, clearly, deliberately. But it never sounds "thin," or more than intentionally monotonous, for it is replete with the subtlest touches and changes. So also with the music of the night ride. Strauss might have launched a huge orchestra upon a stupendous race, exceeding Liszt's "Mazeppa." But the loping, rhythmic figure of Sibelius in the strings, with just the right touch of sleighbells, tries not once to be "clever," and becomes far the apter sensation. More than one celebrity has missed the kernel of an every-day matter, in his too prodigious efforts to be ingenious. But it is always mood rather than imitation, and the sunrise is full of mood. To a person who has never heard it, it is as indescribable as color to a blind man.

Beside Sibelius, the orchestral manipulations of Dukas, brass fanfares, flute runs and the rest of it, sounded perhaps more conventional than they really were. The Symphony was naturally chosen as the only alternative to the "Sorcerer's Apprentice," which is in pressing need of rest. And now, it is not hard to understand why the Scherzo is the more used. That Scherzo is more than a serviceable tour de force, to enliven and fill out a programme. Its maker has never before or since hit upon its felicitous twist of theme or struck the mark of orchestral brilliance more cleanly, or lived up to its conciseness and its sparkling wit. Surely, not in his symphony. Accustomed to the lone flash of humor, one looked yesterday for the more serious Dukas, for whatever aims and aspirations his more largely drawn music might reveal. Glimpses of personality, of genuine intimate beauty, shone from many pages of the slow movement, but the first and last seemed mostly a compilation of "influences" and contemporary usages, disparate music of a composer conversant in the "grand manner" more proficient in gesture than moved by inspiration. Dukas stands forth in his symphony as a skilled orchestrator, with a long eye for proportion, mass, and musical logic, yet more than one loose joint is uncovered, in its course. And, most conspicuously, the symphony is full of "theatre," in the vein of French musical tradition. He shapes and plans his climaxes well; the storms darkly gathering in the strings, the cumulative ascent, magniloquent statement from the trombones or trumpets, these practices bespeak a good campaigner, but they have all been heard before. There is more than a tinge of the

artificial and the "showy"; the wit of the last movement falls distinctly short of the "Sorcerer's Apprentice." But there is an inspiring snap of rhythm in the first. And the Andante is an individual, a distinctly finer sort of music. The longest of the three movements, it justifies its length. There is beauty in the main theme, variety of color in its development, individual orchestration as almost nowhere else. There are some truly memorable passages for the horns, and the glamorous body of the sustained strings is never sentimental. By its slow movement, the Symphony will be remembered.

Last week Mme. Leginska, first appearing in Boston with its eminent orchestra, missed her fullest opportunities by an unwise choice of concerto. Miss Irma Seydel doing the same yesterday, chose one which suited her to perfection. The Violin Concerto of Saint-Saëns in B minor has undergone very different readings, but the feminine, persuasive quality of hers may stand with the best of them. Sarasate, for whom the concerto was written, may have played it with more suave polish and complacent confidence, with more "temperament"—keener fire of attack and incision, with more grandiose bravura. But these qualities were not missed; they would have sounded rather strange from a quiet-mannered girl of twenty-two. For instance, the flourish opening the last movement, which sounds most threadbare and all of thirty-eight years old, she performed with modest exactitude rather than strutting assertion. As a generally careful and graceful interpretation, it was the more becoming, even though the wit and sparkle of the composer flashed rather more deftly from the orchestra than Miss Seydel's bow. The middle Siciliano struck the best balance of ensemble, and brought forth the most charming capabilities of Miss Seydel. She forgot her nervousness, played as one with the orchestra for the enhancement of the music. And if hers was not the shaded eloquence and authority of Mr. Longy's oboe, nor the subtlety of Mr. Maquarrie's flute, her excellent musicianship still bespoke her competence to match her lovely and faultless tone, most discriminately poised and shaped, with theirs. J. N. B.

NEW DUKAS SYMPHONY

Globe — *Mon. 2 '18*
The spirit of the scherzo is not wholly absent from the new symphony in C major of Dukas, given yesterday for the first time here, although the movement itself is lacking. There appears to be much intent toward vivacity in the other three, with some purpose in caprice, whimsicality, humor. But the Dukas who wrote the contemporaneous scherzo, "Sorcerer's Apprentice," with a fine wit and a skillful pen, is seldom heard.

The last of the three movements, in attempting impetuous vigor, ends by being noisy, bustling, empty pretentious, with commonplace themes. The first had promised better, both in significance of ideas and in continuity. The "song" theme, minor in mode, gracefully plaintive, has marked beauty as announced in violins and deepening as repeated with added horn. In the slow movement there is a definite mood in the passage descending scale fashion from the tonic, pausing on six and three. Archaic in character it is the more churchly through the appropriate harmonization and rich bass. Repeated later in the return in loud brass with counterpoint in strings, the beauty has gone. Dr Muck conducted with obvious care and sympathy. Another work of moments, and there are many details of skillful orchestration, but unequal to the duration of symphonic flight.

The soloist of the day was Irma Seydel, the violinist whose steady rise all have watched with interest and pleasure. Miss Seydel is now more than a promising young woman. There is maturity in her manner, breadth of bowing, the quality of authority in molding and projecting a phrase, in planning a passage in due proportion, in perceiving the contrast of moods and works. Saint-Saëns' old concerto in B minor, with its elegance and artifices, was the number. The bravura had boldness, aplomb, rhythmic profile. The superb calm which underlies the Sicilian melody will be more Miss Seydel's some day, than just now, but in passages not asking such repose, there was technic, intonation, taste and that elusive thing called style. In all a successful debut, for while Miss Seydel has played elsewhere with the orchestra, this was her first appearance at these concerts.

Two of the noblest compositions in modern orchestral literature, Sibelius' "Pohjola's Daughter" and "Night Ride and Sunrise," conducted with masterful perception and authority by Dr Muck at their former performance, were the closing numbers.

Monitor — *Mon. 2 '18* Boston Symphony Orchestra

Boston waited 22 years to hear the symphony in C major of Paul Abraham Dukas. During these 22 years there was no particular commotion in Boston because this symphony was in the world and now that it has been heard Boston will doubtless pursue its way with no appreciable change in its outlook on life and with no overwhelming desire to hear it again. Dukas wrote his work in three movements, a scheme which conduces to a feeling of gratitude because there are not four. It is peculiar that this symphony dates from the same period as "L'apprenti sorcier," which has often been heard here and always enjoyed. Apparently there was not enough inspiration for the scherzo and the symphony, and it all found vent in the scherzo. Of the three movements of the symphony, the third is the best,

for it is the most sprightly and shows the most invention. However, the form here, as in the case of the other two, is of more importance than the content, though the orchestra struggled nobly to get out of the music something that was not there. It takes more than mere piling up of brass to make a climax effective.

Miss Irma Seydel's first appearance at a regular concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra as a violin soloist was an occasion of felicitous interest, for she is one of the "daughters of the orchestra." She elected to play the beautiful Saint-Saëns concerto in B minor, op. 61, No. 3, a most excellent choice for the day. Miss Seydel brings to her work on the concert stage a clean-cut vigor and a healthy strength which augur well for her quick advance. She played the Saint-Saëns concerto at times brilliantly, rejoicing in her power and in her technical proficiency. Her intonation for the most part was correct. Her coloring is as yet a trifle monotonous, and a little more flexibility in the production of her vibrato would be desirable. A deeper appreciation of what art means and of what her own obligation to it is will come with more experience. At yesterday's concert she received all the help that the orchestra, always loyal to its own ranks, was able to give her, and her father, on his stool among the double basses, may well be forgiven for letting his eyes stray from the conductor's baton to his daughter's bow.

The concert ended with the somewhat somber music of Sibelius. There were two works of the Finnish composer, a symphonic fantasia, op. 49, "Pohjola's Daughter," and a symphonic poem, op. 55, "Night Ride and Sunrise." Why one should have been called a fantasia and the other a poem does not appear. Both are written in the same idiom, although the fantasia is longer than the poem. It is to be noticed that those who like Sibelius are rather emphatic about it. Those who do not like him are equally stressful. There is no middle ground. Being thus capable of stirring strong feelings of partisanship, the assumption is all on the side of Sibelius writing music that will live. All composers who have endured have had to fight their way. How recently it is that anyone dared to suggest that Brahms was a greater composer than Beethoven!

NEW MUSIC PLAYED BY SYMPHONY

Dukas' C Major Heard
—Miss Seydel the
Soloist

Post ——— Mch. 2/18
BY OLIN DOWNES

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SUAVITY OF DUKAS

The symphony of Dukas—the last two movements at least—written in the composer's 30th year, shows an admirable command of orchestral resources and a youthful freshness of feeling which at times verges perilously on what is sentimental. It is far from the idiom of the mature composer of "Ariane et Barbe Bleue," the opera which is one of the very significant contributions of the modern Frenchman to the literature of music-drama. The symphony also seemed at a first hearing overlong. But its suavity and frankness of style gave pleasure.

Miss Seydel played the Saint-Saens concerto in a very musicianly manner, with warmth and refinement of style, with contagious feeling. An unusually gifted player today, she has a solid and admirable foundation for future achievement. If the regular progress and development of past years is continued, as doubtless it will be, there should be a brilliant career before her. The audience was delighted with her performance, and recalled the violinist several times.

Sibelius' Great Music

The two pieces of Sibelius, not so familiar to Symphony audiences as other music by this remarkable composer, grow greater with closer acquaintance. It is also doubtless true that Dr. Muck's performance of this music, especially of the "Night-Ride and Sunrise," grows in its greatness. It is no doubt largely our fault that we see more in this work than when Dr. Muck first played it in Boston.

"Night-Ride and Sunrise"—the darkness and agitation of the night, a night of grotesque shapes that peer from the shadows, when the hoofs of the horse themselves awaken echoes which terrify the lonely rider, when a branch of a tree may be the arm of a hobgoblin stretched out hungrily from its ambush, when other strange inhabitants of the darkness may be dodging the flying pair; then a flush on the horizon, a sort of a quiver that runs through everything as it awakens, a song of a bird, long lanes of light that floods over the rocks and through the top branches of trees, then more light, and the great, peaceful, reassuring sun!

Then the Glorious Sunrise

Imagine this, or anything else you like, while this singular music is being played! Enough that there are two moods, the first fantastical and macabre, with just a realistic touch in the occasional orchestral reference to the clatter of hoofs, the muttering of some ghostly wind instrument, and later a monotonous song heard over the hoofbeats; and then such strange and beautiful effects as no orchestra but the orchestra of Sibelius is capable of, and the sensation of warmth and light and smiling nature.

Sibelius has been accused of being unable to write save as a Northman, a Finn, of realizing in his scores only the things that he hears under his village belfry. True, the imagination of this piece is northern, for only in the north could nature assume by turns such impressive and supernatural or genial and beautiful aspects. But such music, whatever its origin, is for any hearer, in any land, who has trembled or rejoiced before the greatness of the earth. Notable is the wild introduction, and the wonderful orchestral effects as the mood changes and the shadows disperse.

Writes With Absolute Sureness

The composer writes with the absolute sureness of the inspired master. Doing things that have not been done before with the orchestra, he knows in advance exactly how he is going to do them, and what the new sounds will be like. Truly, there is not the like of this Northman in modern music. "Pohjola's Daughter" was only less astonishing yesterday because it was better understood in advance. The music of

the ride of Wainamoinen, the woe of the fair daughter of the North; the taunting laughter of strings and wood in the fanciful scene in which he discovers her seated, weaving, on the rainbow; the stern and heroic fanfare of the brass, flung out like a challenge to Northern nature; the poetic conclusion, which leaves in the mind

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The performance was a triumph for orchestra and conductor, and the lasting impression of the afternoon.

Miss IRMA SEYDEL, violinist, was born in Boston on September 27, 1896. She began to study the violin when she was three years old, with her father, Theodor Seydel, who was then, as he is now, a double-bass player of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. For two years her teacher was Gustav Strube; for seven years, Charles Martin Loeffler. Her teacher in solfège, harmony, and composition has been André Maquarre. Her first appearance in concert was on December 5, 1900, at a concert of her father's pupils at High School Hall, Needham, where she then lived. She played an "Air" by Weber. On August 12, 1906, she played at Bar Harbor with an orchestra of Boston Symphony men, Mr. Strube conductor (De Beriot's Seventh Concerto). After she had played with this orchestra again, September 9, she accepted professional engagements and gave recitals of her own. In 1910 her family went to Germany. On July 9 she played with the City Orchestra of

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Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1917--18.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

Dr. KARL MUCK, Conductor.

SEVENTEENTH PROGRAMME

FRIDAY, MARCH 8, AT 2.30 P. M.

SATURDAY, MARCH 9, AT 8 P. M.

GOLDMARK,

OVERTURE to "Sakuntala." op. 13

LALO,

CONCERTO for Violoncello and Orchestra.

I. Prelude, Allegro maestoso

II. Intermezzo

III. Introduction: Rondo

BEETHOVEN,

SYMPHONY in D major, No. 2, op. 36

I. Adagio molto; Allegro con brio

II. Larghetto

III. Scherzo: Allegro; Trio

IV. Allegro molto

Soloist:

JOSEPH MALKIN

There will be no Public Rehearsal and Concert next week.



One of the Brilliant 'Cellists

Joseph Malkin, one of the well known members of the orchestra, who is a soloist this week.

SYMPHONY PROGRAM IS CONSERVATIVE

Adv. — *Mch. 9/18*
Joseph Malkin, as Soloist,
Moves His Audience to
Frequent Applause

By LOUIS C. ELSON.

Program.
Goldmark, "Sakuntala" Overture.
Lalo, Concerto for Violoncello.
Soloist, Joseph Malkin.
Beethoven, Second Symphony.

A conservative program, written in the days when they composed tunes and when music was supposed to please the auditor. Goldmark's "Sakuntala" overture is a point where the non-musician can enjoy and the strict musician also be satisfied.

It is the composer's best orchestral work. There are good contrasts in the overture. The hunting of King Dushyanta and the loneliness of Sakuntala in the forest are fine foils to each other, and there is real passion in the love-scenes.

The figure treatment is not too complex for the laity to follow; every auditor could trace the five-noted bit (a, b-flat, c, d, c) from which much of the music is derived, and the deep trills of the string orchestra and bassoons were impressive to all alike.

The horns and trumpets had some very brilliant work to do in the hunting themes, and accomplished it finely, while the triumphant coda, with plenty of kettle-drum spice, was finely effective. Such music is beautiful even when it pictures gloom. It is an Oriental picture with properly Oriental warmth of coloring. It aroused great applause and both the work and its interpretation deserved it.

GIVES MANY ENCORES.

Lalo's violoncello concerto still kept to the domain of melody. It served to introduce Mr. Joseph Malkin as soloist, one of the great performers in this city of great violoncellists. Mr. Malkin's tone was broad, sympathetic and pure in intonation

— "Mein Liebchen, was willst Du noch mehr?"—and the concerto is agreeable all the way through.

Perhaps one might except the first movement from the pleasant adjective, for it is rather long and not so popular as the succeeding two, but the perfect phrasing of the soloist and the excellent ensemble of the orchestra caused it to win much applause. Its earnest and dramatic vein was finely given, and the antiphonal dialogue between the calls and the orchestra (chiefly brasses) was especially effective.

The second movement is pastoral even to the extent of giving a drone bass of bagpipe style and it contrasted well with the more sombre character of the preceding movement. The finale has themes which are almost dances in character.

We should scarcely call this a great composition, but 'cello concertos are scarce and this could ill be spared from the repertoire. Mr. Malkin was recalled three times with considerable enthusiasm.

POPULAR MELODIES.

And now came more melodies, for the second and third movements of Beethoven's second symphony are really popular in their simplicity of tunes. We once asked Mr. Gericke which symphony of the Beethoven nine he considered the greatest.

"Always the one I have heard last," was his answer.

There is much truth in this; the second symphony may be less than the heroic, the fifth or the seventh, but heard by itself it is grand enough to satisfy anybody. The slow movement has melody enough to set up half-a-dozen modern composers in orchestral work, unless they despised such simplicity of themes.

One may remember, too, that the third movement of this was the first Scherzo ever written, the foundation of a new form of movement for symphony, replacing the Minuet which Haydn had worn threadbare.

One can only praise the reading and the shading of the performance. The rapid chief figure of the first movement, and the rather difficult skips of the first theme of the finale, were given flawlessly. Therefore, for once, one could forget the modern musical troubles and enjoy good, commonsense melody such as used to be written "when Music, Heavenly Maid, was young"!

SYMPHONY GIVES 17TH CONCERT

Herald—Mch. 9, 1918
Goldmark's Gorgeous Over-
ture Feature of the
Performance

LALO'S CONCERTO FOR VIOLONCELLO

By PHILIP HALE

The 17th concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Dr. Muck conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows: Goldmark, overture, "Sakuntala"; Lalo, Concerto for Violoncello; Beethoven, Symphony No. 2.

The gorgeous overture of Goldmark was played in a manner to arouse enthusiasm. When the overture was performed here for the first time over 40 years ago the players were so enamored of it that, as Mr. Zerrahn once told us, they hummed the chief themes at rehearsals of other compositions for many months, whistled them in the streets, and were eager for frequent performances of it. Yesterday's performance was the 15th at the Symphony concerts, yet the music is as fresh, as oriental in its sensuousness, as it was when it was first heard.

"Oriental" is, after all, a loose term to be applied to any occidental music; but this overture with the prelude and other pages of Goldmark's "Queen of Sheba" are more suggestive of the East than Japanese, Chinese or Hindu music that has been played or sung here in public or in private. If true oriental music is not thematically like that of Goldmark's; it should be. In "The Queen of Sheba" the influence of the composer's Hebrew blood is clearly revealed, especially in the Temple scene; but the opening measures of the "Sakuntala" overture, like those of the orchestral introduction to "The Queen of Sheba," are redolent of the Orient; the one suggesting lush vegetation and sensuous anticipation; the other vast sandy stretches and the blazing sun; both hinting at what Henley called "the tedium of the East."

Lalo's violoncello concerto is one of the very few elaborate compositions for the instrument that repay the art of the player and the attention of the hearer. Many years ago Hanslick of

Vienna protested against the pompous introduction with the blasts of brass. We like to hear a violinist, pianist or violoncellist announced with a flourish of trumpets, with the jubilation of the full orchestra. It is as if the composer said: "Here comes one that is worth hearing. Mark how he will play my music." Perhaps the first movement of Lalo's concerto is interesting by reason of the general structure and the singularly effective instrumentation rather than the thematic character. How more modern composers have borrowed liberally from Lalo and Chabrier in the matter of orchestration: in the use of the brass and wood wind; also in the delicate treatment of the string choir! The second and third movements are melodically grateful, nor is it fanciful to find in these movements the influence of Lalo's Spanish descent on the rhythm and the melodic lines. Mr. Malkin gave an artistic and pleasing performance.

Dr. Muck bestows as much loving care on the interpretation of the first and second symphonies of Beethoven as on that of the greater ones. The two early symphonies are fairly familiar by this time. The pleasure to be derived from them is chiefly a question of performance. If we must hear early works of the masters in Vienna, would not the unfamiliar symphonies of Mozart and Haydn, some of those for the smallest orchestra of that period, be more entertaining?

The concert will be repeated tonight. The orchestra will be away next week. The program for March 15 and 16 will be as follows: Chadwick, Symphonic Sketches; Saint-Saens, Symphony No. 3, in C minor.

The Bostonian Strings

Perfect intonation and perfect uniformity can always be expected of Dr. Muck's first violin section, but their playing is always a fresh surprise. In that unforgettable performance of Mozart's symphony in G minor every bar was treated as a factor in the artistic whole. The sixteen men drew a pianissimo so fine that it could only just be heard in the large hall, so true that there seemed not a single conflicting overtone. With this pianissimo as the indispensable basis of all their work they modelled each phrase as carefully as a skilled actor models his sentences. The melody was never on the dead level, as is so often the case in routine orchestral playing. It was always evidently going somewhere or coming from somewhere. The tone was rising or falling, deepening or blanching. The bows of Mr. Witek's men were more than a draftsman's pencil. They were an artist's brush, giving color and design at the same time to their musical line. The performance could have taught something to any virtuoso of the violin who happened to hear it. It was one of the miracles of the present concert season. [The New York Tribune *Trans. Mch. 8, 1918*

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT *Trans. Mch. 9, 18* FAMILIAR MUSIC IN GLORIFIED PERFORMANCE

A Programme That Belied Anticipation
with Conductor and Orchestra in High
Mettle—New Voice to Goldmark's Over-
ture to "Sakuntala," and Sheer Elo-
quence with Beethoven's Second Sym-
phony—Withal, a Concerto for 'Cello

WHAT seemed a routine and unpromising programme turned yesterday afternoon, at Symphony Hall into an exceptionally pleasurable and interesting concert. Dr. Muck proposed to his hearers, who seem to be equally numerous, this season, whatever the pieces or the "assisting artist," Goldmark's overture to the ancient Hindu play, "Sakuntala"; Lalo's concerto for violoncello and orchestra with Mr. Malkin to play the solo part; and the second symphony, in D major, of Beethoven. Anticipation, admittedly a little impatient and scoffing, might reckon the overture hackneyed and cloying; the symphony, early and none too characteristic work of mind, heart and hand still groping out the way that was to lead into the fervors and fulfillment of the succeeding "Eroica." As to the concerto, was it not for the monotonous violoncello, while the virtuoso to play it, sits weekly in the orchestra from October to May? Evidently, went this preliminary speculation, Dr. Muck was engrossed with preparation for the impending performance at a choral concert of Bach's Passion Music according to Matthew. Not without reason he was taking the easiest way with an intervening pair of Symphony Concerts. To our seats then, but in mood unexpectant and resigned.

Now, it is true that a concerto for violoncello is—a concerto for violoncello—and that no one has yet bestowed upon the world and the 'cellists therein music of genius in that species. It is also true that the overture to "Sakuntala" has been a familiar item for twenty-five years in orchestral repertoires; and that, for blessing or for bane, Beethoven's second symphony enjoys the right to biennial repetition in most series of symphony concerts, though it be not like the third, fifth, seventh, or even the fourth or the eighth. What, then, altered dull anticipation of all three pieces into lively pleasure from them? Nothing else than the quality of the performance. Though Dr. Muck may be preparing an unusually exacting restoration of the Passion Music, not for one afternoon will he take his ease at a Symphony Concert or for one morning in the rehearsals

thereof. Before orchestra and conductor had proceeded a hundred measures into Goldmark's overture, it was clear that they were on their mettle. Lalo's concerto does excel many another for the violoncello in intrinsic invention, imagination, interest—and the more for the voice that conductor, orchestra and "soloist" yesterday found for it. As for the symphony, all concerned made it sound as of Beethoven with wings already outspread for characteristic and sustained flight. In fine, to come to the concert to scoff was to depart from it to praise. Seldom, on a Friday afternoon, has applause been heartier.

In the overture, Dr. Muck excelled even his wonted discernment and discrimination in a choice of pace that unfolded Goldmark's long, sinuous, ascendant, melodic line, that never languished, that never clouded; in the distribution of emphases, contrasts, color; in the moulding of phrases into far foreseen and sensitively graduated course; in the maintenance of the sensuous voice and glamor of the music, yet so that it never thickened or cloyed. After all, Goldmark is oftener eloquent than he is lush. In turn, the orchestra played with the consummate beauty of tone that on its high days every choir and each separate voice within it, may summon; with unfailing ear for the euphonies of instrument with instrument, with flow of edgeless and perfectly jointured phrase, with almost unerring sensibility of tonal color, with understanding and response for the whole overture as well as for the particular part and page upon the several desks. The outcome was a performance that glowed with the sensuous beauty of Goldmark's melody, with the richness of his harmonic dress, with the pulsing warmth of his instrumental coloring, with the suggestion of ancient oriental legend sung in exotic and enhancing tones. Seldom has Goldmark's overture sounded upon the ear as so velvet-like a music; seldom has it seemed of such finely woven strands like the interlacings of oriental pattern, carved, embroidered, painted; seldom has it reflected such softly golden lustres; or seemed so illusively the speech of piteous, low-spoken, semi-static Indian tale. The spell of poetry flowed out of composer's and orchestra's tones. The listener heard, fascinated, illuded, loth to dispel the magic by the applause that he knew was just reward. The coarse-fingered, the over-luscious, the too insistently oriental Goldmark has vanished out of the music. The overture had become transformed in the poetizing imagination of him who led it, in the response thereto of those who played it.

So, again, with Beethoven's second symphony. Not upon the high fervors of the "Eroica," the passionate progress of the fifth, the glow and glint of the seventh, the epical excitements of the ninth, has

Dr. Muck lavished more penetrating care, more imaginative pains. Beethoven, hearing, perchance, from the Elysian Fields and remembering this music of his youth, must have rejoiced, for example, in the lightness of tone, pace, rhythm, that wove the pattern of his Finale as in glint upon the air. Here was the fleetness, the clearness, the elasticity with which Dr. Muck and the orchestra are wont to play the final movements of eighteenth-century symphonies, doing like office to almost as light-footed, bright-winged a music and doing it with a precision that, as it never slipped, so it never hardened. Rarely has the band touched such plasticity of tone as that with which it kept Scherzo and Finale in perpetual play, tossing ornament out of them, catching ornament back into them; now shaping a phrase as through string-choir or wood-winds were a single singing voice; again whipping up and down the music with that zest of tonal energy and tonal progress already alert and goading in Beethoven. Throughout the symphony leapt bright to the ear. A conductor in his fifties, a middle-aged orchestra were suffusing it with the young imagination of a Beethoven beginning his thirties.

As thrilling to hear was the slow movement. Within easy memory conductor and orchestra have played the first symphony, the Haydnish-Mozartean symphony, of Beethoven, written when he was studying the best models. Therein the slow movement accords with the conventions; herein it is the Beethoven of pure instrumental song upspringing from his own invention, conducted and diversified by his own imagination, controlled by his own clear mind, manipulated by his own sure hand. He begins veritable Beethovenish melody in firm contours and songful depth, rich-textured, luminous. He goes on, and conductor and orchestra with him, to lead it into various transformations, to deck it with new ornaments, to make play with suggestion from it. He wrote, they spoke in the pure loveliness of musical sound when fresh fancy and warm impulse wing and diversify it. Beethoven himself may hardly have imagined such euphonies, such iridescence.

And young energy and young power similarly spoke out of the first movement. Grave the beginning, yet irrepressibly songful; but only for a relative moment before a fine young zest possesses the music. The conductor, divining his pace, sharpening his rhythms, inflecting the imitative passages, speeding or staying long progressions, lightly modulating here and there, made the music sound like sheer, sure, sunny improvisation—of the Beethoven who not many years after was to achieve his first Allegros of the passionate tumults, of the manifold and commanding voice. How various, how vigorous it already is stood disclosed in Dr. Muck's eloquence. What many another conductor leaves as mouldering in this second symphony of Beethoven he blows into fire. The

connoisseurs of orchestral performance marvelled yesterday at the imagination, the intuition, the adeptness of some of his strokes. The most innocent of listeners must have felt in sum the impact upon ear and fancy of music so opened and vivified. Even a youthful symphony may make what a cliché of reviewing calls a "memorable" afternoon.

Lalo's concerto for violoncello excels many another in that the composer writes neither academically, nor perfunctorily, nor yet displayfully for the solo instrument. Rather, he treats it as the outstanding voice in a symphonic piece that has something to say in its own right and its own manner. The listener hears with surprise the full-throated, energetic, broad measured beginning to be reassured only when the violoncello sounds in deep tone and stately progress. He is wont to hear it as solo instrument in music that tempts it to sugary song or clumsy capering. Instead, in this first movement of Lalo's concerto, he hears it at once vigorous and sonorous, elastic yet of sustained melody and march. It speaks with dignity, with warmth, with a becoming brevity. The music makes no play with the feat superfluous, with the feat distorting. As large-voiced as it began the movement ends. The ensuing intermezzo shows no less discriminating thought for the music. Intrinsically it remains interesting, whether the violoncello unfolds its more sentimental song; whether it guides across the tonal tapestry a lighter thread upon which the orchestra may hang inflection or ornament. There is halo for the slow song! there is setting for the livelier melody. Even in the Finale, the violoncello has not to caper creaking. There is no super-abundance of "passage-work." The solo instrument still sings, but whereas it has been stately, musing, gently gay, now it may weave its brighter tones into the pattern the orchestra, in the returns of the rondo, is fashioning for it. To the end a measure of symphonic interest exhales from the piece. Mr. Malkin could hardly have chosen a concerto to better advantage, since his tone lacks neither lightness nor depth, neither suavity nor color. He can play songfully, ornately, euphoniously; and he understood yesterday the limpidity, the continence, the elegance of Lalo's music.

H. T. P.

SYMPHONY CONCERT

9 o'clock ———— Mon. 9/18

Goldmark's overture "Sakuntala" was given a glowing, glorious performance yesterday afternoon. Dr Muck and the orchestra recreated the old work, finding in it a warmly imaginative, romantic spirit which makes the hearer pause and consider. Where did this son of a Jewish cantor, born in a small Hungarian town in a year, when Berlioz

was 27, Liszt but 19, find the inspiration much less the knowledge of orchestral technique for the thought and expression of certain of these pages?

Rubin Goldmark, the composer's nephew now living in New York, has said, as quoted in the program notes, that his uncle worshipped Mozart, greatly admired Schumann, but had written his representative works long before the later Wagner had been played in Vienna. There is the suggestion of the East in pages of this overture, as in the exotic so-called "love theme," sensuous, of noble curve and plasticity, a fancy substantiating Goldmark's disdain for Kallmeistermusik.

The treatment of the dramatic episodes, the fine sense of distinction between arioso and declamation, between points of climax and of repose, the use of the filled pause, the moments of golden sonority, the surprising feeling for orchestral color — these and other comparable qualities give the score a modern cast despite certain perfunctory measures as the pompous fanfare perhaps heralding the arrival of the king.

Lalo's concerto for cello might profitably be presented to a museum for the preservation of his works. A tedious first movement harnessing the solo instrument employed in endless flagrant to an orchestra in absurdly incongruous punctuation is not much bettered by the aridity of the two which follow. Mr Malkin struggled with the thankless piece conscientiously, as though for some expiation. Let us trust one performance is sufficient.

Beethoven's second symphony made the second half of the program. The orchestra takes its fifth trip next week. At the concerts March 22 and 23 Mr Chadwick's Symphonic Sketches and Saint-Saens' third symphony will be played.

MALKIN AS SOLOIST AT SYMPHONY

Goldmark's "Sakuntala" and Beethoven's
Second Played

Post ———— Mon. 9/18
BY OLIN DOWNES

Joseph Malkin of the Boston Symphony Orchestra was soloist at the

concert given by that organization yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall playing Lalo's concerto for cello and orchestra.

The orchestral pieces were Goldmark's overture to "Sakuntala" and Beethoven's symphony in D major.

MR. MALKIN'S HANDICAP

The concerto sounded more old-fashioned than ever. Its performance was capable, but rather perfunctory. Mr. Malkin had suffered a disappointment, which can only be appreciated by those who play a fine stringed instrument and devoted to it, when he recently lost a very valuable and treasured violoncello in a taxicab accident. He played on another and an inferior instrument yesterday, and such an experience is enough to dull the enthusiasm and conviction of any artist when he performs in public. A cellist of exceptional talent and virtuosity, Mr. Malkin has done himself greater justice on other occasions.

The Goldmark overture is a singular blend of that which is rich, exotic, fascinating beyond words in its languor and orientalism, and that which is regular dyed-in-the-wool German formula. The introduction and the opening theme, once heard, are never forgotten. But the contrasting passage—the trumpet calls, and all that—is the regular proceeding in the manner of the German school, which, with the deterioration of Richard Strauss in his later period ceased to be original and creative in its musical art. We say this, not to introduce politics in a musical discussion, but with full recognition of the fact that any sound appreciation or criticism of music must be based on the understanding of the wonderfully intimate relation between musical expression and the spirit of a people.

A court of law would base its decision against Germany on the scraps of paper she has torn up and destroyed, and her entire failure to justify such a proceeding. But to a sensitive musician it would only be necessary to examine the music that has come from modern Germany and compare it with the music of a Beethoven or a Brahms to realize the entire change and deterioration in the morale of the people. The Beethoven, even of the early second symphony, preached a gospel which would not be pleasing to their leaders of today.

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In the fall of 1914 he became a member of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. On December 11, 12, 1914, he played with the orchestra Haydn's concerto in D major. On November 22, 1915, he gave a recital in Jordan Hall. He played Saint-Saëns's Concerto in A minor, No. 1, at a symphony concert on December 24, 1915. On January 9, 1916, he played at a Sunday concert in Symphony Hall with Miss Emmy Destinn, soprano, and an orchestra. He took part in a concert of the Russian Music Society in aid of the Russian Relief Fund, March 29, 1916. On November 15, 1916, he gave a recital. He took part in the concerts of the Witek-Malkin Trio February 28 and December 6, 1916. He played Dvořák's Concerto in B minor at a Symphony concert on March 30, 1917. On November 29, 1917, he played at a concert in Symphony Hall, associated with Mme. Melba, and Arthur Hackett, tenor.

Boston Symphony Orchestra

Specialty for The Christian Science Monitor

BOSTON, Mass.—Goldmark's overture to "Sakuntala," which opened the seventeenth program of the Boston Symphony Orchestra yesterday afternoon, may or may not be worth a place in these concerts. That, after all, must remain, like any purely personal question, a ready and fruitful topic for discussion in New York, Providence, or wherever it is that they object to the programs of this orchestra. As it was played yesterday, the music was dignified by an inspiration of performance that eluded the composer in the writing of it. The remarkable attack of this band has never had better illustration than in this overture, commonplace though the occasion for it was. There is a certain looking forward to Brahms in this work, though it seems in the attempted use of orchestral color rather than in the invention. The cumulation of the brass in the "Tragic" overture gives a poignant

sooner than was generally expected. It becomes increasingly plain that a large loan flotation by the Government is more and more remote, and it is evident, according to market opinion, that an effort will be made to finance war expenditure by the present method for a considerable while yet. It is of course an easier matter to meet outgoings at present, as revenue collections between now and the end of the fiscal year are so much heavier than at any other time, and the market feels that the real test of the present method will come when the new financial period commences in April and the revenue contracts. Bankers have also reduced their deposit rates to 3 per cent and the discount houses have followed suit. Money over night is quoted at the same figure, and money on notice fetches 3¼ per cent. There seems to be no doubt that the present low rates for money are enhancing the attractiveness of the national war bonds, though to what extent it is difficult to estimate.

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There is a quiet enjoyment in the familiar classics equaled by no other form of musical entertainment, especially when they are so superbly played as was the second symphony, op. 36, of Beethoven. Pioneers of the music of our day, these pieces are still potent to give pleasure and profit and their charm is a part of our musical experience which we hope long to keep fresh. In the second movement of this symphony appeared for a few moments the full power of the string section of the orchestra, like a quartet in the precision of its technique, but of a wonderful, permeating volume. Especially surprising was the volume coming from the second violins, which ordinarily are kept rather subdued.

Belated Reply *Janus. Melb. 8.11.18*

On Thursday evening, Jan. 31, more than a month ago, Mr. Ernst Schmidt, as assistant conductor of the Symphony Orchestra, led a considerable contingent from it in a concert at Symphony Hall with Mr. Elman as violinist and Miss Power, a protégée of Mme. Melba, as singer. The orchestra played three movements of Goldmark's symphony, "Rustic Wedding," one or two other numbers, and accompanied Mr. Elman in Mendelssohn's concerto. Several days later this column contained a paragraph or two, reproaching the Symphony Orchestra for the carelessness with which it had played at this concert, recalling a like indifference on other occasions when Dr. Muck was not leading it, and noting a similar neglect of duty when one or another choral society employs it. To these strictures, Mr. Schmidt now replies in the following, though somewhat belated, note:

A few weeks ago the usual annual attack upon the members of the Boston Symphony Orchestra appeared in this place charging them with deliberate lack of discipline, when under the leadership of anybody else but Dr. Muck. Although the anonymous writer mentioned my name in connection with

the Elman concert. I would not have answered at all if that report had not lately made its way through papers in other cities and threatened to mislead people in general.

Three tasks the critic should fulfill: First, to know something about music; second, to be present at the performance which he is going to write about; third, to be sincere in his criticism. At least one of them, the writer in The Transcript apparently missed. I am far from praising my own work, but the enthusiastic appreciation shown by the large audience especially after the symphony; the high acknowledgment repeatedly expressed by the manager, Mr. Ellis, as well as the gladness of the soloist, Mr. Elman, over the good accompaniment; and last, but not least, the willingness and animation of the whole orchestra absolutely proved that said performance was not as bad as your writer would have us believe.

Referring to the complaint about the choral concerts: Everybody, who has any experience, will admit that the orchestral performance of these concerts differs a good deal from that at the Symphony Concerts. But not everybody considers the different circumstances which determine that difference. In the first place, the orchestra consists of forty or a few more—very seldom of sixty members—instead of the usual one hundred. There is usually one rehearsal only, seldom two, while the orchestra has four or more rehearsals for each of its own concerts. There is also the very important question of the conductor. Most of our chorus leaders are thoroughly experienced as such, but have little or no experience in leading an orchestra. Of course they are not expected to have this experience. Moreover, an orchestra is not a piano, upon which you can practice in your home. You can conduct the greatest opera in front of your mirror without any mistake, but standing before an orchestra, some unexpected sound combination surprises you in such a way that you can easily lose your head and control of your forces. There are many instances in the history of the Symphony Orchestra at choral concerts where such leaders lost their heads and have only been saved by the routine and willingness of the men. Even sensible leaders themselves acknowledge this fact. Writers about music ought to know this and used to know it. May those papers, which printed the original article, also print this reply for the sake of justice.

BOSTON, Mass.—There will be no symphony concerts the coming week as the orchestra is making its last trip of the season to the South. It will give its usual concerts in Philadelphia Monday night, New York Thursday night and Saturday afternoon, and Brooklyn Friday night.

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HIGGINSON DEFENDS MUCK

Trans. — March 14 '18
Founder of Boston Symphony Orchestra
Asserts Statement of Mrs. Jay Is Erroneous—Plans to Speak in Favor of Leader

New York, March 14—Major Henry Lee Higginson, founder of the Boston Symphony Orchestra and for thirty-seven years its guarantor against loss, financial or artistic, notified Manager C. A. Ellis yesterday that he was coming to New York today to be present in Carnegie Hall this evening, when the orchestra was to give its final evening concert of the season, followed by two others in Brooklyn and Manhattan tomorrow and Saturday, conducted by Dr. Karl Muck. Because of attacks on his chief musician, Major Higginson said that, if any attempt should be made at disturbing tonight's concert he proposed to take the stage himself, as he has done elsewhere, and put the entire case up to the public in an appeal to the American spirit of fair play.

Major Higginson issued a statement in which he answered what he declared to be mistaken assertions by Mrs. William Jay, a director of the New York Philharmonic Society, conducted by Josef Stransky.

The following is Major Higginson's statement:

As Mrs. Jay and other ladies are rigorously opposing the two concerts of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, which are due this week, and are mistaken in various statements which they make, let me give you the facts:

Following an attack of The Providence Journal in November, based on a false statement that Dr. Muck had refused to play "The Star Spangled Banner," various people have conceived that Dr. Muck is dangerous to the United States.

Born in Germany

Dr. Muck was born at Darmstadt, Germany, was made a Swiss citizen in his childhood, and bears Swiss citizenship papers and passport today. He has exercised his profession in various places, and last in Berlin. He came here some years ago, stayed two years, went back to complete his engagement in Berlin, which he did in 1912, and then returned here. He has not been "loaned" by anybody, and is under no engagement to anybody. He has never refused to play "The Star Spangled Banner," but, on the contrary, did so the first time I asked him, which was in November. He gave me his resignation, which I have not refused or accepted.

I put the whole case before the United States legal authorities and received their statement that there was nothing against any member of the orchestra,

including Dr. Muck. Later I went to the Department of Justice in Washington, where the whole case had been stated clearly, and on Dec. 7, received leave to play anywhere in the United States, except the District of Columbia, being barred from that place by a recent law with regard to aliens, there being some aliens in the orchestra.

Mrs. Jay has seen fit to go to the newspapers and, therefore, I ask you to publish this statement for me. You will see by reading the later articles in The Herald (N. Y.) that various of Mrs. Jay's statements are incorrect. Among other things, she states that various cities have barred the orchestra out. The management of the orchestra gave up those cities, except Baltimore, because the local managers feared a loss of money and possible trouble.

Regards Controversy as Idle

My last letter to Mrs. Jay is in The Herald of yesterday, and I repeat it: "I have your letter of March 7th. It seems to me idle to carry on this correspondence. As regards the act of Trading with the Enemy, I sought in person instructions from the Department of Justice in Washington and have obeyed these instructions with care."

About March 15, 1917, the Boston Symphony Orchestra played in New York the Faust Symphony, together with a chorus of 160 men taken from Boston, and that concert was received with great applause, and was satisfactory to the audience. It is the same orchestra and the same conductor, and all the world knew that the United States would declare war in a few days, which it did. When the tickets were sold last May and June for the concerts of the present season, we had declared war and the conditions were as they are now. At that time no protests were made, and people, in buying those tickets, knew what they were to hear and how the orchestra was composed. I contracted to deliver certain concerts by a certain orchestra and a certain conductor, and, in honesty, can do nothing else.

How about the people who bought their tickets and wish to hear the concerts? Are they to be deprived by Mrs. Jay and other protestants?

H. L. HIGGINSON

Mrs. Jay Makes Answer

Mrs. Jay returned to the attack last night by sending to the newspapers an "open letter" to Dr. Muck, in which she asked him a series of questions, answered in part by Major Higginson's statement. Among other things she asked were: "Have you a passport issued by the Swiss Government? Have you ever served in the German army? If you have papers attesting to your Swiss citizenship, will you show them to a representative of our group before you appear in Carnegie Hall?"

Mrs. Jay also invited Dr. Muck in the event of his not answering the questions to "retire permanently from public life."

80 N. Y. DETECTIVES GUARD DR. MUCK

No Disorder at Boston Symphony Concert

NEW YORK, March 14—With 80 detectives on guard to preserve order, Dr. Karl Muck appeared in Carnegie Hall tonight with the Boston Symphony orchestra. Police protection had been provided because of the many protests against the appearance of Dr. Muck and the fear that a disturbance might be caused by persons who considered him anti-American in his attitude.

The hall was crowded, but there was no disorder when Dr. Muck took his place on the stage. He was greeted with courteous applause and immediately led the orchestra into "The Star Spangled Banner." At the close of the number several persons shouted: "Encore," but the orchestra went on with the program which had been arranged.

The Attack Upon Dr. Muck in New York Ends in Almost Comical Fiasco—More Light on His Swiss Citizenship—Mr.

AS it was easy to foresee the loud but hollow outcry raised for three or four days past over Dr. Muck as the conductor of the concerts of the Symphony Orchestra in New York resulted in nothing but fresh evidence of the regard in which the four or five thousand subscribers to them hold him and of the support that they are prepared to give in a trying time alike to him and to Mr. Higginson. As a matter of fact, the hullabaloo was largely fomented by a few women who actually subscribe to the concerts and by a larger group of outsiders who are wholly uninterested in them. As the event proved, Dr. Muck and the orchestra have very seldom appeared in New York before a more numerous or a more eager audience, and have hardly ever been more heartily applauded. Nay: the applause twice included Mr. Higginson himself, when he left the seat reserved for him and when he returned to it. The Sun chronicles the occasion with signal effort to be fair and accurate; the account in The Tribune tallies in all essentials with it; and The Sun's story follows herewith:

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, led by Dr. Karl Muck, played to a crowded house in Carnegie Hall last evening, despite the bitter campaign of Mrs. William Jay and others to prevent the conductor from appearing in that part on the ground that he is a German subject and pro-German in sympathy. The

question whether Dr. Muck actually is pro-German, as Mrs. Jay and her followers allege, or is a citizen of Switzerland, as he asserts, with no interests in Germany, still remains unsettled, but the concert last evening left no doubt of the fact that the anti-Muck campaign caused no falling off in attendance. All seats and standing room had been sold three-quarters of an hour before the concert began.

Dr. Muck entered the hall at 8.15 o'clock through a double line of uniformed policemen. Not a single voice protested, and five minutes later the conductor was bowing to an audience that received him with handclaps and cheers. To the casual observer it was instantly apparent that Mrs. Jay's prophecy of empty seats and boxes had been unfulfilled. Fewer than thirty seats were vacant and only three boxes, indicating that very few subscribers had taken Mrs. Jay's suggestion to remain away as a protest against the appearance of Dr. Muck. And against these few protestants (if their absence is to be taken as a protest) were the standees filling every foot of space the fire laws permit and a crowded outer lobby filled with more than two hundred persons insisting on their right to pay admissions.

As individuals in the crowd outside clamored for the management in their eagerness to attend Dr. Muck turned from the applauding audience and lifted his baton. Instantly the strains of "The Star Spangled Banner" floated into the vast auditorium. The audience rose as one man. After the playing of the anthem the loud applause was taken up again and long continued. The intensity and duration of the demonstration seemed to be forced for the purpose of showing approval of Dr. Muck's artistic popularity.

The programme comprised Brahms's symphony in F major; by Sibelius, "Pohjola's Daughter" and "Night Ride and Sunrise," and the prelude to Wagner's "Tristan and Isolde." The orchestra gave a splendid performance of the Brahms symphony, the master's third. Dr. Muck is in his own kingdom when he interprets the music of Brahms. Last evening his reading was significant for rare tonal clarity, a marvellous treatment of dynamics and beauty and depth of style. The andante especially gave a rare display in delicacy of nuance and fine phrasing. At the end of the whole performance the approval shown by the audience was very warm. Dr. Muck had the orchestra stand and share in it and again he himself received several recalls.

To this account The Times adds a copy of the official documents establishing Dr. Muck's Swiss citizenship from 1881 onwards and the formal validation of the certificate by the Swiss Legation at Washington as recently as 1917. Then, the queer provinciality which made that newspaper so amusing in its "discovery" of Mme. Galli-Curci, besets it and it solemnly declares that the fate of the Symphony Orchestra rested largely upon the temper of New York toward it last evening. If New York was cold, it was to be disbanded; if New York was warm, it was to be continued. None the less, it is not difficult

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to believe that Boston, where the orchestra was founded, where it is still maintained and where it happens to give fifty concerts annually to a numerous and contented public, may have something to say in so momentous a decision. The fact is, if we are not mistaken, that there is every intention to continue it as usual next year, and with Dr. Muck as conductor, unless he himself should insist upon retirement.

Herald The Dr. Muck Peril *Mch. 1918*
(From the New York World.) 1918

In these busy times there are so many things of importance to do besides stirring up an agitation against Dr. Karl Muck. For instance, knitting sweaters for sailors, making surgical dressings for the Red Cross, selling Thrift Stamps and collecting books for war-camp libraries. Any zealous person should be able to find an outlet for his patriotism without hunting far.

It hardly seems plausible that Congress had Dr. Muck exclusively in mind when it passed the espionage and trading with the enemy acts. So far as is known, the Boston Symphony Orchestra has not been maintained for the purpose of planting bombs on transports or setting fires in munition works. Neither the Halifax disaster nor the Port Newark fire has been traced to it. Of course the government does not tell all that it knows. But by last accounts, Maj. Henry L. Higginson had not been interned at Fort Oglethorpe, Ga., with the enemy aliens held there. The appalling state of affairs that alarms certain apprehensive persons appears to be largely a matter of personal feeling. The Boston Symphony Orchestra, under Dr. Muck's leadership, has given many concerts here without shifting the situation on the western front. Its program calls for two more concerts this season. There is no occasion for anxious souls to hunt bomb-proof cellars or retire to their country estates in anticipation of danger from the orchestra's visit.

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Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1917--18.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

Dr. KARL MUCK, Conductor.

EIGHTEENTH PROGRAMME

FRIDAY, MARCH 22, AT 2.30 P. M.

SATURDAY, MARCH 23, AT 8 P. M.

CHADWICK,

SYMPHONIC SKETCHES: Suite for Orchestra

- I. Jubilee
- II. Noël
- III. Hobgoblin
- IV. A Vagrom Ballad

SAINT-SAËNS,

SYMPHONY in C minor, No. 3, op. 78

- I. Adagio; Allegro moderato; Poco adagio.
 - II. Allegro moderato; Presto; Maestoso; Allegro.
- (Mr. JOHN P. MARSHALL, Organist.)

Mason & Hamlin Pianoforte

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SATURDAY, MARCH 23, AT 8 P. M.

CHADWICK,

SYMPHONIC SKETCHES Suite for Orchestra

- I. Jubilee
- II. No. 1
- III. Hologoldin
- IV. A Vagrant Ballad

SAINT-SAËNS,

SYMPHONY in C minor, No. 3, op. 73

- I. Adagio; Allegro moderato; Poco adagio.
 - II. Allegro moderato; Presto; Maestoso; Allegro.
- (Mr. JOHN P. MARSHALL, Organist.)

Mason & Hamlin Pianoforte


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THE SYMPHONY CONCERT
Trans. — Mch. 23/18
MR. CHADWICK AND SAINT-SAËNS
PAIRED

Portrait of
GEORGE W. CHADWICK
BY JOSEPH DE CAMP



the American's "Symphonic Distinctive Quality and to Pleasure — The Parisian, and Eighty Years—A Symphony with All Its Interest and from the Composer's Head, but Not the Hearts, of

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in the spring of 1915 that he had seldom heard the music in such understanding and communicating performance. Even the prefatory "Star-Spangled Banner" received more than the usual meed of plaudits; but the spirited pace and the large sonority that the conductor and his men give the anthem would be better appreciated could their habitual audiences hear Mr. Dam-rosch's "patriot orchestra" slouch through the hymn in New York or the players in the pit of the Metropolitan Opera House wend through it in unconcealed boredom.

By this time, Mr. Chadwick's "Sketches" are so firmly established in the active repertory of the Symphony Concerts, are so transparent in contents and quality and are so easily remembered by hearers that the clichés of easy reviewing are beginning to accumulate upon their unde-serving heads. It is in order to say that in play of sentiment and humor, in high spirits and free voice, in contrasts of changeful mood, they are music such as only an American could write, whereas much "American" music so-called has no other title to the label than the accident of nativity or residence to the composer. Anywhere mediocrity might have written it, mediocrity might have applauded it. Moreover, Mr. Chadwick's "Sketches" are American by no chance or willed use of the folk-music of black men or red men. He might have invented his motives in Cracow or the Canary Islands. Rather, the music that he fertilizes from them is American, beyond nearly all else written by his generation of native composers, by intrinsic quality of imagination and illusion. A composer does not write American music because he happens to have been born or to dwell now within the boundaries of the United States. He writes it by mental, spiritual and often unconscious prompting; while hearing it so brought to being, his audiences im-mediately and unmistakably recognize it as American. Much of Mr. Chadwick's music, preferred by some to these "Sketches," bears no such ear-marks—one more proof that not by taking thought and summoning will does a composer write in American mood and achieve American impression.

Again, it is in order to say that "Jubilee" and "Noel," "Hobgoblin" and "A Vagrom Ballad," as the four "Sketches" bear title, are a frank and cheerful music, yielding immediate pleasure, readily recalled, agree-ably anticipated. Thereby (the cliché goes), they shine beside pieces from youthful or matured hands of more intricate idiom, brooding mood and complex emotion. Quite so, since Mr. Chadwick obviously intended his music to be what it transparently and pleasurably is and possessed the im-aginative and the manipulative means to accomplish his design. The "Symphonic Sketches" are not cast in the moods or moulded to the model of "Zarathustra,"

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THE SYMPHONY CONCERT
Trans. — Mch. 23/24
MR. CHADWICK AND SAINT-SAËNS
PAIRED

Once More the American's "Symphonic Sketches" in Distinctive Quality and to the General Pleasure — The Parisian, His Music and Eighty Years—A Symphony That, with All Its Interest and Merit, Goes from the Composer's Head to the Heads, but Not the Hearts, of His Hearers

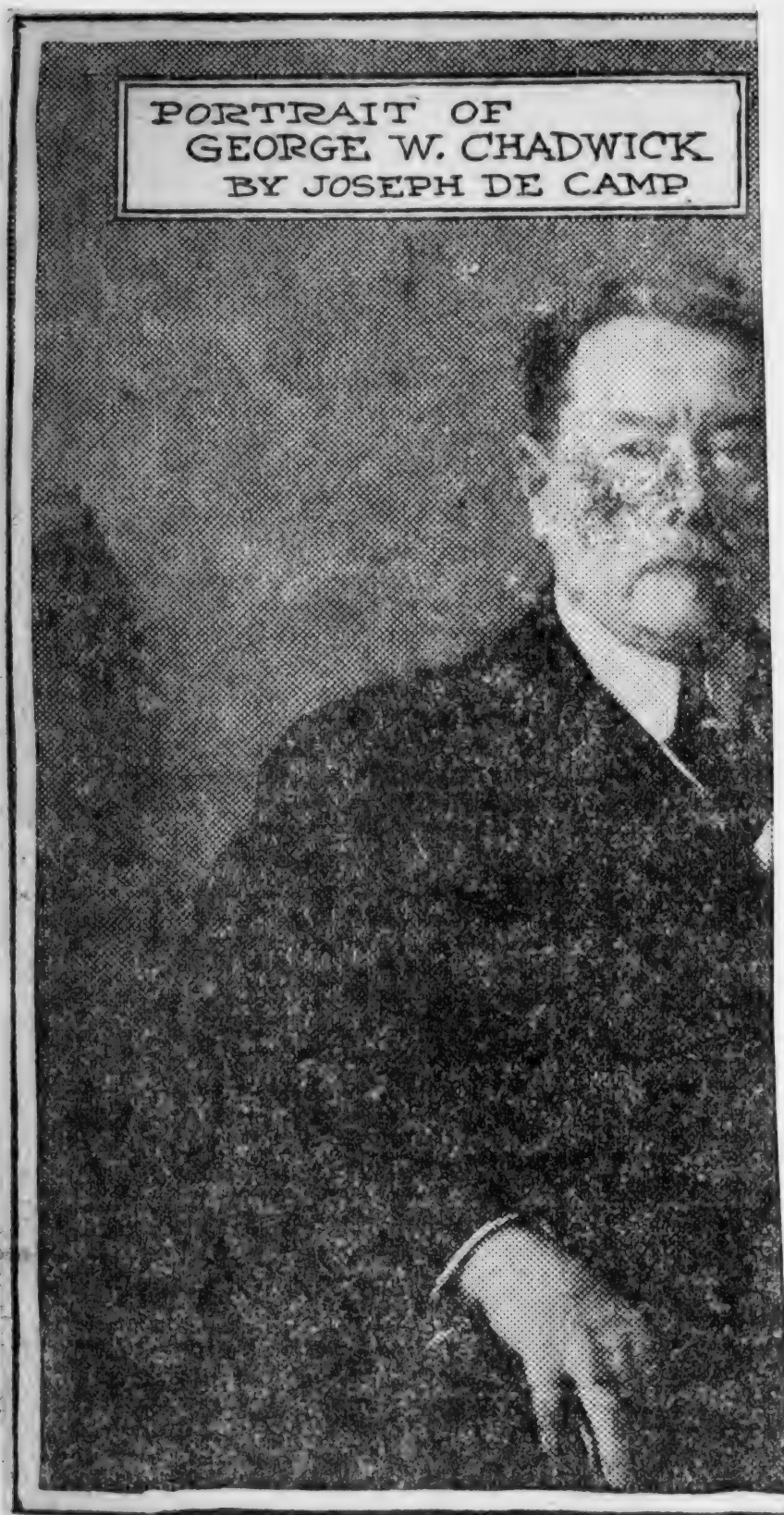
PERFORMANCE often betters the promise of Dr. Muck's programmes. He makes them by no ascertainable theory, by no discoverable practice. Sometimes they seem as a mere laying of pieces side by side. Thereat the lovers of formula rage, while the otherwise irritated imagine vain things into the mind of the conductor. Presumably, the hearing of the music proposed is the rational test of the programme proposing it, and under this ordeal not a few of Dr. Muck's mistrusted lists fare unexpectedly well. For the Symphony Concerts of a fortnight ago, for example, he named what seemed a hackneyed overture of Goldmark, a youthful symphony of Beethoven played quite as often as obligation demands, with no more than a concerto for violoncello between. Yet under actual hearing in finely tempered and variously eloquent performance, few programmes of the current season have seemingly yielded more pleasure to the audience.

Again, for the concert of yesterday afternoon, the conductor announced only two pieces—Mr. Chadwick's "Symphonic Sketches" and Saint-Saëns's symphony in C minor. Since, in all but the observance of a few prescriptions of form, the "Sketches" might pass for a symphony of light mood, workmanship and voice, two symphonies filled the programme. Yet such was the contrast between the music of the Bostonian and the music of the Parisian, and so distinctive in kind was the speech conductor and orchestra found for each, that not a hint of ennui marred the pleasure of the listeners. Well received as they usually are, the "Symphonic Sketches" were applauded with unusual heartiness, while an undiminished audience lingered at the end of the concert to reward both conductor and composer of the "organ symphony." Saint-Saëns spoke for others than himself when he told Dr. Muck at San Francisco

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while no more need they be set beside "The Afternoon of a Faun." Mr. Chadwick himself, as in the overtures "Melpomene" and "Adonais," has written his gravely eloquent music; in his symphonies, he has done his duty as orthodox composer and something more; he has tried his hand at the sensuous tone-poem in "Cleopatra" and "Aphrodite"; he has told his tonal tales and drawn his tone-pictures, as in "Tam o' Shanter." In turn, these "Symphonic Sketches" disclose one aspect and inclination of a manifold, diligent composer with a long career behind him; by which token it is hard to see how they point any artistic moral. Enough, that the racial quality of them stimulates many a hearer and that to all and sundry they yield a light, bright pleasure by no means common in the "serious" concert-room. Perhaps by the familiar ironies of artistic fate they will preserve Mr. Chadwick's name and fame well beyond the life of some of his more meditated, more toilsome music.

As imagination and ardor glow out of these "Symphonic Sketches," so workmanship and what the eighteenth century liked to call "science," shine from Saint-Saëns's symphony, which the title identifies by the key of C minor but which most hearers recall most readily by the outstanding organ-part. As "Samson and Delilah" is to his operas, so is this piece to his symphonies and perhaps to the whole body of his symphonic music. "Henry VIII." proved dead beyond resurrection when the Opéra in Paris lately disinterred it. Who now even remembers "Etienne Marcel" or "Ascanio"? "Déjanire," "L'Ancêtre," "Les Barbares," his later operas generally, halt merely for occasional hearing on their way to oblivion. Somehow no opera house will now revive "Phryné," full as it is of a piquant, witty, ironic sensuality. Similarly, even in Paris, of all Saint-Saëns's symphonies, only this third in C minor returns semi-occasionally to the concert-room. His tone-poems, which, curiously, conductors in America, have been reluctant to regard as "serious" music, are heard oftener in his own city; but, there as here, his lighter symphonic pieces—this or that rhapsody, one or another fantasy—serve but as happily recollected "fillers" in a passing programme. One of his concertos for violin, another for piano, the virtuosi do play relatively often, but then the audience hears the performer rather than the composer. Over seven pages of the programme-book yesterday mentioned a list of the music of Saint-Saëns heard in the past forty years in Boston. Imagine the length of such a list if it had been made of pieces played or sung in the composer's own Paris! Yet on both, how many of the titles even to the middle gen-

eration that read them, were but names hardly remembered, meaningless. Saint-Saëns lingers in the eighty-third year of his age. After all, it is possible for a composer, an artist, to survive so long that the accumulated years become as posterity, judging, choosing among his work, ignoring that by which, perhaps, he has set much store, perpetuating, cherishing that which he reckoned but lightly in the sum of his accomplishment. The experience may hardly be comforting.

Yet Saint-Saëns, surveying these experiences with keen and ironic eye, may well be content with the permanence, thus far, of his symphony in C minor. For in it is large and clear epitome of his distinctive qualities at near the full as writer of symphonic music. How well made the whole piece is. Not a superfluous note, as it seems in the reading, cumbrous the staves; in the actual hearing, the merest demi-semi-quaver that stands upon them has clear place in the tonal pattern, may usually be detected by practised and attentive ears. How ingeniously the germinative motive of the whole symphony—for the eclectic Saint-Saëns chooses in it to follow the model of the Lisztian concertos and symphonic poems—is transformed to the needs of Adagio, Scherzo, Finale and even of merely intermediate and linking passages. How dexterous is the composer in the modulation and manipulation of his motives and fragments of motives. His "science" is unerring; his fancy fertile; his hand firm and pliant. So with his harmonic and instrumental coloring. Not a stroke, even to the lightest run of the adorning piano, misses the ear; not an emphasis, even to that of the sonorous organ, is too heavy for the moment that employs it; hardly a detail is applied in mere routine; an audible felicity almost always graces it. The introductory Allegro invites and holds the ear by free voice and ripe vigor; the Adagio swells in large, deep, sustained song; the Finale strides upward in sonorous, stately, magniloquent march. Everywhere command of rhythm gives life to the music; almost everywhere instrumental melody flows largely, warmly. To hear is to follow the music intently, admiringly. Yet somehow, it is hard to escape this attitude of watchful, applauding judgment. As the symphony was made out of cerebral resource and skill, as cerebrality does the listener hear and absorb it. Not once, even when the Adagio pulses long and deep in sustained song or the Finale mounts high and sharp to throbbing climax, does the music catch the hearer into itself, transport him with emanated and enkindled emotion. From the head to the head, even at his eagerest and fullest, writes Saint-Saëns. H. T. P.

SYMPHONY IN 18TH CONCERT

Herold — *Mch. 23/18*
Boston Orchestra's Artistic
Playing Is Heartily
Enjoyed

LONG APPLAUSE FOR CHADWICK SKETCHES

By PHILIP HALE

The 18th concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Muck conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows: Chadwick's Symphonic Sketches; Saint-Saëns's Symphony in C minor, No. 3.

Mr. Chadwick's Sketches, especially "Jubilee" and "A Vagrom Ballad," may justly be called American music. Not because the two are derived in any way from Congo, Indian, Creole or Cowboy themes; not because they strive to illustrate in tones an episode in American history or to portray some prominent American; but because this music has characteristics, rhythmic, melodic that we believe to be distinctively American; because it is vitalized by a peculiarly American spirit. The middle Sketches, "Noel" and "Hobgoblin," pleasing as they are, might have been composed by a musician of another nationality. It is impossible to think of anyone but an American inventing the material of the other two and evolving the expression, the musical speech for the thought.

There is an originality, a swing, an audacity, a recklessness, an irreverence—witness the introduction of a phrase from Bach's great organ fugue in G minor in "A Vagrom Ballad"; a joyous extravagance, a rollicking humor, a boastfulness tempered slightly by appreciation of the ridiculous; an utter absence of self-consciousness, an inability to take oneself or one's achievements too seriously—all phases of the American character that we find in Walt Whitman's "Leaves of Grass"; in the stories of "O. Henry"; even in certain pages of Thoreau and Emerson. "Jubilee" and "A Vagrom Ballad" might also be called "human documents."

In these days when young composers are gloomy, pessimistic in music, when they strive to translate a tragedy into tones, to express the Infinite in a symphonic poem, it is a good thing to be reminded that music may be gay, exhilarating, and thus beneficent, and at the same time show the hand of the skilled musician.

The Sketches were brilliantly played and heartily enjoyed by the large audience. Dr. Muck conducted them con amore. Mr. Chadwick was obliged to acknowledge the spontaneous and prolonged applause.

Saint-Saëns's symphony again made a profound impression, and not only by reason of the excellent performance. It is a striking example of the economy in material and expression, the fine, fastidious taste, the logical arrangement and continuity of thought, the lucidity, that are peculiar to French masters in music. The transformations of the chief theme are admirably contrived, each transformation bringing fresh interest and new beauties. The technical skill is never allowed to be merely a display of pedantry. The composer is not detected in the act of padding conventionalities, treading water until he is strong enough to strike out boldly. There is a certain nobility, an artistic repose even in agitated measures. Climaxes are powerful, not hysterical. Nowhere is there a deliberate appeal to the crowd.

Shall we not be allowed before the season closes to hear one or two of Saint-Saëns's symphonic poems? "Le Rouet d'Omphale," a masterpiece of grace, beauty, and delicate irony, has not been played at these concerts for seven years; the "Danse Macabre" has not been heard here since 1911; "La Jeunesse d'Hercule" was last performed in 1905; while "Phaeton" would be a new composition to nine-tenths of the audience.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The program of next week will be as follows: Cherubini, Overture to "Les Abencerages"; Mozart, Concerto for Clarinet (Albert Sand, clarinetist); Rameau, Ballet Suite; Schumann, Symphony in B flat major, No. 1.

SYMPHONY CONCERT

Herold — *Mch. 23/18*

Mr. Chadwick's orchestral suite, "Symphonic Sketches," is optimistic music. There is red-blooded good cheer, a sentiment which, if obvious, is genuine; the pranks of madcap roguery, a sympathetic tribute to that instinctive, ribald vagabondage, which at some time or other finds the most urbane, smug, exemplary in conduct, at heart a gypsy or a brigand. It is music of no professed psychological intimacy; it has no abstruse soul problem; it is not morbidly introspective, nor does it ostensibly chastise, purge or sanctify the

spirit. It is refreshingly human, whether it be called "American" or what not.

A motto of a few lines of verse is taken to pitch the emotional keynote for each movement. Those for the "jubilee," which would be an antidote for pessimism whatever their literary value, are followed by the Christmas hymn, calling out in the English horn a melody and subsequent treatment in the orchestra with a suggestion of the South found in other of Mr. Chadwick's writing. The Hobgoblin, a happy conceit for a scherzo, is a fine piece of orchestral humor. Here, as in the final Vagabond ballad, ideas terse and characteristic, are set off with a lively imagination and sense of instrumental colors. Dr. Muck and the orchestra played the music with zest and occasional prolonged applause for all, the composer included.

Saint-Saens' "organ" symphony in C minor was given a noble performance, one which grew in proportion, into a majestic sense of its final bars, where in lesser hands the sonority of the organ, its martial proclamations of brass and tympani, might become bombast. Saint-Saens, who stands revealed as in living marble in the scholarly appreciation by the annotator of the program book, thought tones in architecture of remarkable symmetry of design, of purity and plasticity of line, in all revealing characteristically Gallic elegance. As heard yesterday, his finesse was not diluted into superficiality. Seldom has Saint-Saens' personifying use of rhythmic figuration, graphic and individual, been so vitally interpreted.

CHADWICK SKETCH, SYMPHONY FEATURE

Adv. — *Mch. 23/18*
America and France Represented in Good Program by
Dr. Muck's Orchestra

By LOUIS C. ELSON.

PROGRAM

Symphonic Sketches.....Chadwick
Third Symphony.....Saint-Saens

Mr. Chadwick's "Symphonic Sketches" strike a distinctly American note. Although not an oboe composition the oboe is graphically portrayed in the first and last movements of this ultra-Bohemian work. Dr. Muck has evidently grown up to this American picture of scalawagdom. It was scarcely comprehensible to him a few years ago, but yesterday he conducted it with an abandon that meant much in the interpretation. That Mr. Chadwick can give such a spirited picture of this shipwreck on the seacoast of Bohemia

indicates that he might have supplied the reckless element that we found lacking in Wallace's "Villon," for Villon was but a wild phase of American life translated into mediaeval French.

The opening "Jubilee" had a circus band frankness that was "sui generis," a swagger that might have delighted a cowboy, yet had its attraction for a Symphony Hall audience as well. There are contrasts in the work also. If the first and last movements are intentionally broad, the two interior movements are poetic enough. The wood-wind had some charming passages in the second movement, "Noel," and there was some excellent work on the brasses in "Hobgoblin," which is a sort of Robin Goodfellow translated into the vernacular. There was also some delicate horn playing in the first movement.

FINALE IS GEM OF WORK.

But the finale is the gem of the work. To Dr. Muck it must have seemed only a sort of "Lumpaci Vagabundis," for to every few (fortunately) is it given to comprehend—

A tale of tramps and railway ties,
Of old clay pipes and rum,
Of broken heads and blackened eyes,
And the thirty days to come.

German music has its "Till Eulenspiegel," French vagabondage has been translated into "La Boheme," but the American tramp has his first idealization in this wild work of our resident composer, and it will live because it is so graphic. It was enthusiastically received yesterday afternoon; we wonder how it would impress an English or a French audience.

There were two great symphonies in C minor before Saint-Saens used this key, and it is no exaggeration to say that Saint-Saens third symphony does not altogether shrivel up in their company. It is undoubtedly this composer's most ambitious orchestral work. Dedicated to the memory of Liszt, as this work is, it is especially fitting that the piano-forte should play its part in its measures. The piano has often been combined with the orchestra, but very seldom used as a regular member of the band, and very few composers have elicited a new tone-color by employing it.

WORK WELL DEVELOPED.

Berlioz in his "Tempest" obtained a rippling wave color; Wolf-Ferrari in his "Vita Nuova," combining it with harps, achieved superb bell effects; and St. Saens in this symphony has some striking devices of piano scales that develop excellently out of piccolo passages and are a new touch.

The use of the organ (it is a heavily scored modern work) is also most effective. At the end of a rather freely-formed first movement we get an Adagio (joined to it) in which the organ is very effective. After some musicianly development of themes there comes a celestial ending here that is impressive.

In the second part (the third real movement), the violins and violas in unison give a very clear figure which the kettle-drums respond to with tonic and dominant notes. In spite of this opening simplicity there is great ingenuity displayed in developing this figure, and notwithstanding the various juggleries of rhythm that followed (6-8, 3-8, 2-2, 3-1, etc., mingling or alternating) Dr. Muck kept matters quite clear by his remarkable reading and decisive beat. The intricate phrases were punctuated with cymbal clashes, which served as guide-posts even if they added somewhat to a very decided tumult.

ORGAN ADDS TO EFFECT.

The grandiose effect of the finale cannot be exaggerated. Much of it is due to the excellent manner in which the organ is employed, and Mr. John P. Marshall deserves credit for adding greatly to the success of the work. The symphony was received with much enthusiasm, and it deserves recognition. St. Saens has always shown excellent routine in orchestral matters; he knows how to manage modern tone-coloring and his leading of voices is always easy and unforced. But here he goes above this rather dangerous facility and evolves lofty thoughts as well as masterly treatment.

Nevertheless we find the work unequal, and something more of quantity than quality in the finale, in spite of some glimpses of good counterpoint. Yet the two last movements (they are joined together) are better than the first part.

The Symphony Orchestra and Mr. Hackett at Cambridge—*Trans. Mch. 22/18*

THE subscribers to the Symphony Concerts at Cambridge enjoyed yesterday one of the choicest evenings of the season. A good soloist in Mr. Arthur Hackett, with two matchless arias from eighteenth-century music; the enjoyable and "taking" fare of Chaikovsky's symphony in F minor, numbers from Beethoven and Wagner at their best—a Cambridge concert-goer, not irreconcilably wrapped up in the "very latest" music, could scarcely look for a finer programme. And the audience showed itself highly pleased throughout, not least by Mr. Hackett's euphonious, resonant, and well-mellowed tones. Handel's style suited his particular qualities and capabilities much more successfully than Mozart's. Don Ottavio, lamenting and outraged, in his air from the second act of "Don Giovanni" takes a more subtly polished voice than Mr. Hackett's, while the mood of the music requires a smoother flexibility, a greater sensitiveness to shaded expression than he now possesses. But the air from Handel's last oratorio, "Jephthah," he delivered in a manner, properly more stout and sturdy, proportioning the contour, fully understanding and imparting the emotion.

Evidently Dr. Muck prefers Chaikovsky's Fourth Symphony to the others. At any rate, he gives it a suitably assertive and brilliant reading. One wonders how popular the Finale has been upon the phonograph, where music is oftener designed to soothe than to be but startling, piercing and lurid. As for the whole symphony, does familiarity with the trumpet theme, the ironies and complaints, the Andantino and the once novel Scherzo bring contempt from our audiences? No, people are not indifferent. The "catchy" themes, the advantageous orchestration and coloring, the well-planned practicability of the whole still persist. But how cheap the music sounds beside the thrice familiar Overture to "Leonore" No. 3! That also has its reiterations and its orthodoxies, but the hundred details of transition and development to give it the sense of permanence of music sufficient unto itself and peculiar to its subject and its moods, a music that seemingly can never age. You can always see just how Chaikovsky does it—you can never quite see how Beethoven does it; not even when the triumphant relief of the concealed trumpets breaks the tension of anxiety or the music rises to the pure exhilaration and joy of the close. Again there is the indefinable mood in Wagner's "Good Friday" picturing, and now when his operas are banished from the stage and his music is seldom heard in the concert-hall, not a few hearers return to it with sudden realization of strengthened affection.

AMERICAN MUSIC BY SYMPHONY

Post ———— *Mar. 23/18*
Chadwick's "Sketch-
es" Enjoyed—Saint
Saens' C Minor

BY OLIN DOWNES

George W. Chadwick's "Symphonic Sketches" and Saint-Saens' symphony in C minor for modern orchestra with organ made the programme of the concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall.

Saint-Saens' symphony is a commendably serious and well written work, carefully planned, entertaining and impressive in spots, and confessing perhaps more than Saint-Saens himself would wish to confess his indebtedness to composers younger as well as older than he is.

Even Cesar Franck, a musical personality not over sympathetic to Saint-Saens, has had, we believe, a good deal to do with the form of this symphony.

A MADE SYMPHONY

But on the other hand, it must be confessed that with all his charm and all his erudition Saint-Saens does not show in this work ideas worthy of the mould in which he has seen fit to cast them. A theme for a symphony has to have great material in it, architectural material in the strength and potency of its melodic line, rhythms which are life-blood to music, and emotional power. We do not find all of these things in the principal themes of the C-minor symphony. There is charm rather than strength, and sometimes the charm is

superficial. There are reminiscences of other compositions, all the way from a figure which suggests the Schubert of the B-minor symphony to sequences which are commonplaces of the Liszt-Wagner period. A made symphony. Often well made. In outward form, but not in inner content, a symphonic composition. Dr. Muck made the most of this music. Mr. Marshall, the organist, and other musicians of the orchestra excelled in individual performance.

By contrast the music of Mr. Chadwick, which opened the programme, left the stronger impression with the hearer. This music sounded three times as youthful, vigorous, personal, as the music of Saint-Saens, who is better represented by works other than that heard yesterday.

Mr. Chadwick, in the Symphonic Sketches, is for us at his best. His native humor, sometimes broad and verging on the farcical, but always genuine, is felt in many pages. You can hear the man laugh and catch the twinkle in his eye. There is a fresh, lyrical vein in the Jubilee. The music of this piece, the first of the four "sketches," is exultant and optimistic. Without running to provincialism, one can fairly call this music, as also that of the reckless camaraderie and the strange melancholy of the last movement—the "Vagrom Ballade"—American.

The "Noel" is charming in its simplicity and sentiment, which does no harm by approaching at times to what is sentimental. What makes the music the more fascinating is the ease and the virtuosity with which it is written. Would that more Americans had Mr. Chadwick's substantial knowledge and mastery of his art. The performance was a triumph for composer and orchestra as well. Dr. Muck called the players to their feet to acknowledge the approval of the audience. After long applause Mr. Chadwick rose in the audience.

SYMPHONY HALL
TUESDAY, MARCH 26, 1918

THE PASSION ACCORDING TO ST. MATTHEW

By JOHANN SEBASTIAN BACH

Part I at 4 p.m.

Part II at 8 p.m.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

BOSTON SYMPHONY CHORUS

(400 Voices)

BOY CHOIR OF EIGHTY

(From Trinity and Emmanuel Churches and the Church of the Advent)

FLORENCE HINKLE, Soprano

MERLE ALCOCK, Alto

LAMBERT MURPHY, Tenor

REINALD WERRENATH, Baritone

HERBERT WITHERSPOON, Bass

ARTHUR MYERS, Tenor

JOHN W. PEIRCE, Baritone

JOHN P. MARSHALL, Organist

ALFRED DE VOTO, Pianist

STEPHEN TOWNSEND, Chorus Master

Dr. KARL MUCK, Conductor

E. Schmidt

NOTE.—It is respectfully suggested that the audience refrain from applause during the performance.

MASON & HAMLIN PIANO

AMERICAN MUSIC BY SYMPHONY

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Dr. KARL MUCK, Conductor

NOTE.—It is respectfully suggested that the audience refrain from applause during the performance.

MASON & HAMLIN PIANO

OWING TO THE VERY GENERAL DEMAND A
SECOND AND LAST PERFORMANCE

of the

ST. MATTHEW PASSION

Will be given in

SYMPHONY HALL

NEXT TUESDAY, APRIL 2, 1918

in

TWO SESSIONS

Part I at 4 P.M.

Part II at 8 P.M.

This second performance will be in every
respect an exact duplicate of the first

TICKETS \$2.50, \$2.00, \$1.50, \$1.00. NOW ON SALE AT BOX OFFICE

THE PASSION ACCORDING TO SAINT MATTHEW

Bach is said to have composed five Passions. Two have been lost and the authenticity of the St. Luke Passion has been questioned, thus leaving the St. John Passion, composed in 1724, and the greater St. Matthew Passion, composed in 1729. The latter had its first performance in St. Thomas's Church, Leipsic, Good Friday, April 15, 1729. Bach afterward altered and extended this original version.

It has been Dr. Muck's desire to perform the St. Matthew Passion in as nearly its original form as modern conditions will permit. He has restored the original orchestra with only two changes; substituting the English horn for the obsolete oboe da caccia and the piano for the harpsichord. This orchestra consists of violins, violas, violoncellos, contrabasses, flutes, oboes, oboi d' amore, English horns, organ, and piano. He has rejected all the Franz version except certain accompaniments for strings alone, restoring as far as practical the original orchestration of Bach. He has himself scored for the Bach orchestra many of the unaccompanied arias and choruses and has written out the parts for the organ and piano which in the original version were merely indicated as "figured bass."

PART I

DOUBLE CHORUS

Come, ye Daughters, weep for anguish,
See Him! Whom? The Son of Man;
See Him! How? So like a Lamb;
See it! What? His love untold!
Look! Look where? Our guilt behold!
Look on Him, betrayed and sold,
On the cruel cross to languish!

CHORALE

O Lamb of God all blameless,
Who on the cross hung bleeding,
Thy love still interceding
For foes who mock Thee, shameless;
Our sins upon Thee bearing,
Else were we all despairing.
Regard us gently, O Jesu!

RECITATIVE (TENOR AND BASS)

When Jesus had finished all these sayings,
He said to His disciples: Ye know that
after two days is the Passover, and the
Son of Man shall be deliver'd up to be
crucified.

CHORALE

Say, sweetest Jesu, what law Thou hast
broken,
To bring on Thee the dreadful sentence
spoken?
What is Thy guilt? Of what so grave
transgression
Is Thy confession?

RECITATIVE (TENOR)

Then assembled the chief priests and the
scribes together, and the elders of the
people, unto the palace of the high priest
who was called Caiaphas; and they con-
sulted how they Jesus by craft might
take and kill Him. They said, how-
ever:—

DOUBLE CHORUS

No, not on the feast, for fear there may
be an uproar among the people.

RECITATIVE (TENOR)

Now when Jesus was in Bethany, in the
home of Simon the leper, there came to
Him a woman, who had a box of precious

ointment, and poured it on His head, as he at table sat. But when His disciples saw it, they had indignation, and said:—

CHORUS

Wherefore wilt thou be so wasteful? For this ointment could be sold for much, and to the poor be given.

RECITATIVE (TENOR AND BASS)

And Jesus, perceiving it, said unto them: Wherefore trouble ye the woman? It is a good work that she hath done. For ye have always the poor with you, but Me ye have not always. For in that she hath poured this ointment on My body, it has been done to prepare Me for My burial. Truly, I say to you: "Wherever this gospel shall be preached in all the world, shall also be told, in her remembrance, what she hath done.

RECITATIVE (ALTO)

Thou dear Redeemer, Thou,
If Thy disciples murmur loudly
Against this woman here,
Who fain with ointment dear
Would bury Thee devoutly;
These humble tears at least allow,
With which my weeping eyes run o'er,
Their water on Thy head to pour.

ARIA (ALTO)

Grief and pain, grief and pain
Wring the guilty heart in twain.
Fall, ye drops, fall faster, faster,
Freely from mine eyes, like rain,
Grateful balm to my dear Master.

RECITATIVE (TENOR AND BASS)

Then one of the twelve disciples, whose name was Judas Iscariot, went unto the chief priests, and said: Now what will ye give me, if I to you betray Him? And they offered him thirty silver pieces. And from that time sought he opportunity, that he might betray Him.

ARIA (SOPRANO)

Only bleed, Thou dearest heart!
Ah! a child of Thine upbringing,
To Thy breast for nurture clinging,
Coiling there, the snake accursed
Stings where it was fondly nursed.

RECITATIVE (TENOR)

Now on the first day of the feast of unleaven'd bread came the disciples to Jesus, and said unto Him:—

CHORUS

Where wilt Thou that we now prepare for Thee to eat the Passover?

RECITATIVE (TENOR AND BASS)

He said: Go ye into the city to such a man, and say to him: The Master saith to thee: My time is at hand. I will keep at thy house the Passover, with My disciples. The disciples did as Jesus had appointed, and made ready the Passover. And when evening came, He sat down with the twelve and as they did eat, He said: Verily, I say to you: One of you shall betray Me. And they grew exceedingly sad, and they began ev'ry one of them to say unto Him:—

CHORUS

Lord, is it I?

CHORALE

'Tis I! my sins betray Thee!
Ah! foully I repay Thee
Who died to make me whole!
Of all the wrong Thou borest,
The stripes, the crown Thou worst,
The guilt lies heavy on my soul.

RECITATIVE (TENOR AND BASS)

He answered them, and said: He who his hand with Me in the dish hath dipped, even he shall betray Me. The Son of Man goeth now away, as of Him it hath been written; but woe unto that man by whom the Son of Man hath been betrayed! It had been better, yea better for him if he had not been born. Then answered Judas, he that betrayed Him, and said: Lord, is it I? He said unto him: Thou sayest. And as they were eating, Jesus took bread, blessed it, and broke it, and gave it to His disciples, and said: Take, eat, this is My Body. And He took the cup and gave thanks, and gave it to them, saying: Drink ye all of it; this is My Blood of the New Testament, which is shed for many, for the remission of sins. I say to you, I will not drink henceforth of the fruit of the vine, until the day when I drink it new with you in My Father's kingdom.

RECITATIVE (SOPRANO)

Although my heart in tears do swim,
That we so soon must part with Him;
Yet in His testament we all rejoice:
His flesh and blood (O gift how choice!)
Doth He bequeath into my hand.
As in the world He loved His own here
living,
Nor could be unforgiving,
He loves them still unto the end.

ARIA (SOPRANO)

Never will my heart refuse Thee,
Dwell in me, my Life, my All!

Evermore in Thee I'll lose me.
If for Thee the world be small,
Thou to me art more than all,
More than worlds, my Heaven, my All.

RECITATIVE (TENOR AND BASS)

And when they had sung a hymn of praise together, they went out into the Mount of Olives. Then said Jesus unto them: This very night ye shall be offended because of Me. For it hath been written: I will smite the Shepherd, and the sheep of the flock shall be scattered abroad. But when I am risen again, then I will go before you into Galilee.

CHORALE

Acknowledge me, my Keeper,
My Shepherd, own me Thine,
Thou fount of blessings deeper
Than deepest want of mine.
Thy love full oft hath fed me
With milk and angel-food;
Thy spirit still hath led me
The way of heavenly good.

RECITATIVE (TENOR AND BASS)

Peter then answered, and said unto Him: Tho' all men be offended because of Thee, yet I will never be offended. Jesus said unto him: Verily I say unto thee, that this night, ere yet the cock croweth, thou wilt thrice deny me. Peter said unto Him: Though I should die with Thee, yet will I not deny Thee. And likewise said also all the disciples.

CHORALE

Here will I stay beside Thee,
Nor Thou my love disdain!
Whatever woe betide Thee,
Here steadfast I remain.
And when Thy heart is breaking
In death's relentless grasp,
Thee tenderly uptaking,
Within mine arms I clasp.

RECITATIVE (TENOR AND BASS)

Then came Jesus with them unto a place called Gethsemane, and said to the disciples: Sit ye here, while I go yonder and pray. And He took with Him Peter, and the two sons of Zebedee, and began to be sorrowful and very heavy. Then said Jesus to them: My soul is very sad, e'en unto death; tarry here, and watch with Me.

SOLO (TENOR) WITH CHORUS

O grief! Here throbs the racked and
bleeding heart.
It sinks away; how pale His counte-
nance!

Before the judge He must appear;
No comfort, ah! no helper near!
Yea, all the pains of Hell assail Him,
Nor will His innocence avail Him!
Ah! could my love for Thee avail,
Thy pain to mitigate, or share it,
Or could I only help Thee bear it,
How gladly so dear a task I'd hail!
Why must Thou suffer all these pangs of
sorrow?

Ah! From my sins they all their sting
do borrow!
Mine, ah! Lord Jesus, mine the guilt, I
own it:

Must Thou atone it?

SOLO (TENOR) WITH CHORUS

I would beside my Lord be watching.
So slumber shall our sins befall!
For my sake
He to die will undertake.
His sorrows are my joy, my glory.
And so for us their piteous story
Is bitter, yet how sweet withal!

RECITATIVE (TENOR AND BASS)

And He went a little farther, and fell down upon His face, and prayed, and said: My Father, if possible, wilt Thou let this cup pass from Me; yet not as I will, but as Thou wilt.

RECITATIVE (BASS)

The Saviour falls, before His Father
kneeling,
Thereby He raiseth me and all
From Adam's fall,
The wondrous grace of God revealing.
Prepared is He
The cup, though death so bitter be,
To drink,
(And with the sins of all the world that
cup is filled,
Ah! loathsome sink!)
For so the loving Father willed.

ARIA (BASS)

Gladly will I, all resigning,
Cross nor bitter cup declining,
Drink, in my Redeemer's name.
For His mouth,
That with milk and honey floweth,
To the dregs
Sweeter made this cup of shame,
Tasting first what He bestoweth.

RECITATIVE (TENOR AND BASS)

And He came to His disciples and found them sleeping and said unto Peter: Could ye not watch with Me one hour? Watch and pray, that ye enter not into temptation. The spirit indeed is willing, but the flesh is weak. He went away a

second time, prayed, and said: My Father, if this cup may not pass away from Me, except I drink it, Thy will be done.

CHORALE

Now may the will of God be done!
His will I would not alter.
His help is near to every one,
Let not our courage falter.

In all our need,
Our Friend indeed,
How tenderly He chideth!
To Him hold fast:
He builds to last
Who still in God confideth.

RECITATIVE (TENOR AND BASS)

And again He came and found them sleeping; indeed their eyes were full of sleep. And He left them, and He went away again, and prayed the third time, saying the same words. Then came He to His disciples, and said to them: Ah! will ye now sleep and take your rest? Lo! the hour is at hand, and the Son of Man is deliver'd up into the sinners' hands. So arise! let us be going; look ye, he is here who doth betray Me. And while He yet spake, came Judas, who was one of the twelve disciples, and with him came a great multitude, with swords and with staves, from the chief priests and the elders of the people. Now he that betrayed Him had given them a signal and had said: Whomsoever I shall kiss, that is He; Him take ye. And straightway came he to Jesus and said: All hail to Thee, O Master! And kissed Him. Jesus said unto him: My friend, wherefore art thou come? Then instantly they came, and laid hands on Jesus, and took Him.

DUET (SOPRANO AND ALTO) WITH CHORUS

Alas! my Jesus now is taken.
Moon and stars
Have in sorrow night forsaken;
For my Jesus now is taken.

He's led away, ah! they have bound Him.
Away, away, all pity banished!
Leave Him! leave Him! bind Him not!

Ye lightnings, ye thunders, in clouds are
ye vanished?
Burst open, O fierce flaming caverns of
Hell, then!
Engulf them, devour them, destroy
them, o'erwhelm them,
In wrathfullest mood.
O! blast the betrayer, the murderous
brood!

RECITATIVE (TENOR AND BASS)

And, behold, one of them that were with Jesus, stretch'd out his hand, and smote the high-priest's servant and struck his ear off. Then said Jesus unto him: Put up thy sword into its place; for they that take the sword shall perish with the sword. Or thinkest thou, that I cannot to My Father pray, and He shall give Me more than twelve legions of angels? But how then shall the Scripture be fulfilled, that so it must be. In that hour said Jesus to the multitudes: Are ye come out as against a robber, with swords and with staves to take Me? I have been daily here among you, yea, teaching in the temple, yet laid ye no hold upon Me. Truly, this hath all come to pass, that the Scripture of the Prophets might be fulfilled. Then all the disciples left Him, and fled.

CHORALE

O man, bewail thy sin so great;
For which, from His supernal state,
Christ came on earth to suffer.
Of Virgin Mother, pure and mild,
Was born for us the holy Child;
Our ransom would He offer.

To life did He restore the dead!
He healed the sick, the hungry fed,
Until the day of anguish,
When He for us was offered up,
To drink for all the bitter cup,
Upon the cross to languish.

PART II

ARIA (ALTO) WITH CHORUS

Ah! now is my Jesu gone!
Is it possible? Can I behold it?
Ah! my Lamb in tiger's clutches!
Ah! where is my Jesu gone?
Ah! what shall I say to my soul
When she anxiously doth ask me:
Ah! Where is my Jesu gone?
Whither has thy Friend departed,
O thou fairest of all women?
Whither is thy Beloved turned aside?
O! would we knew the way to find Him!

RECITATIVE (TENOR)

And they that had laid hold on Jesus led Him away to the high priest called Caiaphas, with whom all the scribes and the elders were assembled. Peter too had followed after Him afar off, unto the court of the high priest's palace; and entered in, and sitting among the servants, he waited there, that he might see the end. After them the high priests and the elders, and the council all sought to find false witness against Jesus, that so they might take His life; yet found they none.

CHORALE

The ruthless world arraigneth me
On false report and calumny,
With many a toil to snare me.
O Lord, be near
To stay my fear;
'Gainst all their arts prepare me.

RECITATIVE (TENOR AND BASS)

Yea, though many false witnesses came forward, yet found they none. At last there came two false witnesses, and said:—

CHORUS

This fellow said: I am able to destroy God's temple, and in three more days too I can rebuild it.

RECITATIVE (TENOR AND BASS)

And the high priest arose, and said to Him: What answer makest Thou to what they witness against Thee? But Jesus was silent.

RECITATIVE (TENOR)

He will not speak; He heareth, and is silent!
How clearly thus He showeth, that in His infinite compassion
He is resolved for us to die.
O may we, in the like distress,
Him our example make, and persecution
bear in silence.

ARIA (TENOR)

Behold! behold! how still, how calm!
So, when evil tongues assail me,
My soul, be calm!
Must I, innocent of harm,
Suffer scorn and shame,
I'll be still; in Jesu's name
Shall mine innocence avail me.

RECITATIVE (TENOR AND BASS)

And the high priest answered, and said to Him: I adjure Thee by the living God that Thou do tell us, whether Thou be the Christ, the Son of God. Jesus said to him: Thou sayest. Yet I say unto you: Henceforth, 'twill come to pass, that ye shall see the Son of Man sitting on the right hand of power, and coming in the clouds of heaven. Then the high priest rent his garments, and said: He hath spoken blasphemy; what need we of further witnesses? Look ye, now ye have heard Him utter blasphemy before us. What think ye now? They answered Him, and said:—

DOUBLE CHORUS

He is guilty of death!

RECITATIVE (TENOR)

And then did they spit in His face, and buffeted Him. Others smote Him with the palms of their hands, and said:—

DOUBLE CHORUS

O tell us, Thou Christ, say who gave the blow?

CHORALE

Who could so rudely smite Thee,
And mock at Thee, and spite Thee,
Who wrong my Saviour so?
Thou art indeed no sinner,
As we and all our kin are;
Nor of misdoing canst Thou know.

RECITATIVE (SOPRANO, TENOR AND BASS)

Peter was sitting without, in the court; and there came to him a maid, and said: And thou also wast with Jesus the Galilean. But he denied it before them all, and said: I know not what thou sayest. And when he was in the porch, he was seen by another maid, who said to them that were there: This one also was with Jesus of Nazareth, and again he denied it all with an oath: I do not know the man. And after a little while came they that were standing about there, and said unto Peter:—

CHORUS

Surely thou also art one of them, for thy speech doth bewray thee.

RECITATIVE (TENOR AND BASS)

And Peter then began to curse and to swear, I do not know the man. And immediately the cock crew. Then Peter thought about the word of Jesus which said unto him: Before the cock croweth thou shalt deny Me thrice. Then went he out, and wept bitterly.

ARIA (ALTO)

O pardon me, my God,
And on my tears have pity.
Look on me.
Heart and eyes do weep to Thee,
Weep so bitterly!

CHORALE

Though my feet from Thee have wandered,
Yet my heart was Thine again,
When on Thy great love I pondered,
Bearing more than mortal pain.
I the guilt do not disown;
But Thy pardoning grace alone
Greater is than all the sin,
That I always feel within.

RECITATIVE (TENOR AND BASS)

And when the morning came, all the high priests and the elders of the people took counsel on Jesus, to put Him to death. And binding Him then led they Him away, and straightway delivered Him to Pontius Pilate, the governor. And presently Judas, he who had betrayed Him, when he saw that He was condemned, repented himself, and brought again the thirty silver pieces unto the chief priests and elders, and said: Lo! I have sinned, in that I have betrayed innocent blood. They answered:—

DOUBLE CHORUS

What is that to us? See thou to that.

RECITATIVE (TENOR AND TWO BASSES)

And he cast down the silver pieces in the temple, and he withdrew, and went and hanged himself. Then did the chief priests take the thirty silver pieces, and said: It is not lawful that we should put them in the treasury, for 'tis the price of blood.

ARIA (BASS)

Give me back my dearest Master!
See the price by Judas earned,
Flung down at your feet, and spurned:
Heard ye his disaster?

RECITATIVE (TENOR AND BASS)

And they took counsel together, and bought with them the potter's field, for a burial place for strangers. And therefore that field hath been called the field of blood, and is so to this day. Then was fulfilled what was spoken by the prophet Jeremiah, when he said: And they took the thirty silver pieces, which was the price of Him that was valued, whom they bought of the children of Israel; and in return they gave it for the potter's field, even as the Lord appointed me. Then did Jesus stand before the governor; and the governor asked Him, and said: Art Thou the King of the Jews? Jesus answered to him: Thou sayest! And when He was accused of the chief priests and the elders, He answered nothing. Then Pilate said unto Him: Hearest Thou not how gravely they accuse Thee? And He answered him too never a word, not one, so that the governor did marvel greatly.

CHORALE

Commit thy ways, O pilgrim,
On time's dark, stormy seas,
To him who orders all things,
Through sweet eternities.
Who measures out their courses
To clouds, winds, waves below,
He too will find a pathway
Wherein thy feet may go.

RECITATIVE (SOPRANO, TENOR AND BASS)

Now upon that feast, the governor was wont to release unto the people a prisoner, whom they would. And at that time there was among the prisoners a notable one called Barabbas. And when they were come together, Pilate said unto them: Which one will ye have released unto you, Barabbas, or Jesus, of whom 'tis said that He is the Christ? For indeed he knew, that for envy they had delivered Him. While he was sitting on the judgment seat, his wife sent to him, saying: Have thou nothing to do with this just man, for I have suffered much this day in a dream, because of Him. But the chief priests and the elders influenced the multitude, that they should ask for Barabbas, and destroy Jesus. The governor answered and said to them: Now whether of the twain here will ye that I release to you? They answered:—

DOUBLE CHORUS
Barabbas!**RECITATIVE (TENOR AND BASS)**

And Pilate said to them: And what shall I do now with Jesus, of whom they say that He is Christ? Then said they all:—

DOUBLE CHORUS

Let Him be crucified!

CHORALE

What wondrous punishment is this to render!
For erring sheep is slain the Shepherd tender;
The Lord, the just one, for the servant payeth,
Who Him betrayeth.

RECITATIVE (TENOR AND BASS)

The governor answered: Why, what evil hath He done?

RECITATIVE (SOPRANO)

He hath done only good to all;
The blind have back their sight through Him,
The lame again are walking;
He told us of His Father's word,
He driveth devils forth;
The mourners hath He comforted;
And sinners too He hath received:—
Beside, my Jesu nought hath done.

ARIA (SOPRANO)

From love unbounded my Saviour dieth,
For sin He dies, who sin hath none;
Lest th' eternal doom, that lieth
Over all beneath the sun,
Be against my soul accounted.

RECITATIVE (TENOR)

Then cried they out all the more, and said:—

DOUBLE CHORUS

Let Him be crucified!

RECITATIVE (TENOR AND BASS)

And when Pilate saw that all did avail him nothing, but that rather a tumult was rising, he took water, and washed his hands before the crowd, and said: I am innocent of the blood of this just man; be it your care. Then answered all the people, and said:—

DOUBLE CHORUS

His blood be on us and on our children!

RECITATIVE (TENOR)

Then he released Barabbas to them, and when he had scourged Jesus, forthwith he delivered Him to be crucified.

RECITATIVE (ALTO)

Look down, O God! Here stands the blessed Saviour bound.
Now scourge they Him! O stripes, O wounds!
Tormentors, stay your hands!
Will not your stony hearts relent
To see such cruel anguish there?
Ah, no! Ye have a heart
That must be like the rock itself,
And yet much harder too.
Have pity, stay your hands!

ARIA (ALTO)

Are my weeping and my wailing
Unavailing,
Take my heart, and all of me.
Yes, this heart so vainly pleading
When the sacred wounds are bleeding,
Shall the altar chalice be!

RECITATIVE (TENOR)

Then straightway the soldiers of the governor took Jesus into the common hall, and gathered unto Him the whole band of soldiers, and stripped Him, and put on Him a scarlet robe; and, plating a crown of thorns, they put it upon His head, and a reed in His right hand, and so they bowed the knee before Him, mocked Him, and said:—

DOUBLE CHORUS

Hail, thou King of the Jews!

RECITATIVE (TENOR)

And so they spit on Him; and, taking the reed, they smote with it on His head.

CHORALE

O Head, all bruised and wounded,
Hung up to brutal scorn!
O Head, for shame surrounded
With crown of cruel thorn!
O Head, to honor wonted,
To splendor all divine,
Now outraged and affronted;
All hail, dear Master mine!

Thou face of God's anointed,
Before Thee all shall quail,
In that great day appointed:
Ah! now so wan and pale!
The light, all light exceeding,
That filled those sovereign eyes,
Now quenched in death, unheeding,
Shall shameless men despise?

RECITATIVE (TENOR)

And after they had mocked Him, they took the robe off from Him, and put His own garments on Him, and led Him away to be crucified. And as they were

going out, they found there a man of Cyrene, whose name was Simon, and they compelled him to bear His cross.

RECITATIVE (BASS)

Yea, truly, to the cross our flesh and blood
Will only be compelled;
What most for our own soul is good,
In terror most is held.

ARIA (BASS)

Come, blessed cross! be aye my song:
My Jesu, ever give it me!
And if too great my burden be,
Thy help, O Lord, will make me strong.

RECITATIVE (TENOR)

And when they were come unto a place called Golgotha (that is the place of a skull), they gave Him vinegar to drink, that was mingled with gall; and when He tasted it, He would not drink. And after they had crucified Him they parted His garments, dividing them by lot, that it might be fulfilled, which was said of old by the prophet: They parted My garments among them, and upon the vesture did they cast lots. And sitting down, they watched Him there. And over His head they set up His accusation written, namely: This is Jesus, the King of the Jews. And with Him two thieves were crucified, one on the right hand, and one on the left. And they that passed by, reviled Him, wagging their heads, and saying:—

DOUBLE CHORUS

Thou that destroyest the temple of God, and buildest it again in three days, save Thyself. Art Thou the Son of God, come down now from the cross.

RECITATIVE (TENOR)

And likewise also the chief priests mocking Him, with the scribes, and the elders, said:—

DOUBLE CHORUS

He saved others, Himself He cannot save. If He be King of Israel, let Him come down now from the cross, and then we will believe Him. He in God hath trusted: let Him deliver Him now, if He will, for He hath said: I am Son of God.

RECITATIVE (TENOR)

He was reviled also by the robbers, who were crucified with Him.

RECITATIVE (ALTO)

Ah! Golgotha! unhappy Golgotha!
The Lord of Glory here a felon's doom must suffer;
The saving light of all the world
Must to th' accursed cross be nailed.
The Lord, Who heaven and earth created,
By earth and air rejected, hated!
The sinless here for sin must perish:
Ah! this indeed afflicts my soul!

ARIA (ALTO) WITH CHORUS

Look where Jesus beckoning stands,
Reaching out His helping hands,
Come! O where? In Jesu's bosom
Seek redemption, find forgiveness;
Seek it! Where? In Jesu's bosom.
Live ye, die ye, rest ye here,
Ye forsaken children dear,
Clinging—Where? To Jesu's bosom.

RECITATIVE (TENOR AND BASS)

And from the sixth hour there was a darkness over all the land, until the ninth hour. And about the ninth hour Jesus cried aloud, and said: Eli, Eli, lama sabachthani! That is: My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken Me! Some of them that stood there heard Jesus cry aloud, and they said:—

CHORUS

He calleth for Elias.

RECITATIVE (TENOR)

And straightway one among them ran, and took a sponge, and filled it with vinegar, and put it on a reed, and gave Him to drink. The others said, however:

CHORUS

Wait, let us see now, if indeed Elias come to save Him.

RECITATIVE (TENOR)

And again Jesus cried aloud, and departed.

CHORALE

When I too am departing,
Then part Thou not from me.
On death's lone journey starting,
My soul will feel for Thee!
When near my end I languish,
All other comfort vain,
Then draw me out of anguish,
Through Thy victorious pain.

RECITATIVE (TENOR)

And then, behold! the veil of the temple was rent in twain, from the top unto the bottom. And the earth did quake, and

the rocks rent. And the tombs gave up their dead, and there arose many bodies of the saints, that were sleeping, and came out of the graves after His resurrection, and went into the holy city, and appeared unto many. Now the centurion and they that were with him, and were watching Jesus, when they saw the earthquake, and those things that were done, they feared greatly, and said:—

CHORUS

Truly, this was the Son of God.

RECITATIVE (TENOR)

And there were many women there, looking on from afar off, who had followed after Jesus from Galilee, and ministered unto Him; and among them there was Mary Magdalene, also Mary, the mother of James and of Joses, and the mother of Zebedee's children. At eventide there came a rich man of Arimathæa, called Joseph, who himself was a disciple of Jesus. He went to Pilate, and begged of him the body of Jesus. Then Pilate commanded the body to be delivered.

RECITATIVE (BASS)

At eventide, cool hour of rest,
Was Adam's fall made manifest.
So now at eve our foe doth Christ subdue;
At eve the dove returning flew,
And in its mouth the olive bore.
O lovely time! O evening hour!
The covenant of peace with God is sealed,
For Jesus hath His cross fulfilled.
His body sinks to rest.
Ah! go, my soul, beg thou His corpse.
Go! shall the dear remains neglected perish?
O precious boon, for heart and soul to cherish!

ARIA (BASS)

Cleanse thee, O my soul, from sin,
For my Jesu will I bury.
So within my peaceful breast
Shall He rest and reign for ever!
World, depart, let Jesus in!

RECITATIVE (TENOR)

And Joseph took the body, and wrapped it in a clean cloth of linen, and laid it in

his own new tomb, which he had hewn out in the rock; and having rolled a great stone to the door of the tomb, he went away. And remaining there were Mary Magdalene and the other Mary, sitting over against the tomb. Now on the next day after that of the preparation, came the chief priests and the Pharisees together unto Pilate, and said:—

DOUBLE CHORUS

Sir, we remember it well; we heard that deceiver say, while He was yet alive: After three days I will rise again. Therefore command the grave to be made sure, until the third day, lest His disciples come by night, and steal Him away, and say unto the people: Surely, He is risen from the dead, so the last error shall be worse than the first.

RECITATIVE (TENOR AND BASS)

And Pilate said to them: Ye have there a watch; go and make it secure as ye know how. They went away, and secured the sepulchre with soldiers, and they sealed the stone.

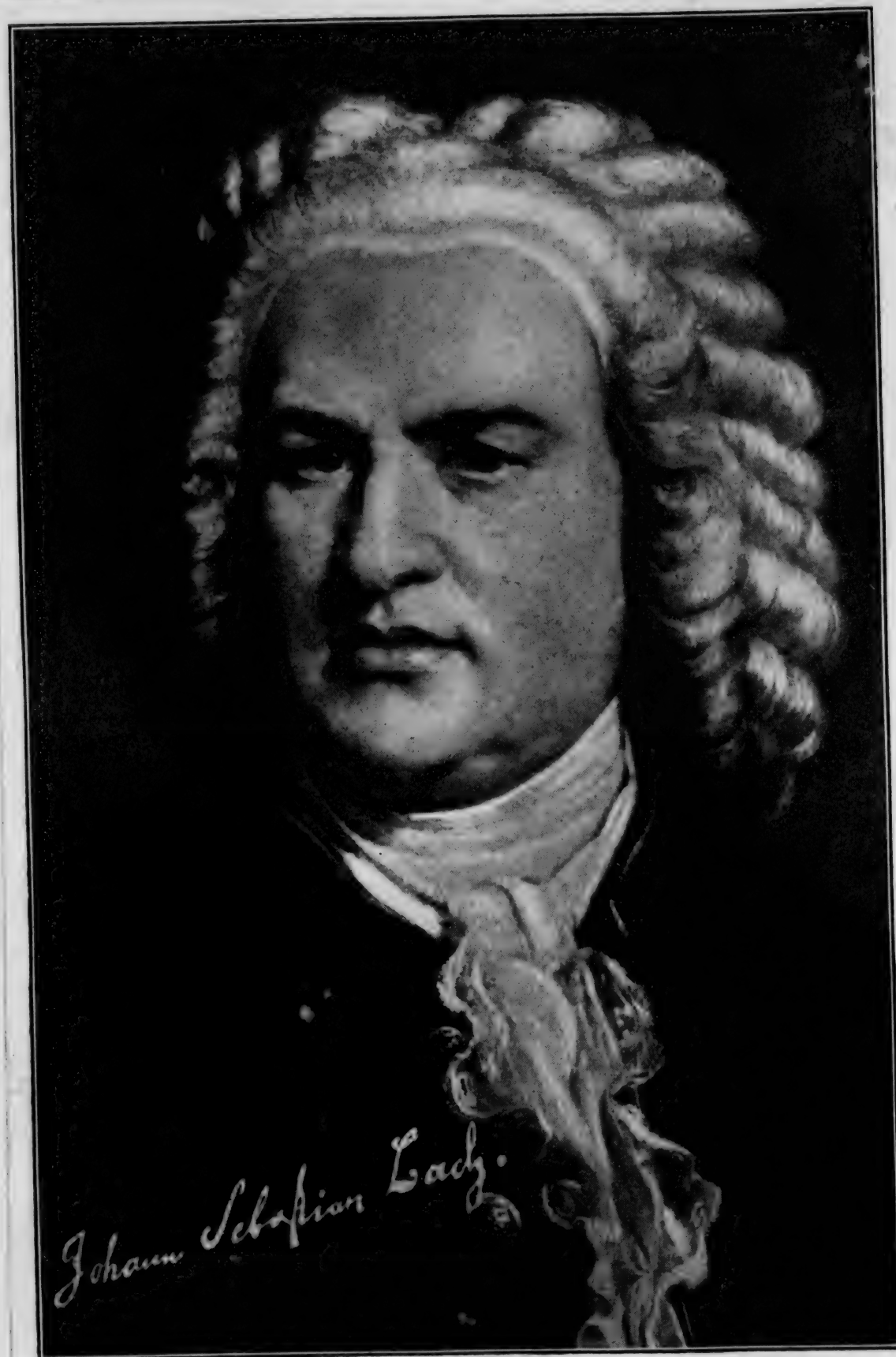
RECITATIVE (SOPRANO, ALTO, TENOR, AND BASS) WITH CHORUS

The Lord hath lain Him down to rest.
The pains are o'er, He for our sins so meekly bore.

O weary sacred limbs!
See! how my tears of fond remorse bedew Thee,
That in my fall such bitter woes were Thine.
My soul shall bless Thee all my days with thousand thanks,
That Thou hast deemed it worth the sacrifice.
My Jesu, good night!

DOUBLE CHORUS

Around Thy tomb here sit we weeping,
Hearts turned to Thee, O Saviour blest:
Rest Thee softly, softly rest.
Long, ye weary limbs, lie sleeping.
This cold stone above Thy head
Shall to many a careworn conscience
Be a sweet refreshing pillow;
Here the soul find peaceful bed.
Closed in bliss divine
Slumber now the weary eyes.



Johann Sebastian Bach.

A NOTE ON THE PASSION MUSIC

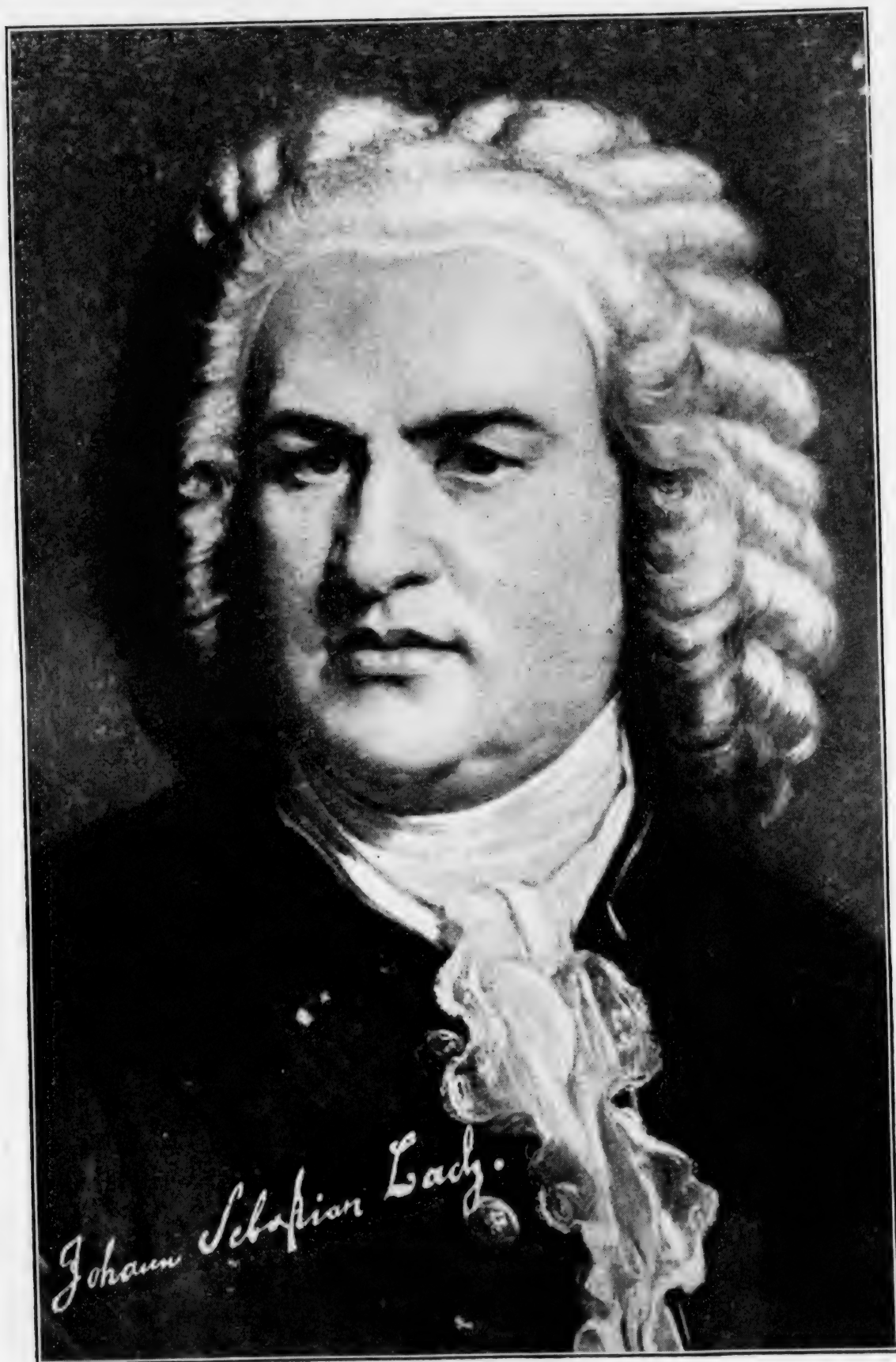
THE impending performance of Bach's "The Passion According to Matthew" has brought forth many inquiries regarding the edition which will be used. In the original version Bach's orchestra comprised the string choir, with four flutes and four oboes, the latter interchangeable, first, with oboi d'amore; second, with oboi da caccia. He employed also the organ and harpsichord for the *basso continuo* or figured bass. For most of the arias and recitatives and for some of the choruses, Bach wrote no orchestral accompaniment unless it was a single instrument, obligato, allowing the organist or harpsichordist to weave his own accompaniment to the singers.

This *basso continuo* became a lost art long before the end of the 18th century, and Mozart was the first to undertake an elaboration of Bach's orchestral score. In doing so he added clarinets, bassoons, trumpets, trombones, horns and tympani. A second and more familiar revision was made later by Robert Franz, and it is this which is generally used at performances in this country and abroad.

In preparing the "Passion Music" for performance it has been Dr. Muck's aim to revert as nearly as possible to the original in form and manner. He will give it in its entirety, for the excisions usually made destroy to a great degree the significance of the work. He will give it in two sessions, the first part, which is essentially epic in form, in the afternoon; the second part, which is dramatic, in the evening.

Holding that it is an anachronism to introduce into the score an instrument like the clarinet which was invented years after Bach's death and holding likewise that Bach would have used bassoons, horns, trumpets, trombones and tympani in this music had he wished to do so, Dr. Muck rejects all of the Franz version except certain accompaniments for strings alone. His orchestra (divided into two parts, one for each of the two choirs) will consist of thirty-two violins, twelve violas, twelve cellos and ten basses, four flutes, four oboes, organ and piano. It is greatly to his regret that he is unable to secure in this country the oboi da caccia, but for these he will substitute the English horn, which in the modern orchestra corresponds to the obsolete oboe da caccia. He has oboi d'amore.

Dr. Muck himself has restored so far as practical the original orchestration of Bach. He has also scored for the Bach orchestra many of the arias and choruses which in the original version were accompanied merely by a solo instrument and the figured bass. He has also written out the parts for the organ and piano, the latter taking the place of the harpsichord. In other words, the coming performance of the "Passion Music" will approximate the original performance in Leipzig as closely as modern conditions permit.



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BACH'S PASSION MUSIC GIVEN

Herald *March 27/18*

All the Matthew Production
Heard in Symphony Hall
at Two Sessions

SCHMIDT CONDUCTS IN PLACE OF DR. MUCK

By PHILIP HALE

The whole of Bach's Matthew Passion music was performed yesterday in two sessions, afternoon and evening, in Symphony Hall, by a chorus of 400 voices—prepared by Stephen Townsend—a boy choir of 80, the Boston Symphony Orchestra and these solo singers: Florence Hinkle, soprano; Merle Alcock, alto; Lambert Murphy, tenor; Reinald Werrenrath, baritone; Herbert Witherspoon, bass; Arthur Myers, tenor. John P. Marshall was the organist. Alfred De Voto the pianist. Ernest Schmidt conducted.

Camille Saint-Saens, a sympathetic and profound student of Bach, declared over 30 years ago that the performance of that master's great choral works is now a chimera. "There can be only more or less curious attempts; attempts made for the joy of scholars and library rats; but they are far from being the realization of the work imagined by the composer." Saint-Saens then spoke of instruments employed by Bach which are now out of date; of the music written for a small chorus, swarming with complicated phrases, leaps to far-off intervals, trills, all sorts of difficulties; of extremely dangerous pages for the solo singers.

Some musicians, as Robert Franz, have believed in the enlargement and enrichment of Bach's score for the Matthew Passion. Purists have objected to Franz's tinkering and patching. They have argued in favor of performances exactly as Bach gave them in the St. Thomas Church at Leipzig. The introduction of clarinets especially disturbs them. The management of Symphony Hall, in its announcement of the concert yesterday, stated that "It is an anachronism to introduce into the score an instrument like the clarinet which was invented years after Bach's death."

Bach died in 1750. Let us waive the question whether J. C. Denner of Nuremberg "invented" the clarinet about 1700 or merely modified the then exist-

ing chalumeau or schalmey. A mass composed by a Belgian in 1720 contains a clarinet part. La Poupliniere of Paris imported two German clarinetists about 1751 and they played in the Concert Spirituel. Rameau employed clarinets in 1751. Clarinets were used in J. C. Bach's opera "Orione," produced in London in 1763. The boy Mozart in London copied an overture of Abel that contained clarinet parts. In 1771 Mozart at Milan wrote for clarinets. A clarinet solo was played in a concert at Philadelphia in 1769. Clarinets were heard in New York concerts as early as 1764. Here in Boston a local orchestra that gave concerts in 1774 contained clarinets as well as oboes, bassoons and French horns.

Exercising the utmost piety, the most learned and skilful conductor cannot give a performance of the Matthew Passion similar to the one heard in Leipzig in 1729. Bach employed only a very small chorus. He had only a pitifully little orchestra. Suppose that today a few trained singers of great ability and Bach's orchestra were at hand; that the oboe da caccia were not missing; that the common oboe of 1918 resembled in power and quality of tone the oboe of 1729; that Bach himself were the organist. The audience would not be the same in education, environment, mood and disposition. It might have a devout spirit, but its devotional frame of mind could not possibly be that of the congregation at Leipzig. Even the chorals have not the same intense significance. It is impossible to revive the conditions for which Bach wrote. It may furthermore be said that a performance in a concert hall probably never entered Bach's mind.

Dr. Muck had devoted much of his time and all of his skill to a reverential reconstruction of the score. The result was as interesting as it was effective, but it could not transport the players or hearers back to the Leipzig of the composer's period. Nor was it successful in relieving the inherent monotony of many pages, but this was not Dr. Muck's intention.

There are two ways of considering a performance of the Passion Music: one is to view it as a religious service; the other is to treat it as one would treat any concert work. If the music is to be regarded as any other sacred composition performed in a concert hall and without religious services, the performance of the whole work is a mistake. Certain solos, irksome to the singer, boring as music, without truly emotional or religious significance, seldom expressive of the text, might be omitted with advantage to the composer. Did anyone yesterday afternoon find musical pleasure or religious benefit in the soprano solos in the first part? Only those who believe in the plenary inspiration of Bach would insist on the performance of every page. Bach could be as dull as any Kapellmeister in Elisen. The purely decorative arias in the Passion Music might well be omitted. Even

Mme. Hinkle, with her excellent voice and art, could not turn the long aria in the second part into a thing of beauty, or hardly mitigate its barbaric ugliness.

When the Matthew Passion was first performed at Leipzig there were probably religious exercises between the two parts. In a concert hall the performance must be considered as a performance of any sacred composition.

It may then be said that the performance yesterday was an extraordinarily impressive one, admirable in nearly all respects, one not likely to be surpassed here in the coming years. It was far superior to any one that we have heard in Germany. Mr. Townsend had brought the chorus to a high degree of proficiency. The tonal quality and the plasticity of the great body of singers were remarkable. Dr. Muck in the final rehearsals had so completed the preparation that Mr. Schmidt, called suddenly to conduct, found his task greatly lessened. Nevertheless, he should be warmly praised for carrying out so well Dr. Muck's intentions. In the second part there were times when the accompaniment of solo singers in arias was not sufficiently subdued, but these instances were not many.

Mr. Murphy's reading of the narrator's music was a constant delight; his enunciation was so clear, his diction had so great significance. Not too dramatic, he steered clear of sentimentalism. Mr. Werrenrath's singing of the music of Jesus was marked by rare dignity, by an expressiveness that was intelligent as well as emotional. Mme. Alcock again displayed a beautiful voice and vocal and aesthetic understanding. Nor should Mr. Longy's playing of the oboe obbligato in the first part be forgotten.

There was a large and deeply interested audience. The performance will be repeated with the same singers next Tuesday.

"St. Matthew" Passion

Specially for The Christian Science Monitor

Bach's "St. Matthew" Passion—Presented, in complete form and with the original accompanying music, by chorus, soloists and the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Ernst Schmidt conducting; Symphony Hall, Boston, Mass., afternoon and evening of March 26, 1918. The principal assisting artists were: Lambert Murphy, tenor, who sang the narrative portions of the text; Reinald Werrenrath, baritone, who sang the words of Jesus; Mme. Florence Hinkle, soprano; Mme. Merle Alcock, contralto; and Herbert Witherspoon, bass. Minor assisting singers were Arthur Myers, tenor; and John W. Peirce, baritone. Performers assisting in the accompaniments were John P. Marshall, organist; and Alfred de Voto, pianist. The Bach work completes a series of three choral programs arranged by the manager of the orchestra, C. A. Ellis. The chorus was trained by Stephen Townsend.

BOSTON, Mass.—Ernst Schmidt, the assistant conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, was called at the last moment to direct the performance of the Bach "St. Matthew" Passion, upon Karl Muck's being taken into custody by officers of the United States Department of Justice. He presented the music before a large audience and made a mark-worthy success of his opportunity. He was well received along with the chorus, the soloists and the orchestra; though neither he nor anybody else had especial applause, the occasion being one at which hand-clapping, except by way of courtesy at the opening and the close of the sessions, was not in order.

Oratorios, when well performed, should be impressive in the work of the chorus, the work of the soloists and the work of the orchestra. But very seldom do they make an appeal in all three of these particulars. The department most likely to excel is that of the soloists; the one least likely to, is that of the orchestra. The one that should excel, if only one can be good, is that of the chorus. This, however, is often considered of little importance, and sometimes of no account whatever, as happened a month or so ago at a certain music festival, where, according to reports, Rossini's "Stabat Mater" was performed with soloists, but without chorus.

In the presentation of the "St. Matthew" Passion at Symphony Hall, all three departments acquitted themselves well, though not equally well. The one which, without much question, did the best was the usual one—the soloists; that which earned the next rating was doubtless the orchestra; while that which most of the time seemed to lead the rear of the procession was the chorus.

This is to speak of the matter in relative terms only. For the Townsend chorus, compared with ordinary oratorio groups, made a strong showing. In the first place, the singers were thoroughly acquainted with their music, which cannot always be said of members of oratorio organizations, even when they have the book of some far easier piece than a Bach Passion open before them. And then, the singers were well controlled in respect to rhythm and tone, though their volume of tone was not always in proper adjustment with that of the orchestra and the organ.

More in detail, the singers of Tuesday, at the very beginning of the afternoon session, starting into the brisk, antiphonal passages of "Come, Ye Daughters," and passing into the stern, four-part measures of the hymn, "O Lamb of God," displayed an ability to attack initial notes firmly, and to release final notes smoothly, that was assuring; and an agreement in accenting principal notes vigorously, and in executing subsidiary notes evenly, that was fascinating. Briefly, both here and in the rest of the piece, they merited the praise of being excellent at choral phrasing.

As for the orchestral side of the presentation, the idea was a worthy one of having the accompaniment played according to the original scoring, instead of according to a modern adaptation. A little documentary interest in a concert is always attractive to a serious audience. But what did Saint-Saëns once say? "Instruments pass; the voice remains." He spoke from long experience with Eighteenth Century musical documents when he made that remark. He meant to say that you cannot, try as you will, bring back the music with which voices were accompanied 200 years back.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra a Bach orchestra? Impossible, even when you divide it into two small orchestras and restore to one of them the ancient scheme of wood wind, Orchestra and organ at the sessions of Tuesday afternoon and evening, probably against the intentions of those who planned things, produced a sonority that was realistically of the Twentieth Century. There should have been a larger force of bass singers to hold up the vocal harmony, anyway. With all the circumstances as they were, the choral ship inevitably got awash, at times, in the orchestral waters.

As for the soloists, Mmes. Hinkle and Alcock, the soprano and the contralto, had much meditative singing to do, which they managed in their usual finished way. Mr. Witherspoon, the bass, had dramatic moments, when he represented Peter and Pilate, which he handled capably. Mr. Murphy, singing the narrative text, and Mr. Werrenrath, singing the words of Jesus, had the leading rôles, and they

both gave remarkable interpretations. The tenor could have done no more than he did in preparing his part but to have gone through it with some master of English speech, for the correction of certain pronunciations. The baritone could hardly have done more to improve his study of his part. He has made it a masterwork in point both of technique and expression.

BACH'S PASSION MUSIC GIVEN IN ENTIRETY

Adv. — Mch. 27/18

Ernst Schmidt Leads Choral Concert of Symphony Orchestra

GREAT ARRAY OF
VOCAL SOLOISTS

Lambert Murphy, Merle Alcock and Florence Hinkle Win Praise

Bach's St. Matthew Passion Music.
The Work Given Entire.
Mr. Schmidt Directs.

By LOUIS C. ELSON.

"The best-laid plans o' men and mice gang aft agley!" The government just before the concert yesterday took away Conductor Karl Muck and shook the great choral concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra combined with Stephen Townsend's Chorus to its very foundations.

The Symphony Orchestra, however, has many resources, and Ernst Schmidt was suddenly called to direct the performance. The Symphony Choral Concert without Dr. Muck was not quite as bad as "Hamlet" without Hamlet, but much of the savor of the occasion was lost, even though Mr. Schmidt did remarkably well for an emergency call.

After all, the careful preparations of Dr. Muck could not go entirely to waste, and his careful rehearsals bore good fruit.

Much of revision was necessary in such a work. Bach and Handel made only skeleton sketches of the orchestral parts of their choral compositions, and numerous are the editors who have tried their hands at "additional accompaniments" in these works. Last night the chief labor, the filling out and rearrangement of many parts of the score, was probably not appreciated by the audience, but the musician could recognize many orchestral improvements and note that Dr. Muck had labored conscientiously at a rather ungrateful task. We believe, however, that the clarinette work of the editors should be retained, even though Bach never used the instrument.

WORK GIVEN COMPLETE.

The work was given complete, divided into an afternoon and an evening concert. We are heterodox in this matter. We do not care for the Passion Music in its entirety. Bach was old-fashioned, long-winded, full of repetitions, archaic in the form of his vocal solos. He was neither so dramatic nor as vocal as Handel. Sometimes however, he flames forth as the greatest genius of them all, and the first and last numbers of this work will possibly never be excelled in sacred music. But between them there is very much that could be spared, much of wearisome monotony.

There was much "obligato" display with special instruments in the accompaniments, often making a duet or trio of certain vocal numbers, and we may mention the flutes in the alto aria, "Grief and Pain," the unusual Oboe d'Amore in "Never Will My Heart Refuse Thee," the violin solo in "Oh, Pardon Me, My God," and in "Give Me Back My Dearest Master," the violoncello (for Viol di Gamba) in "Come Blessed Cross," the two violins in "At Eventide Cool Hour of Rest," with English horn taking the place of the obsolete Oboe di Caccia here and in "Look Where Jesus Beckoning Stands."

There was a great array of vocal soloists. We may here give the palm to Lambert Murphy, the tenor, for he had the most difficult and most ungrateful task of all, the in-

terminable recitatives of the Evangelist. These can never interest any but the student-musician who follows their ingenious modulations with something akin to awe. They are tiresome to the average auditor and decidedly so to the singer both on account of their high pitch and their constant changes of tonality. The difficulties of the tenor part were bravely mastered, but only in "I'll watch with my dear Jesu," was there any lyrical opportunity.

The interminable recitations were skillfully accompanied on piano by M. Alfred De Voto. Mr. Reinald Werrenrath in the recitatives of the Savior was earnest and expressive, giving the phrases connected with the Passion with dramatic power and being especially pathetic in recitative. Witherspoon gave the bass numbers better than we can recall them in recent Boston performances.

FLORENCE HINKLE SOPRANO.

"Give Me Back My Dearest Master" and "At Eventide" were both commendably interpreted. Merle Alcock is winning a fine reputation in Boston for her pure intonation and reliability in difficult work. She was successful both in "Oh Pardon Me," and in "Grief and Pain," two of the best solos in the work.

Florence Hinkle was the soprano. We think that Bach all through the Passion Music favors the alto and bass with the best solos. The soprano numbers are comparatively weaker. Yet "Never Will My Heart Refuse Thee," with its oboe d'amore backing, and "From Love Unbound," with English horns replacing the obsolete oboi di Caccia, were both interesting. There was no applause at any of the solos, the whole occasion partaking of the nature of a religious service.

In spite of the amount of obligato work on special instruments, one finds considerable sameness in the tone-color of the orchestral support. Although Bach presents wonderful counterpoint in some of the accompaniments, he was satisfied (so he declared) if he had an orchestra of twenty or twenty-four musicians. Only rarely does one find a really dramatic tone-color, as in the contra-basses at "Ye Lightnings, Ye Thunders." Even in the vocal parts there is lack of dramatic intensity (compensated for by much intellectuality) save in an occasional flash, as at the mob's cry of "Barabas!" in answer to the question c

Pontius Pilate.

But when one comes to the choral parts one cannot fail to become enthusiastic. If the whole Passion Music were boiled down into a Choral service, although the consecutive narrative would disappear, the work would be much more inspiring to the modern auditor. The glory of the opening chorus, with its Soprano Ripieno (trebles) and its bold contrasts of flowing melody and interjected phrases, was an inspiration to every auditor. So too was the lofty serenity of "Around Thy Tomb."

DOUBLE CHORUSES SURE.

The employment of the congregation in the singing of "Oh Sacred Head Now Wounded," and its often recurrent melody, is another majestic touch. The melody of this is taken from a love-song by Hessler, and Bach used the tune because he knew that his parishioners in the St. Thomas Church would all be familiar with it. Yesterday the audience was not invited to join in the singing of this as in the days of Bach.

Some of the double choruses, and the "Turbæ," the choruses of the mob, are by no means easy vocal work, and they were given with a surety, a precision of attack, a general ensemble, that calls for full recognition. Only at times the sopranos overpowered the male voices.

But probably the chief point in which the performance of yesterday afternoon and evening was beyond and above previous interpretations of this work which we have heard, was in the orchestral support. If there is lack of dramatic tone-color here, there is noble counterpoint almost everywhere, and if this is brought out clearly there is at least a sustained intellectual interest. This was done yesterday in spite of the handicap of the conductorial difficulty. The great work revealed many new beauties because of its symphonic treatment.

This and a finely trained chorus (for which many thanks to Mr. Townsend) were the glories of this occasion which not all the excess of recitative and the endless repetitions of the aria-form in the solos could quite obliterate. But Bach's Passion Music, according to St. Matthew, is a severe musical penance at its best. But a very large audience sat through its four long hours with most reverent attention.

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Bach Comes to His Own *Trans. M. H.*

In two "sessions"—one beginning at four in the afternoon and the other at eight in the evening, with an intermission of two hours between—on Tuesday next, March 26, and on the following Tuesday, April 2, in Symphony Hall, Bach's "Passion-Music" according to Matthew, will be heard in entirety for the first time in Boston for many years, and, perhaps for the first time in America with an orchestral part collated by Dr. Muck himself and approximating that which the composer designed and used. The two orchestras for which Bach wrote will be constituted according to his prescriptions; the two choruses and the choir of boys will be similarly assembled and disposed, while the solo singers have been assiduously practised in their parts. They are Mes. Hinkle and Alcock and Messrs. Murphy, Werrenrath and Witherspoon. The chorus is, of course, the remarkable body of singers that Mr. Townsend and Dr. Muck have brought this season to an eloquence hitherto unknown in kind to Bostonian ears; the boys have been recruited from various churches; while the two bands come from the Symphony Orchestra. Else-

THE PASSION MUSIC

The first full rehearsal of the choruses in Bach's Passion Music, which is to be given in Symphony Hall, Tuesday, March 26, was held in Symphony Hall last Wednesday evening. The chorus which Mr. Townsend has trained for this concert numbers an even 400, and in addition of these there will be a choir of 80 boys drawn from Trinity Church, Emanuel Church and the Church of the Advent. As already announced, the performance will be given in two sessions. The first will begin at 4 o'clock in the afternoon and run about a hour and three-quarters. The second will begin at 8 o'clock in the evening and run about an hour and a half. The same ticket will admit to both sessions.

Mr. Townsend has another rehearsal in Symphony Hall next Monday evening, and next Wednesday evening Dr. Muck takes charge of the full forces for full rehearsal of choruses and orchestra. The several soloists, Mes. Hinkle and Alcock and Messrs. Murphy and Werrenrath, will spend the greater part of Sunday working here with Dr. Muck. The final rehearsal will be held Monday evening, March 25.

Thus the complete list of soloists will be Florence Hinkle, soprano; Merle Alcock, alto; Lambert Murphy, tenor, and Reinhold Werrenrath and Herbert Witherspoon, basses.

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In the original version Bach's orchestra comprised the string choir, with four flutes and four oboes, the latter interchangeable, first, with oboi d'amore; second, with oboi da caccia. He employed also the organ and harpsichord for the basso continuo or figured bass. For most of the arias and recitatives and for some of the choruses, Bach wrote no orchestral accompaniment unless it was a single instrument, obligato, allowing the organist or harpsichordist to weave his own accompaniment to the singers. This basso continuo became a lost art long before the end of the eighteenth century, and Mozart was the first to undertake an elaboration of Bach's orchestral score. In doing so he added clarinets, bassoons, trumpets, trombones, horns and tympani. A second and more familiar revision was made later by Franz, and it is this which is generally used at performances in this country and abroad.

In preparing the "Passion Music" for performance it has been Dr. Muck's aim to revert as nearly as possible to the original in form and manner. He will give it in entirety, for the ex-

sions usually made destroy the significance of the whole. Holding that it is an anachronism to introduce into the score an instrument like the clarinet, which was invented years after Bach's death, and holding likewise that Bach would have used bassoons, horns, trumpets, trombones and tympani in this music had he wished to do so, Dr. Muck rejects all of the Franz version except certain accompaniments for strings alone. His orchestra (divided into two parts, one for each of the two choirs) will consist of thirty-two violins, twelve violas, twelve cellos, ten basses, four flutes, four oboes, organ and piano. It is greatly to his regret that he is unable to secure in this country the oboi da caccia, but for these he will substitute the English horn, which in the modern orchestra corresponds to the obsolete oboe da caccia. He has oboi d'amore.

Dr. Muck himself has restored, so far as practical, the original orchestration of Bach. He has also scored for Bach's orchestra many of the arias and choruses which in the original version were accompanied merely by a solo instrument and the figured bass. He has further written out the parts for the organ and piano, the latter taking the place of the harpsichord. In other words, the performance of the "Passion Music" will approximate the original performance in Leipsic as closely as modern conditions permit.

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Florence Hinkle, Soprano, in the Passion Music.

Bach Comes to His Own *Trans. Muck*

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Mr. Townsend has another rehearsal in Symphony Hall next Monday and next Wednesday evening. He takes charge of the full force of the rehearsal of choruses and orchestra. Several soloists, Mmes. Hinkle and Alcock and Messrs. Murphy and Werrenrath, will spend the greater part of the day working here with Dr. Muck. The final rehearsal will be held on Wednesday evening, March 25.

Thus the complete list of soloists: Florence Hinkle, soprano; Mmes. Alcock, alto; Lambert Murphy, tenor; Witherspoon, basses. *Herald Mel*



Lambert Murphy, Tenor, in the Passion Music.

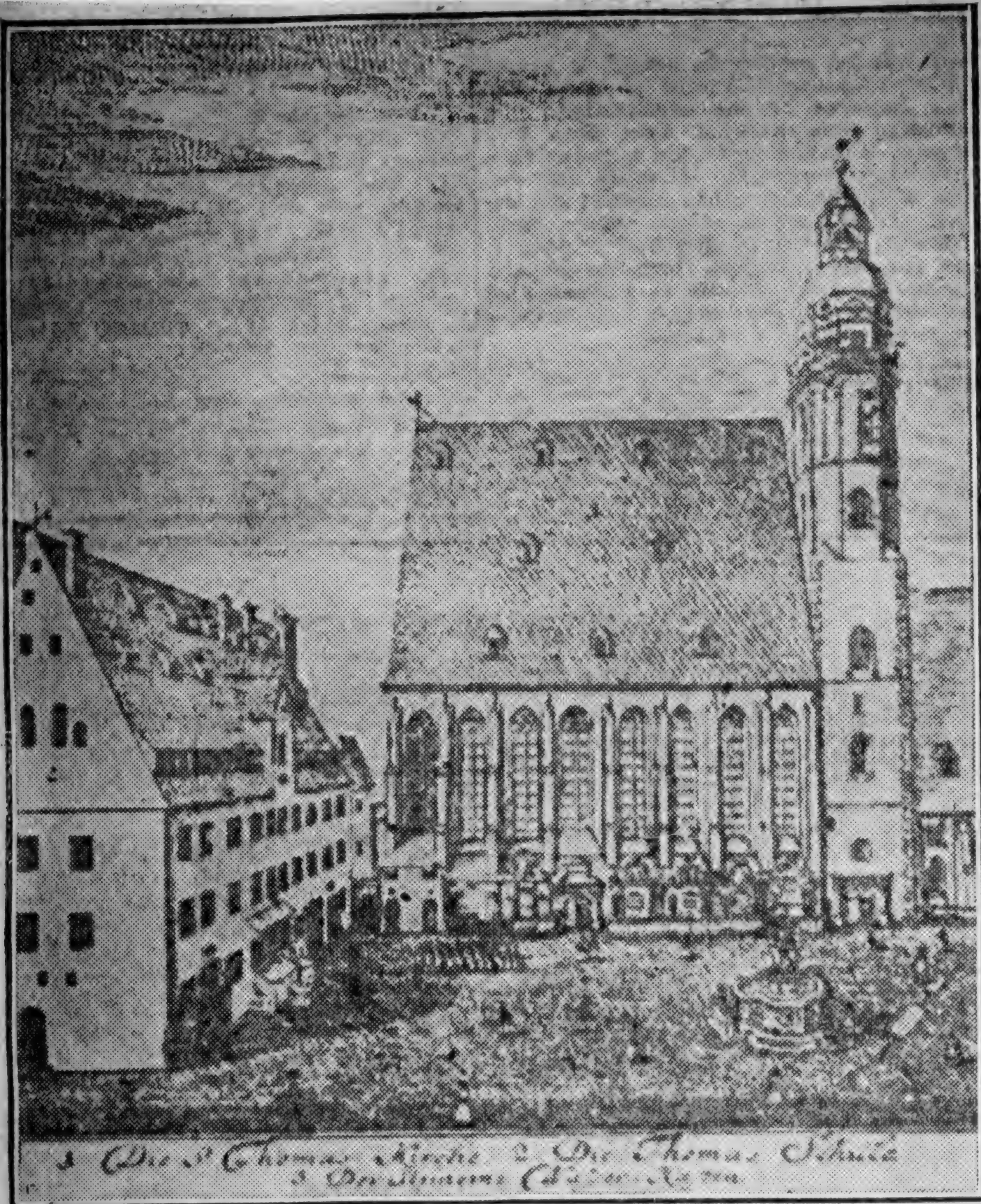
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St. Thomas's Church at Leipzig, Where the Matthew Passion-Music Was First Sung in 1729 and (Left) the School In Which Bach Trained His Singers

From a Print of 1721 in the Archives of Leipzig

BACH IN FREER VOICE. Trans. — Apr. 8/18 FOR SECOND TIME THE MATTHEW-PASSION

A Performance Generally Excelling the First — Bettered Conductor, Orchestra, Chorus and Solo-Singers, with Proportionate Stimulation to Hearers — The Contrasts of a Week—The Composer as Man of Religion as Well as of Music

AS there was reason to expect, the second singing and playing of Bach's "Matthew Passion-Music," at Symphony Hall yesterday, clearly excelled the first. No unforeseen interventions, like those before the earlier performance, had suddenly deprived the assembled forces of the leader who, little more than twelve hours before, had been setting final touches to his preparations. On the contrary, Mr. Schmidt, who again conducted, had rehearsed chorus and orchestra anew on Monday evening that the high "tradition" of the thoroughest preparation, accumulated for six years past at Symphony Hall, might be once more fulfilled. Thus, for the repetition of yesterday, the conductor was meeting no emergency fallen like a solitary bolt from official skies; chorus, orchestra, solo-singers, were of relatively unperturbed minds and at ease with each other; while an audience, that might reasonably have been larger and that was insistently disturbed by wanderers in and out of the concert-room, could listen with thought only of piece and performance. As it happened, besides, according to the way of chance in such things, three of the solo-singers—Mmes. Hinkle and Alcock and Mr. Witherspoon—were in much freer and truer voice than they had been a week before, while the chorus en masse seemed likewise to have gained vocally in the comparative tranquillity of this second performance. The pity of both was that but for official inadvertence Dr. Muck might have conducted at the first concert and so crowned with final accomplishment the work upon which he had been engaged for months. When the Federal attorney ordered his arrest on Monday night of last week, he was quite unaware that a long-prepared and in some respects unique performance of this Passion-Music was pending for the next afternoon. Had he known of it, as he has acknowledged to Symphony Hall, he would have deferred for twenty-four hours the execution of his warrant. But Fate will have its way.

Best change for the better in the contrasts of the two concerts was the quicker and more elastic pace that Mr. Schmidt set yesterday for not a little of the music. In the difficulties and embarrassments under which he labored a week ago, it would have been superfluous censoriousness to reproach him with tempi, which in some instances with the choruses and in many with the decorative airs, were of the "traditional" and the "reverential" sort tending to mummify into a dead classic this vital and perennial music of Bach. Now and then yesterday, in a Chorale Mr. Schmidt still seemed a little languid, even with the choir, of truer instinct, minded to spur him; but he was much more spirited than of old with such numbers as the mighty and mounting chorus of the beginning. Similarly he found new energy for the flinging of the choral interjections into the progress of the tonal narrative; he warmed the eloquence of many a Chorale; while he no longer held Mr. Murphy and Mr. Werrenrath in the leash of tempi for their declamation that stretched to the utmost their capacity for sustained tones, or dragged the meditative airs of Miss Hinkle and Mme. Alcock till they became more of the weariness that intrinsically some of them are. Mr. Schmidt, likewise, seemed more familiar and sedulous with the orchestral part of the Matthew-Passion, blending more euphoniously and expressively the instrumental and the human voices, seizing more readily significant modulations and figures, better sustaining Bach's long tonal lines, better ordering his tonal conclusions. Of course, he missed not a few of the revealing and enhancing touches that the imagination of his former chief would have given the music; but on the whole he was surprisingly and steadily eloquent with it. In fact, there is good ground for the suspicion that were Mr. Schmidt to let himself go somewhat more and work himself and the orchestra somewhat harder, he might prove a more engrossing conductor than he now seems.

As the conductor better led his five hundred, so were the airs better sung. Miss Hinkle, for example, was in full command of the silvery flow, the ethereal quality of those upper tones in which much of her music lay; Mme. Alcock had discovered that a meditative and mourning Bach is not necessarily of lugubrious voice; while Mr. Witherspoon summoned back a measure of resonance to his bass tones and a measure of expressiveness to his phrasing and coloring. Similarly the speedier and freer tempi of the conductor heightened Mr. Murphy's and Mr. Werrenrath's eloquence in the declamation of which they are now the acknowledged masters in American concert-halls and which is a unique speech of tones in the graphic power of its simple inflection, its naked

progress. Musorgsky heard in vision such a speech uniting the pliancy and precision of human utterance with the vivifying power of music. And lo! a hundred and fifty years before, John Sebastian Bach, cantor to the church of St. Thomas in Leipzig, had achieved it. Like the solo-singers, the orchestra seemed newly stimulated as a body and in individuals. Mr. Maquarre excelled himself in the transparency and the fluidity of his tone in many a passage for solo flute; Mr. Longy and the little masters of oboes and English horns sitting around him exhausted the timbres of their instruments and their own artistry in the diversity and significance of tone they gave to their music; while with Mr. Witek in many measures for solo violin, beauty of line and warmth of expression went hand in hand. The whole orchestra—or rather the two orchestras—outdid themselves in the luminous clarity with which they wove Bach's instrumental patterns, especially when they are as intricate and characterized as in the Choral Fantasia at the end of the first part, in their response to the many moods of the music, in their sense of the variety of color, the range of inflection that Bach draws with endless imagination and resource alike from the strings and reeds of his restricted band.

Inevitably, however, and the more under the favoring circumstances of the day, the chorus outshone all the other forces. Like the Symphony Orchestra on last Friday and Saturday, so now the Symphony Chorus proved that its abilities and loyalties depend not upon the presence or the absence of one man, however able and admired. There it was in great black and white circle in full numbers and full zeal, disposed even, as the event proved, to outdo itself. Not before has it given such proof of the upsoaring loveliness, yet steadily full-bodied, of its soprano tone. Not before, however numerous the ensemble, however multifold the music, have the voices of the tenors rung so bright and full, have the tones of the basses sounded so richly, moved so amply; while now as vibrant underbody and again as deep and lustrous surface were the voices of the alto choir. Not only in the choral virtues, like precision, fluidity, balance, just emphases, that practice may instill, but in those larger, finer choral attributes that training may foster but that are born of musical insight, imagination, poise and zest, the choir excelled even its past accomplishment. In the chorales, as it sang them, majesty and beauty went side by side in a commingled speech as noble to the imagination as it was sensuously glowing to the ear. In the choral interjections into the narrative, it struck both musical and dramatic fire, with the power of many voices as in the passionate outcry of one. The chorus of the beginning scaled even Bach's heights of the grandeurs and the

alifornia. I am sending the sublime thinking it might be of uses of The readers. It is always a duty and the do what I can to stimulate, which research. of more than mental endowments necessary to the sustained and unbiased mind. It is a masterpiece and rare reasoning and as it may seem, imagination and upon comes in handy. It is the orchestra, the history and geography involved, and a knowledge of the habits of the people on both played full in solving baffling H. T. P.

ascinating study and always regarded, but it must be gradually becoming a profession. Even so, the look upon one delving history as being afflicted mental malady to be face-

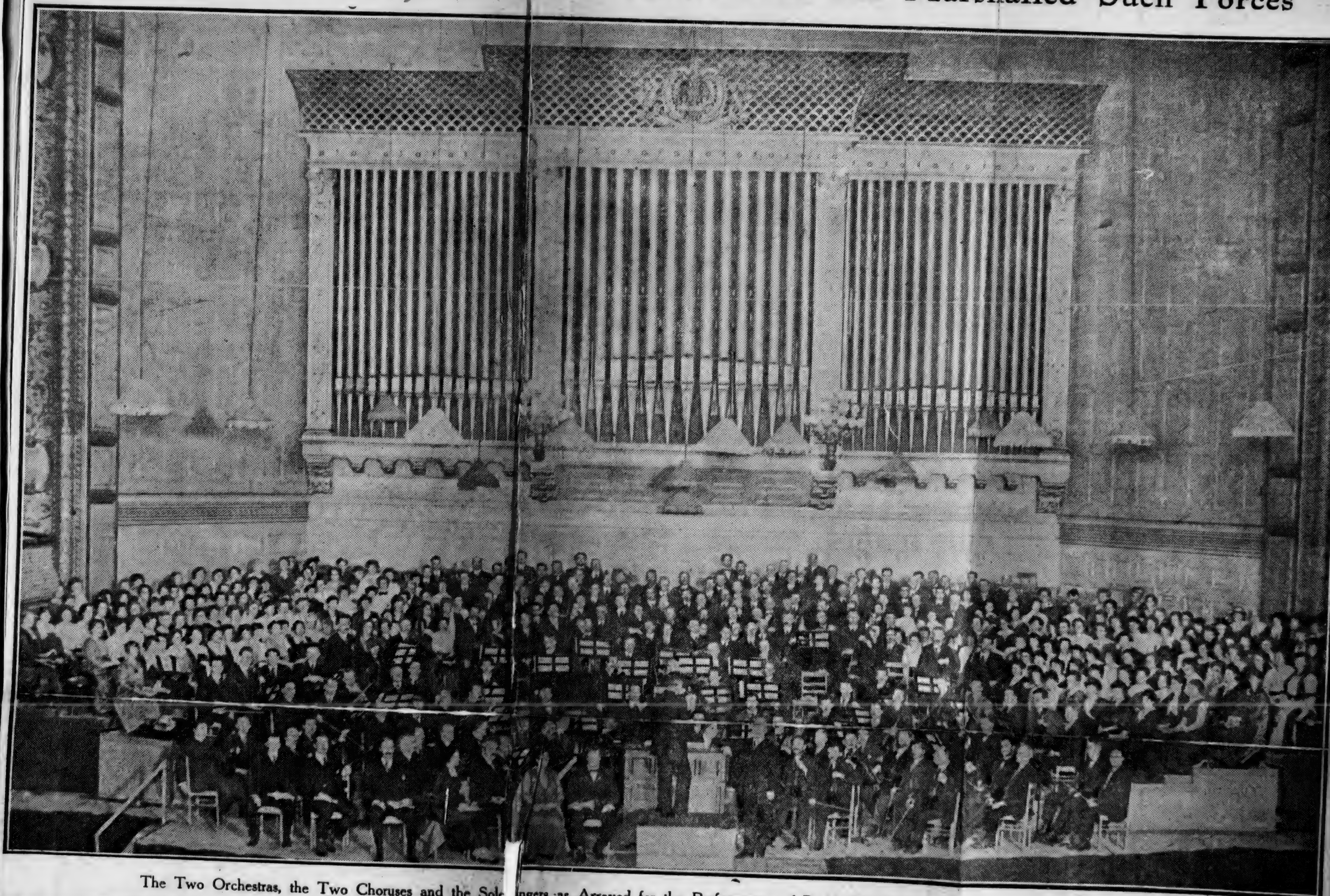
search is inspired by generally to qualify for in patriotic and Revolutionary well as Colonial organic rights of descent incentives are family to prove the right to writer's notion the most surprising how many studying their pedigree of establishing a se elusive fortunes.

anything, genealogy, no et, is a harmless hobby, ntly handled no end of ndered on it. But why anyone making a sincere ancestry, even if it is purpose than idle curi-

alts that will be of last-all concerned, serious-scientiously adhered to, tant. Of course, it is ter illustrious ancestors to disregard or ignore out to discard the latter former without sound by reliable authority, s reasons, and in many only a question of time line of descent will be abt.

otes, beginners should e title of volume, au- te number. By so do- me, occasioned by re- will be avoided. hat there are not more genealogists in the field the work for the love or pecuniary considera- ting out this type of useful and more or less

Muck's Last Rehearsal -- Never Before Has He Marshalled Such Forces



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emotions of choral song. The Choral-Fantasia of the end of the first part mingled the ineffable beauty of the tonal tapestry with the poignancy of mood that weaves it. In a year, Mr. Townshead's singers may stand beside Siegfried Ochs's in the Berlin of old, Sir H. Wood's in London, the choirs of Petrograd and Moscow. It is good news indeed that in present intention the Boston Symphony Chorus will work beside the Boston Symphony Orchestra next year.

Under these bettered and more stimulating conditions of performance, the music of The Matthew-Passion stood forth in ampler glories and deeper impression than even a week ago when, as it seemed, the pages of an ancient score were opened in new revelation to modern ears and in a different emotion, doubtless, from that which the congregations of St. Thomas experienced. Even when the music seems most of another form and substance, of another time and sensation, as in some of the meditative airs and as occasionally in the declamation, of a sudden, as in the pictures of the Italian primitives, comes a stroke of line, a play of color that seizes the ear, pierces the mind, melts the heart with its loveliness of voice, its truth of emotion. The better twentieth-century perceptions and sensibilities know the music, even though it be in no more than the repetition of yesterday, the more does it stir them and what has seemed but ancient idiosyncrasy half-impotent, because in the moment perennial and puissant. In those primitive pictures of Florence and Siena, often when the subject is the Annunciation, a pencil of golden light shines through the door of Mary's chamber, illuminating the whole. So yesterday, alike in orchestra and voices, such radiance and by as seemingly simple means shone out of the music in like glamor of tone and aura of emotion.

These painters of the thirteenth and the fourteenth centuries in Italy or in Flanders were men who had not to summon out of will and imagination the religious emotion, the devout moods, the spiritual ardors with which they suffused their pictures. Not a few of them had only to look in their hearts and paint. They painted, and the beauty that they so visioned and set on canvas, the emotion that they so released and transferred abides all the changes of the centuries, overcomes every limitation, every poverty, as it now seems, of their medium, means, procedure. In measure of analogy, it is so with this later Matthew-Passion—a "primitive," after all, in music—of Bach. Treat him as pure artist as much as we moderns do, yet underlying and animating much of this artistry—nay, all the artistry of these Passions of Matthew and of John—are the workings, the emanations of a truly religious, a spiritually devout man. Great musician Bach was by the agreement of all subsequent ages, but not as mu-

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BOSTON EVENING TRANSCRIPT, WEDNESDAY, MARCH 27, 1918

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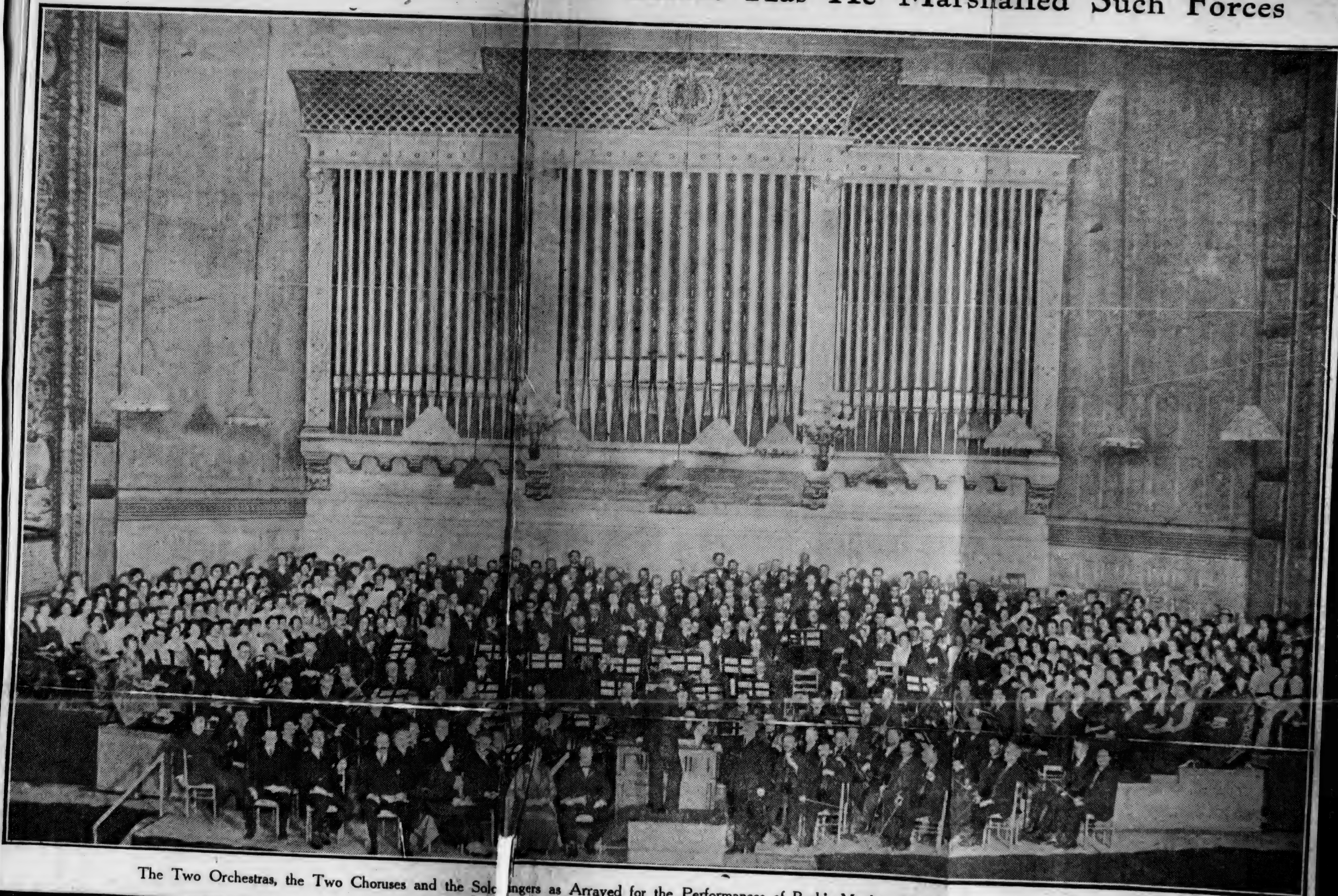
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19-1

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Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1917--18.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

Dr. KARL MUCK, Conductor.

NINETEENTH PROGRAMME

FRIDAY, MARCH 29, AT 2.30 P. M.

SATURDAY, MARCH 30, AT 8 P. M.

CHERUBINI,

OVERTURE to "Les Abencérages"

MOZART,

CONCERTO for Clarinet

- I. Allegro.
 - II. Adagio.
 - III. Rondo; Allegro.
- [First time at these concerts]

RAMEAU,

BALLET SUITE

- a) Musette
 - b) Rigaudon, Menuet, Rigaudon } from "Acanthe et Céphise"
 - c) Menuet, dans le goût de vièle, from "Platée"
 - d) Gavotte, from "Acanthe et Céphise"
- (Arranged by Hermann Kretzschmar)

SCHUMANN,

SYMPHONY in B flat major, No. 1, op. 38

- I. Andante un poco maestoso; Allegro molto vivace.
- II. Larghetto
- III. Scherzo: Molto vivace. Trio I. Molto più vivace. Trio II.
- IV. Allegro animato e grazioso.

Soloist:

Mr. ALBERT SAND

ERNST SCHMIDT, Conductor.

19TH CONCERT OF SYMPHONY

Herald — *Mar. 30 '18*
Mozart Composition Is
Featured by Orchestra—
Schmidt Conductor

PROGRAM WILL BE
REPEATED TONIGHT

By PHILIP HALE

The 19th concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows: Cherubini, Overture to "Les Abencerages"; Mozart, Clarinet Concerto (first time at these concerts); Rameau, Ballet Suite; Schumann, Symphony in B-flat Major No. 1. Mr. Schmidt conducted.

Mr. Sand, the first clarinet of the orchestra, is the second to play a solo at these concerts. Mr. Strasser played Weber's Concertino in E-flat early in 1884. The oboe, flute and horn have been heard as solo instruments, but the wind choir, as a rule, has not been largely represented in this manner. Years ago the bassoon in many European orchestras insisted on the privilege. Many of us have heard the trombone play "with great expression" Stigelli's "Tear" or some other sentimental ditty.

Mozart wrote this concerto two months and a few days before his death. He wrote it for a famous clarinetist, Anton Stadler, who, outside of his ability as a virtuoso, was not a desirable or a restful companion. He was a toss-pot, a loose-liver, and he had a trick of borrowing money and not repaying it. Mozart, who was very poor, was fascinated by him, enjoying his animal spirits, his jests that set the tavern table in a roar. He lent him money. He wrote for Stadler this concerto and the clarinet quintet.

The concerto is an amiable bit of music. Mozart wrote it in a day. No doubt he could have easily written one each day of the week, so that Stadler could have had one for daily use, as some men possess a case of seven razors. The music has all the Mozartean flavor. It is suave, graceful, spontaneous, with the slight tinge of melancholy in certain pages that one finds even in joyous scenes of "Le Nozze di Figaro" and "The Magic Flute"; an in-

consequential piece on the whole. A Sand played the concerto expressively. His tone was agreeable; his mechanism was fluent and polished. The audience was greatly pleased.

The other compositions do not call for comment. Cherubini's overture and the charming music of Rameau were played last season. Schumann's Symphony is perhaps too familiar.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The program of the concerts next week will be as follows: Dvorak, Symphony "From the New World"; Debussy, Nocturne "Nuages" (In Memoriam); Charpentier, Suite "Impressions of Italy."

ORCHESTRA FEELS DR. MUCK'S ABSENCE

Adv. — *Mar. 30 '18*
Ernst Schmidt Conducts Symphony Concert Ably,
However

WARM WELCOME
TO NEW LEADER

Mozart's Concerto for Clarinet
Rendered by
Albert Sand

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

Mr. Schmidt conducts. Mr. Albert Sand, soloist.

PROGRAMME.

Cherubini, "Les Abencerages" Overture.

Mozart, Concerto for Clarinet,

Mr. Albert Sand, soloist.

Rameau, Ballet Suite.

Schumann, First Symphony, B-flat.

By LOUIS C. ELSON.

Astyanax could not swing the sword of Hector; Mr. Ernst Schmidt can scarcely swing the baton of Dr. Muck. Yet all credit must be given to him for the manner in which he has taken control of the great orchestra in the sudden emergency caused by the arrest of Dr. Muck. The programme of yesterday afternoon at Symphony Hall was, however, so entirely conservative that he scarcely had a list better adapted for the conductor used to orchestral routine. Even Schumann has become conservative in these ultra-modern

ys. Not one of the numbers called for larger forces than the regular "classical orchestra."

Nevertheless we felt that the great conductor would have put more dramatic power, certainly more elasticity, into Cherubini's overture. That old Italian was able to give powerful effects without employing large forces, and he used strong contrasts on occasion. But why is his best overture, "The Water-Carrier," altogether shelved? We would have preferred it to "Les Abencerages." The direct and melodic touches made their due effect, however, and the overture won much applause. And Mr. Schmidt was greeted with considerable warmth when he came to the conductor's stand, a tribute which must at once have put him at ease.

We can scarcely understand why Mr. Sand chose Mozart's clarinette concerto for the display of his instrument. Mozart was, to be sure, the father of symphonic clarinette-playing. He first introduced the instrument into symphony in 1788, and he added most important clarinette touches to Handel's "Messiah." Handel himself, by the way, once used the clarinette in his "Richard I." but discarded it as an impracticable instrument, which it was in his time. Mozart, although fond of the instrument, did not realize its possibilities, nor did even Beethoven. They knew but little of the spectral color which is attainable in its lower register—the Chalumeau—and failed to bring out its wonderful contrasts. It was Weber and Mendelssohn who first really comprehended its possibilities, and possibly because they were both intimate with the greatest clarinette player of the world, the grandfather of the late Professor Baermann. So that Mendelssohn's Scotch symphony presented the first really great use of clarinette, and one of Weber's clarinette concertos would have been more striking than the Mozart composition given yesterday afternoon.

But there were touches in the work that were more modern than Mozart. The cadenzas and some of the embellishments brought the

full capacity of the instrument, the king of the woodwind, into play, and Mr. Sand's execution was something to grow enthusiastic over. Greater flexibility could not be imagined, and the straightforward, symmetrical form had its peculiar charm. Mr. Sand was recalled three times at the close of the work, and his playing richly deserved the tribute.

The Rameau Ballet Suite took us back to an epoch when music was not written to be puzzled over, but to please. Rameau, by the way, imagined that in his epoch (first half of the eighteenth century) music had come to the end of all possible combinations. "There is nothing new to say," he exclaimed (in 1722), "music is moribund." Nevertheless a few rather famous masters came after that time. The suite is daintily orchestrated by Kretschmar and is full of a naive charm. It is the kind of music which both musician and non-musician can unite in enjoying, a charming compromise between the classical and popular. It contained some excellent oboe and bassoon work, both favorite instruments for "obbligato" at the time it was written, and these passages were exquisitely played in yesterday's concert. We might have craved a little more Gallic elasticity in its movements, but it was all very agreeable and evidently appreciated.

Schumann's best symphony came as a benediction to a concert easy to play and easy to comprehend. This was the work that Schumann wrote in his exuberant joy after his marriage to Clara Wieck, and he always wrote best when he was happiest. What triumph there is in the first and last movements! What tenderness in the Larghetto, and how well the trombones played the noble transition at its end into the piquant Scherzo! One can only wonder that the English were so long deaf to its glorious beauties. It was excellently read and executed. Mr. Schmidt was at his best in the reading of this symphony.

If Dr. Muck had foreseen his absence from the orchestra he could not have arranged a better program to sit lightly upon the shoulders of his successor.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT

Trans. — Mch. 30/18

PRESENT SIGNS OF AUSPICIOUS FUTURE

Again the Orchestra Proves Itself an Institution and Mr. Schmidt Pleasures a Cordial Audience—In Novel Experience a Concerto for Clarinet—Old Music from Cherubini and Rameau and Schumann's Perennial Symphony of the Spring

EVEN more than at the exceptional choral concert of last Tuesday, the Symphony Orchestra, at its regular concert of yesterday afternoon, stood clear and firm, dependent on the abilities of no single man, upon the good or the ill will of any group in the community. Dr. Muck was, indeed, the ablest conductor it had ever known, carrying it to a pitch of technical perfection and imparting eloquence that before his time it had never attained; but another may succeed him, as Mr. Schmidt did on Friday, give pleasure to his hearers, and receive applause deservedly won by intelligent and expert handling of music and band. This or that company may decline to frequent the concerts from motives wholly extraneous to the quality of pieces or performance. Another may, for like reasons, the more assiduously seek them. Between, and for reliance, by every sign of Friday afternoon, stands the public that has supported the concerts in the past and that bids fair to support them in the future. Aside from the anticipated absences, on a holy day in many churches, the audience yesterday was of the usual numbers, interest, temper. To the casual eye, it seemed nearly to fill the hall, while in the unreserved second balcony and with no noted "soloist" for "drawing" power, it was hardly less than on any afternoon of the musical year.

These are, indeed, happy auguries for a future which should now be the chief concern of both those who direct the affairs of the orchestra and those who week after week and year and year sit before it. A chapter in its history is definitely closed, as it was, for example, when Mr. Gerike finally departed. For months, it has been evident that Dr. Muck could not be prudently continued as conductor in the face of the recurring attacks and counterattacks over him. To do so would have jeopardized, was jeopardizing, the morale of the orchestra and of its public. Outside hands have now removed Dr. Muck, definitively, to another place and Mr. Schmidt, eager to fulfill his task to the best of his ability, will conclude the work of the year and season to come. It is absurd to say, as some extremists are saying, that there is no

conductor in the United States, England, Italy, worthy to be trusted with the Symphony Orchestra, able to maintain its standards and prestige. For four years Mr. Fiedler, for four years Mr. Paur led that orchestra and the public found pleasure in its concerts, gave them hearty support. In all fact and reason are not Mr. Stock, Mr. Stokowski, even Mr. Gabriłowitsch, in America, Sir Henry Wood and Sir Thomas Beecham in England, Mr. Toscanini in Italy, Mr. Ysaye may be, quite as able to conduct the Symphony Concerts and sustain the quality of them as were Mr. Fiedler or Mr. Paur? So long as the orchestra abides, able and interesting conductors will not be lacking for it. So long as it abides, by the signs of present and past, a pleased public will not be wanting to the concerts, here and in other cities. Unless wisdom—or better, plain common sense—close its eyes and shut its ears, one of the chief glories, local, national, international, of the arts in general, of music in particular, is not to be consumed even by the heats of a "world war." The orchestra, still intact and in full mettle, is the foundation of the Symphony Concerts; the conductor, whoever he may be, is only the capstone.

Clear token of these things were the interest, the pleasure, the satisfaction of the audience in Mr. Schmidt and the orchestra, in the chosen pieces and the performance of them, in Mr. Sand, the first clarinet of the band and the ablest clarinetist it has known since Mr. Pourteau's time, as "soloist" of the afternoon. Concertos for wind-instruments are rare nowadays in symphony concerts anywhere; not since 1884 has such a piece been heard from the Boston orchestra. Perhaps Mr. Damrosch set the precedent, when he proposed the Concerto of yesterday—Mozart's in A major—to the clarinetist of his own band; but, whereas Mr. Langner in New York played only two movements, Mr. Sand played it, as the blessed words go, "in entirety." As the event proved, the music is neither long drawn nor uninteresting. The first Allegro runs brightly, in sprightly play of amiable melodies, animated figure and "passage-work," artful opportunity for the skill and taste of the player. The Adagio is suavely flowing song, touched with gentle, musing sentiment, opening, sustaining the voice of the clarinet as ears are most accustomed to hear it in the orchestral ensemble. The final Rondo runs yet more lightly and smilingly than the other Allegro and again spurs the fluency and the aptness of the clarinetist. Descending from his place in the wind-choir, as becomes a "soloist" from its ranks and heartily applauded by both orchestra and audience, Mr. Sand exemplified not only the range and quality of the clarinet, as the Concerto discloses them, but his own command of the intricate and exacting virtuosity of lips, breath and fingers peculiar to reed instruments, the suavity, pliancy and color

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of his tone, his readiness in fleet and changeable measures, his just sense of sustained instrumental song. More heartily even than they had received him, orchestra and audience clapped him back to his place.

Before and after this Concerto of Mozart stood other pieces of ancient music to pleasure hearers still more and to confirm the impression both here and abroad that the years of the war have quickened general liking for it, perhaps because its relative calm and elegance make such contrast to the excitements and turbulences of the hour. One of these pieces was Cherubini's overture to his Moorish and martial opera, "The Abencerrages," dated indeed 1813, in the years of a composer who did not die until 1842, but still, within a certain magnitude of voice, intrinsically eighteenth-century music in twentieth-century ears. It is so by clarity as well as orthodoxy of form, by largeness of period and stateliness of march, by air of controlled yet fluent power, by plain token, with all the energy of the music, of the "grand manner." Sometimes, it is easy to fancy that had Händel flourished at the beginning of the nineteenth, instead of the beginning of the eighteenth century, he would have written overtures rather in the manner of those of Cherubini that conductors still play. To this day the sonorous voice, the ample progress, the measured mood, yet not without character or energy, of the Franco-Italian in these pieces for the opera house stir the ear and heart, especially in the rich-toned, amply paced performance that Mr. Schmidt and the orchestra gave to it. The stripped sinews of the music, in comparison with the thick or the prickly harmonies of our day hold and stimulate the hearer.

Of the "grand manner" also, still stately but more gentle and gracious, and of like bare sonorities were the succeeding Suite of dances, first resurrected last season, from pages of Rameau's "Acanthe et Céphise" and "Platée"—a Musette, a Rigadoon once repeated, two Minuets and a Gavotte. "Acanthe and Céphise" was an "heroic pastoral"; "Platée," a "ballet bouffon" of a jealous Juno; but none of these eighteenth-century classifications much alters twentieth-century anticipation of such ballet-music before the wistfulness and the sweetness of Gluck began to penetrate it. Rameau draws his pattern in large lines, even when he chooses to be playful as in the Rigadoon or merry as in the Gavotte. He hears, feels the individual voice of his instruments and is prone to use them in solo-quality. His dance rhythms are as full of measured vigor, as devoid of mere tripping prettiness as those of Bach him-

self. By inclination and habit, a Minuet persuades him to grave harmonies and dignified march even though it courts the stringy voice of the vanished hurdy-gurdy that in his time was called a *vièle*. By like leaning, custom and necessity, no doubt, for a composer with his living to earn in the Paris of Louis XV, Rameau writes also in the operas and ballets, of which these dances are as samples, a courtly, almost a ceremonial music. Behind these Minuets of mythology crackle brocades; powder flies, fans shake in the Gavotte; the Rigadoon smiles elegantly. Our present and retrospective pleasure is of a manner as well as of a matter—the more when the Symphony Orchestra rhythms and polishes these dances.

The contrasting end of the concert was Schumann's symphony in B-flat major, No. 1, Op. 38, as the programme formally averred, but that a whole admiring world, more human, knows as the symphony of the coming of the spring. After three ancient classics, all intrinsically an indoor music, this symphony of bright skies, fresh airs, a blossoming world of river and hillside, of the joy of living—music of keen romantic sensation, of glowing romantic utterance from first note to final double bar. Descant as the over-exacting do, of Schumann's tendency to write for the orchestra as he would for the piano; complain as they may of the limitations of a composer who found it difficult sometimes to think and write in the terms of many instrumental voices; regret this and that not quite "professional" in the procedure and the progress of the symphony, yet Schumann's moods in it and the voice of those moods have conquered for it and made it a universal music. In the motives, so quick to broaden, warm and deepen into melodies of eager and exultant song, in the ardent periods, the glowing ejaculations, the onrush of impulsive sensation, the lingering of caressing mood, the sheer zest of rhythm and modulation, speak as in hardly any other music the springtime stirrings, old as the world and the race, new as this morning, of man and the nature that in this vernal day now whips, now toys with him. Schumann had barely turned his thirties when he wrote this symphony "in B-flat major" and all the rest. He could still write out of full romantic spirit, in free romantic speech—orthodox as he may have tried to be with the example of Mendelssohn before him—his music of youth, of the youth of the world of nature and of men's hearts beating to it in renewal of annual miracle. It was possible to wish Mr. Schmidt more fire, more elasticity with the symphony; but his wind choir, above all the others, kept Schumann's voice ringing.

H. T. P.

SCHMIDT AT HELM WITH SYMPHONY

Violinist Conducts Orchestra in Place of

Dr. Muck

Post ———— Mch. 30/18

BY OLIN DOWNES

Cherubini's overture to "Les Abencerrages," Mozart's A major concerto for clarinet and orchestra, ballet music by Rameau and Schumann's "Spring" symphony made the programme of the Boston Symphony Orchestra yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. Ernst Schmidt conducted.

BRILLIANT PERFORMANCE

The orchestral performances were brilliant. Schumann's symphony appeared as the appropriate harbinger of warmth and sunshine, and never a composer rejoiced more whole-heartedly at such a prospect than Schumann. The pulse of spring, its languor, its accumulating energy, are in this music.

A clarinet concerto is an uncommon thing in these days. Mozart's work is brimful of melody, particularly the slow movement, and it was excellently played by Mr. Sand, who was warmly applauded.

The overture of Cherubini is a stirring and dramatic piece, and it would be difficult to imagine anything more charming and piquant than the arrangement of music by Rameau played yesterday.

The glories of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, which is not an orchestra that depends on any one living conductor for either its reputation or its efficiency, were again displayed. The audience applauded heartily, and rose to its feet during the playing of the national anthem.

Mch. 30. Symphony Concert 1918

Specially for The Christian Science Monitor

BOSTON, Mass.—In Symphony Hall on Friday afternoon, the Boston Symphony Orchestra presented its nineteenth program, with Albert Sand, clarinetist, appearing in a solo number. The selections comprised Cherubini's "Abencerrages" overture, Mozart's concerto for clarinet and orchestra, Rameau's ballet suite, arranged by Kretzschmar, and Schumann's first symphony in B flat major.

The pieces chosen for this program are among the easier ones of the repertory, being the kind generally used at Boston Symphony Orchestra concerts for filling in the spaces around heavy numbers. Very often it has happened in recent seasons that such pieces have been played in a spirit of more or less careless improvisation. Schumann symphonies have even been played in a spirit of something like contempt.

As far as the performance of Friday afternoon was concerned, the condescending manner was absent. The simply scored "Abencerrages" overture and the judiciously arranged ballet suite from the old French works, "Acante" and "Platée," were played seriously.

Too seriously, did a listener here and there in the audience think? They were, indeed, played with needlessly large sonority, their thin instrumentation considered. But the protesting listener would only have to remind himself of what the training of the orchestra has been for the past 10 years, to understand that superfluity of tone in its performance of old-school music is inevitable. Under the artistic discipline that has characterized the institution of late, little fishes must talk like whales; Cherubini and Rameau must sound like Bruckner and Strauss.

The performance of Mr. Sand in the clarinet concerto was exquisite in technical finish and persuasive in expression. The interpretation of the Schumann symphony was brilliant in execution and truthful in its setting forth of Schumann's moods.

Dr. Muck and the Symphony

Basis of Orchestra Secure Without Famous Leader

Post

March 31/18

Questions are asked as to the future of the Boston Symphony Orchestra for the remainder of this season and next, since Dr. Muck has been arrested under Section 12 of the alien enemy act. There seems to be a fear that with Dr. Muck gone the Boston Symphony Orchestra may not feel on as secure a musical basis as in the past.

There should be no apprehension on this point. There has been the mistaken impression on the part of some people that Dr. Muck made the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Dr. Muck did not make the Boston Symphony Orchestra. The Boston Symphony Orchestra made Dr. Muck, made him a greater conductor than he ever was before he came here, made a very material increase in his prestige and reputation, both here and abroad. The Boston Symphony Orchestra, under its present very able and upright management, has brought to Boston a number of conductors just as great as Dr. Muck.

The man who made the Boston Symphony Orchestra was Mr. Wilhelm Gericke, and since Mr. Gericke left Boston, a much under-estimated man, the orchestra has remained one of the leading orchestras of the world, though its

excellence and tonal beauty under Mr. Gericke in the last years of his conductorship has never been excelled since.

It takes many years of patient labor to make a symphony orchestra of the quality of the Boston band. An orchestra is the result of the slow perfecting and welding today of its component parts. The component parts of the Boston Symphony Orchestra are skilled instrumentalists who have been chosen with great care from all musical centres, and have been combined into a wonderfully efficient and artistic organization.

A number of able and brilliant leaders, even in these days of the war, may be found to lead the Boston Symphony in a manner worthy of its traditions. The men will not be lacking, for every conductor in the world would recognize his good fortune if invited to fill such a distinguished post. And, after the events of the preceding week, it is quite safe to say that no future conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra will, after accepting the position, risk losing it or the loss of his personal reputation by privately or publicly running counter to the decisions and laws of the United States government.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, "expression and the symbol of the artistic ideals and standards of Boston, the treasured inspiration of thousands of music-lovers of this city, must and will endure, long after Dr. Muck has been forgotten."

As the primary object of the parade is to unite the citizens of alien birth Boston. Sent in the population of Greater up of various nationalities. Four last divisions, which were composed of Orchestra here and there, except for the duration, with a special leadership were composed of various troops. Ga. was the United States government officials at Washington, has been a prisoner at the jail in Cambridge, Mass., for a greater part of the time since his arrest at his home in this city on March 25.

is determined to go "over the top" in BOSTON, Mass.—That New England Get Early Start New England Cities and Towns have been somewhat in dealing with Dr. Muck, and his wife and several personal friends have been allowed to see him frequently. He has been permitted to consult a lawyer, although no court proceedings are possible under article 12 of the proclamation of President Wilson, under which Dr. Muck was arrested.

Symphony Hall.



DR. KARL MUCK, FEDERAL PRISONER, AND HIS WIFE

Dr. Muck and the Symphony

Basis of Orchestra Secure Without Famous Leader

Post

Mar. 31/18

Questions are asked as to the future of the Boston Symphony Orchestra for the remainder of this season and next, since Dr. Muck has been arrested under Section 12 of the alien enemy act. There seems to be a fear that with Dr. Muck gone the Boston Symphony Orchestra may not feel on as secure a musical basis as in the past.

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SWISS INQUIRY IN CASE OF DR. MUCK

WASHINGTON, D. C.—The Swiss Government, through Minister Sulzer, today inquired of the State Department the United States Government's reasons for the internment of Dr. Karl Muck, who is technically a Swiss citizen, although of German birth.

Apr. 6/18

Specially for The Christian Science Monitor

BOSTON, Mass.—Dr. Karl Muck, former leader of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, whose internment for the duration of the war at Ft. Oglethorpe, Ga., was decided upon on Friday by the United States government officials at Washington, has been a prisoner at the jail in Cambridge, Mass., for a greater part of the time since his arrest at his home in this city on March 25.

excellence and tonal beauty under Mr. Gerlicke in the last years of his conductorship has never been excelled since.

It takes many years of patient labor to make a symphony orchestra of the quality of the Boston band. An orchestra is the result of the slow perfecting and welding today of its component parts. The component parts of the Boston Symphony Orchestra are skilled instrumentalists who have been chosen with great care from all musical centres, and have been combined into a wonderfully efficient and artistic organization.

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In the past 10 days he has been subjected to two examinations by representatives of the Department of Justice in this city, including United States Attorney Thomas J. Boynton, and his assistants Judd Dewey and Daniel A. Shea. On both occasions he was brought to the Federal Building from the jail and after each interview he seemed less confident of his release, although his friends, on the morning after his arrest, declared that he would be a prisoner for only a few days.

The federal officials have been somewhat lenient in dealing with Dr. Muck, and his wife and several personal friends have been allowed to see him frequently. He has been permitted to consult a lawyer, although no court proceedings are possible under article 12 of the proclamation of President Wilson, under which Dr. Muck was arrested.

Symphony Hall.



DR. KARL MUCK, FEDERAL PRISONER, AND HIS WIFE

28-1 309

Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1917--18.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

TWENTIETH PROGRAMME

FRIDAY, APRIL 5, AT 2.30 P. M.

SATURDAY, APRIL 6, AT 8 P. M.

DVOŘÁK,

SYMPHONY No. 5, in E minor, "From the New
World." ("Z Novecho Sveta,") op. 95

- I. Adagio; Allegro molto
 - II. Largo
 - III. Scherzo
 - IV. Allegro con fuoco
-

DEBUSSY,

NOCTURNE, No. 1. "Nuages" ("Clouds")
(Died in Paris, March 26, 1918)

CHARPENTIER,

ORCHESTRAL SUITE, "Impressions of Italy"

- I. Serenade
 - II. At the Fountain
 - III. On Muleback
 - IV. On the Summits
 - V. Naples
-

ERNST SCHMIDT, Conductor

FAMILIAR MUSIC BY SYMPHONY

Dvorak's 'New World'
Again Enjoyed by
Audience

Post Apr. 6/18

BY OLIN DOWNES

Dvorak's "New World" symphony; the movement, "Nuages," from Debussy's Nocturnes for Orchestra, and Charpentier's charming pieces, "Impressions d'Italie" made the programme of the concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall.

DVORAK'S EXUBERANCE

It was a programme for the greater part, of familiar and delightful music. Dvorak's symphony keeps its freshness and naivete, and the exquisite poetry of the slow movement. The American or near-American tunes employed, including the fragment of "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot," are pleasing in themselves, and happily employed, but what makes the symphony fascinating is not the origin of its themes or anything else than the simple soul and the exuberant musical genius of Antonin Dvorak.

But the music of Debussy, who died last week—that, indeed, is music of incredible wonder. He surely never surpassed the poetry and originality of the early Nocturnes "Nuages"; The unchangeable appearance of the sky, with the slow and solemn march of clouds dissolving in a gray agony tinted with white." The suggestion of distance, of silence, of mysterious depths of sky is something which only Debussy could

have achieved. Every note of the piece is a stroke of genius.

Charpentier is another kind of artist, who finds delight in the scenes about him, who loves humanity and nature in the raw, who eagerly transcribes to his music paper that which he sees and hears. Melodious, piquant, full of color, vulgar, at times, with a natural and human vulgarity, this music fairly smells of the earth, and good, brown earth it is. The audience was much pleased with the programme and applauded warmly the conductor and orchestra.

SYMPHONY CONCERT

Globe Apr. 6/18

The Boston Symphony Orchestra gave the 20th Friday afternoon concert, again with Mr Schmidt conducting. Maj Higginson is fortunate in having within the ranks so able a man to call to the stand. It is such a time that reveals ability, its making or its lack.

Dvorak's "From the New World" symphony, Debussy's Nocturne No. 1, "Clouds," and Charpentier's suite, "Impressions of Italy," are works of sufficient divergence of school and style to test a conductor. While details could be found calling for greater polish, a finer nuance, lines asking greater breadth; while it is not conducting not to name as distinctive, there was character in what was played. There was the spirit of Dvorak in its child-like naivete and in that restive, tumultuous sweep which allies him with the Hungarian. The Debussy had atmosphere, and much tonal beauty if it also showed outlines at times too definite, music the more impressionistic vein of the late genius whom words fail to praise.

"The Impressions of Italy" reasonably were those of the ardent young prix de Rome whose imagination glowed in colors. The somber, passionate song of serenaders as cellists, now smouldering, now flaming, was finely phrased. Mr Ferir's repetition of the theme played off stage was characteristic of the supreme beauty of his tone and style. "At the Fountain" and "On Muleback," both pictorial in images, show by a comparison a sophomoric rhetoric in "The Summits." The brilliant closing in "Naples" was done with dash and color.

Mr Schmidt is meeting an emergency with a commendable manner and highly praiseworthy skill. His conducting during the days when he was called upon to substitute in the indisposition of his chief has not had the authority it had yesterday, and the spirited response from the men is now a thing to be remarked.

Next week the program will be: Dittersdorf, symphony in C; Chopin, 2d concerto (Miss Novaes, soloist); Grieg, suite for strings "From Holberg's Time"; Smetana, Symphonic Poem, "The Moldau."

SYMPHONY CONCERT IS MADE A SUCCESS

Ad. Apr. 6, 1918
Entirely an Orchestral Program and Is Particularly Pleasing to the Audience

By LOUIS C. ELSON.

PROGRAM.

Dvorak. "From the New World" Symphony.
Debussy. "Nuages." (In Memoriam.)
Charpentier. "Impressions of Italy," Suite.

Entirely orchestral, and without a Teutonic number. Such a list as at yesterday's Symphony concert at Symphony Hall puts a German conductor at a disadvantage, and the excellent reading of last week, in the Schumann Symphony, was scarcely attained. Nevertheless the American Symphony was finely interpreted, and made a success. Particularly praiseworthy was the English horn "obbligato" in the slow movement.

And this slow movement is the gem of the work, and goes deeper than the mere rhythmic effect of plantation music. It gives that sweet and tender melancholy which finds its voice in some of the religious music of the Afro-Americans, a real folk-music if ever there was one, and a school of music which we can safely call "American," for the negro would never have evolved it in Africa; it is the outcome of American circumstances and surroundings.

It would be unfair, however, to give Dvorak the entire credit of developing this school. Long before he came to the United States Mr. Chadwick had introduced the music of the plantation into symphony. But it required a foreigner to awaken us to the worth of such folk-melodies in classical forms, although one can here occasionally discover a Bohemian in the American wood-pile. Mr. Schmidt was twice recalled at the end of the work, and the orchestra was obliged to rise to acknowledge the applause.

DEBUSSY COMPOSITION.

It was appropriate, probably even necessary, to introduce a Debussy composition into the program to commemorate the death of one of the most important figures of present-day music. Debussy is most opportune as a protest against the grossness and the over-swollen style of Richard Strauss; he teaches a lesson also to those ultra-moderns who cannot create even a Sinfonietta without using up an hour, and an orchestra of the size of a small army.

"Nuages" ("Clouds") was a fairly typical piece to represent the delicate gossamer-web of this composer's work. The clouds were by no means the New England variety, and did not suggest rubbers, water-proofs and umbrellas, but were light and fleecy and ethereal, although melancholy. But Debussy demands something more than contrasts of "piano" and "forte," and almost inaudible "pianissimo," and this intangible and elastic quality we sometimes missed. The work is the first of a set of three nocturnes which Dr. Muck has already given us in these concerts.

Charpentier evidently enjoyed himself in Italy. His orchestral suite upon the subject is full of the "joie de vivre," that joy which every northern traveler feels when he first comes under the spell of southern Italy. Yet here we may make an exception; Richard Strauss when he pictured Naples mistook Denza's "Funicoli-Funicola" for a folk-song and proceeded to contrapuntalize it until no Neapolitan would have recognized his favorite ditty, a mingling of sauer-kraut and macaroni that was neither graphic nor artistic.

BOLD AND NOVEL.

Charpentier is bold and novel in the highest degree. He begins with a long melody entirely unison (violins chiefly), then the harps, picking their strings near the edge, give a mandoline effect, carrying on the serenade impression, and then a Cantilena on the viola that is essentially Italian. This last was

beautifully played by Mr. Ferir; only in Berlioz's "Childe Harold" has the viola such a striking role in symphony.

The oboe did most excellent work in the second movement—"At the Fountain"—a picture rather of charm and dignity than merely the rippling of waters. One could fancy the lithe maidens coming and going with their water jars. Then a picture of the muleteers driving their beasts, and a pretty little love-song, in simple thirds, excellently given by two flutes. Bird Carols and distant chimes blended in the gladsome sketch of "On the Heights of Sorrento," the fourth movement, a Jubilee of Summer and of Happiness.

But in the Finale the Animal spirits were of a wilder sort, and, while we acknowledge that Naples is sometimes as rollicking as this (say on the Festival of the Virgin), as Wolf-Ferrari gives it in the first act of "The Jewels of the Madonna," still the wild revelry could not but suggest the morning after, when an orange and a few kind words would be all that the patient would care for.

SYMPHONY PAYS DEBUSSY HONOR

Herald — Apr. 6, 1918
Late Composer Pointed the
Way to a Host of
Later Writers

OTHER SELECTIONS PLEASE AUDIENCE

By PHILIP HALE

The 20th concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. Mr. Schmidt conducted. The program was as follows: Dvorak's "New World" Symphony; Debussy, Nocturne No. 1, "Clouds"; Charpentier, Impressions of Italy.

"Clouds" was played in memory of Claude Debussy, who died on March 26. A few years ago it was whispered that

he was suffering from cancer. It was recently announced that a sojourn in the south had bettered his condition.

In Chicago the orchestra played the first two Nocturnes in his memory. It is a question which one of his orchestral compositions would best illustrate his peculiar genius in a memorial service. There are some who say his indisputable genius shines brightest in his symphonic sketches, "The Sea." Would not "The Afternoon of a Faun" or "Iberia" be a fuller revelation? To us it seems that by these two compositions, the string quartet, some of the songs and piano pieces, "Pelleas and Melisande" he will be known by the generations to come. For Debussy's place among the immortals is assured. He was an innovator—there have been few in the history of music—not merely an accomplished developer. William Wallace in a remarkable book maintains that we are only on the threshold of the temple where the Muse is enthroned. There she waits patiently for her priests and worshippers. Debussy gave to musicians the keys to new chapels in this temple. For music lovers he broadened the horizon. His speech at first was strange to many. He suffered the fate of innovators; he was ridiculed, he was called a charlatan, a poseur—what was he not called? It was even said that he had no sense of form. He could afford to smile and pursue his own path.

He has suffered, too, from imitators, suffered in this respect with Wagner and Richard Strauss. Young composers, forgetting that Debussy triumphed in the Paris Conservatory, where the strictest forms of composition are inexorably taught, having themselves little technical equipment, have produced rapid, chaotic works. On the other hand, he has influenced the mighty of his generation. The French, the Italians, even certain Germans and Englishmen, write now far otherwise than they would if Debussy had not shown the way.

When the Nocturnes were first performed here, 14 years ago, they seemed mad babbling to the majority of the hearers, nor did the repetition in the same concert led by Mr. Lang change opinion. It is true that the two performances were not such as to reveal beauty. Nor is Mr. Schmidt the man to serve as Debussy's interpreter. But yesterday the music itself no longer seemed strange, perplexingly exotic.

Dvorak's melodious and strongly rhythmed symphony and the brilliant music of Charpentier pleased the audience.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The program of the concerts next week is as follows: Dittersdorf, Symphony in C; Chopin, Concerto in F minor, No. 2 (Guimaraes Novaes, pianist); Grieg, "From Holberg's Time," suite for strings; Smetana, symphonic poem, "The Moldau."

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT Trans. — Apr. 6, 1918 THREE COMPOSERS IN ENGAGING CONTRAST

Dvorak's Music of "The New World,"
Charpentier's "Impressions of Italy" and
Debussy's "Clouds" as the Programme
Neighbored Them and as the Years Sift
Them—Mr. Schmidt, His Orchestra and
His Audience

THE three pieces filling the concert of the Symphony Orchestra yesterday afternoon made interesting contrast each with each—Dvorak's one enduring symphony, "From the New World"; the first of Debussy's Nocturnes—"Clouds"—played to the memory of the composer, dead ten days ago, and Charpentier's suite, "Impressions of Italy," now reestablished after long desuetude (as President Cleveland used to say) in the active repertory of the band. An audience of the usual quality, but of rather less than the usual numbers, heard this music with every sign of a pleasure rising highest with the Bohemian's symphony, falling lowest with the Parisian's Nocturne. Especially in the upper balcony, where the seats are sold for the day, was the listening company sparse—a circumstance readily explainable by the absence of many students on spring holidays. From every quarter of the hall, however, came clear evidence of an honest encouraging cordiality toward Mr. Schmidt. He was applauded when he came to his place as conductor and when he left it; while at each pause in the symphony, the clapping waxed until at the end he was twice recalled and finally brought the orchestra to its feet.

All this was no more than just desert to leader and men, since Dvorak's frank and animated music lay well within his power, and the orchestra spared not in songful tone, bite of rhythm and transition and bright instrumental color. At the performance of The Matthew-Passion on Tuesday, there had been occasional and ominous signs of laxity in one or two of the choirs, as though one or another in them was careless of discipline and standards. Of this indifference hardly a trace remained yesterday. However difficult to follow Mr. Schmidt's beat may be, the orchestra returned him precision, pliancy and zeal. True, the Nocturne of Debussy went appreciably less well than it might and was relatively little clapped; for the intrinsic quality of such music somewhat evades the conductor's imagination, and he missed not a little of its

poetry of matter and subtlety of procedure. On the other hand, with Charpentier's suite came clear sailing, eager interest and warm applause again—the more, perhaps, because Mr. Schmidt caught well the broad speech and the clear inflections of the music and seldom halted its spirited progress by too slow a pace. As the circumstances of the day went, the audience of Friday afternoons is disposed to accept him, with reasonable content, as conductor for the remainder of the season.

Moreover, whatever the relative quality of performance with the three pieces, it did not materially lessen the agreeable contrasts that severally and collectively they afforded. Nearly twenty-five years after the first performance of Dvorak's symphony hardly any listener cares a pin whether negro folk song contributed to the character of the music, whether the voice of it is pure Czech, or whether, as is probably the golden mean of truth, the composer here and there distilled motives and progressions from the blacks through his own Bohemian individuality. Were it not for a dutifully reminding programme-book, scarcely a hearer nowadays would remember these ancient, withered controversies. As few, probably, meditated in the pauses of the symphony on the fact that a dozen years after Dvorak's death little of his music outside it, two or three overtures, an occasional concerto and a few chamber pieces abides in the active repertory of American concert-rooms. Yet Dvorak had uplaid no inconsiderable amount of musical baggage during a diligent lifetime. Recalling this sifting of the years, the reflective listener might speculate upon the "chances of life" (as the actuaries say) of such a music of instinct, practice, transparent voice and readily communicable mood as Dvorak wrote with those of so meditated, cultivated, subtle and evasive a music as that of the Debussy who in the chances of the programme neighbored him. It is possible to believe that more of the Parisian's pieces will be current in the active repertory of 1935 than of the Bohemian's in the like repertory of 1918.

For most ears, however, the progress of this "New World" symphony is sufficiently engrossing in itself. In immediate appeal and pleasure to the average listener not even Chaikovsky's "Pathetic" may now excel it. Quickly Dvorak expands his motives, into clear-voiced, full-bodied, freely flowing melodies. They are neither too sweet nor too austere; they fall not into many fragments, lose themselves in no intricate ramifications; progress, beat, modulation, color—all are vivid; there is no mistaking the mood and that mood is usually of instant, universal appeal. At bottom Dvorak was a common man with an inborn aptitude for music-making. As he was, so unconsciously he expressed himself, while the average ear, the average sensibilities to music make corresponding response to him. The pleasure that the usual audience

takes in the "New World" symphony is no caprice of the public taste, no compulsion of the achieving composer; it is only the common human tie that binds him and his hearers together. Above many a composer of far finer abilities, of ampler and longer enduring note, Dvorak has here written a universal music. Yet, to the imaginative and exacting connoisseur, prone to be over-superior with this symphony, it yields pleasures. Be it a Czech or a quasi-American music, from the slow movement still exhales glamor of longing, penetrating song, heard remote over vast, empty, solitary spaces, until they vibrate to the passion of this calling, calling that will not be sated or stayed. So again, the first movement, the scherzo, the finale sometimes leap and glow as with the spring of a native wildness that will not down, be it, again, of Bohemia or of America. Dvorak to the end was primitive man, who can bound as well as muse with his music.

Probably to that average hearer Charpentier's "Impressions of Italy" are nearly as frank and communicating a music. No ear may fall into confusions over the advancing and receding serenade of the first division, miss its Italian tang; while no very sharp imagination is necessary to discover in it the amorous mood that both caresses and bites. As clear are the processional progress and the tranquil vein—shepherd's song and the rest—of the second division. The succeeding movement is as frank of even rhythm and warm song, softened into twilight memories. The ensuing music of landscape and seascape in quivering expanse is broad, rich, glowing. The finale is almost nasal with Neapolitan song, strident with Neapolitan tumult and then, of a sudden, stilled and melancholy as with the great velvety expanse of sky and water in the crescent of the bay. Most imaginations, with perhaps a jog from the programme-book, may readily provide the slight Italian background that Charpentier's suite asks. Beyond peradventure, it is easily comprehensible, immediately likable music; yet in no wise does it engross the average ear as does Dvorak's symphony. By his very nature, the Bohemian wrote an intuitive, a quasi-inspired music, whereas the Parisian merely did a sound and capable job in these Italian memoranda in tones. Moreover, to the connoisseur, who has his pleasure in some of the finer strokes and wilder moods of Dvorak, Charpentier in this suite no less than in his music-dramas writes a somewhat coarse-fibred and obvious music, because it is his nature so to do. Such idiosyn-

crasy happens to heighten the mission of picture, character and passion in the abiding "Louise." To what degree it can vitiate the matter in hand was apparent in the nearly forgotten "Julien."

Far alike from the Dvorak of the "New World" symphony and the Charpentier of the "Impressions of Italy" is the Debussy of "Clouds." Perhaps no fitter memorial piece could have been chosen, unless Boston had still an opera house of its own and "Pelléas and Mélisande" were to retrace the stage; for the Nocturne is epitome of not a few characteristic traits in a composer that we of his generation like fondly to believe will in his best work endure the years and the change of likings of the sons and the daughters of men. As we of 1918 listened yesterday to a Dvorak and a Charpentier of the long vanished nineties so may they of 1935 hear a Debussy of the "Clouds," of "The Afternoon of a Faun," of "The Sea," "Iberia," "Gigues," with a like pleasure in which there is as little condescension to another time, another manner. The years work their will, wanton, invincible, but it is the happy illusion of us of middle age who have known and cherished Debussy's music almost from the beginnings, that they will not still it. Surely the low, penetrating, diaphanous, endlessly modulated tones of "Clouds," the softly eating rhythms, the harmonies that are as shadows upon the faint melodic line, the pale timbres, the new inflections (as they once seemed) that are as impulses of a new tonal imagination, the new articulations in strange groups, euphonies, dissonances are not a manner to become the mode to be imitated, to pass, but the self-expression of an individual spirit searching out and compassing its own characteristic idiom.

As surely in that spirit dwelt a poetic imagery releasing itself in music, finding there its characteristic speech, when out of this Nocturne, seeming so slender, still and slow, rise the vision of clouds, sailing the ether, melting into it, refashioning themselves as from their own vapors, changeable ever, softly luminous, caressing the eye, soothing the heart—a vision of dream in tones as filmy and iridescent. Few relatively are the ears and the sensibilities that take their pleasure in such an idiom and such a poetry beside the many which the comparative prose and platitude of Dvorak and Charpentier delight; but each generation, while it breeds its multitudes for them, breeds also its exceptions for a Debussy. For such as him, for such music as his, the flying years do leave a waxing residue of understanding, admiration, devotion.

H. T. P.

Symphony Concert Apr. 6/18
Specially for The Christian Science Monitor

BOSTON, Mass.—In Symphony Hall on Friday afternoon, the Boston Symphony Orchestra presented its twentieth program, which comprised Dvorák's "New World" symphony, Debussy's nocturne, "Images," and Charpentier's "Impressions of Italy."

The music was all performed in a clean and orderly manner. The Dvorák symphony was played with a careful attention to thematic exposition, pace, accent, climax and all other technical matters that gave music students an unusual opportunity. The second and third movements of this work were set forth in a spirit of illustration that could not fail to do analysts great good. For here could be seen what sort of folk melody lends itself to use in a sentimental largo and what sort to use in a lively scherzo.

The Charpentier suite, likewise, was performed with strict regard for structural points. It was outlined in a way to recall definitely to a listener those Eighteenth Century sets of dances on which its form is based. The descriptive titles of the sections, "At the Fountain" and "On the Summit," tended to revert to "Gavotte" and "Sarabande," or other such designations as Bach might have used. The historic background of the composition became discernible above its professed impressionism.

Of greater interest from the standpoint of interpretation was the performance of the nocturne, "Images," by Debussy, a work which is put together with such mastery that expression, whether the players are willing or not, stands out over form. This piece has only to be made to sound as written to say all that the composer meant it to say.

It is not, like an old-school composition, wholly at the mercy of those who present it. The ideas carry their persuasion in the scoring. They cannot be distorted, as can those of a work by Mozart or Mendelssohn, by too much sonority. The nocturne is modern music of the type which may be called self-interpretative.

Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1917--18.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

TWENTY-FIRST PROGRAMME

FRIDAY, APRIL 12, AT 2.30 P. M.

SATURDAY, APRIL 13, AT 8 P. M.

DITTERSDORF,

SYMPHONY in C major
(Arranged by Hermann Kretzschmar)

- I. Allegro molto
- II. Larghetto
- III. Menuetto I. Vivace. Menuetto II. Tranquillo
- IV. Finale: Prestissimo

CHOPIN

CONCERTO No. 2, in F minor, for Pianoforte and Orchestra, op. 21

- I. Maestoso.
- II. Larghetto.
- III. Allegro vivace.

GRIEG,

SUITE for String Orchestra, (in the Old Style.)

- "Aus Holberg Zeit," ("From Holberg's Time")
- I. Prelude: Allegro vivace
- II. Sarabande: Andante
- III. Gavotte: Allegretto
- IV. Air: Andante religioso
- V. Rigaudon: Allegro con brio

SMETANA,

SYMPHONIC POEM, "Vltava" "The Moldau"
(from "Má Vlast" "My Country") No. 2

Soloist:

Miss GUIOMAR NOVAES

ERNST SCHMIDT, Conductor.

Steinway Pianoforte used

Symphony Concert Apr. 6/18

Specially for The Christian Science Monitor

BOSTON, Mass.—In Symphony Hall on Friday afternoon, the Boston Symphony Orchestra presented its twentieth program, which comprised Dvorák's "New World" symphony, Debussy's nocturne, "Images," and Charpentier's "Impressions of Italy."

The music was all performed in a clean and orderly manner. The Dvorák symphony was played with a careful attention to thematic exposition, pace, accent, climax and all other technical matters that gave music students an unusual opportunity. The second and third movements of this work were set forth in a spirit of illustration that could not fail to do analysts great good. For here could be seen what sort of folk melody lends itself to use in a sentimental largo and what sort to use in a lively scherzo.

The Charpentier suite, likewise, was performed with strict regard for structural points. It was outlined in a way to recall definitely to a listener those Eighteenth Century sets of dances on which its form is based. The descriptive titles of the sections, "At the Fountain" and "On the Summit," tended to revert to "Gavotte" and "Sarabande," or other such designations as Bach might have used. The historic background of the composition became discernible above its professed impressionism.

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Soloist:

Miss GUIOMAR NOVAES

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Steinway Pianoforte used



GUIOMAR NOVAES

The Brilliant Brazilian Pianiste

Miss GUIOMAR NOVAES, pianist, was born at São Paulo, Brazil, in 1896, the seventeenth of nineteen children. She played in South America as wonder-child and was sent by the Brazilian Government to the Conservatory of Music in Paris. In 1911, as a pupil of Philipp, she was awarded a first prize. She played with marked success in concert, went back to Brazil, and was preparing to revisit Europe, but the war prevented her. Her first recital in this country was at New York on November 11, 1915. Since then she has played with leading orchestras of the United States and given many recitals. She gave a recital in Boston on February 28, 1916, and played in a concert with Mr. Jacques Thibaud in Symphony Hall on March 24, 1918.

Yet it was interesting even to the musical expert to notice how Dittersdorf introduced some touches in this work for the invention of which Beethoven generally receives the credit, such as the linking together of the three last movements, and the transplanting of figures from the earlier movements into the finale. Let us give credit to Dittersdorf for being something more than a mere copy of Haydn.

It was also interesting to remember that this kind of symphony was what Boston held to be most advanced and intricate, when Gottlieb Graupner and his little Philo-Harmonic Orchestra played it on Saturday night in Pythian Hall, in Pond street, now Bedford street, over a hundred years ago. The work was very brief, and the terse development of a five-noted figure, in the first movement very clear and interesting.

But to the modern concert-goer the work seems only like rather simple chamber-music, slightly magnified, and the chief memories which we carried away with us were of some fugal counterpoint, and some charming oboe playing in the Trio of the Minuet, which came back rather unexpectedly in the Coda of that movement. It was light, easy, agreeable music and in every way well interpreted.

NOVAES IS BRILLIANT.

Orchestrally the F minor concerto by Chopin is not much better than such a symphony in spite of the revisions which have been made in the composer's score. This concerto (an early work) is a fine piano composition, but it is not an orchestral masterpiece, as a concerto ought to be. But the poetry of the piano part, like *Charity*, covers a lot of orchestral short-comings, and the new young Brazilian pianist, Guiomar Novaes, had a tropical abandon in the work which made it especially attractive. Her interpretation of the slow movement (Chopin said that this section was inspired by his love for Constantia Gladkowska) was not as elastic or as subtly poetic as we have heard it, but she errs

on the right side; some pianists must needs weep over the keys in a Chopin *largo*.

Miss Novaes was superbly brilliant in the finale, and her broad octave and chord playing, her clear scale work, her surety and well-defined phrasing aroused the only enthusiasm of the afternoon and she was recalled again and again, and deserved the tribute.

As if Dittersdorf were not enough of the olden time, there was added Grieg's imitation of Eighteenth century music, in the suite, "From Holberg's Time." But this was for strings alone, and it is always a great delight to listen to our string orchestra, the finest organization of its kind in the world.

The stateliness of the Sarabande, and still more the graceful daintiness of the Gavotte, with its *Musette* Trio (like the drone of a bagpipe), and the wild rollicking style of the final Rigaudon, were all well caught up, and were melodic enough for everyone to comprehend. Of course, the execution was incomparable, and the Holberg Suite was a pleasant intermezzo in a light and easily comprehended program. Holberg (1684-1754) the Norwegian Mollere, has been considered the father of Scandinavian literature, and this suite is written in homage to his genius.

WORK DEMANDS FIRE.

We would have liked more abandon in Smetana's "Moldau." There is a fiery patriotism in Smetana's national symphonic poems that demands tremendous enthusiasm in its interpretation. Smetana sang of his country, the land which had once been proud and great, then devastated (in the thirty years' war), to become almost a desert, then becoming an appanage to an alien crown; and he recites the former glories somewhat as an impassioned bard might sing of ancient grandeur. We believe that time will yet set Smetana above his great pupil (Dvorak) as the loftiest genius of Bohemia. Dvorak is fading a little in some of his orchestral works, but Smetana seems more brilliant than ever.

Steinway Pianoforte used

21ST CONCERT BY SYMPHONY

Herald — *Apr. 13/18*
Miss Novaes, Pianist, Makes
Impressive Debut with
the Orchestra

PROGRAM WILL BE REPEATED TONIGHT

By PHILIP HALE

The 21st concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. Mr. Schmidt conducted. The program was as follows: Dittersdorf-Kretzschmar, Symphony in C; Chopin, Concerto in F, No. 2, for piano; Grieg, Suite for Strings, "From Holberg's Time"; Smetana, Symphonic Poem, "The Moldau."

Miss Guiomar Novaes, who played here for the first time with the orchestra, gave a beautiful performance of Chopin's concerto, beautiful because it was euphonious, lucid, irreproachable in matters of technic, musically intelligent. First of all, she did not abuse the traditional liberty in rhythm known vaguely as "Chopin's rubato." Her performance was well-rhythmed and at the same time elastic. Seldom, if ever, have we heard the recitative in the middle section of the Larghetto—the finest and most effective pages of the concerto—declared with so poetically dramatic authority. Her touch was delightful, whatever degree of force was demanded. There was strength enough; there was always tonal euphony. It was said recently of a pianist in London that he respected the limitations of the piano. This might well be said of Miss Novaes. It might also be said of her that she abstained from the sentimentalism that too often is applauded as "great expression." In no way did she make a cheap appeal. Her physical repose in playing was another feature of her performance.

What induced the amiable Mr. Schmidt to drag Dittersdorf's symphony from the sepulchre? Mr. Paur, who at times committed strange freaks in program-making, exhumed this symphony

21 years ago. It was then in an advanced state of decomposition. Dittersdorf was a fertile composer, but his chief work was the autobiography which he dictated shortly before his death; a book that gives a graphic description of musical conditions and musicians in the latter half of the 18th century; a book that is also interesting by reason of the personal confessions; a book that leaves one with an affectionate regard for the author. If any symphony by Dittersdorf is to be played, why not one of those suggested by Ovid's "Metamorphoses"? "The Transformation of Actaeon," for example? The second movement of it portrays Diana bathing. We should like to know how Dittersdorf pictured this in tones.

Grieg's suite in honor of Holberg had not been played here for many years. It shows what a resourceful man can do with strings only. Our young composers demand an ultra-modern orchestra to express their raging emotions: a bass clarinet, English horn, at least three trumpets, a celesta, and pulsatile instruments galore. They make a thunderous noise to the joy of the crowd. Give them merely strings—and what would they do?

"The Moldau" of honest, patriotic Smetana, is not so impressive as "Vysehrad," the first tone poem of his cycle "My Country."

The concert will be repeated tonight. The program of the concert next week is as follows: Carpenter, Symphony No. 1 (first time here); Svendsen, "Zorahayda"; two pieces for viola and orchestra—d'Indy's Lied (originally written for violocello) and Strube's Fantastic Dance, both played by Mr. Ferir; Goldmark, overture "Sappho."

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT *Trans.* — *Apr. 13/18* MISS NOVAES AND UNFAMILIAR PIECES

A Signal Pianist as Chopin Disclosed Her and She Disclosed Chopin—Dittersdorf Interestingly Unearthed—The Comparisons of Imitative Grieg and the Contrasts of Sturdy, Honest Smetana

BY token of the programme at the Symphony Concert of yesterday afternoon, by similar sign on two programmes to come, Mr. Schmidt is delving into the innermost recesses of the orchestral library and drawing from them pieces unheard for years. One such on Friday was Dittersdorf's Symphony in C major, last played by the orchestra in the winter of 1897; another was Grieg's Suite for strings, "From Holberg's Time,"

still longer voiceless at the Symphony Concerts; while for next week Svendsen's "Legend of Zorahayda" has been similarly unearthed with Berlioz's Fantastic Symphony and Wolf's Italian Serenade in like resurrection for the week to come. When there are no novel pieces at hand unless some American composer like Mr. Carpenter next Friday or Dr. Davison on the Friday thereafter, is ready with a manuscript, how else in these days shall a conductor freshen his lists? Mr. Schmidt is by no means without grace as a programme-maker and already his hand is beginning to recall the like accomplishment in Mr. Fiedler. If no piece upon his list of yesterday, which also included Smetana's tone-poem of Bohemian river, "The Moldau" and Chopin's Concerto in B minor for Miss Novaes, was exactly impressive, the sum of it clearly pleased and held his audience. Once more, from parquet upward through the balconies, it was of normal numbers and quick with applause for both conductor and, when it had discovered her merit, pianist. The orchestra, in turn, answered well to the leader from its own ranks. Thus, by every present indication the concerts of Friday afternoons bid fair to go well until the end of the season.

Doubtless, one of that series of symphonies, noted in his time, that Dittersdorf wrote to various tales in Ovid—of Phaëton, of Artemis and Actaeon, of Midas as judge between the singing voices of Apollo and Pan—would have been more amusing (as the French use the word) than the plain symphony in C-major actually played? The naiveté of eighteenth century "tone-painting" has piquant quaintness to twentieth-century ears, and Ovidian symphonies are rare birds in any place and time. Moreover, if we are to believe some of the learned commentators who have scrutinized them Dittersdorf was capable of true tonal delineation in which the music as music and the suggestion of mood or scene went hand in hand. Unfortunately none of these Ovidian pages lie in the library of Symphony Hall and none knows where to seek them. It was the symphony in C-major, if we were to have Dittersdorf at all, and so Mr. Schmidt played it.

Most of us tacitly infer that the last quarter of the eighteenth century listened only to the symphonic music of Mozart and Haydn, because we of the twentieth hear no other of that time. Yet as a matter of fact, it heard—and heard gladly—countless Symphonies, Suites, Serenades and Divertimenti from composers as dead and forgotten as those of the harpsichord pieces that Mr. Bauer once drew from yellowed manuscripts in library toms. There were formulas for eighteenth-century music, even as in these days of ours, there are formulas for music in the manner of

Strauss or Debussy; and many neatly and plentifully applied them. It is even doubtful whether the general average of musical composition was as high then as it is now. The records and the relics of Dittersdorf suggest that he was well above that mean; yet it was easy to listen to his symphony yesterday as typical of the pieces to which Prince-Bishops with a fondness for the arts and Fermiers Généraux with a purse for them usually listened. Not that it was without interest and even individuality. Like his fellows, Dittersdorf knew the manifold voices to be drawn and interwoven among the string choir. His Allegro is sturdy, almost strident with them, while it runs with a hint of Händelian energy of progress. His slow movement is indeed far from Mozartean grace and tenderness, from Haydnish fancy and felicity, but the flowing variations are not dull to hear, even if the reflection would come that sometimes a figure was what our youth call a "life-saver" to these eighteenth-century composers. Give them so much as one and what inexhaustible play they make with it. From the Minuets the impression rose that Dittersdorf reached for the convenient stencil, and so brushed in a ready but still pleasantly formal pattern. As for the Finale, it had the running grace and lightness, if not always the instant and gleaming invention, that again is ear-mark and distinction to these eighteenth-century symphonies and that contemporary composers with all their artful suspensions and intricate fleetness, somehow miss. By token of this symphony in C major, Dittersdorf's Prince-Bishops, who were many, had reason to enjoy him.

Perhaps this music of ancient pattern and voice is quite as agreeable to hear in itself, though only a Dittersdorf write it, as modern imitation even from so eminent a hand as Grieg's. With the plays of Holberg, some of which are still amusing to read, the Suite has nothing to do; he flourished in the Copenhagen of the eighteenth century; Grieg was minded, in the nineteenth, to write in the eighteenth-century manner; hence a fanciful, but somewhat misleading title. Grieg is skilful and imaginative with his string choir which he divides and doubles after the sophisticated fashion of his own time with curious outcome in suggestion of the music of Holberg's. The Norwegian spins the pattern of an ancient Prelude better than he designs contour and course of a pseudo-eighteenth-century air. His rigadon at the end does not lack sprightly rhythms and lively play of the blended or contrasted violin and viola; his other dances suggest willed more than kindled imagination. Yet somehow until the gay rigadon begins, the Suite seems from moment to moment to drop out of assumed



GUIOMAR NOVAES

The Brilliant Brazilian Pianiste

PLEASING MUSIC BY SYMPHONY

Post — *Apr. 14/18*
Miss Novaes Plays

Chopin's Second Concerto

For its 21st rehearsal-concert the Boston Symphony Orchestra yesterday afternoon played Dittersdorf's symphony in C major, Grieg's suite, "From Holberg's Time," and Smetana's tone-poem, "The Moldau." Miss Guiomar Novaes was the soloist, choosing Chopin's second concerto as the vehicle for her abilities as a pianist. Mr. Schmidt conducted.

GENIAL AND GRACEFUL

A peaceful programme, surely enough, with nothing to mar the serenity of a mild afternoon—indoors. A programme with less of Germanic flavor than many of late. The symphony of Dittersdorf, the only Teuton figuring upon the list, is Viennese-Mozart in form and idiom, rather than German as we now regard musical speech.

Twenty years ago it was the habit to ridicule this particular composer here in Boston. He was called "Uncle Ditters," and it was quite generally assumed that he was a musical fool. But another hearing of his symphony after the lapse of a couple of decades, disproves that notion. The work is genial, graceful, full of charming melody, and, if slender, is still instinct with the effectiveness of a fencer, who cannot be fat. It is much better music on every count than many of the modern disturbances that find their way to our concert platform. It was beautifully played.

Miss Novaes' Playing

Miss Novaes, who has been heard here in recital, and to much success, gave a very delightful performance of Chopin's concerto. Her tone is of lovely purity, her arpeggios crisp and rippling, her feeling evidently one of poetic love for the most poetic of composers for the pianoforte. On the side of bravura she seems a trifle hesitating and not fully equipped with the dash that portions of the concerto imperatively call for. The very cautious that gives sonority of tone without hammering is, perhaps, the cause of her occasional lack of fire. However, her playing was full of charm and she was warmly applauded.

Grieg's imitations of the music of a "peruke age" are dull stuff, and not all the art of the Symphony string band could make them of any special interest. After them the magnificent tonal picture of that unfortunate genius, Smetana, came as a great and refreshing wave of noble melody, utter sincerity and splendor of form. This "Moldau" is, if not the finest, the most fascinating of Smetana's cycle "My Country," which object of devotion no composer has more effectively portrayed in music than this same Czech. Mr. Schmidt interpreted it with exceptional artistry and power.

MISS NOVAES DELIGHTS AS SYMPHONY SOLOIST

Globe — *Apr. 14/18*

Miss Guiomar Novaes, the Brazilian pianist, gave true pleasure yesterday afternoon as soloist at the Symphony concert by an uncommonly beautiful performance of Chopin's F minor concerto. Dittersdorf's C major symphony preceded. Grieg's suite for strings, "From Holberg's Time," and Smetana's symphonic poem, "The Moldau," followed the intermission. Mr. Schmidt conducted.

It probably was during the eight years of their association when George Sand said that arrangements for orchestra of Chopin's music would be indorsed in time. The ironic sensitivity with which the Pole translated life into tone grows more and more keen to observers of history, as does the peculiar intimacy of his genius for the piano, which for the rhapsodists has been called his lyre, the orchestra of his heart.

Every student knows that Chopin's talent was not only too fine, too exquisite, for to some that which is exquisite suggests the effeminate, but too distinctly pianistic in thought and expression to permit happily the bolder

night of orchestral speech or the more cerebral fibre of symphonic structure. The utter lack of any symphonic comradeship in the development of ideas in this F minor concerto, numbered 2, but preceding No. 1, the E minor, in point of time, strikes the modern ear curiously, was even archaic to Chopin's contemporaries.

Nor is the labor to compose in a prescribed form to be concealed, but here is music written for the piano, which when played as it was yesterday almost persuades the hearer of an inherent, not illusive, lyricism; music poignantly emotional in conception. It breathes a poetic grace, a patrician elegance in expression. It beguiles in the lovely song of the andante, its exquisite melody tinged with a heavenly melancholy, embellished with a wealth of delicate and fanciful embroideries. Music to be played only by a plastic mechanism, a sense of rhythm, fluid yet not extravagant as in the excess which some know rubato, but by a pianist of poetic mind, of imagination, of sensibility.

Miss Novaes yesterday kept the haunting lyricism which pervades these measures, doing no violence to their graceful contours, recreating their beauty with a sense of its fragrance and its poetry.

Mr. Kneisel and his associates used to play quartets by Karl Ditters von Dittersdorf, whose influence on early German operas none dispute. Some call it analagous to that of Gretry in France. Some find him at his best in his light operas. For the musician of his day—he was 31 when Beethoven was born—his was a gay life. An adventurer, he accompanied Gluck on his travels in Italy. Returning to Vienna he found the violinist Antonio Lolli an idol in public favor, and in a duel of bows worsted him. More common in invention, his symphony has a certain Haydnish flavor of brave good cheer, for, like his contemporary, he served as court musician to regale various noble ears, some craving amusement above instruction. One of his symphonies will go a long way, although played with a fine verve yesterday.

GUIOMAR NOVAES SYMPHONY SOLOIST

Traveler — Apr. 13 / 18

Good, old fashioned numbers provided an interesting concert by the Boston Symphony orchestra yesterday afternoon. The program was: Dittersdorf-Kretschmar, Symphony in C; Chopin, Concerto in F, No. 2, for piano; Grieg, Suite for Strings, "From Holberg's Time"; Smetana, Symphonic Poem, "The Moldau."

Barring the playing of Guiomar Novaes, soloist for the first time at these concerts, in the Chopin concerto, there

was nothing to cause a ripple throughout the afternoon. In fact a little more "ginger" would have added to the concert's interest. The pianist may well have felt this need of life for she dwelt upon the broad sweep rather than the finer points. Her debut was a treat.

One welcomed the Grieg suite for the opportunity it afforded of hearing the wonderful strings of the orchestra. It was, as to have been expected, faultlessly given.

The program of the concerts next week is as follows: Carpenter, Symphony No. 1 (first time here); Svendsen, "Zorahayda"; two pieces for viola and orchestra—d'Indy's Lied (originally written for violoncello) and Strube's Fantastic Dance, both played by Mr. Ferir; Goldmark, overture "Sappho."

HEAR NEW PIANIST AND OLD SYMPHONY

Adv. — Apr. 13 / 18

Guiomar Novaes, Brazilian
Artist, Is Brilliant in Chopin
Concerto

BY LOUIS C. ELSON.

Program
Dittersdorf Symphony in C
Chopin Concerto in F minor
Pianist Guiomar Novaes
Grieg, Suite "From Holberg's Time"
Smetana, Symphonic Poem "The Moldau"

It was decidedly turning back the leaves of musical history to give a symphony by that dissipated old nobleman, the contemporary of Haydn, Ditters of Dittersdorf. But it was interesting all the same, and the work was faithfully read by Mr. Schmidt, and contained no difficulties for our great orchestra.

Both Dittersdorf and Mozart grew out of Haydn, in symphonic matters, but they went on divergent paths. Dittersdorf kept primly upon the Haydn road, while Mozart expanded and developed the form in a somewhat more modern fashion. If we only remember that in the year that Dittersdorf composed this symphony (1788) Mozart created both the G minor and the "Jupiter" symphonies (as well as the "Clarinet" symphony) we can at once understand why Dittersdorf has been forgotten.

character. Try as he may, Grieg cannot help being plaintive; and to be plaintive is not a vein that the eighteenth-century, a sturdy or a dry-polished time, much cultivated. As well imagine a gentleman of Versailles whining on his way to execution as the music of his day running to Grieg's murmurous moan. He must get to his rigadon, which is the glorified folk-dance he loved, before he can quite stay within his ancient pattern and mood.

Wise, then, was Mr. Schmidt to follow these rather finicking pieces—as so much of Grieg's music seems—with Smetana's study measures in picture and poem of the great river of his beloved Bohemia. In these days, it is hard to conceive a simpler, franker music—from the tinkle and shimmer in which "The Moldau" as river and tone-poem begins its course, through the broadening stream of melody, past huntsmen and dancers, under softening, glamoring moonlight, across the tossing rapids, into the climactic sweep of the end in mighty stream. "Old Hat" to be torn and trodden is simple, songful, transparent Smetana to our young lions who suspect Stravinsky of ageing; but somehow the honest earnestness and candor of mind and heart when he sets to music-making still conquer for him.

Yet the crown of a steadily interesting concert was Chopin's Concerto or, more truly, Miss Novaes's playing of it. Agreed that outside the slow movement, the piece is a thin-bodied, somewhat faded, gradually withering music in which the composer strives to fill and manipulate an uncongenial form. Agreed also that seldom has an "assisting artist" of Miss Novaes's established reputation been so coolly received at a Symphony Concert. Almost for nothing, so far as her present hearers were concerned and as appeared in the tepid and scattered applause ushering her upon the stage, had she been gaining merit as signal pianist, these two years and up and down "this broad land." Miss Novaes, with all the quaintness that her square-cut, singular little figure lends her, seems an exceedingly well poised young person. Not a hint in her demeanor or her playing reflected this chilliness; but she must have heard with inner and just elation the plaudits mounting and spreading at every pause and at the end once, twice and thrice recalling her triumphantly. It was her day for Cæsar's laconic words and amply she deserved her victory.

From end to end of the Concerto out of Miss Novaes's playing shone the radiance which is the pure lustre of Chopin's music. Light were the rhythms to which she sped the mazurka-like Finale, with sensitive pliancy and variation but never with distorting emphasis. Broad, full, clear, almost stately, always earnest, sounded from her hands the ample periods of the beginning. Steadily Miss Novaes diversi-

fied the body of her tone with equal sensibility of fancy and finger, yet always she was luminous with the music as one who played it out of clear comprehension, warm sympathy, and, occasionally, winging intuition. About it, in finely imaginative skill with pedal and touch, she wove that endless iridescence which is the coloring of Chopin's tones even when a Concerto cribs or strains them.

In particular Miss Novaes's playing of the Larghetto summed her distinctions. It came from her fingers in exceeding clearness of outline and course: the pervading melody hung glowing upon air and ear; about it she spun the diaphanous web of Chopin's harmonies: the answering declamatory measures she sounded with grave intensity; deep emotion rose, then fell to a gentle tenderness; as music in itself, as a poetry of tonal vision, the Larghetto so played, stirred the mind, touched the heart. Through Miss Novaes Chopin indeed spoke nobly. Through his music, as virtuosos in rare command and feeling with her instrument, as musician of fine intelligence, delicate sensibilities, euphonious ear and supple self-mastery, as woman of imagination who can feel and transmit the poetry of tones without hint of womanish sentimentality, she also stood revealed.

H. T. P.

Apr. 13 / 18
Miss Novaes as Soloist

Specially for The Christian Science Monitor
BOSTON, Mass.—In Symphony Hall on Friday afternoon, Miss Guiomar Novaes, the pianist, took part in the twenty-first program of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, presenting the second Chopin piano concerto in F minor. This artist, from the time she first came to the United States two seasons ago, has received the highest sort of approval. She has been commended for extraordinary mastery of her instrument, both as tone-maker and as executant. She has been acclaimed as one competent to take the place of Mme. Carreño in upholding the praise of women on the concert platform.

Without doubt she has merited these compliments, and accordingly she deserves the distinction of being called to appear with the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Nobody will deny that she has a splendid tone. The first sound she struck on Friday afternoon proclaimed this irresistibly to her hearers. Nobody will deny, either, that she has a facile execution. Where

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was the remotest hint of a rhythmic hitch in all her performance on Friday afternoon? Her ability to give melodies all the coloring necessary to make the F minor concerto picturesque, and her ability to give decorative passages all the freedom and delicacy of contour necessary to make the peace ingratiating could by no means be gainsaid.

To say this of the pianist, and to add that she handles all problems of expression and technique as ably as any of the women who in former years appeared with the orchestra, is to say only what should be said. She is, indeed, the equal of the women, and perhaps of the men, too, of the past. Her playing measures up to all historic standards. But that is not saying that it introduces any new standards. It is what professors of the piano call legitimate work, of the highest order. That, oftentimes, suffices for professors. The public at large, however, wants something else, and keeps back its best applause for the artist who can bring it.

On the program with the Chopin concerto were repertory works, one of them a Kretzschmar arrangement of a well-nigh forgotten symphony in the Eighteenth Century Viennese style, Dittersdorf's symphony in C major. The others were Grieg's "Holberg" suite for strings and Smetana's symphonic poem, "Moldau."

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SYMPHONY HALL
SUNDAY AFTERNOON, APRIL 14, 1918
AT THREE-THIRTY

CONCERT

IN AID OF THE

PENSION FUND Boston Symphony Orchestra

ERNST SCHMIDT, Conductor

WITH THE GENEROUS ASSISTANCE OF

SOPHIE BRASLAU

AND

OSSIP GABRILOWITSCH

CHARLES ALBERT BAKER, Accompanist

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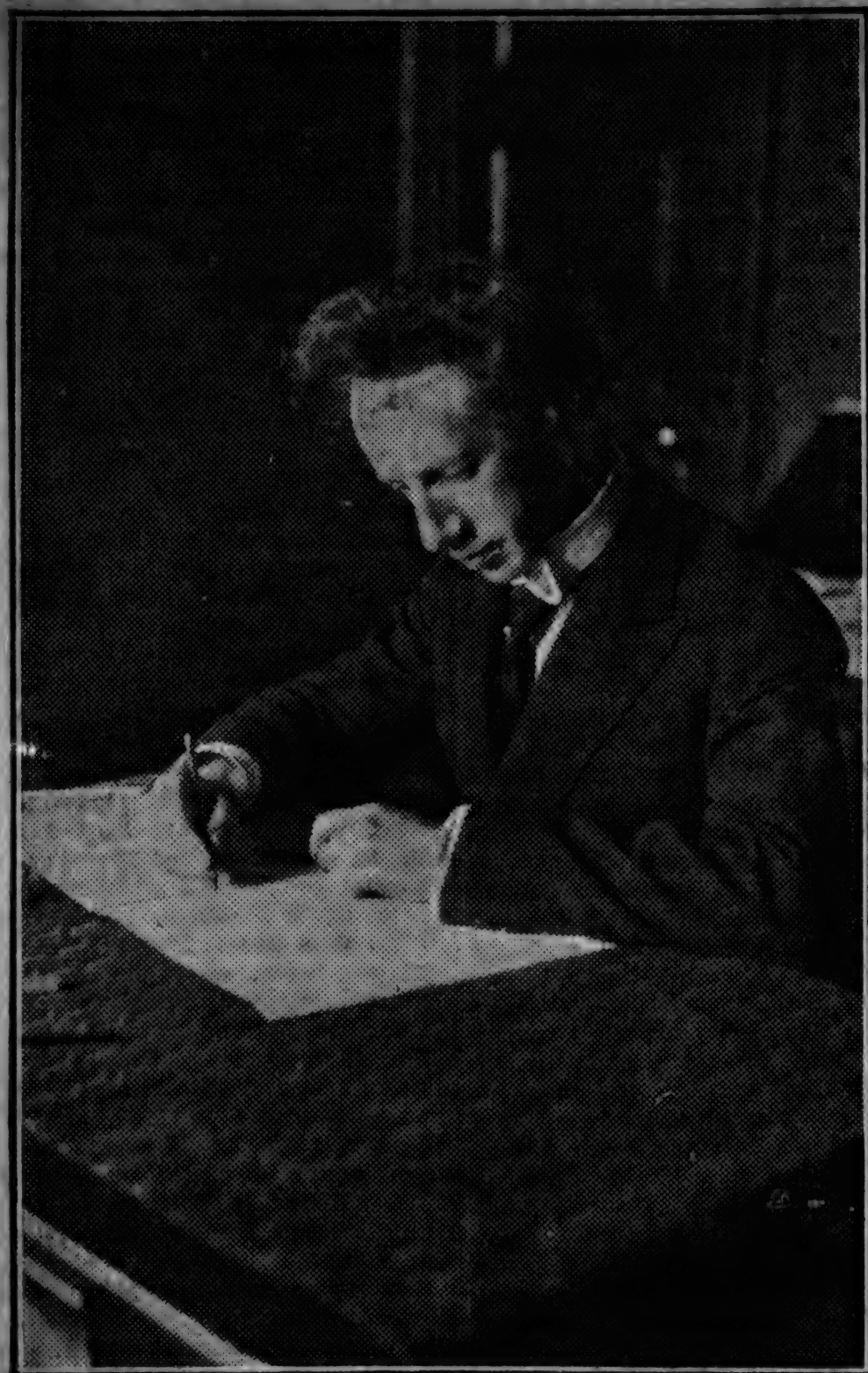
SOPHIE BRASLAU

AND

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CHARLES ALBERT BAKER, Accompanist

At Work and Off His Guard



Ossip Gabrilowitsch

From a Notably Characteristic Photograph Recently Taken of the
Pianist and the Conductor Unaware

Programme

SUNDAY, APRIL 14, 1918

- I. Overture, "Roman Carnival," Op. 9 - - - Berlioz
- II. Concerto for Piano in D minor (K. 466) - - - Mozart
- I. Allegro.
II. Romanza.
III. Rondo.

Mr. GABRILOWITSCH

- III. Aria, "Mon cœur s'ouvre à ta voix," from
"Samson et Dalila" - - - Saint-Saëns
- Miss BRASLAU

INTERMISSION

- IV. Symphonic Poem No. 3, "Danse Macabre,"
after a Poem by Henri Cazalis, Op. 40 - - Saint-Saëns
- V. SONGS WITH PIANO:
- (a) Do not Sing, Oh Maiden - - - Rachmaninoff
(b) The Classicist - - - Moussorgsky
(c) Eili, Eili - - - Schalitt

(According to the text of St. Matthew, "My God, my God!
Why hast Thou forsaken us?")

Miss BRASLAU

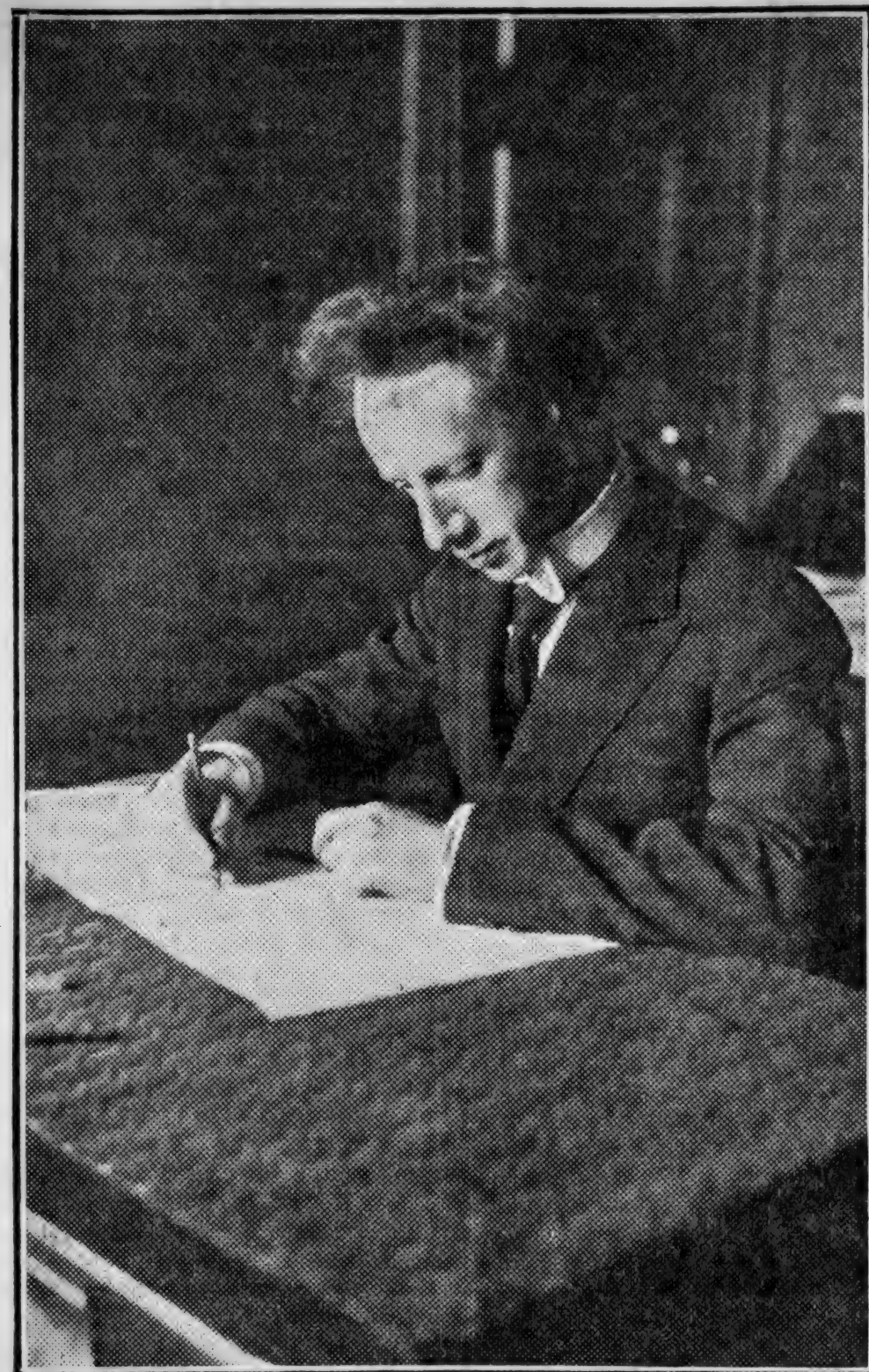
- VI. Concert Piece for Pianoforte in F minor, Op. 79 - - Weber
- I. Larghetto affettuoso. Allegro passionato.
II. Tempo di Marcia.
III. Presto gioioso.

Mr. GABRILOWITSCH

- VII. Suite for Full Orchestra taken from the Score of
the Ballet, "Nutcracker," Op. 71a - - Tschaikowsky
- I. Ouverture miniature.
II. Danses caractéristiques:
 a. Marche. b. Danse de la Fée Dragée. c. Trépak, danse russe.
 d. Danse arabe. e. Danse chinoise. f. Danse des mirlitons.
III. Valse des fleurs.

MASON & HAMLIN PIANO USED

At Work and Off His Guard



Ossip Gabrilowitsch

From a Notably Characteristic Photograph Recently Taken of the
Pianist and the Conductor Unawares

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- III. Rondo.

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MASON & HAMLIN PIANO USED

SYMPHONY PENSION FUND CONCERT

It may have been a demonstration of the regard in which the orchestra is held; perhaps it was the lure of an especially attractive program; maybe it was because Boston long ago contracted the habit of attending in large numbers this particular annual affair—but whatever it was, the Boston Symphony Orchestra had the pleasure yesterday afternoon of playing to a houseful in Symphony Hall, and an exceedingly appreciative and cordial houseful, too. Assisting the orchestra were Sophie Braslau and Ossip Gabrilowitsch, contralto and pianist.

As is the custom at these concerts the selections were what are called popular; perhaps semipopular would be more nearly accurate. Mostly modern, also, were they, Saint-Saens and Tchaikowsky prevailing, and Berlioz, Rachmaninoff, Moussorgsky, Schallit, Weber and Mozart completing the list of composers.

Miss Braslau's contributions to the afternoon's pleasure were "My Heart at Thy Sweet Voice" from "Samson and Dalila," Rachmaninoff's "Do Not Sing, O Maiden," Moussorgsky's "The Classicist," and Schallit's "Eili, Eili," sung in Hebrew. This charming, girlish daughter of a Russian physician—herself born in New York—never sang more acceptably for a Boston audience, her full, rich voice being at its best.

Mr. Gabrilowitsch played a Mozart concerto and a concert piece for pianoforte by Weber, in each instance accompanied by the orchestra. The orchestra played the Carnival Romaine, by Berlioz; Saint-Saens' rather grisly "Danse Macabre," and Tchaikowsky's exquisite Casse Noisette, taken from Hoffman's little girl's Christmas night dream, in which dolls and toys disport themselves under the leadership of the lively Prince Nutcracker.

394. — Apr. 11/18
MORE than once when war-time controversies seemed to threaten the continued existence of the Symphony Orchestra, not a few in this town wrung their hands over the possible dispersal of the band. For years they had taken weekly pleasure in its concerts, and now they might lose what had become stimulating habit in their lives. For years they had rejoiced in the prestige that the fame of the orchestra on both sides of the Atlantic gave to its native and sustaining city, and now that leaf might be plucked from Bostonian chaplets. Dispute over conductors as a divided public of the concerts—and still more an embittered public outside them—might do, yet the orchestra remained and deserved to remain. For, after all, a conductor without an instrument upon which to play is no better than mute. Now that relative calm has come again, now that there is little reason to doubt the continuance of the Symphony Concerts under as auspicious circumstances as war-time permits, these champions of the orchestra, above all the other elements in them, may seasonably take thought of the concert for its Pension Fund announced for next Sunday afternoon. It is administered by the men of the band; it maintains them in old age or necessary retirement; they themselves contribute to it and know the incentive of it; not a penny falls to conductor or manager; rather indeed contributions are expected from them; while only the pensioners resident hereabouts may now profit by it. For those that would testify to the pleasure that they receive from the orchestra and to their regard for it jointly and severally, according to many a profession in the recent troubled days, there is no clearer means than to lay money upon the sill of the box office next Sunday. Thereby they may add to the pleasures of Mr. Gabrilowitsch, Miss Braslau and the orchestra itself, the satisfaction of these loyalties.

Gall-Curci

Intercollegiate Bureau of Occupations, and Miss Hutchinson, manager of School, whose subject will be "Teaching of the New York Public Women in Psychiatry"; Miss M. B. E. Tal, who will speak on "The Field of the Physician at the Hudson State three speakers, Dr. Blanche Dennes, At the morning session there are days as has been the custom in former ne in the evening, instead of on different two meetings, one in the morning id at the college next Saturday. There r's annual vocational conference will Shkeepsie, N. Y., April 13 (Special) —

CONFERENCE AT VASSAR

to Hold Annual Vocational Meeting Next Saturday
The beauty and richness of Miss Braslau's voice, coupled with the sincerity and directness of method, gave unusual force to the "Samson and Delilah" aria. The tenderness and depth of her emotional expression in the Rachmaninoff and Schallit selections

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Performance of Boston
Symphony Orchestra
Gives Great Pleasure

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The varied and popular appeal of all these selections with the orchestra playing in its best form and with the artistry of singer and pianist beyond reproach called from the moderate-sized audience quick and lively response throughout. The enthusiasm more than made up in its fervor for the lack of the assemblage in numbers.

Mr. Gabrilowitsch, by his exquisite delicacy and refinement in the Mozart concerto and by the alternating emotional tracery and fire in the Weber piece, won warm approval.

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She prefaced "The Classicist" with a brief explanation that Moussorgsky composed it as an answer to the taunt of his critics that he could not produce a melodious composition. Her singing distinctly aided the audience to realize how complete his reply was.

SYMPHONY CONCERT BY ALL-STAR CAST

Adv. — Apr. 15/18
Benefit Fund Performance
Wins the Applause of Large
Sunday Audience

By LOUIS C. ELSON

At a concert like that given yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall, where all the performers volunteer their services in a beneficent cause, the voice of analytical review is necessarily absent. But judged entirely without any such reservation this concert was of a memorable character in its personnel and its numbers.

The orchestra, under Schmidt, played three works of especial interest, Berlioz's "Roman Carnival" overture, a composition full of resplendent scoring; St. Saens' Danse Macabre, brimful of graphic and picturesque touches; and Tchaikowsky's "Nut Cracker Suite," which has much melody, dance and spiciness, even if occasionally saccharine.

In the Danse Macabre it was interesting to note the bell (harps) striking the midnight hour, Death tuning his violin (solo violin with the E-string tuned down to E-flat to be especially striking) for the dancers to start their revelry, the skeletons coming out of their graves and their bones knocking together in the dance to the rattle of the xylophone, the crowing of the early morning cock (on the oboe).

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and the hurry-scurry back into the tombs of the spectral dancers. A decided feast of pictorial music, which won especial applause.

IDEALIZES SWING OF WALTZ.

In the Nut-Cracker Suite the movement of the Sugar-plum fairy, the tinkling tones of the Celesta (a comparatively modern instrument) gave a sweetness that properly belonged to the subject and one could notice how skilfully the Russian composer idealized the swing of the waltz, a dance which he has used more than one even in classical music. The Celesta was played by Nagle, very effectively. But the bill of fare of the musical banquet was especially long.

Miss Sophie Braslau, the celebrated contralto of the Metropolitan Opera of New York, sang the great love-song from "Samson and Delilah," in which St. Saens gives to a fair deceiver the voice of intense passion, even though he does accentuate the sensuous side of the subject. Miss Braslau also sang Russian songs with piano accompaniment, and her breadth of tone and intensity of emotion was enthusiastically appreciated.

Gabrilowitsch appeared in two piano works with orchestra. The piano concerto (M minor) of Mozart contrasted well in its pure style with the theatrical concert piece by Weber, in which a Crusader's return to his lady-love is graphically pictured.

It showed the great versatility of this artist that he was equally successful in both. Professor Baermann once said to the present writer that one could make many undetected slips in a modern piano concerto, but if a single one was made in a Mozart work it stood out like a flaw in a crystal. Therefore a Mozart concerto has a difficult simplicity after all. Yet the cadenzas were full of modern difficulty as well. Both soloists had innumerable recalls, but wisely declined encores.

AUDIENCE APPRECIATIVE.

A large audience was present and was intensely appreciative. The concert was a financial and an artistic success. But the best point to remember is that this benefit for the Symphony pension fund is a tacit promise that the Symphony Orchestra is to go on. It is well that this is the case.

America should not lose its phenomenal orchestra, now the world's greatest musical band.

The Symphony Orchestra could supply a succession of conductors from its own ranks. There is Schmidt, the present conductor, and Maquarre, M. Clement Lenon, both good leaders; but there was another who was present who would be decidedly strong in the coveted position, Ossip Gabrilowitsch, who has developed wonderfully in this branch recently.

Glorious would it be to have Rachmaninoff in such a position. Europe is teeming with good and even great conductors who can find no outlet for their powers abroad at present and who would come at a beck, not to speak of excellent American conductors. But the important fact remains that yesterday's concert indicates that our symphony concerts are to go on and Major Higginson's noble gift to the world of art is not to disintegrate.

For the Pension Fund

The second of the two concerts that the men of the Symphony Orchestra annually undertake for the increase of their Pension Fund befalls on Sunday afternoon at Symphony Hall with a programme in wide departure from precedent. No symphony, however well-liked, stands upon it, and fragments of the operas and the music-dramas of Wagner do not fill it. Instead, the orchestra, with Mr. Schmidt conducting, will be heard in three brightly rhythmized and brilliant-colored miscellaneous pieces; the overture of Berlioz, "Roman Carnival"; the tone-poem of Saint-Saens "Danse Macabre"; and the long Suite of dances that Chalkovsky drew from his ballet, "The Nut-Cracker." A distinguished pianist high in public favor and a rising young singer will assist the band—Mr. Gabrilowitsch and Miss Braslau of the Metropolitan Opera House. He will play a Concerto by Mozart and the "Concert-Piece" by Weber—seldom heard pieces in which he has been already applauded in Boston. She, in the full flower of the young talent that has advanced her fast in opera house and concert-hall, will sing the familiar air of Delilah in Saint-Saens's opera of Samson and the Philistine woman; the old Hebrew chant of "Eili, Eili," and songs by Musorgsky and Rakhmaninov.

SECOND PENSION CONCERT

Post Apr. 13/18
Gabrilowitsch and
Braslau Soloists
With Symphony

BY OLIN DOWNES

Ossip Gabrilowitsch, pianist, and Sofie Braslau, contralto of the Metropolitan Opera Company, were the soloists at the Pension Fund concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Ernst Schmidt conducting, yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. Mr. Gabrilowitsch played the D minor concerto of Mozart and Weber's "Concert-Piece" for orchestra. Miss Braslau sang the familiar aria, "Mon couer," from Saint-Saens' "Samson and Dalilah," and these songs: "Do Not Sing, Oh, Maiden," Rachmaninoff; "The Classicist," Moussorgsky; "Eili, Eili," Schallit. The orchestral compositions were Berlioz' overture, "Carnaval Romain"; Saint-Saens' "Danse Macabre," and Tschaikowsky's "Nutcracker" suite.

BERLIOZ'S BRILLIANCY

The brilliancy and spirit of Berlioz's music made an admirable opening of the concert, and this music, under Mr. Schmidt's baton, was played with gusto. Saint-Saens' music was called by an unkind young Frenchman "a graveyard farce." It is not to be taken seriously, so far as its meaning is concerned. The music is petty and frivolous by the side of such a fresco, for instance, as Liszt's "Todtentanz" for piano and orchestra.



Sophie Braslau.

But that is beside the question. Saint-Saens had no intention of being serious in this music. He did not set out to prove that the spirits of those who die may be seen on dark and windy nights leaping about in their shrouds over graves. He merely flirts ingeniously with this thought, and with the form—novel when the "Danse Macabre" was composed—of the symphonic poem established by Berlioz and Liszt. His easy mastery of the new form almost seems disdainful—as if the composer said, "Look here. I don't think two cents of your much-vaunted 'symphonic poem.' But if you think I can't do that sort of thing myself—I'll show you!" This ingenious but already old-fashioned music, the wit and humor of Tschaikowsky's "Nut-Cracker Suite," and before all the maddening rhythm and the blazing color of Berlioz's music made a more than interesting orchestral background for the efforts of the soloists.

Gabrilowitsch's Artistry

Mr. Gabrilowitsch has played both the Mozart concerto and the Weber concert-piece before this at subscription Symphony concerts. In the Mozart concerto he is well nigh incomparable. This was certainly true of the slow movement and the finale. The first movement was surprisingly virile and dramatic. Perhaps it was tonally on a little bigger scale than the music Mozart wrote for the harpsichord would deserve.

Perhaps there was a thought in the mind of Mr. Gabrilowitsch that this was Symphony Hall, with an audience that must be reached and convinced of the beauty and greatness of Mozart. Because there were passages in the first movement when the music might perhaps have been allowed to speak for itself instead of being conveyed with evidence of well directed physical effort to the listener. The romantic and showy music of Weber was played with magnificent dash and fire. No wonder the audience was swept away with the power and beauty of the playing.

There was a large audience. There were many recalls for the soloists.

PENSION FUND CONCERT

An unusually interesting programme with unusually interesting artists as soloists has been prepared for the second concert of the season in aid of the Pension Fund of the Boston Symphony Orchestra which will be given in Symphony Hall this afternoon at 3:30. The soloist will be Miss Sophie Braslau, the distinguished contralto of the Metropolitan Opera Company, and Mr. Gabrilowitsch, pianist, both of whom have generously given their services.

Miss Braslau has appeared in Boston several times both in concert and in opera and the beauty of her voice which is a true and genuine contralto—a rarity nowadays—has won for her many admirers. Moreover, Miss Braslau is a musician of very uncommon gifts and altogether she is one of the finest of the younger generation of singers that this country has produced. Her success is all the more notable in that her training and her career has been entirely in this country. Miss Braslau being a native of New York and having done all her study there.

As for Mr. Gabrilowitsch there is little to be said at this late date about his very fine art. He is a pianist of most unusual gifts and one who has grown steadily since the time he first appeared in America as a slip of a boy.

Miss Braslau will sing an aria and a group of three songs with piano. Her aria will be that favorite of all contraltos, "My heart at thy dear voice" from Saint-Saens' "Samson and Delilah." Her songs are unusual. The first will be Rachmaninoff's "Do Not Sing, Oh Maiden"; the second, Moussorgsky's "The Classicist" and the third an arrangement by Schallitt of the old Hebrew song, "Eili, Eili." Mr. Charles Albert Baker will be her accompanist.

Mr. Gabrilowitsch, urged by a number of his friends here in Boston, will play the two pieces with which he had such remarkable success with the orchestra just three years ago, Mozart's Concerto for piano and orchestra in D-minor and Weber's Concert-Piece for piano in

F-minor. There is no pianist in the world that plays Mozart more finely than Mr. Gabrilowitsch and the brilliancy of his performance of Weber's piece is well remembered by all who heard him play it in 1915.

The orchestral numbers will be Berlioz's "Roman Carnival," Overture, Saint-Saens' "Dance Macabre" and Tschalkowsky's "Nut-Cracker" suite. The programme in its entirety is as follows:

Overture, "Roman Carnival" Berlioz
Concerto for piano and orchestra in D minor Mozart
Aria, "Mon coeur s'ouvre a ta voix," from "Samson et Dalila" Saint-Saens
Miss Braslau.
Symphonic poem No. 3, "Danse Macabre," after a poem by Henri Cazalis, op. 40... Saint-Saens

Songs with piano:
Do Not Sing, O Maiden.....Rachmaninoff
The Classicist Moussorgsky
Eili, Eili Schallitt
(According to the text of St. Matthew, "My God, my God! Why has Thou forsaken me?")
Miss Braslau.
Concertstuck for pianoforte in F minor, op. 79 Weber
Mr. Gabrilowitsch.
Suite for full orchestra, taken from the score of the ballet, "Nutcracker," op. 71a Tschalkowsky
Mr. Charles Albert Baker at the piano.

Boston Concert Notes

BOSTON, Mass.—Miss Sophie Braslau, contralto, and Ossip Gabrilowitsch, pianist, will be the soloists at the concert which the Boston Symphony Orchestra gives on Sunday afternoon in Symphony Hall, in aid of its pension fund. The program is as follows:

Overture, "Roman Carnival," Berlioz; concerto for piano and orchestra in D minor, Mozart; aria, "Mon coeur s'ouvre a ta voix," from "Samson et Dalila," Saint-Saens; symphonic poem No. 3, "Danse Macabre," Saint-Saens; songs with piano (Charles A. Baker, pianist)—"Do Not Sing, O Maiden," Rachmaninoff; "The Classicist," Moussorgsky; "Eili, Eili," Schallitt; concert piece for piano and orchestra in F minor, op. 79, Weber; "Nutcracker" suite, Tschalkowsky.

Emil Ferir, the viola player, will be the soloist at the twenty-second pair of concerts, to be given by the Boston Symphony Orchestra in Symphony Hall on the afternoon of Friday, April 19, and on the evening of Saturday April 20. He will take part in two short pieces, "Lied," by d'Indy, and "Fantastic Dance," by Strube. At these concerts, the first symphony of Carpenter, which was produced at the Norfolk, Conn., music festival last June, will be played. Other selections on the program are Svendsen's "Zora

FOR the first time in twelve years the "founder and sustainer" of the Boston Symphony Orchestra and his advisers are seeking a new conductor for it as they sought and found Dr. Muck in the spring of 1906. When two years later he returned to Berlin to complete his term of service at the Royal Opera House, Mr. Fiedler had been chosen to succeed him before he departed over sea. In the summer of 1912 Dr. Muck's contract with the Intendant expired; he was free to return to Boston; while, for months before the formal announcement, it had been understood that he would so come back to a post he desired and adorned. Now, however, that he has been removed to another place and that Mr. Schmidt is no more than a creditable and serviceable locum tenens, a new conductor must be discovered and engaged under wholly novel circumstances. In the thirty-seven years of the Symphony Orchestra, all its seven conductors, except Sir G. Henschel, have come to it directly from German-speaking opera houses or concert-halls. From them now, for obvious reasons, no conductor can be taken, though they might have yielded Mr. Nikisch or Mr. Weingartner, or so able a leader of the younger generation as Mr. Cortolezzi or Mr. Fried. If the choice is to be made from Europe, it is confined to France, Italy and England of the belligerent countries, to Holland and Scandinavia of the neutral, and to nondescript Russia, though as some profess to believe a Muscovite might now be exposed to attack on the score of nationality. In contrast, alike by the conditions of wartime and by the rising standards for the performance of symphonic music in America within the past ten years, the United States affords a fairer and wider field of choice than in the past.

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trovergies of the last six months have provoked. On the other hand, this time of choice is also a time to remember, in the exercise of the precious virtue of common sense, that to be devoted heart and soul to the cause of the enemies of Germany does not necessarily imply in a musician the abilities to conduct the Symphony Orchestra; and that, however admirable be the new conductor's wartime sympathies and allegiances, the public will not long go to hear him unless he gives interesting concerts and maintains in fair measure the standards of the band.

European Eliminations

To examine cursorily the European field, it is the misfortune of Paris to yield for the time no conductor of the quality essential to the Symphony Concerts, even were he disposed to come hither. Perhaps the ablest conductor there is Monsieur Ruhlmann, the naturalized Hollander, who after years of able performance, especially with modern music-drama, at the Opéra-Comique, has more recently passed to the Opéra. He has long been, however, wholly an operatic conductor and, so far as the world knows, has no ambitions toward either the concert-hall or America. Monsieur Messager, the conductor of the celebrated orchestra of the Conservatory, has passed the years in which he could advisedly undertake the hundred-odd concerts, with no little travel between, that make the annual task of the Symphony Orchestra; while beyond peradventure, he reads music dryly; turns square corners with it; sets it in rigid and angular progress. Though Monsieur Chéviard enjoys

the prestige still attaching to the leadership of the Lamoureux Concerts, not a few Bostonians, chancing into them during visits to Paris, have been surprised and disappointed over qualities that lifted him little above capable routine. In more than one respect, especially in sensibility and finesse, Monsieur Pierné, who succeeded to the Colonne Concerts at the death of the founder, excels Monsieur Chéviard, but even he seems hardly of the abilities that the Boston Orchestra demands. Of the younger generation of Parisian conductors, the two ablest are already in service in the United States—Mr. Monteux, for a season past at the Metropolitan Opera House, and Mr. Hasselmans, beginning next autumn, with the Chicago Opera Company.

Like Paris, Petrograd and Moscow, so far as the Western world knows, proffer no very promising man. Mr. Coates, the Briton who curiously flourished under the old operatic régime in Petersburg, seemed little better than mediocre when he returned to Paris and London, whether in music-drama or in symphonic music. Mr. Cooper, who used to come with Mr. Diaghilev's ballet on its earlier visits to Paris, was in no wise a signal talent; while Mr. Kusevitsky, the noted virtuoso of the

Perhaps there was a thought in the mind of Mr. Gabrilowitsch that this was Symphony Hall, with an audience that must be reached and convinced of the beauty and greatness of Mozart. Because there were passages in the first movement when the music might perhaps have been allowed to speak for itself instead of being conveyed with evidence of well directed physical effort to the listener. The romantic and showy music of Weber was played with magnificent dash and fire. No wonder the audience was swept away with the power and beauty of the playing.

There was a large audience. There were many recalls for the soloists.

PENSION FUND CONCERT

An unusually interesting programme with unusually interesting artists as soloists has been prepared for the second concert of the season in aid of the Pension Fund of the Boston Symphony Orchestra which will be given in Symphony Hall this afternoon at 3:30. The soloist will be Miss Sophie Braslau, the distinguished contralto of the Metropolitan Opera Company, and Mr. Gabrilowitsch, pianist, both of whom have generously given their services.

Miss Braslau has appeared in Boston several times both in concert and in opera and the beauty of her voice which is a true and genuine contralto—a rarity nowadays—has won for her many admirers. Moreover, Miss Braslau is a musician of very uncommon gifts and altogether she is one of the finest of the younger generation of singers that this country has produced. Her success is all the more notable in that her training and her career has been entirely in this country, Miss Braslau being a native of New York and having done all her study there.

As for Mr. Gabrilowitsch there is little to be said at this late date about his very fine art. He is a pianist of most unusual gifts and one who has grown steadily since the time he first appeared in America as a slip of a boy.

Miss Braslau will sing an aria and a group of three songs with piano. Her aria will be that favorite of all contraltos, "My heart at thy dear voice" from Saint-Saëns' "Samson and Delilah." Her songs are unusual. The first will be Rachmaninoff's "Do Not Sing, Oh Maiden"; the second, Moussorgsky's "The Classicist" and the third an arrangement by Schallitt of the old Hebrew song, "Eili, Eili." Mr. Charles Albert Baker will be her accompanist.

Mr. Gabrilowitsch, urged by a number of his friends here in Boston, will play the two pieces with which he had such remarkable success with the orchestra just three years ago, Mozart's Concerto for piano and orchestra in D-minor and Weber's Concert-Piece for piano in

F-minor. There is no pianist in the world that plays Mozart more finely than Mr. Gabrilowitsch and the brilliancy of his performance of Weber's piece is well remembered by all who heard him play it in 1915.

The orchestral numbers will be Berlioz's "Roman Carnival," Overture, Saint-Saëns' "Danse Macabre" and Tschaikowsky's "Nut-Cracker" suite. The programme in its entirety is as follows:

Overture, "Roman Carnival" Berlioz
Concerto for piano and orchestra in D minor Mozart
Aria, "Mon cœur s'ouvre à ta voix," from "Samson et Dalila" Saint-Saëns
Symphonic poem No. 3, "Danse Macabre," after a poem by Henri Cazalis, op. 40 Saint-Saëns

Songs with piano:
Do Not Sing, O Maiden Rachmaninoff
The Classicist Moussorgsky
Eili, Eili Schallitt
(According to the text of St. Matthew, "My God, my God! Why has Thou forsaken me?")
Concertstück for pianoforte in F minor, op. 79 Weber
Suite for full orchestra, taken from the score of the ballet, "Nutcracker," op. 71a Tschaikowsky
Mr. Charles Albert Baker at the piano.

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The annual series of pop concerts, given by an orchestra made up of Boston Symphony men, is announced to begin on May 6, and to last until July 6. The programs are to be generally orchestral, without soloists.

FOR the first time in twelve years the "founder and sustainer" of the Boston Symphony Orchestra and his advisers are seeking a new conductor for it as they sought and found Dr. Muck in the spring of 1908. When two years later he returned to Berlin to complete his term of service at the Royal Opera House, Mr. Fiedler had been chosen to succeed him before he departed over sea. In the summer of 1912 Dr. Muck's contract with the Intendant expired; he was free to return to Boston; while, for months before the formal announcement, it had been understood that he would so come back to a post he desired and adorned. Now, however, that he has been removed to another place and that Mr. Schmidt is no more than a creditable and serviceable locum tenens, a new conductor must be discovered and engaged under wholly novel circumstances. In the thirty-seven years of the Symphony Orchestra, all its seven conductors, except Sir G. Henschel, have come to it directly from German-speaking opera houses or concert-halls. From them now, for obvious reasons, no conductor can be taken, though they might have yielded Mr. Nikisch or Mr. Weingartner, or so able a leader of the younger generation as Mr. Cortolezzi or Mr. Fried. If the choice is to be made from Europe, it is confined to France, Italy and England of the belligerent countries, to Holland and Scandinavia of the neutral, and to nondescript Russia, though as some profess to believe a Muscovite might now be exposed to attack on the score of nationality. In contrast, alike by the conditions of wartime and by the rising standards for the performance of symphonic music in America within the past ten years, the United States affords a fairer and wider field of choice than in the past.

Whether the new conductor be resident in Europe or resident in America, by common consent he must be as fit a man as possible to continue the prestige of an orchestra in recent years at zenith of reputation and hardly matched the world around. He will receive as nearly a perfect instrument as assemblies of a hundred human beings may become; it will be his obligation to maintain it as such, to better it if he can; while, aside from his abilities as conductor, he will serve it well, if he gradually and tactfully mitigates the hostilities and the prejudices that the con-

roversies of the last six months have provoked. On the other hand, this time of choice is also a time to remember, in the exercise of the precious virtue of common sense, that to be devoted heart and soul to the cause of the enemies of Germany does not necessarily imply in a musician the abilities to conduct the Symphony Orchestra; and that, however admirable be the new conductor's wartime sympathies and allegiances, the public will not long go to hear him unless he gives interesting concerts and maintains in fair measure the standards of the band.

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Like Paris, Petrograd and Moscow, so far as the Western world knows, proffer no very promising man. Mr. Coates, the Briton who curiously flourished under the old operatic régime in Petersburg, seemed little better than mediocre when he returned to Paris and London, whether in music-drama or in symphonic music. Mr. Cooper, who used to come with Mr. Diaghilev's ballet on its earlier visits to Paris, was in no wise a signal talent; while Mr. Kusevitsky, the noted virtuoso of the

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double bass, and Mr. Cherépmin, the composer, enjoy little reputation, outside their own country, as conductors. Moreover, the one experiment of an orchestra in the United States with a Russian conductor—that of the Philharmonic Society in New York with the late Mr. Safonov—was none too successful. Safonov aside, the one Russian who has given proof hereabouts of his quality as conductor, is Mr. Rakhmaninov, the composer, who in his visit to America a few years ago, led the Boston Orchestra and other bands in his own pieces. So far as these went, he gave clear proof alike to his men and his audiences of notable qualities as conductor; while not a little report from Russia, where he has led in the music of many composers, has warmly confirmed them. Rumor runs that he has lately made his way out of Moscow to Stockholm, whence he purposes to embark for New York, there to dwell until central Europe is tranquil again, pursuing his career as pianist, conductor, and composer as best he may in the United States. It is possible to conceive of Mr. Rakhmaninov as conductor of the Symphony Orchestra; but it is to be observed that for long years

before the beginning of the war he preferred to dwell at Dresden, and that fervent nationalistic spirits in Petrograd and Moscow then spoke bitterly of him as "Germanized."

Similar objection, in these fervent days of our own, might be raised against Mr. Mengelberg, for long the eminent conductor of the noted Amsterdam Orchestra and known by many a visit from London and Paris almost to Tiflis and Teheran. In the years before the war, no European conductor, except Mr. Nikisch, journeyed so widely and persistently as did he. From a concert at Amsterdam or The Hague, he might pass to another, as "guest conductor," in Copenhagen, to a third in Dantzic, to a fourth at Liège, to a fifth in London and so back to Holland again. The inevitable result was the cultivation of a few displayful "specialties," like the tone-poems of Strauss, a rough-and-ready handling of successive orchestras, and a zest for performances that were more effective in bold and ardent outline than in careful adjustment of detail. Among the past conductors of the Symphony Orchestra, the nearest analogue in many respects to Mr. Mengelberg is Mr. Paur. However Bostonian audiences may have received Mr. Paur in the nineties—some would say now "bore with him"—it is doubtful whether in these later days, they would be so complacent through fifty concerts a season toward Mr. Mengelberg. Yet he is known to cherish American ambitions; while, after his incessant journeys in Europe, the routine of the Symphony Orchestra might seem to him almost as relaxation.

Wood and Toscanini

Not so long ago in London, Sir Thomas Beecham likewise cast ambitious eyes toward America, though oftener upon opera houses than upon concert-halls. Then, however, Sir Thomas was struggling to make his way with the public of London as conductor, operatic manager, entrepreneur in general of the performance of music. Now, however, Manchester—mounting rival to London as seat of British interest, intelligence and taste in the arts—regards him as little less than saviour on an evil day. It applauds him as conductor of the Hallé Concerts—the Symphony Concerts of the Midland city; it flocks to him in opera; it is about to bestow on him a theatre of his and its own. London, too, has become kinder. Circumstances of war time have curiously made striving, anxious, unruly Sir Thomas a dominant figure of British opera house and British concert-hall. Probably no American opportunity would now tempt him; opera more and more engrosses him; while his abilities as organizer of musical enterprise perhaps

exceed his competence as conductor. Moreover, in Boston and elsewhere, the Symphony Concerts have long been quite as much organized as is for their good.

On the other hand, it is within possibility that Sir Henry Wood could be persuaded to forsake London for a few years in Boston; while of available European conductors only he and Mr. Toscanini are of the tested ability and the established reputation that the Symphony Orchestra seems to demand. Sir Henry's years are still a little short of fifty; in mind, body, executive powers, capacity for work and vigor of ambition he is still in his prime. Outside a few excursions into the opera house in his earlier days, he has been through all his career a conductor of symphony and choral concerts. Through many vicissitudes he has developed the Queen's Hall Orchestra until it is without peer in England. He has conducted at festivals in the Provinces and at choral concerts in London in a fashion to make him worthy of the Boston Symphony Chorus, as it has proved itself to be, as it bids fair to continue. No conductor could be more catholic in his programmes—a high tradition of our Symphony Concerts—though he has clear and unashamed predilection for modern and ultra-modern music, for the innovators of Paris, Vienna, Petrograd and Moscow. In such music, from Wagner and Strauss, through Chalkovsky and Rimsky-Korsakov, to Mahler and Scriabin, d'Indy and Ravel, he most excels; but he is eloquent, no less, with Beethoven and Brahms, with Schumann, Liszt, Franck—the "romanticists" generally. His audiences have been faithful and expansive; his men work readily and loyally for him; his diligence and

ambition are tireless. To symphony concerts in London he has added concerts on Sunday afternoons, and the long series of Promenade Concerts in August, September and October that have opened the books of music of many degrees to a public to which they would otherwise be sealed. As the most distinguished conductor in Britain by title of long and full achievement, Sir Henry might readily pass to high place among conductors in America. Once, indeed, he visited the Philharmonic to New York for two concerts as

Yet with all this British and European reputation, Sir Henry would hardly bring to the Symphony Concerts the prestige that would surely attend Mr. Toscanini. In his years at the Metropolitan, the Italian proved himself beyond question an operatic conductor of the first rank, while far and wide in America went his fame. He was in full command of his orchestra; he was master of the music before him or rather stored in his memory; in the hollow of his hand he held stage, pit, au-

ditorium. To opera buffa from Donizetti to Wolf-Ferrari, to lyric opera in the stricter sense of the words from the Verdi of "Trovatore" to the Puccini of "Madama Butterfly," to music-drama from Gluck through Wagner to the ultra-moderns, he brought an equally discriminating mind, expert hand and vitalizing eloquence. He played not a music that he did not recreate in the image of his own puissant personality, until it glowed with color, flashed with rhythm, throbbed with passion, if passion there was in it; etched out character and incident; coursed with whatever life-blood the composer had infused. Admittedly, Mr. Toscanini was harsh, arbitrary, self-willed, exacting, but what achievement perpetually praised him! His ambition in later years has turned to symphonic music; in a measure he forsook the Metropolitan because it could give him little opportunity to experiment with it. He was frankly ambitious of a new career in the concert-hall in America. His admiration for the Symphony Orchestra was unstinted. It, and probably it only in these days, might win him back from Italy. Nor with a Gericke, a Nikisch or a Muck has it fared ill when its conductor came from the opera house.

The American Yield

So much for the European field of choice. From the American, a summary but inevitable elimination quickly rejects the Hadleys, the Rothwells, the generally undistinguished abilities whose partisans fondly believe, or profess to believe, that nationality, through the sifting of a hundred concerts in a season, will somehow continue to hide mediocrity. A like inevitable

but gentler elimination puts aside established conductors, like Mr. Damrosch, bound by every obligation and opportunity to his generous "sustainer," Mr. Flagler, and also Mr. Stock, seemingly and deservedly "fixtured," as the phrase of sport goes, with the Chicago Orchestra. Mr. Stransky, in turn, were he not an "enemy alien," is, in many judgments, unthinkable as conductor of an orchestra of the first rank. There remains, then, only Mr. Stokowski, reputed to dream of ultimate ascent to the Boston Orchestra, warmly commended to it by not a few ardent spirits, yet by much agreeing report in letter and in honor bound to continue for some years in Philadelphia.

Of the younger conductors now working in America, Mr. Stokowski is unquestionably the best equipped, the fullest tested, to succeed to the Symphony Concerts. Surface shortcomings he has in a certain displayful attitude toward audiences, which he may easily outgrow; in a certain inclination toward social prestige—and, as some say, social intrigue, less by himself than in his behalf—which, again, he may readily discover are, in the long run, vain things. As conductor, there is no mistaking his ability with romantic music of any period or any school, with the pieces of the moderns and the ultra-moderns, with whatever is sharply rhythmed, warmly colored, variously impassioned, largely voiced. In all such music, he conducts with imagination and eloquence, vividly designing, ardently projecting, with flashes of rare insight, with strokes of clear power. Finesse and elegance may still elude him with the eighteenth-century masters; his severer classics may lack a measure of poise, may miss grave and deep intensities; but Mr. Stokowski still stands in young and waxing years. Moreover, as he has amply proved in Philadelphia, his standards of orchestral technique and tone are high; while he can gradually impose them upon his forces. When he first took over the Philadelphia Orchestra and for an appreciable period thereafter, it was a mediocre band. A week ago at its concert of Saturday evening, it played with a precision, pliancy, fluency and balance of tone, with a vitality of rhythm, a roundness of period, a pervading warmth and resiliency that are surely Mr. Stokowski's handiwork upon it. A pleased audience answered eagerly to conductor, orchestra and catholic and well adjusted programme.

Youth and Mr. Gabrilowitsch

If it is advisable that a relatively young man be the next conductor of the Symphony Orchestra—and in some respects it is—choice could go farther and fare worse than in lighting upon Mr. Stokowski if, peradventure, Philadelphia would set him

free. Since the distant days of Mr. Nikisch, who came to Boston in his early thirties, the Symphony Concerts have not known a conductor in young prime. All the rest—Sir G. Henschel again excepted—have come to the orchestra in middle years, with established reputations, in more or less fixity of quality. The whole atmosphere of the Symphony Concerts—conductor and management, orchestra and audience—is fast becoming set in riddle age. A new breath of comparative youth might stimulatingly blow through them. A conductor with his way to make and steadily advancing upon it, might prove quite as interesting as one who has only to renew in fresh surroundings a proved prowess. Relative youth reads its music, orders its forces in its own way, which is not always the way of middle age, and is the more illuminating and tonic because it is not.

Mr. Stokowski would be such a young conductor; while still more youthful, in the scale of experience, would be Mr. Gabrilowitsch. Toward conducting the ambitions of the pianist are now firmly and eagerly set. He began to test himself in them as long ago as he dwelt in Munich; if memory does not slip, he has made like ventures in his own Russia; more recently he has renewed them in the United States—in New York last spring, as "guest" of various orchestras in the Middle West last winter. Once more, next week and for two weeks thereafter, he will return to them; while it is an open secret that Cincinnati has looked upon him with kindly eyes as successor to Dr. Kunwald with its orchestra. There is no questioning Mr. Gabrilowitsch's insight, imagination, poise and cultivation as a musician; the orchestras that have played under him report him a born, intuitive, and by no means unpractised conductor. Not a few of his expert hearers have marvelled at the results he achieved—and in hampering circumstance—through a wide range of music. While ambition spurs him, self-control and wisdom order his progress. Whatever he undertakes, he accomplishes wholeheartedly, unselfishly, with no mean standards. If it is advisable to go full length in a venture with comparative youth at the Symphony Concerts, Mr. Gabrilowitsch may well run close to Mr. Stokowski's heels.

Ysaye and Monteux

If, however, maturity be still the word, another virtuoso sits open-eared to any call that may come to him Bostonward—the illustrious violinist, Mr. Ysaye, and no

scantly-graced conductor as the "Concerts Ysaye" for some winters in Brussels clearly and speedily proved him. By all accounts he is weary once more of his violin; the ambitions of his later years again whet him to conducting. A month hence at the music-festival in Cincinnati, alike in choral and in symphonic pieces and for the first times in America, he will give proof of the qualities that spread good report of the "Concerts Ysaye" far beyond Brussels. There are hopes, especially among his friends and among the rather narrow partisans of a French or a Belgian conductor at all costs, that like report will percolate from Cincinnati to Boston and even bring consequences in appropriate train. Perhaps, however, these advocates forget that Mr. Ysaye is of none too steadfast health and none too industrious habit; while the usual schedule of the Symphony Orchestra calls for a hundred-odd concerts between the middle of October and the first of May, with now a chorus as well as an orchestra for the conductor (as the vernacular has it) "to swing."

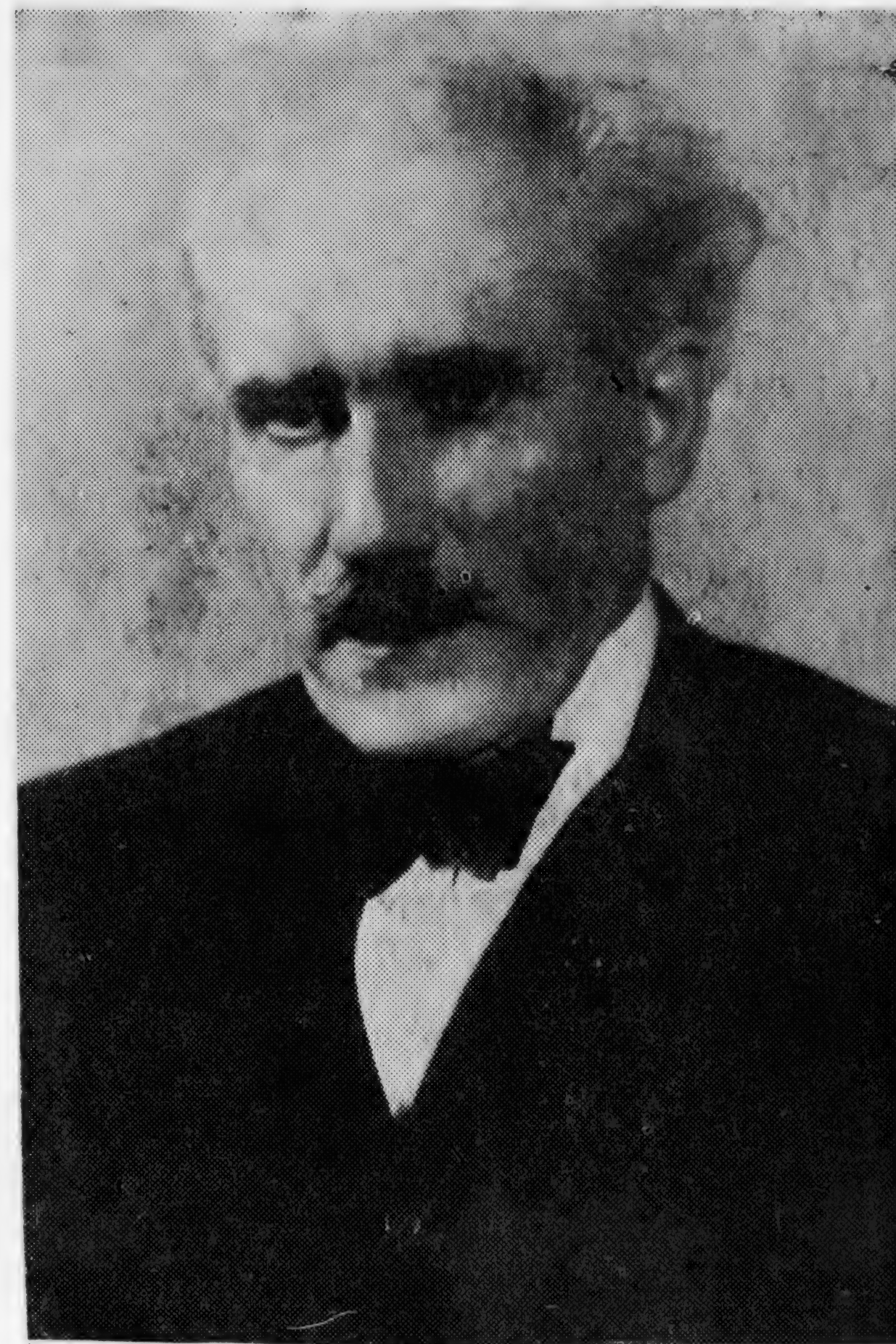
In New York, likewise, now dwells and works the most promising of the mooted Parisian conductors—Mr. Monteux, who has led in the French operas, in the Russian "Coq d'Or," in the American "Place Congo" at the Metropolitan this season, as last season he led in the diversified music of the Russian Ballet. Behind stretches a long and honorable Parisian experience, again with the Russian Ballet, now and then in opera, occasionally in symphonic music, usually of ultra-modern voice. In a few concerts last summer and with no remarkable orchestra, New York also heard him in such music, both classic and contemporary, and to a degree was pleased. If what he accomplished, say with Beethoven, was not highly individual, it was at least more than conventionally meritorious. Judged by his work at the Metropolitan, Mr. Monteux seems a conductor of elegance, finesse, refinement, proportion, accepting the tradition, yet weaving his own shadings and variations upon it, painstaking almost to a fault—a conductor who with the Symphony Orchestra in Boston might easily bring back a Gerickian day. Yet, recalled from the performances of the Russian Ballet, he was opulent of color, warm of rhythm, large of progress with Rimsky-Korsakov's "Shéhérazade"; while with Stravinsky's "Pétrouchka," he kept the music tingling, graphic, incisive, bold. Super-refined as Mr. Monteux tends to be, he can also summon sweep and fire. In a conductor of twenty-four pairs of concerts such range is not undesirable. H. T. P.



Eugene Ysaye



Willem Mengelberg



Arturo Toscanini, world famous conductor



Henry Wood



Pierre Monteux

Who Shall the Next Be

Choice in Cursory Survey



Leopold Stokowski



Ossip Gabrilowitsch

Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1917-18.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

TWENTY-SECOND PROGRAMME

FRIDAY, APRIL 19, AT 2.30 P. M.

SATURDAY, APRIL 20, AT 8 P. M.

CARPENTER,

SYMPHONY No. 1

I. Largo: Con moto
II. Scherzo: Allegro; Adagio; Scherzo
III. Moderato: Lento; Allegro
(First time in Boston)

SVENDSEN,

LEGEND for ORCHESTRA, op. 11, "Zorahayda"

a) D'INDY,

TWO PIECES for VIOLA and ORCHESTRA

LIED, op. 19

(First time at these Concerts)

b) STRUBE,

FANTASTIC DANCE

GOLDMARK,

OVERTURE to "Sappho"

Soloist:

ÉMILE FÉRIR

ERNST SCHMIDT, Conductor



Ossip Gabrilowitsch

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Symphony Hall.

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(First time in Boston)

SVENDSEN,

LEGEND for ORCHESTRA, op. II, "Zorahayda"

a) D'INDY,

TWO PIECES for VIOLA and ORCHESTRA

LIED, op. 19

(First time at these Concerts)

b) STRUBE,

FANTASTIC DANCE

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OVERTURE to "Sappho"

Soloist:

ÉMILE FÉRIR

ERNST SCHMIDT, Conductor

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Mr. ÉMILE FÉRIR was born in Brussels, July 18, 1873. His father was an officer in the Belgian army. Mr. Férir's first ambition was to become a painter, and he devoted some time to that art. Later, however, he entered the Brussels Conservatoire as a student of the viola, studying there under Firket and Ysaye. He won the first prize in 1891. In 1892 he was a member of the Lamoureux Orchestra of Paris. In 1893 he went to Glasgow as principal viola of the Scottish Orchestra. For the seven years preceding 1903, when he came to America to be a member of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, he was principal viola of the Queen's Hall Orchestra and the Philharmonic Orchestra of London. During that time he was viola of the Kruse Quartet. Since the fall of 1903 he has been the principal viola of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, and since he has been in Boston he has been viola of the Arbos Quartet (1903-04), the Boston Symphony Quartet (1904-07), the Hess-Schroeder Quartet (1908-10), and the Boston Quartet.

First viola of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, he has played as soloist:—

1903, December 5. Viola solo in Berlioz's "Harold in Italy."

1904, February 7. Two songs by Brahms, for alto, with viola and pianoforte (Mme. Schumann-Heink, contralto).

1905, April 22. Strube's "Longing," symphonic poem, for viola and orchestra (first performance).

1907, January 26. Viola solo in Berlioz's "Harold in Italy."

1908, March 28. Viola solos in Strube's symphonic poems, "Longing" and "Fantastic Dance."

1910, April 23. Viola solo in Strauss's "Don Quixote."

1911, February 18. Viola solo in Strauss's "Don Quixote"

1911, March 4. Viola solo in Berlioz's "Harold in Italy."

1912, April 26. Viola solo in Forsyth's "Chant Celtique" and Strube's "Fantastic Dance."

1913, March 15. Viola solo in Charpentier's "Impressions of Italy."

1914, April 18. Viole d'amour in Loeffler's "Mort de Tintagiles."

1915, October 22. Viole d'amour in Loeffler's "Mort de Tintagiles."

1915, November 19. Mozart's Concertante Symphonie for violin and viola with Mr. Witek.

1916, February 11. Viola solo in Strauss's "Don Quixote."

1918, April 5. Viola solo in Charpentier's "Impressions of Italy."

22D CONCERT BY SYMPHONY

Herald—Apr. 20/18
John Alden Carpenter Program Well Received by
Boston Audience

XYLOPHONE FEATURE DISTINCTIVE WORK

By PHILIP HALE

The Boston Symphony Orchestra gave its 22d concert yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows: Carpenter, Symphony No. 1 (first time here); Svendsen, "Zorahayda"; two pieces for viola and orchestra: d'Indy, Lied; Strube, Fantastic Dance; Goldmark, overture, "Sappho. Mr. Schmidt conducted.

Mr. John Alden Carpenter of Chicago is not a stranger here in the concert hall. His violin sonata has been played twice within five years; some of his songs have been sung here by various singers; his orchestral Suite, "Adventures in a Perambulator," was performed twice in the season of 1915-16, and before these performances it was played here by the New York Symphony Orchestra.

The Suite is pleasantly remembered, if only for the recollection of two agile men indulging themselves in violent exercise on xylophones, to the great joy of the hearers. There were other agreeable features. There were pages of genuine beauty. The composer stood forth as an independent thinker, who had a rich orchestral speech.

The symphony, composed in 1916-17, and first performed at a music festival held in Norfolk, Ct., is a more ambitious work. Whether its musical contents are as ingenious and as valuable as those of the Suite is another question. The symphony as a whole seems to us scrappy. There is a motto "Sermons in Stones," taken from the duke's speech in "As you Like It." Mr. Borowski, the accomplished critic, remarks:

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"The connection between the latter part of this quotation and the symphony which is under discussion here lies in the direction of optimism. Beyond this key to the significance of his music, the composer does not care to go." "Sermons in Stones" suggests, also, sermons in music. A sermon in a stone is not so bad, for the stone is silent. The sermon is in the mind of the man that looks at it, sits on it, or throws it. A sermon in music that lasts from three-quarters of an hour to an hour is to be avoided. Good King Edward VII., a man of the world and a sport, decreed that a sermon of 12 minutes was long enough for any preacher in a royal chapel. Fortunately Mr. Carpenter does not attempt to preach in this symphony or to be didactic. He is optimistic, and this is a healthy mental condition for any composer, even when his subject is tragic: optimistic concerning his own music.

The symphony is, however, like an old hour-glass sermon in this respect: it has many heads and sub-heads, digressions, excursions and alarms. Hence we missed yesterday the feeling of continuity in the work. There was too much see-sawing of moods. Beginning finely with solemn strains, the first movement comprises sections which are practically unrelated. There is even the suggestion of a Scherzo about the middle of this movement. Nor do we find the middle section of the Scherzo itself has much to do with what goes before and what follows. In a word, the symphony is disjointed, scrappy. There are interesting pages, interesting melodically—although the thematic material is not spontaneously rich—harmonically; interesting above all in the instrumental experiments. As in the Suite, Mr. Carpenter in this symphony declares his undying devotion to pulsatile instruments.

The composer bowed his acknowledgment of applause from the platform.

Svensen's pretty and innocuous legend soothed the audience. Goldmark's overture was played last year. Why this haste in repetition? His "Prometheus" overture would have been fresher to the ear if there was absolute necessity of hearing something by Goldmark.

Mr. Férir's beautiful tone and irreproachable art were displayed in d'Indy's Lied, which was written for the violoncello, and Strube's "Fantastic Dance," which had already been played by him. D'Indy's Lied, composed about the time of his "Sagefleurie," has not the austerity of his later compositions. Its melancholy flavor is agreeable, not bitter.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The program of next week is as follows: Davison, Tragic overture (first time); Wolf, Italian Serenade; Berlioz, Fantastic Symphony.

SYMPHONY PROGRAM IS VERY PLEASING

Adv. — Apr. 20/18
Modern List, with Carpenter's
the Most Advanced Work
of the Afternoon

WORK IS EXCELLENT;
NOT WILD OR VAGUE

Themes Are Good and Clear
with Continuity and Logic
Prevalent

By LOUIS C. ELSON.

PROGRAM.
Carpenter, Symphony in C major.
Svendsen, "Zorahayda." Legende.
D'Indy, Chanson.
Strube, Fantastic Dance. Two pieces for
Viola. Soloist, Emil Ferir.
Goldmark, "Sappho" overture.

A modern program, but not of
ultra-radical character, the opening
symphony, in C major, by the Chi-
cago composer, being the most ad-
vanced work of the list. Browning,
in his "Abt Vogler," comes to this
key at the end of things—

"My resting-place is found,
The C major of this life."

But Carpenter, like Beethoven, be-
gins his symphonic career with it.
The work has a motto—"Sermons in
Stones"—which is part of the beau-
tiful passage, in "As You Like It,"
beginning, "Sweet are the uses of
Adversity," and ending—

"Finds tongues in Trees, Books in the
running Brooks, Sermons in Stones, and
good in everything."
Which a delightfully prosaic Scotch
clergyman once thought might be
a misprint for "Sermons in Books,
Stones in the running Brooks."

The only evident application of
the Shakespearian text is in the
fact that the work is the opposite
of despairing, and ends with a tri-
umphant climax.

The work is not wild or vague,
although it is very intricate in some
of its development. The opening
phrase of the work is used in other
movements with interesting changes.

It is at first contrasted with a strik-
ing oboe melody, which was
charmingly played, and then comes
much evolution of the two themes.
A strong contrast is made by a four-
noted figure, balefully blared out on
the muted horns and given with
attractive reiteration thereafter. It
is made as prominent as Wagner
makes his four-noted bell-theme in
"Parsifal." There is much earnest
and masterly contrapuntal com-
bination of themes, a fine develop-
ment, and a clear although incom-
plete return, showing that Mr.
Carpenter does not deem it neces-
sary to abolish all symmetry even
in a modern symphony.

IS BIZARRE.

The Scherzo here comes second
(its normal place is third) and has
also its exhibitions of contrapuntal
skill, even to some fugal work, and
the chief phrase of the first move-
ment enters again here as also in the
final movement. It is bizarre, but
not playful.

In the third movement there is a
striking figure (in a double sense)
which is given entirely to the kettle-
drums, which becomes a continued
ground bass. It is derived from the
important four-noted figure of the
muted horns above mentioned, and
is much treated both here and in the
Finale. The chief theme is given to
that unusual instrument, the bass
clarinette. The Finale gives many
reminiscences of the preceding
movements, leading to a great cli-
max, a most powerful ending.

The themes are good and clear,
their interweaving masterly, the
scoring modern in tone color, and
there is continuity and logic in al-
most every part of this work. We
doubt if its ingenuity can be grasped
at a single hearing even by an ex-
pert auditor, and we also doubt if
every point was made as clear in the
performance as it might have been.
One thing is certain, the composer
is not of the iconoclasts, even if he
is modern in his expression. We be-
lieve the symphony to be a work
worth repeating and studying.

It has but three indicated move-
ments, although the changes of
tempo and style suggest five, in the
free architecture of a "poeme sym-
phonique." Its continuous develop-
ment and complexity makes it rather
too intellectual, perhaps fatiguing to
some, but it is a great and important

work nevertheless. The composer
was twice called to the stage at its
end.

HAS HAD SUCCESS.

Years ago, in Copenhagen, Svend-
sen played "Zorahayda" to the pres-
ent writer, and told him how he had
studied Arabic and Spanish music in
order to give something of the true
atmosphere to the tone-poem. He
has succeeded very well, considering
that he had never been in Spain, and
the glowing fervor of this southern
tone-picture (taken from Washing-
ton Irving) made a good foil to the
complexity of the symphony. Its
Oriental melancholy and its final
climax were especially effective.

The chief popular success of the
afternoon was the viola-playing of
Emile Ferir. The viola is the Cinder-
ella of the orchestra. It seems to be
crushed between the brilliancy of the
violin and the expressiveness of the
violincello. Yet it has its own pecu-
liar melancholy and brooding tone-
color, if it is not pushed into the
upper register, when it becomes dry
and dull-toned.

The "Sappho" overture is not one
of Goldmark's great compositions,
but it is worth hearing now and
then. It gives great opportunities for
the harp, but Sappho's Kithara was
to the modern harp about as a
wheelbarrow to an automobile, and
she would have been astonished at
the brilliancy of Mr. Holy's work.
But Symphony Hall is not the chosen
spot to display a harp obligato, even
when the harps are doubled. We
heard Mr. Holy to better advantage
in Jordan Hall, a few days before.
The solo violin work in this over-
ture ought also to be commended.
Mr. Witek and Mr. Holy shared the
honors in this work.

JOHN CARPENTER'S SYMPHONY PLAYED

Apr. 20/18
John Alden Carpenter, who lives and
engages in business in Chicago, has
been known here as a composer of songs
of more or less recondite settings to
poetic or symbolical texts, also by a
sonata for violin and piano, and by his
orchestral suite "Adventures in a Per-
ambulator," agreeably, often imagina-
tively, fanciful, and furnished with a
scenario, said to be of the composer's

authorship, staggering in its infantile
sophistication. Youth has not always
been so precocious on Lake Michigan.

Yesterday afternoon the Symphony
Orchestra and Mr Schmidt brought for-
ward Mr Carpenter's first symphony
for its first performance here. The
composer was present and, appearing
on the platform with the simplicity of
dress and manner typical of any young
American business man, was warmly
applauded and called out the second
time.

Mr Carpenter has set as a motto over
his score the lines from Act 2 of "As
You Like It" spoken by the banished
Duke to his co-mates and brothers in
exile in Arden Forest, beginning "Sweet
are the uses of adversity" and ending
with the "sermons in stones and good
in everything."

Music With Individuality

The Duke's preference for the churlish
chiding of the Winter's wind to the
painted pomp of the envious court would
denote an individuality more consonant
with an honest nature than an artificial
society. There is individuality in this
music, more, probably, than it defines
at one hearing. If only the young cre-
ative mind could set down what it hears
out at the fringe of consciousness where
winged fancies grow elusive. One feels
that Mr Carpenter sensed a big emo-
tional urge as the source of this music,
but like many another, he has tried to
record too much at a time.

There are impressive episodes: there
are beautiful thoughts as in the nobly
philosophical vein of the opening meas-
ures to which the duke might have
spoken; there is indisputable value in
material and in treatment. Mr Carpen-
ter launches a mood with persuasion,
even conviction, and is at ease in a mod-
erate flight.

Serious, Even Poetic Work

But sustained inspiration, the inven-
tion which lends spontaneity to develop-
ment, to the casual transition, the build-
ing of climaxes as though emotionally
inevitable rather than contrived, are
qualities still in the making. The or-
chestration shows skill, discretion and
at times marked originality and imagi-
nation in color.

The work as a whole is that of a seri-
ous, even a poetic mind, with more yet
to say. While there are reminiscences
of Rachmaninoff's "Isle of the Dead" in
the "Dies Irae" like theme, of Tschai-
kowsky's "Pathetic," strongly of the
"Parsifal" procession of the knights, and
all in the slow movement, there is no
servile imitation, nor does the composer
assume the idiom of another.

Svendsen's beautiful Zorahayda, ad-
mirably given, two pieces for viola and
orchestra—d'Indy's "Lied" (new for
these concerts) and Strube's Fantastic
dance—affording pleasure in Mr Ferir's
noble tone and superb style too rarely
heard in solo, and Goldmark's "Sappho"
overture completed the program.

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THE SYMPHONY CONCERT

Trans. — Apr. 20, 1918

NEW AND NOTABLE MUSIC FROM MR. CARPENTER

Circumstances Once More Conquered—A Symphony Seeming to Translate the American Temperament Into Tones — Freedom of Form and Process—Imagination, Invention, Impulse—Harmonic and Instrumental Richness—The Vitalizing Power and Clear Individuality That Set the Composer Above Most of His Fellows

AGAIN, yesterday afternoon, the Symphony Orchestra mastered circumstances with the elasticity and endurance that are best augury of its future. It is near the end of a season troubled by controversies, vicissitudes, uncertainties, such as it had never previously known. Much remains to be resolved and determined before it begins another year. Yet there it was, on Friday, playing for the first time in public a new and intricate symphony by the most individual and expert of the younger generation of American composers. For three weeks the music had been in rehearsal, to be made ready, according to the high tradition of the band, to the hilt. Mr. Schmidt, the conductor, had spared neither study nor industry; Mr. Carpenter, the composer, had ventured suggestions helpful in the disclosing of his intent. Performance happened to fall on a holiday in the full tide of a parade of troops. Inevitably the audience was smaller than usual on a Friday afternoon; came hindered and late to its seats. Yet the symphony was played and heard as though for the time there was naught else in the world, near or distant, than what the four walls of Symphony Hall contained. Possibly the performance might have unfolded more luminously the progress of a music that, episodic as it may seem to some ears, is yet ingeniously, even subtly knit, flowing from period into period, expanding from division to division. Possibly it might have gained more verve in the lighter measures of the Scherzo; a more pulsating, ascendant power, a richer color at the very end. Yet, as a whole and especially in the first movement, the symphony stood well revealed; while the composer, twice called to the stage, testified his satisfaction by a first bow to the orchestra and a second to the audience. Clearly his music had quickened both.

As Mr. Carpenter had full right to do, he has elected to cast his symphony in the

form of a symphonic poem or, perhaps more accurately, in a mould and progress that curiously resemble Liszt's in his concertos for piano. The more the reason, then, in some ears, that the music should be played without pause, as it was at Norfolk last June and in Chicago last October, than in the three movements into which the composer has now sectioned it. Like the Lisztian concertos, the symphony advances from division to division in the order and according to the contrasts and the necessities of the moods that Mr. Carpenter would release and cumulate. These divisions are unified, again Lisztian-wise, by the recurring presence of a principal, clearly profiled and easily remembered motive, sounded at the very beginning and insistent, though never obtruded by main force, to the end. They are further bound together by returns, according to the impulse and the advance of the music, of other distinctive motives. Nowhere, moreover, does the composer merely lay measures and periods side by side in arbitrary succession. Not for nothing did the learned and expert Ziehn instruct him in the intricacies of musical continuity, in the means to symphonic progress; nor carelessly has he himself studied them. Moody and changeful as Mr. Carpenter's music may seem, as indeed he willed and designed, it, fine links bind period to period and close strands hold division to division. After all, the couplings of freight cars are not the only bonds known to human usage. They are seldom employed, for example, in the interbinding of adroit mechanisms.

The truth is that Mr. Carpenter, as becomes a composer of intelligence, imagination, technical resource, chooses his form, conducts his procedure according to the impulses and intents underlying his music, according to creative necessities and promptings as his work advances. The verses from "As You Like It"—"Sweet are the uses of adversity" and so forth through "Sermons in stones" may signify much or little; but from two hearings of the symphony comes impression of certain moods, of a certain poetizing design informing and emotionally animating the music. Recall the gayeties of matter, motion, color in the long middle division that may pass for a scherzo. Soon they cloud into more pensive mood; next for a time they give place to dreamy brooding; thence they spring into themselves again. Remember, again, the progress of the finale—the nervous energy with which in substance, pace, rhythmic beat, harmonic and instrumental color, it steadily expands, deepens, advances, brightens until in almost the last measures, it glows with high energy and radiant resolve, to close with a tonal hint that has haunted the symphony of reflection within. Note also that, firm-set as this ascent seems, there are also fitful moments—returns to the more careless mood of the scherzo, to the

troubled and pondering mood of the adagio-like passages; yet quickly innate vitality rings and strides anew. Pass now to the long first movement, a various music of many voices and moods. Again matter and progress, line and color are nervous and fitful. There is tonal tumult and stress, tonal striving and struggle, at the end glowing intensity, as it were, of will and achievement, tonal sportiveness, brooding, visioning.

Now what else may this be but the translation, the incarnation even, in tones and in symphonic crucible, of our blessed American temperament in characteristic—and therefore diversified—play? Mr. Carpenter is no composer of routine disposed to take the ready, the fashionable way. No more is he either simple or cloudy minded. To pick at negro melodies, Indian tunes, Fosterian ballads, at folk material in general, may reasonably have seemed to him to write but a half modish, half conventional and altogether easy American music. Moreover, is it so much American as expression of racial impulses of isolated folk in another day than ours? Far more tempting the venture, far finer the possible achievement, to infuse into music the American temperament as it may be distilled out of our finer mental and spiritual impulses and accomplishments in this very day. No wonder the quest stirred Mr. Carpenter; with reason the deed applauds him.

So, without a hint from the composer, other than his music imparts, may be conjectured the informing intent, the implicated and revealed moods, the characterizing matter, the heightening color of his symphony. Yet, first of all, the hearer heeds it as a music engrossing in itself as a pattern and a progress in tones. As such the motives sound firm and clear. They have not only profile, but character. They remain in ear and mind. No sooner do they begin to deepen into melody, to pass from guise to guise, from relation to relation, than they stir answering interest, responsive feeling. Mr. Carpenter is fertile with them, yet neither abstruse, which is to be unAmerican, nor over-calculating, which is to fall into our national sin of self-consciousness. An inner impulse of the imagination, as well as faculty of musical invention, a prompting of the spirit as well as of counterpoint orders Mr. Carpenter's transformation, manipulation, development of his themes. He is abundant in resource but they are resources of music-making become expression. A spiritual design conceived and fructified, emotion sustaining itself as mood, direct, quite as much workmanship, the relation and the return of his motives, periods, sections, divisions. At every turn he mates inseparably process and purpose.

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So is Mr. Carpenter waxing in mastery of the naked substance, the linear course of music. From the days of "Adventures in a Perambulator" he has sat high in imaginative, individual, expert command of the harmonic and the instrumental color that enriches, diversifies, glamors it. No American composer except Mr. Loeffler, only a few Europeans in Paris or Moscow, match him in inventive and assimilative sense of the multifarious timbres a modern orchestra may yield or in skill in the distribution of them. With them, aptness of hand serves in him readiness and acuteness of mind. The new symphony teems with such strokes of fancy, fertility, felicity. It testifies also to as inventive, individual and resourceful an harmonic idiom. Mr. Carpenter has assimilated much; if he knows his Parisians of yesterday and today, he knows also the methods of Munich and Berlin; he has heard the strange voices of Vienna and others as strange sounding from Petrograd. Yet when he speaks harmonically it's in an assimilated idiom of his own—his own because again it testifies to the pervading and distinctive trait of his music. Imagination, sensibility, resiliency, an unmistakable impulse to express himself in reaction to life around him or some particular content of that life, prompt Mr. Carpenter to music-making. At every turn his harmonies are no mere decoration or handiwork. He has that which he would say and that almost dictates the method and the manner of the saying. Hence the harmonies that in the new symphony coalesce into backgrounds of light or shadow to the substance and line of the music, or that play over it in manifold hues, degrees, implications. Again Mr. Loeffler is the only American analogue to such individuality, range, mastery.

Above all else, however, shines out of the present symphony, as neither from the suite nor the concertino that preceded it, an ability to vitalize the music. It glows from the propulsive power that quickens the progress, ascendant or descendant, intensifies the moods, sharpens the contrasts, wings the flights, marshals measures, radiant, darkling, striving, incisive, full-throated or firm set through the manifold first movement. It impels the scherzo into gay dance, pensive sentiment, deeper melancholy. It conjures the tonal splendors, deepens the tread, expands the energy of the finale. Time and again through the symphony, it summons, sustains beauty. The analyst may say truly that Mr. Carpenter is fertile, various, puissant of rhythm whereby his music moves animatedly. Or again that he is imaginative and artful in contrasts. Or once more that he has the skill which fashions long tonal gradients and the hot impulse

that equally accomplishes vivid transitions. Agreed, but neither rhythm nor graduation, nor yet transition will energize and vitalize music as does this propulsive power.

For its other name is the creative faculty in music from which springs the composer's precious dower of that within him, received from life and transmuted in his own spirit, which he must release in music, in a speech of his own, in a speech which likewise is the inevitable outcome in method and manner of the promptings within. He looks in his heart and writes, because he can do no other. As he writes the inner content, the outer garb, the process and the progress of his music, the means and the end become as one in unity of achievement and impression. For a hundred motives a composer may write music in a hundred ways. He deserves the name in the fullest sense of the word, he fulfills its high implications only when he writes from this inner prompting into this outward unity, when his music is of himself and no other. Such a composer in this symphony is Mr. Carpenter. In symphonic music as American composers write it, there is but one other, Mr. Loefler, to compare with him—and he is of a world in which America is a mere accident of residence; while to Mr. Carpenter, as this same symphony testifies, America, in its finer attributes, is inspiration.

H. T. P.

NEW WORK PLAYED BY SYMPHONY

Post. Apr. 20/18
Carpenter's First Well
Received—Ferir's
Artistry

BY OLIN DOWNES

John Alden Carpenter's first symphony was performed at the Boston Symphony concert of yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall, Ernst Schmidt conducting. The composer was pres-

ent and appeared on the stage after the performance of his work to acknowledge the hearty applause. The other orchestral numbers were Svendsen's "Zorahayda," legend for orchestra, op. 2, and Goldmark's overture to "Sappho." Emil Ferir, the wonderful first violist of the orchestra, played two pieces, Strube's "Fantastic Dance" and D'Indy's "Lied," heard for the first time at these concerts.

SINCERE AND IMPRESSIVE

Mr. Carpenter's symphony is more than "interesting," "well-written" and the like. It is always sincere. It is often impressive—more particularly in the first movement. The themes are genuinely symphonic—broad, noble of outline, lending themselves well to development. The symphony bears as a motto lines of the speech of the Duke in the forest of Arden, in Shakspeare's "As You Like It," beginning:

"Sweet are the uses of adversity,
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head."

We take it that the intent of the composer is to typify in tones the transition in the heart of a man from the sorrow of knowledge to the happiness of faith in the triumph of truth. Put it more simply: melancholy, despair, hope, faith, joy. What kind of happiness or despair matters little, and Mr. Carpenter is not the man to wear his heart on his sleeve or play to the gallery. His drama is in his music, which the hearer may interpret in the light of his own feelings and experience. Themes from the first movement are repeated in the second and last sections of the work, and are finally ennobled, glorified.

The One Thing Lacking

Yet with all this the music, for us, lacks authenticity. It is made up of too many foreign materials. English, French, German workmanship and idiom are in it. The composer has not imitated, but has absorbed. He has absorbed, in our opinion, too much; for with all his noble intent, his great musical gift, he seems to us to lack a definite musical speech of his own. There is everything in this fine symphony, which cannot but reflect credit on its author and on the attainments of an

American composer, except the really vital thing that makes living art. And the only explanation that can be furnished, as it seems to us, is that the composer is too far from the creative spirit of his own community.

We do not mean that we wish him to quote a cowboy tune or an Indian yell in his symphony before we will say we like it, but we do mean that the sensation of a work with its roots in the ground is lacking. It is the only thing lacking; but when the only thing lacking is the greatest thing in art—the consciousness, the spirit of one's day and "mine own people," it is pretty serious. This symphony is an object lesson. We think Mr. Carpenter one of the most inherently gifted composers in America. But—very possibly we are entirely wrong—we also think we know why he has failed to write music of lasting significance. We think he is on the wrong track.

Also, the symphony seems too long, and the middle movement, effectively as it opens, and striking as is the slow interlude, is to us more naive and unconvincing than the other movements.

Mr. Ferir Proven Artist

It was good for the audience to have again an opportunity to hear the playing of Mr. Ferir as soloist. There is no greater instrumentalist in the Boston Symphony Orchestra, and it is a question if there ever has been one—one who so unites in a greater degree musicianship, interpretive genius and tonal charm. It was good, too, that the Symphony audience should have become acquainted with D'Indy's "Lied," too long unplayed at these concerts.

The charming sentimentality of the tone poem of Svendsen gave pleasure. There is in Goldmark's "Sappho" overture one immortal phrase, one progression, one sigh "made of perfect sound and exceeding passion," which in itself would be enough to make the music unforgettable.

Carpenter Piece Played

Specially for The Christian Science Monitor

BOSTON, Mass.—In Symphony Hall on Friday afternoon, the Boston Symphony Orchestra gave its first performance of Carpenter's symphony No. 1, a work which was written for the Norfolk (Conn.) Music Festival of June, 1917. On the program with this piece were the "Zorahayda" legend for orchestra, op. 11, by Svendsen; the "Lied" for violoncello and orchestra, by D'Indy, with a viola in the solo part (Emile Ferir, soloist); the "Fantastic Dance," for viola and orchestra, by Strube (Mr. Ferir, soloist); and the overture to "Sappho," by Goldmark.

The Carpenter symphony was discussed in The Christian Science Monitor at the time of its production at the Norfolk festival, when an orchestra of New York men, with Frederick Stock directing, played it. In the Music Shed at Norfolk it had an interpretation so much fairer than it had in Symphony Hall, that what was said then must prevail over anything that can be said now. It was moderately applauded by the Friday afternoon audience, though its composer, who was present and who showed himself on the platform, was enthusiastically applauded.

When reviewed last June, the symphony was described as containing little to remind listeners of the "Peregrinator" suite, by which Mr. Carpenter first became known in the symphony concert halls of the United States. It was called the work of a musical ponderer who had listened much to Debussy and Stravinsky and who gave out his meditations fluently and strikingly. After its Boston performance, it might be called the work of a man who had pondered long on the weightier portions of the symphonies of Brahms and Bruckner and had made up his mind to surpass them in heaviness.

The piece was further described after the first performance as revealing delightfully in the second movement, the scherzo, the composer's gifts as humorist. In the Boston performance all light touches were lost in an uncontrolled volume of tone and in a mechanical phrasing.

Almost the whole program was in the same case as the symphony, in respect to interpretation, though the selections in which Mr. Ferir figured as soloist were played with some consideration for tone balance, and the Svendsen legend was played with reasonable regard for its romantic mood. The overture to "Sappho" could hardly have been more poorly performed on a Friday afternoon in Boston. Not but that the notes were all sounded clearly and all struck at the right moment; but the intonation of some of them was rough to a surprising degree. In particular, the strings and the wood winds showed a want of unanimity as to pitch which is not to be expected in orchestras of the highest acclaim.

Apr. 20. 1918

Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1917-18.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

TWENTY-THIRD PROGRAMME

FRIDAY, APRIL 26, AT 2.30 P. M.

SATURDAY, APRIL 27 AT 8 P. M.

DAVISON,

TRAGIC OVERTURE
(First Performance)

WOLF,

ITALIAN SERENADE for Small Orchestra

BERLIOZ,

FANTASTIC SYMPHONY, No. 1, C major, 14A
I. Dreams, Passions. Largo; Allegro agitato e appassion-
ato assai
II. A Ball. Waltz: Allegro non troppo
III. Scene in the Fields. Adagio
IV. March to the Scaffold. Allegretto non troppo
V. Dream of a Sabbath. Larghetto; Allegro

ERNST SCHMIDT, Conductor.

Mason and Hamlin Pianoforte used.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT

Trans. — Apr. 27/18
ROMANTIC MUSIC FILLS A WHOLE
PROGRAMME

From Berlioz of Paris in the Thirties to Davison of Harvard, 1918—The "Fantastic Symphony" Revived After Long Interval—A "Tragic Overture" from the Cambridge Composer — Tucked Between Wolf's "Italian Serenade"

DESPITE simultaneous opera and a lagging symphonic season, the audience at Symphony Hall yesterday was without empty spaces. The friends of Dr. Davison present at the initial performance of his "Tragic Overture" in part explained the fact. Also, such first rate pieces as Berlioz's "Fantastic" symphony and Wolf's "Italian Serenade" must have been in favor, after many second-rate ones of Mr. Schmidt's choice. What is more, all three enjoyed a much finer and subtler performance, in accord with the traditional attainments of the orchestra, than might have been expected. Emphatically, the season is "looking up" before closing.

In the face of the general acceptance of Berlioz and Wolf as romantics, their two works standing yesterday side by side, bore a decided resemblance to things classical. There was the usual ardent manner of melody, of course, but still a certain economy of means, an intimate, delicate, refined beauty. They were true musical aristocrats, these two, with many similarities. Perhaps in violation of their marked individualities they have been too closely claimed by their respective peoples, although there is something distinctly Latin about Berlioz, in the best, historic sense, and something innately Teutonic in Wolf, again in the finest and most artistically precious sense.

Do not many of us approach Berlioz's music in entirely the wrong way? Is not the abundant morass of anecdote, which surrounds it, an oft fatal obstacle to its appreciation? Here is perhaps the only truly wise remark you may discover in his writings: "The programme does not absolutely need to be distributed among the audience, and only the titles of the five movements need be printed, as the Symphony can offer by itself (so the composer hopes) a musical interest independent of all dramatic intention." In other words, he guessed what was the truth—that his wild explanations would only lead his listeners entirely away from the real spirit of the music. But not only are programmes distributed among our audiences of today

—there are explanations in three versions, and reading matter stretched out to some twenty-six pages. This painstaking insistence upon piteous intimacies and weaknesses of Berlioz's private life seems very short-sighted, for it blinds, distracts and distorts. It all amounts simply to this: Berlioz was possessed by his genius and driven hither and thither by its force. And that has happened to others—Beethoven went a whole night half-lathered and half shaven, scribbling the scheme of a quartet on his wall; Wagner's personal and love affairs are eccentric and unpleasant enough. But these composers were sufficiently great to keep their creative processes to themselves, until curious noses pried in. Whereas Beethoven wisely abstained from giving out programmes for his symphonies in raving prose (he admitted that some such programmes were in his head), Berlioz could not appreciate the virtue of silence behind the eloquence of pure music as such.

In this interest, only sweep out of mind all the endless data, and listen to the "Fantastic" Symphony without literary preoccupation or graphic imaginings, with an open slate of receptivity, bearing nothing but the five brief titles upon it. Then, perhaps, you will perceive that the absurd idea of a man describing his own decapitation is, by the logic of the music, anything but silly—indeed a most impressive climax. That the satanic orgy is actually curdling and weird—powerful as music. That the rambling subjects cohere into a musical form as plausible as a suite, with the leitmotiv of the nobly conceived love theme passing through moods and decorations in a wondrous manner. As before and since, the persuasion of genius justifies a fantasy which is not unwontedly erratic, as music goes. This man, you will say, was the perfect and absolute master of his music, in which interest it mattered little that he was the prey of his emotions. Rightly did he get excited over his "effects"! Never was such instrumental color in the wood-wind and adorning strings, in the special drums and bells and ophicleides; these instruments amply justify their inclusion. It was not fancy that lit upon them, but an unmistakable creative need, a need primarily musical. Marvelously fresh is the harmonic color too. For some reason it has not run the gamut of all composition as Wagner's speech; it lies as if still undiscovered. And for this reason it sounds as resplendently new as if a living genius might have written it, or one unborn. And this from a youth of twenty-seven in the year 1830, before the rise of Wagner! Perish all records of Smithsonian pettiness before this finest and most delicate music of love-dreams and fears. There is no musical meandering or excess—better accuse Wagner of that—but it follows good proportions, shapes the climaxes with discriminate reserve, moderation and remarkable lucidity.

It was a disciple of Gluck that found the classic repose of the pastoral adagio, with a dulcet dialogue of English horn and oboe as hauntingly beautiful as any pipings of Wagner's goatherds, while the filmy background is of the rarest. The march is truly splendid, whatever it might signify, and utterly free from the blatant and tawdry pomp which a Lisztian romantic would have given it. There is something aloof, something aristocratic about Berlioz's ornamental entwining of a popular waltz-rhythm which suggests Debussy's way of purging Spanish dance music of all vulgarity. Indeed, you might find many mutual traits in the two colorists of France; of course Berlioz was far the higher genius, and that may be said without belittling his later compatriot.

And Wolf also stood forth by his "Italian Serenade" as a composer of the musical aristocracy. It was a most refined version of the oft vulgar Italy. Personal, whimsical, chamber-music throughout, perpetually suggesting the string quartet which was its original plan. Wolf followed in the line of a dozen artists, whether musicians, painters or poets, who went to Italy in their youth to learn "sunshine." Yet the sunshine of Wolf, like Schumann's remained Teutonic, even through his "Italian Serenade," even through the light tarantella figure, playing against the tender song of the viola. A delicate, fanciful, lovely fragment, like one of Whistler's smaller sketches, the end dreaming off rather casually into silence. A great importance could never be attributed to it, but for all that it remains a rare piece of work.

Again, Dr. Davison was wiser than Berlioz—he staved off literal-minded commentators by stating that his Overture depicted nothing more specific than the mood which pervades Hawthorne's short story of "Rappaccini's Daughter." And the story has a definite and intentional mood—a dark-hued romanticism in brilliant, luxuriant, exotic colorings, evoked by the description of the old man's garden of rich-colored flowers, his daughter, as bloomingly beautiful as one of them, the sinister, underlying note of magic in their cultivation—the tragedy which this force of evil brings to the love affair. Into such romantic vein music easily falls, and much existent music might be said to describe it. Dr. Davison found a stark, vivid and Straussian music to fulfill his subject. The themes and particularly the chief one, are distinctive, fittingly amorous, adaptable to the various instruments.

Wherein Dr. Dawson most notably succeeded was just this depiction of mood. His general design was steadfast and clear—a melodic line always ardent, a coloring always dark to suggest the foreboding of the supernatural, the storm of the cataclysm gathering and finally bursting. In his instrumental manipulations were now and then labored that was the lesser episode

from a generally sure hand, of direct and unambiguous procedure. There was a certain freedom and modernity of dissonance, particularly in the bolder tragedy, again clearly and cleanly worked out. The theme was finally enthroned much in the manner of Strauss, and it took its place with unquestioned majesty. Friendly partiality and courtesy aside, a piece to enjoy and esteem on its own merits, and to place firmly above the usual run of native works, whether more pretentious or more trivial.

V. N. B.

SYMPHONY PLAYS BOSTON MAN'S MUSIC Davison's Tragic Overture on 23d Concert Program

The 23d concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Ernst Schmidt, conductor, took place yesterday afternoon at Symphony Hall. The program was as follows: Davison, Tragic Overture, first performance; Wolf, Italian Serenade for Small Orchestra; Berlioz, Fantastic Symphony, No. 1, C major, op. 14a.

Mr. Davison's piece was played here for the first time. A graduate of the Boston Latin school and Harvard University, he studied the organ and composition in Paris with Widor. He is the author of "Hero and Leander," a symphonic poem; a Romance; a set of concert waltzes, "The Gondoliers"; pianoforte pieces, songs and choruses. The overture was suggested by Hawthorne's story, "Rappaccini's Daughter." There is no attempt to follow the details of the story, to portray the various characters. The music is merely an expression of the mood awakened by the narrative. The composer's sense of tragedy as expressed by the music is neither strongly compelling nor dramatically intense. The overture is melancholy rather than tragic, lacking in force, an exhibition of well ordered emotion controlled by a keen regard for form.

Both the other compositions on the program, Wolf's Italian Serenade and the Fantastic Symphony by Berlioz, inspired pages in which the romanticist celebrated various phases of his passion for Harriet Smithson, were thrice familiar to the audience.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The program of the concerts next week, the last of the season, will be as follows: Schubert, Symphony in B Minor, "Unfinished," and Beethoven's Symphony No. 3 in E flat, "Eroica."

DAVISON TRAGEDY SYMPHONY FEATURE

Adv. Apr. 27/18
Wolf's Italian Serenade and
Berlioz Fantastic Also Well
Played by Orchestra

The twenty-third concert by the Boston Symphony Orchestra was given in Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon with the following program:

Davison (first time).....Tragic Overture
Wolf.....Italian Serenade
Berlioz.....Fantastic Symphony

The Symphony authorities have been kind to the native composer this season, and not a few really notable works of American composers have been given. Among the most interesting of these can be placed Dr. Davison's Tragic Overture, which is founded on Hawthorne's gruesome tale of Rappaccini and his daughter, whose life is sacrificed to the whim of a fanatical father.

This tale forms the background for strong musical speech contrasted with specific melodic phrase, and the tragic page has been translated by Dr. Davison with excellent judgment, unerring taste, and exceeding skill in the handling of thematic material and the arrangement of orchestral color.

The composer uses three themes, the second of which is of unusual beauty, and these are developed with a wealth of contrapuntal skill—counterpoint that flows as naturally as the brook flows its gentle course through the woods and fields. There are many bits of ingenious orchestration, notably a sombre passage for three horns with rhythmic pulsations on the drums, foreshadowing the tragic finale of the story.

The overture was exceedingly well received, in fact, met with instant response on the part of the audience.

WOLF'S SERENADE.

Wolf's Italian Serenade, which has not been played by the orchestra for ten years, is agreeable music. A

notable passage was Mr. Ferri's lovely strain for the viola with much flute and string embroidery. The songs of the pifferari, or Roman peasants, as thrown about among the various solo instruments, were played with much delicacy of intonation.

The Fantastic Symphony well illustrates all the remarkable features of Berlioz, who was nothing if not unconventional, a veritable path-breaker in new ideas of orchestral tone-painting, who broke with all tradition and set free the speech of the many orchestral voices.

This work is, beyond everything else, temperamental, and only the conductor of temperamental mood can make it effective. The first movement with its strangely angular "fixed idea" or musical picture of Berlioz' lady love, was given a rather conventional reading, while the ball room scene was a shade too precise; excellent for dancing, but a more rubato tempo with more distinguishing beauty of phrase, would have added to the tonal effect.

SHEPHERD SONG EFFECTIVE

The celebrated "Scene in the Fields" with English horn and distant oboe, like two shepherds on opposite sides of a valley, piping to each other, as interpreted by Mr. Schmidt, contained no special adventures and the composer could as well have portrayed a pleasant afternoon in one of the parks of Paris. The well-known passage at the close where the one shepherd sings his theme and the other fails to respond was very effective.

The concert will be repeated tonight and the season will close next week with two inspired works, Schubert's unfinished Symphony and Beethoven's Eroica.

Monitor Apr. 27/18
Boston Symphony Orchestra

BOSTON, Mass. — Many persons doubtless have been driven to take down from the shelf Hawthorne's "Mosses From an Old Manse" and to look up therein the tale "Rappaccini's Daughter," in the hope of finding what Archibald T. Davison was driving at in his "Tragic" overture, heard for the first time at the concerts of the Boston Symphony Orchestra this week. It is not a pleasant tale to base an overture on. It will be recalled that it

tells of a beautiful girl nurtured on the poison exhalant from a strange plant produced by her father, Dr. Rappaccini, a learned doctor. She is so filled with the baleful influence that her very breath blights all living things with which she comes in contact. The inevitable young man has an antidote, made by a rival learned doctor, but the liquid on one who has been sustained by poison is fatal. Such is the story which inspired this overture. The music, according to the composer, is supposed merely to portray the mood or impression created by the narrative.

It is an interesting composition. The themes are stated clearly and the development is logical and firmly knit. It is not exactly a merry piece at best, and it was played even more lugubriously than its nature might seem to warrant. After the climax of the composition, a well-sustained mood of exaltation is held to the end. Dr. Davison has not posed as a modernist in his harmonies and progressions, but he has achieved something emphatically not of the past. Further revision in certain parts of the scoring in the interest of clarity of expression will probably be undertaken.

On the program in addition were the "Italian Serenade", for small orchestra, by Hugo Wolf, and the Berlioz "Fantastic" symphony No. 1, in C major. A thorough course in back-yard gardening might be beneficial to the lovesick swain whose troubles occupied Berlioz in this symphony.

Boston Concert Notes

The Boston Symphony Orchestra will give the last concerts of the season in Symphony Hall on Friday afternoon, May 3, and Saturday evening, May 4. At the desire of Henry L. Higginson, the sustainer of the organization, the program will be devoted to two classics which have had more performances than any others in the repertory. They are Schubert's "Unfinished" symphony, and Beethoven's "Eroica" symphony.

The year's work began in the week of Oct. 1, when the men spent several days in Camden, N. J., making phonographic records. The concert season in Boston opened on Friday afternoon, Oct. 12, and since that time 87 con-

certs have been given. The orchestra took part in six choral concerts, comprising two performances of Beethoven's ninth symphony, two performances of Mahler's second symphony and two performances of Bach's "St. Matthew Passion." It also gave two concerts in aid of its pension fund.

Following the custom of the past, the greater part of the men will be on call during the next nine weeks for the pop concerts in Symphony Hall. The first pop concert will be given on the evening of Monday, May 6, with Mr. Jacchia conducting. The program is as follows:

March, "Solid Men to the Front," Sousa; overture, "Mignon," Thomas; waltz, "Jolly Fellows," Vollstedt; fantasia, "Pagliacci," Leoncavallo; "Le Marché," Bizet; prelude to Act. I, "Carmen," Bizet; meditation, "Thais," Massenet; "Marche Miniature," Tchaikowsky; second Hungarian rhapsody, Liszt; "God Save the King"; selection, "Her Regiment," Herbert; intermezzo, "Cavalleria Rusticana," Mascagni; waltz, "Barcarole," Waldteufel; "American Patrol," Meacham; "The Star-Spangled Banner."

SYMPHONY CONCERT

Yesterday's Symphony program began with the first performance of Dr. Davidson's "Tragic" overture, followed by Wolf's Italian Serenade for small orchestra and ending with the Berlioz Fantastic Symphony. Dr. Davidson, who is one of the musical faculty at Harvard University, is well known as a skilled musician and instructor and this work, which is of more ambitious design than those made known in the past, shows him again in a highly favorable light.

The overture is intended merely to suggest an impression made by Hawthorne's dramatic story of "Rappaccini's Daughter," and in illustration of the scheme the composer has handled the instrumentation with excellent effect. While showing at times an influence of the Wagner school in treatment of the protissimo passages, which nowadays seems unavoidable, there is the stamp of a welcome musical independence displayed in the composition. The work was cordially received.

Wolf's delightful serenade was played with all needed piquancy and color, the frequent solo bits given the lighter instruments making charming contrasts with the work of the groups.

The fantastic Berlioz symphony received due consideration at the hands of conductor Schmidt and his players. The musical descriptions, which vary from pastoral romance down to the dreams of an opium victim and Walpurgis' night revels, were set forth with a sardonic force and beauty of execution that made the performance one of great merit, though a bit deafening in its strenuous passages. 9-6-18 Apr. 27/18

THIBAUD AND DVORAK

June. — Apr. 26/18
The Violinist in High Mettle and Transforming Power and "The New World" Symphony at the Cambridge Concert of the Boston Orchestra

tra was always his background instead of his counterpart. His fiery ornament was not flawless, but neither was it noisy or scratchy—delicately and breathlessly traced figures, swift as thought, as indelibly and incisively cut as a fork of lightning.

The time was when the Prelude to "The Mastersinger" was in such degree the attainment and the pride of the orchestra



JACQUES THIBAUD

The Brilliant French Violinist

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THIBAUD AND DVORAK

Jan. 26/18

The Violinist in High Mettle and Transforming Power and "The New World" Symphony at the Cambridge Concert of the Boston Orchestra

STANDING last evening upon the stage of Sanders Theatre, Mr. Thibaud and his violin completely dominated the Boston Symphony Orchestra. If a tense, slightly erratic and highly sensitized nervous organism is the definition of "temperament," then Mr. Thibaud has "temperament" equal to or above any violinist of his day. His deep and vivid emotionalism, absorbing, consuming, differentiates him, at such moments as those of yesterday, from all his compeers of the violin. Miss Seydel recently made the concerto of Saint-Saëns in B minor the light, graceful and persuasive music that it was probably meant to be. Under Mr. Thibaud's bow it became different music altogether, since such is the force of "temperament" to override and reshape music of other import to its own ends. Miss Seydel had daintily poised her part in the Siciliano with the delicate eloquence of the woodwind. But through that and the rest Mr. Thibaud traced his own fine, pulsing line of melody, distinguished in quality, in rarely sensitive passion and dark of shading. From first to last it was music in dead earnest without a smile. The orchestra

was always his background instead of his counterpart. His fiery ornament was not flawless, but neither was it noisy or scratchy—delicately and breathlessly traced figures, swift as thought, as indelibly and incisively cut as a fork of lightning.

The time was when the Prelude to "The Mastersinger" was in such degree the attainment and the pride of the orchestra that the conductor could confidently watch it through many perfect measures with hands at his sides. Last evening it was rather loosely assembled and rather indiscriminately blatant. But with Dvorak's "New World" Symphony Mr. Schmidt seemed entirely at home, by virtue of a comprehensive sympathy which probed the music to the utmost in detail, in dramatic ebb and flow, in stoutly honest brass and surface songfulness of wood-wind. The music of Dvorak's best conception and Mr. Schmidt's best execution has no Wagnerian expanse and complexity, no underlying philosophy or rich imagination, no baffling novelty or subtle finesse. It is merely musicianly in the straightforward, conscientious and sometimes solid sense. As if to balance endless reiteration by other orchestras, such a symphony has rarely appeared on the programmes of the Boston band, but its public on both sides of the Charles rises to it; while perhaps it is our particular own, if by no more than dedication. Yet the music is good to hear—not too incessantly, to be sure, for its themes have no wearing quality—and Mr. Schmidt has given it round and comely justice. *J. N. B.*

His fame in Paris established, the violinist visited other four times at the Colonne Concerts in a single season. So popular did Thibaud become that he played no less st. and soon there came an unexpected chance to appear as conductor promptly offered the young violinist an orchestra Café Rouge, where he was heard by Edouard Colonne. To supplement his modest means he played at the Paris Conservatoire, where under Ma Thibaud was born in Bordeaux in 1880. He studied first a common distinction is beyond dispute. The importance of his contribution to a musical season, begun at the outbreak of the conflict, lent special interest, exponent of the fine French school of violin playing, his military event; for quite aside from the fact that he is the Thibaud's return to America was rightly regarded as a violinist is held.

announcement afforded striking proof of the admiration in

Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1917--18.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

TWENTY-FOURTH PROGRAMME

(Last of the Season)

FRIDAY, MAY 3, AT 2.30 P. M.

SATURDAY, MAY 4, AT 8 P. M.

BEETHOVEN,

SYMPHONY No. 3, in E flat, "Eroica," op. 55

- I. Allegro con brio
 - II. Marcia funebre: Adagio assai
 - III. Scherzo: Allegro vivace; Trio
 - IV. Finale: Allegro molto
-

BACH,

PRELUDE, ADAGIO, and GAVOTTE in Rondo Form
(arranged for Strings by Sigismund Bachrich)

BERLIOZ,

OVERTURE to the Opera "Benvenuto Cellini," op. 23

ERNST SCHMIDT, Conductor

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The audience is respectfully requested to remain seated at the end of this concert. Mr. Higginson will say a few words.

24 - 2

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SYMPHONY ENDS 37TH SEASON

Herald May 4/18
Programs Lacked Brilliance of Former Years in Orchestra's History

INTEREST CENTRES IN NEW CONDUCTOR

By PHILIP HALE

The 24th and last concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra's 37th season took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. Mr. Schmidt conducted. The program was as follows: Beethoven, "Eroica" symphony; Bach-Bachrich, Prelude, Adagio and Gavotte for strings; Berlioz, Overture to "Benvenuto Cellini."

The program for this concert first stood as follows: Tschalkowsky, Suite No. 3; Beethoven, "Eroica" Symphony. It was changed to Shubert's "Unfinished" symphony and Beethoven's "Eroica." Shubert's Symphony was substituted for Tschalkowsky's Suite, it was said, because it is a favorite composition of Maj. Higginson. Again there was a change. The little Suite of Bach was exhumed, and Berlioz's Overture was added, although it was performed here last season.

The concert will be repeated tonight.

These compositions were played in the course of the season for the first time in Boston: Symphonies by Alfven, Carpenter and Dukas; a tragic overture by Davison (first performance); a suite from Ravel's ballet "Daphnis and Chloe." Mme. Leginska played Llapounoff's first piano concerto; Mr. Ferir played d'Indy's Lied for viola (originally violoncello) and orchestra. Mr. Sand played the whole of Mozart's clarinet concerto. Miss Garrison sang Zerblinetta's air from Richard Strauss's "Ariadne on Naxos."

Liszt's "Prometheus"; Chausson's "Poeme" for violin and orchestra, and Saint-Saens's Havanalse for violin and

orchestra were performed for the first time at these concerts.

In the number of compositions performed Beethoven led with eight, Mozart came next with six, Berlioz and Sibellus followed with five apiece, Brahms four, Debussy four, Saint-Saens four, Cherubini two, Dvorak two, Goldmark two, Handel two, Haydn two, Rachmaninoff two, Schumann two, Tschalkowski two. Ravel's suite was performed twice. The other composers represented by one composition were: Alfven, Bach, Balakereff, Carpenter, Chadwick, Charpentier, Chausson, Chopin, Davison, Delius, Dittersdorf, Dohnaanyi, Dukas, Enesco, Grieg, d'Indy, Lalo, Llapounoff, Liszt, MacDowell, Mendelssohn, Rameau, Ropartz, Scriabin, Smetana, Strauss, Svendsen, Wagner, Wallace, Wolf.

The singers were: Mmes. Garrison and Melba; Mr. McCormack.

The pianists were: Mmes. Leginska, Nash, Novaes; Mr. Gabrilowitsch.

The violinists were: Miss Seydel; Messrs. Noack, Witek, Zimbalist.

Viola: Mr. Ferir.

Violoncellists: Messrs. Malkin, Warnke.

Clarinet: Mr. Sand.

Mmes. Garrison, Leginska, Nash, Novaes, Seydel appeared at concerts with the orchestra in Boston for the first time. Mr. Sand, a member of the orchestra, appeared as a soloist for the first time. Messrs. Ferir, Malkin, Noack, Warnke and Witek were members of the orchestra.

The programs of the season were not so brilliant, not so interesting, as in former years. Of the new compositions, Ravel's suite made the most immediate and also durable impression. No doubt the attention paid to the three extra concerts with chorus was somewhat injurious to the regular subscription concerts.

The list of works performed shows in a way the influence of the war. Yet no one would probably have objected if a symphonic poem by Strauss had been performed. On the other hand there was no excuse for the performance of Bruch's violin concerto, when Bruch's recent and foolish diatribes against our allies are considered.

Nor was the list of soloists a strong one on the whole. Out of 15 of them six were members of the orchestra. Mme. Garrison sang delightfully; Mme. Leginska played brilliantly a concerto of little worth. Miss Novaes was a very welcome, if belated visitor. Mme. Melba, Mr. McCormack and Mr. Gabrilowitsch always give pleasure.

After the departure of Dr. Muck, Mr. Schmidt, who was officially the assistant conductor, finished the season. For the conductor of next season's concert several have been named. The men worthy of consideration are Toscanini, Serge Rachmaninoff and Henry Wood.

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The audience is respectfully requested to remain seated at the end of this concert. Mr. Higginson will say a few words.

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SYMPHONY ENDS 37TH SEASON

Herald May 4/18
Programs Lacked Brill-
liancy of Former Years
in Orchestra's History

INTEREST CENTRES IN NEW CONDUCTOR

By PHILIP HALE

The 24th and last concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra's 37th season took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. Mr. Schmidt conducted. The program was as follows: Beethoven, "Eroica" symphony; Bach-Bachrich, Prelude, Adagio and Gavotte for strings; Berlioz, Overture to "Benvenuto Cellini."

The program for this concert first stood as follows: Tschalkowsky, Suite No. 3; Beethoven, "Eroica" Symphony. It was changed to Shubert's "Unfinished" symphony and Beethoven's "Eroica." Shubert's Symphony was substituted for Tschalkowsky's Suite, it was said, because it is a favorite composition of Maj. Higginson. Again there was a change. The little Suite of Bach was exhumed, and Berlioz's Overture was added, although it was performed here last season.

The concert will be repeated tonight.

These compositions were played in the course of the season for the first time in Boston: Symphonies by Alfven, Carpenter and Dukas; a tragic overture by Davison (first performance); a suite from Ravel's ballet "Daphnis and Chloe." Mme. Leginska played Llapounoff's first piano concerto; Mr. Ferir played d'Indy's Lied for viola (originally violoncello) and orchestra. Mr. Sand played the whole of Mozart's clarinet concerto. Miss Garrison sang Zerbinetta's air from Richard Strauss's "Ariadne on Naxos."

Liszt's "Prometheus"; Chausson's "Poeme" for violin and orchestra, and Saint-Saens's Havanalse for violin and

orchestra were performed for the time at these concerts.

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Viola: Mr. Ferir.

Violoncellists: Messrs. Malkin, Warnke. Clarinet: Mr. Sand.

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CONCERT MARKS LEAVE-TAKING

Adv. — May 4/18
Major Higginson Terminates
His 37 Years of Connection
with Symphony Orchestra

Program
Beethoven, Heroic Symphony.
Bach, Prelude, Adagio and Gavotte, in Rondo
form.
Berlioz, "Benvenuto Cellini" Overture.

By LOUIS C. ELSON.

We understand that the Heroic Symphony was placed upon the program at the request of Major Higginson, who desired to terminate his 37 years of connection with the orchestra with such an earnest composition. It was a somewhat melancholy occasion, for the greatest life-work of a noble gentleman ends with this concert, and that of tonight. Yet the thought that the orchestra was not to disband, that Major Higginson's task was to be continued by other loyal Bostonians, was a consolation, and we may look forward confidently to a continuance of the high standard that has made the Boston Symphony Orchestra famous for more than thirty years.

To review such an occasion technically and analytically would scarcely be in place. It would be almost like criticising "the remains" at a funeral. Yet some tribute may be paid to the excellence of the performance.

Place Beethoven's Heroic Symphony beside Strauss' "Hero's Life" and we get at the root of much of the musical illness of the present times. Self-abnegation in the one work, self-glorification in the other. Compare the war-like development of the first movement of the Heroic with the battle-scene in Strauss' work, and we have the affirmation and the negation of Beethoven's great apothegm—"Music even when

picturing something ugly must itself remain beautiful!"

The Funeral March added to the sadness of the leave-taking from Boston's musical benefactor (Cole-ridge called this "a procession in purple"), but the lively Scherzo and the piquant Finale restored a brighter mood. These last two movements are always a puzzle to those looking for the "heroic" scheme, and Berlioz's suggestion that the Scherzo pictures the busy-bodies of the world, going right along with their petty affairs and forgetting all about the hero, may be the sardonic solution of the mystery.

We can compliment the horns in the Trio here on the manner in which they played their three-part harmony. This horn passage was a pioneer bit of work in its time (1804) before valve-horns were invented. The final variations were also well played, but they scarcely make a true climax to the symphony. The Finale of the fifth symphony would make a much more reasonable ending to this work.

The reading that Mr. Schmidt gave to the symphony was a manly and commendable one. He did not dawdle over the Funeral March, but emphasized the heroic element. At times in the symphony and the final overture matters were a trifle too brassy and kettle-drummy, but in these works this was a failing that leaned to virtue's side, and at the close of the symphony Mr. Schmidt, the orchestra, and Major Higginson were all vociferously applauded, but no farewell address was made.

It is always a keen delight to hear our string orchestra play Bach. The strands of the contrapuntal structure are kept so clear and well-defined, the balance of parts is so perfect, that one can express only admiration. The work took us back to very old orchestral days, for it was a great favorite with Mr. Gericke, who first introduced it in the programs. With the exception of the B minor Mass we value Bach's instrumental works more than his vocal, particularly when he uses the tiresome, repeating "aria-form." The performance of the present Bachrich arrangement was beyond all criticism.

And with the Berlioz overture the concert, the season, and Major Higginson's regime ended. Not a remarkable musical conclusion, but it suggested more to come. Not long ago many feared that the end of the Boston Symphony Orchestra was at hand. Today those fears are dissipated. May the organization be as great in the future as it has been in the past. Vivat! Crescat! Floreat!

FINAL DAY CONCERT BY SYMPHONY

Post — May 4/18
Major Higginson to
Speak at Tonight's
Concert

BY OLIN DOWNES

There was a certain solemnity of mood evident when the audience gathered yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall for the last Friday afternoon concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra of the present season.

It was also the last Friday afternoon concert the Symphony will give with the personal support of its founder and sustainer, Major Henry L. Higginson.

FOUNDER WILL SPEAK

Every seat was filled, and every seat for the concert tonight will be disposed of long before the concert takes place, when Major Higginson will make a four-minute speech concerning his relinquishment of personal association with the orchestra and its future policies. Although Major Higginson was present yesterday afternoon listening to a final programme of his own choice,

he made no address, although the audience applauded loudly, and many rose to their feet the instant that he arose from his seat to step out of the auditorium during the intermission. Other than this, the concert was as uneventful as any other since the disappearance of Dr. Muck.

Ernst Schmidt conducted performances of Beethoven's "Eroica" symphony; of movements from Bach violin sonatas, orchestrated with much taste and skill by Sigismund Bachrich, and Berlioz's overture to "Benvenuto Cellini." The programme was preceded by a performance of "The Star Spangled Banner," played by the orchestra with more spirit and conviction than usual on this occasion. Mr. Schmidt's reading of the symphony was more than a routine performance. It has breadth, warmth, grandeur that is inherent in the music, but not always so emphasized by the conductor. The familiar pieces of Bach gave a pleasure only second to that of the performance of the symphony, one of the noblest and most amazing compositions in the literature of music. Berlioz's piece was played with a fire and a brilliancy which swept everything before it. There were excellent concluding performances, after which the whole orchestra rose to its feet to acknowledge long-continued applause.

Even this festive music did not relieve the seriousness of the occasion or dispel the thought of the sorrow of the great citizen of Boston, as faithful to his ideals of patriotism as to his ideals of art, whom mischievous and ill-considered criticism had embittered by those who should have been the last to forget or depreciate his immortal gift to this city.

SYMPHONY CLOSES EVENTFUL SEASON

Globe — May 4/18
Maj Higginson Is Given
Demonstration

Famous Organization Passes Into
Control of New Directors

With its concert of yesterday afternoon and that of tonight, the Boston Symphony Orchestra will have closed its 37th season as an organization and have marked an epoch in its history.

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Maj Higginson, whom the audience signally honored yesterday by rising and by applause as he walked from his place on the floor toward the foyer, commits to the responsibility and care of a representative group of younger men an orchestra which is, and let us trust will remain, a noble monument to the devotion, patience, judgment and generosity of a patriot and citizen, whose public gifts, others with this one, distinguish him.

Musical philanthropy took on the character of the pioneer when it founded a symphony orchestra in the early 80s. There was conviction of its ultimate distinction in the service of art appreciation and culture to be found in sustaining its deficits from season to season. None but Maj Higginson himself knows so well the varied problems.

He was patient with a public, which the records intimate to have been often prone to cavil, to censure, to allege personal motives. He was impregnable in judgment against certain affiliations and policies which he believed prejudicial or damaging to the welfare of the orchestra. He was insistent upon the choice of the eminent conductors—chief among them Nikisch, Gericke and Muck—who have laid the foundation of the ensemble and have reared the edifice of the tonal euphony, the virtuosity, the eloquence which have made the orchestra supreme.

There are the paramount qualities which tend to dull attending ears by their constant perfection. In Bachrich's arrangement of Bach's prelude, adagio and gavotte in rondo form, compare the gorgeous color of the choirs of strings, now brilliant, now as velvet, as sheer sound always emotional, with that of other representative orchestras.

The glory of the tonal body complete was heard again in the brilliant performance of Berlioz' overture to his opera, "Benvenuto Cellini," a performance glowing, aromatic, ardently romantic. After the third symphony of Beethoven, and again at the close of the concert, Mr. Schmidt, who has served in a trying situation with modesty, taste and commendable skill, was recalled and warmly applauded, a tribute which he shared with the orchestra.

That no recent season has been so devoid of significant novelties is not necessarily in default of Dr Muck's vigilance or interest. It was difficult, even impossible, to obtain foreign scores. The so-called symphony by Alfven was honest music, cheerful in disposition, but not symphonic. Dukas' symphony was scholarly, imaginative, expressive, if not consistently inspired. Carpenter's symphony promised better things with a more experienced craftsmanship. The most engrossing new music heard at these concerts was the extraordinary scene from Strauss' "Ariadne on Naxos" for coloratura soprano, sung by Mme Garrison.

The absorbing question still remains, who will conduct the orchestra in 1918-1919 and what will be its membership?

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT

Trans. — May 4, 1918

AUSPICIOUS END TO A TROUBLED YEAR

An Audience Signally Showing Its Pleasure and Loyalty—The Orchestra on Its Mettle in Bach, Beethoven and Berlioz Eloquent—Just Requit for Mr. Schmidt—Tests and Signs of the Day

THOSE who, loving to carp at any change from the established order, profess to doubt the hold that the Symphony Orchestra, in, for and by itself, has upon a sustaining public in this town, should have looked upon the second balcony of Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon. No "assisting artist" graced the programme; Mr. Schmidt was again conducting; the chosen pieces—Beethoven's "Eroica" Symphony, a little Suite out of Bach, Berlioz's overture to his opera "Benvenuto Cellini"—were classics, or common-places, of orchestral routine. There was naught indeed to signalize the occasion, except the fact of chronology that the concert was the last of the season. Yet there stood the second balcony, filled—so far as inspection from the parquet might measure it—to the last seat. Mr. Paderewski, Mr. McCormack as "soloist," the most novel and the most interesting of music, a thrice-eminent conductor could not have assembled more listeners in the upper tier—and not a subscriber among them. For these the floor and the first balcony, yesterday with hardly a vacant seat and, likewise, heartily applauding.

But one thing had gathered this audience and stirred this temper—the Boston Symphony Orchestra, keeping its mettle through the vicissitudes of such a troubled year as never before it had known, resolute to its work, zealous to continue under new dispensations as under old—the glories of thirty-seven seasons accumulated on its head, the promise of as many more stretching before its eyes. Conductors may come and go, as change they must; new proprietorships may succeed old, as new conditions bring new responsibilities; but the life of the Symphony Concerts continues in the orchestra itself. Without it, the proprietors would have no public, the conductors no instrument. In sheer self-preservation—if from no higher motive—they are bound to maintain the orchestra at the standards in which it now excels every other. With reason, applause swelled and long continued when the conductor called the band to its feet at the end of Beethoven's Symphony. By exception the audience seemed to linger at the close of the whole concert to clap it.

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More than usually, as it seemed in this leave-taking for the present and in this augury for the future, the orchestra was at the top of its bent. The Prelude, Adagio and Gavotte pieced together from familiar Bach by the Hungarian, Bachrich, runs for string choir only. When within plentiful memory have the whole division of violins, the violas, the violoncellos, the basses, played with such homogeneity yet diversity of tone, with such freedom of modulation and force of rhythm, with such large eloquence and delicate lustres, with such sense of tonal pattern in both fanciful and formal motion as they brought to Bach's little pieces? An occasional unison thrilled the ear by stark, sonorous power. Often the interweaving of the parts was as web through which light is shining. The Prelude sounded as a stately pageant in tones; the Adagio gained the exfoliating, pulsing flow, the richness of tonal texture, the depths of tonal beauty that are the essence and the wonder of this eighteenth-century music songful; the Gavotte was undulating tracery, now of earth, again of air. What string choir from Boston to San Francisco, from Paris to Petrograd, may match this quality, may yield this pleasure?

Again, in the more impetuous measures of Berlioz's overture, in the resounding Finale—"pure theatre," if ever there was operatic preluding that deserved such name—the orchestra rose afresh to its tonal power, anew at nervous but controlled full, and to its tonal splendor, once more as uncoarsened as of old. Then it was the voice of stage tumult and stage spectacle; but it was equally the voice of character and emotion when it sang Cellini's air to his mistress, when the speech and the presence of the cardinal sounded from the scene. The playing of Bach's Suite was feat of pure artistry exercised upon pure music in abstract. The playing of Berlioz's overture was equal feat with music that beats with characterizing rhythms, blazes with picturing colors, strides and sings with energy of emotion, energy of illusion. It is possible, almost, to act any of Berlioz's music, and the orchestra was so minded yesterday to his master-overture.

And what fire and freedom it brought to the contrasting measures of Beethoven's "Eroica Symphony"—the measures of the strong man flinging out the passionate energy of his music upon players and hearers, then at will concentrating it in orchestral song of a power and a beauty that a century containing even a Wagner has still to equal. The orchestra touched such fire through the first movement while out of it darted and flashed a matchless detail; of itself, at will of Beethoven, at merest hint from the conductor, it made the "Funeral March" a song of degrees, as the Psalmist has it, in heroic mourning. There was a requiem in the music, as it sounded, requiem nearer to many a listener

than ever before. The rhythmic life of the Scherzo has abated not a whit from Dr. Muck's fleet day; the cumulation of the music was artful; only the horns sounded a little dull in the song of the Trio. Through the variations the Finale sounded with that energy and sweep of voice, those sudden wingings of the air in which Beethoven is as a spirit released in melody, that are the joy of his music, yesterday, today, perhaps forever. Of how many virtuosities, fidelities, ardors, diligences were these three performances the sum! It was as though, in a troubled, uncertain time, the orchestra would take leave of its public by and for itself.

In a sense by intrinsic and renewing force, by the long familiarity and the exhaustless zeal of the orchestra with the music, Beethoven's Symphony played itself. Yet it was good to hear Mr. Schmidt shunning the excess that would wring the last drop from every measure, that would sharpen and resharpen every detail, that tends to stiffen incisiveness into rigidity. A century of listeners have read what they will into "The Eroica." It may or may not be a tonal epopee of freedom; but as music, it is of superb and sweeping liberty, of a magnificent energy out-flinging from itself, even when it is speech of grief. The more, then, was it welcome to hear Mr. Schmidt not merely "letting the symphony run" (as Mr. Gericke used to say with Schubert), but sustaining and even occasionally spurring the progress. If his hand was energetic, it was also elastic; his ear rang true to quality of tone; his perception respected the beautiful and artful phrasing that the orchestra long since mastered from first bar to last. Except Dvorak's Symphony "From the New World," he has done nothing so well through the six pairs of concerts in which he has led, as he did this "Eroica." Audiences, orchestra, management have been fortunate with him in sudden and exacting emergency. He has held the end of our musical year to nearly normal course; he has made interesting programmes and worthily kept a pledge or two of his predecessor in the production of new work; he has maintained, as best he might, the industry, energy and esprit de corps of the orchestra in a difficult time, with increasing wisdom giving it more and more its head in performance that he knew it could well achieve. He has proved himself a conductor of more than respectable, routine abilities. He deserved thoroughly the hearty applause that yesterday, at the sum of the six weeks, the audience returned him.

"Beethoven's Symphony played itself," it is easy to write, and truthfully. So in measure also did Bach's little Suite and Berlioz's colorful and resounding Overture. They played themselves, as the phrase goes, because in Symphony and in Overture the composer has written a mas-

terpiece in kind, music of a self-contained eloquence and progress that neither conductor nor orchestra nor yet again hearers may resist. Akin in humbler design and outcome was the little Suite from Bach—in each division doubtless of the day's work to him, but like all the rest that he wrote, music still expressing itself to ears delighting in its substance and stride. It is routine Bach, if the scrupulous hearer chooses; but what of Bach was not routine, since no composer was less aware than he when he had fashioned an enduring masterpiece. "The Eroica" is Beethoven magnificent as the overture to "Benvenuto Cellini" is Berlioz splendid. Thus do the composers sustain the orchestra; while the orchestra sustains the concerts; and the conductor moves as a "tertium" but essential "quid" between. At the beginning of the review, the orchestra seemed the foundation of the Symphony Concerts. At the end, digging deeper, it is the composers and the music they make and adorn that lie below even the orchestra—still firmer, yet more permanent.

H. T. P.

Symphony Orchestra *May 4/18*

Specially for The Christian Science Monitor

BOSTON, Mass.—In Symphony Hall on Friday afternoon, the Boston Symphony Orchestra presented its twenty-fourth and last program of the season, playing the third ("Eroica") symphony of Beethoven, a set of Bach pieces (prelude, adagio and gavotte) arranged for string orchestra by Bachrich, and the "Benvenuto Cellini" overture of Berlioz. The orchestra will repeat the program tonight, when its founder, Henry L. Higginson, now retiring from the responsibility of sustaining the concerts, will make a brief address.

The list of selections originally announced to be given on this occasion was different from that finally performed; but one piece, the "Eroica" symphony, remained, according to original intention. Beethoven, whose music has been the most systematically cultivated, perhaps, of any writer's in the course of the 37 years that the orchestra has existed, was first in honor at this time. The composer whose name stands in gold over the proscenium arch of Symphony Hall was the one through whom the institution of the old order spoke its fare-

well.

The work was admirably interpreted, with all the finish of other times and with all the sonority of today. This favorite repertory piece, indeed, was presented in a way that must have made all who could recall the Music Hall symphony concerts of the eighties believe, without reserve, in the idea of artistic continuity.

Will the tradition be preserved in the orchestra of the new order? Undoubtedly it will, since the style of interpretation rests, more probably, on the discrimination of the listeners than on any decisions of sustainers, managers or trustees. And the unalterable fact of the Boston Symphony Orchestra concerts is the audiences. Their appreciation of music remains, no matter who directs policies. In the last analysis, their appreciation and the fame of the orchestra prove to be one and the same thing.

The first question that arises is in regard to the conductor. Whoever he is he will doubtless have to find a way to bind the sentiment of the past four decades and that of the coming decade together; but assuredly he may do this without being of the same nationality as his recent predecessors. The next question will be that of the unionism or the non-unionism of the membership. And whatever settlement is found, the standards of playing must remain as high as before. At the same time, the members must be men loyally disposed toward the United States. There may be persons who think that unionism and high standards of performance are incompatible. But have they ever heard the Philadelphia Orchestra play?

Minor questions are those of soloists and the deficit. As for the soloists, they should unquestionably be selected without any regard for the private business arrangements of the manager. As for the deficit, nobody having given the matter thought imagines that the amount the concerts cost over income is anything which the community, in these days of opera and symphony guarantee funds, would hesitate to make up.

MAJ. HIGGINSON MAKES ADIEUS

Herald May 5/18

Mayor Thanks Founder of Symphony at Final Concert

PATRON PRAISES HIS ORCHESTRA

Maj. Henry L. Higginson, founder of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, was the central figure last night of an impressive scene in which, at the close of the concert in Symphony Hall, he took formal leave of the orchestra, paid tribute to the conductors and members for their devotion, thanked its audiences and bespoke continued support for those who were to take up the work which he felt obliged to lay down.

Friends of the orchestra and of Maj. Higginson filled the hall and the great assembly, listeners and musicians, literally overwhelmed him with applause. He first set forth his wishes and aims in founding the orchestra, then turned to its conductor and members with warm words of praise, and finally addressed a closing word of confidence to the public.

Mayor Thanks Founder

It fell to Mayor Peters to voice the gratitude of the citizens of Boston, and his tribute added the note of personal affection to the occasion of farewell. Maj. Higginson was too deeply touched to make more than a few words of reply. "Mr. Mayor," he said, "and members of the orchestra, I thank you all, but especially the mayor, and you don't know how sorry I am to say good-by to you."

"My friends," said Maj. Higginson, "the Boston Symphony orchestra was set up from the conviction of my youth that our country should have great and permanent orchestras. In Europe I had seen the pleasure and comfort of such orchestras, and it seemed my duty and was my aim to give our country the best music possible."

"To achieve this object it was necessary to give to the conductor the sole artistic responsibility as an essential to success, and then to require of him and his men a high, and ever higher, standard. To win that standard nothing has been spared and the aim never forgotten; and in this season our orchestra has reached our high-water mark."

"The concerts were offered to the whole public, but my chief wish and hope was to meet the needs and satisfy the longings for the beautiful art of the many people leading quiet or busy lives and having little enjoyment; and, furthermore, to help in the education of the students of music."

"To me the concerts have been a great joy, not only because of the lovely music, but chiefly because of the refreshment and enjoyment of the multitude of people unknown to me who, leading gray lives, have needed this sunshine, and this year it is they who have written to me a mass of warm letters full of gratitude for the past and of urgent requests for the future. To these unknown friends and to all of our audiences far and wide I offer my heartiest thanks. Thus the faith and the vision of my youth have been justified."

"I had hoped to have carried on the concerts during my lifetime, but this war has brought us many troubles, and among them the problems of the orchestra during the season, which have exhausted my strength and nerves. Therefore my part in our orchestra ceases tonight, except for the popular concerts of this year. The conductors, the members of our orchestra and the office management have done their work excellently from first to last, and have deserved the warmest thanks and praise."

Turning to the orchestra, the speaker proceeded:

"Gentlemen of the Boston Symphony Orchestra—For many years we—you and I—have been good comrades, an honor and a great pleasure for me. In these years we have worked hand and glove together, and have kept true to our rule, laid down at the outstart, of intelligent study under one conductor at a time—and we have reaped the reward of success sure to follow. We have played in many cities of the United States, and have won great applause and, better still, have deserved it. Each year has marked an advance in the quality of our music, and this year has seen our high point."

"I like to think myself a member of our orchestra, and have done my best to help you; and, on your side, you have served with an intelligence and devotion not to be forgotten by the audiences or by me. I congratulate you, and thank you for our success fairly won."

"My time for work is past; and now a

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number of excellent men and women have taken my place. Of you I ask for them the same intelligence and devotion as in years gone by. My best wishes go out to you."

To the audience Maj. Higginson said: "Our orchestra has always been heartily supported by you and by the public throughout our country, else it could not have lived. It must live in all its strength and beauty, and now will be carried on by some friends who have taken it up; and for them I ask the same support which you have given me through all these years."

Mayor Peters said: "We all feel that tonight, when he whose name is so indissolubly connected with the Symphony Orchestra and who has done so much for it is here to say an official good-by, there should go out to him a word of parting from those hosts of people who have benefited from this orchestra during a period running back almost 40 years, and it is to represent them that I am here now."

"A democracy, to be successful, must have service given to its people, and he who in a democracy renders service to the public is he who earns the gratitude of the people. The spirit which actuates this country has been shown by him who had the vision to create this great orchestra."

"In the Harvard Union, at the 80th anniversary of his birthday, Maj. Higginson said he did this for the people, and that represents the contribution of his citizenship. Sir, you have rendered much to your country in many ways; you have in yourself set up a standard of public service since the time of our war; and tonight I have the privilege of thanking you on behalf of the people of this city—those thousands, tens of thousands, hundreds of thousands who, unknown most of them to you personally, have shared together, as this great audience has shared tonight, the pleasure and profit of your work for them."

"We want, sir, to doubly thank you, and we want to give to these men who are taking on themselves the future of this orchestra our best wishes and expressions of confidence. But to you, sir, particularly—and it is my privilege as mayor to speak for its people—we want to thank you deeply and humbly as a body of your fellow citizens whom you have served through years of unselfish devotion."

FINAL RITES AT THE SYMPHONY CONCERTS

Trans. May 6/18

Mr. Higginson and Mayor Peters Make Speeches; and Mr. Ellis, After Thirty-Three Years of Service, Leaves the Management—Rakhmaninov's Whereabouts—

THE audience for the final Symphony concert of the season and the last under Mr. Higginson's control was larger than any company assembled in Symphony Hall on a Saturday evening for many months. It contained a perceptible sprinkling of his friends and kinsfolk, some of whom are rarely seen at a Symphony Concert unless it is an exceptional occasion; but it still lacked the "invincible band" who bought its usual seats at the beginning of the season and then left them vacant in protest against a German conductor and German and Austrian subjects in the ranks of the orchestra. As on Friday, the band was on its mettle and the Eroica Symphony of Beethoven, the little Suite of Bach, and Berlioz's Overture to his opera of "Benvenuto Cellini" were played with irreproachable skill and manifold eloquence. The listeners, in turn, were on their mettle to applaud the orchestra and, called to its feet at the end of the Symphony, it received richly deserved reward not only for exemplary ability but for exemplary fortitude through a harassing season.

At the end of the music Mr. Higginson proceeded to the stage from his usual seat in the parquet; while the orchestra sounded a fanfare and the audience rose, applauding generally and sincerely for at least two minutes—no short time, as plaudits are usually measured. Reading from a manuscript and seeming to have himself well in hand, Mr. Higginson then addressed in turn the standing company before him and the standing orchestra behind him. He recounted his purposes in the founding and the maintenance of the concerts, the finer recompense that they have brought him; touched modestly upon the glories of the band, thanked the men for their share therein; affirmed the surrender of his responsibilities to other hands and commended his successors to the loyalties and good will of an established public. Long and hearty applause answered him. When it had subsided Mayor Peters took the stage and in the name of Boston and Bostonians in general returned thanks to Mr. Higginson as public benefactor with the orchestra, contributing alike to the pleasures of the community and to the repute of the city at home and abroad as a capital of the arts. More applause, through which Mr. Higginson spoke a hesitating

but moved acknowledgment, cloaked a final moment, and the audience departed. Once more the past of the Symphony Concerts, so summed, and ended in a perturbed present, seemed good omen of their future.

Mr. Ellis Withdraws

The issue of the usual complimentary cards of admission to the Pop Concerts establishes as fact, out of current rumor through the past fortnight, the withdrawal of Mr. C. A. Ellis from the management of the Symphony Orchestra. Hitherto, these cards have borne his signature; now they bear that of Mr. W. H. Brennan as manager. For the moment, Mr. Ellis happens to be in New York, in the interests of Miss Farrar, and may not speak for himself; but for some time his friends have known that he had handed his resignation to the new trustees of the orchestra and that they, upon his insistence, had regretfully accepted it. When Mr. Higginson founded the band in 1881, he confided the daily management of its affairs to the staff of old Music Hall. As it began to give concerts out of town, he called Mr. Ellis from the offices of the Calumet & Hecla Mining Company, to take charge of these "trips." Subsequently, in 1885, Mr. Ellis became full manager of the orchestra, in which post he has continued through the present spring—in all for thirty-three years. During that time, in the concerts at home, in the journeys abroad, in exceptional undertakings like the expedition to the World's Fair at San Francisco, in the general conduct of the manifold and exacting business of the band and of Symphony Hall, Mr. Ellis has maintained an equal wisdom, diligence and devotion. Both in Boston and in the other cities that the orchestra regularly visits, and much more than the public of the concerts or the public at large suspects, it owes to his foresight, resolution and ambition the advance to present standards, achievements and prestige that have made it in the arts an institution of national and international place and fame. His counsels have materially aided in the choice of conductor and "assisting artists," in dealings with the personnel of the band, in financial policies that neither scrimped nor wasted, in the widening of the field of the concerts, in relations with the public. In many a decision of temporary or enduring importance. Once the decision had been made, whether or not he altogether agreed with it, he has executed it loyally and ably. Not even Mr. Higginson himself has served the orchestra with a wiser and a more unremitting devotion.

So doing Mr. Ellis has gained the confidence of musicians and of the public and has risen to a distinction in his calling in both the United States and Europe beyond any other American manager of con-

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certs. Only in the vicissitudes of the year now ended has there been any disposition within or without the Symphony Orchestra and Symphony Hall to question his policies. Mr. Ellis, however, felt that he belonged to the Higginsonian régime and resolved, according, to leave his post when the orchestra passed to new control. He is no longer a young man and exacting private interests press for his attention. Henceforth he will devote himself to these in the direction of the affairs of Miss Farrar, Mme. Melba, Mr. Kreisler and possibly of other eminent singers and virtuosi. It is as open a secret that the incoming trustees have proposed to Mr. Brennan, long Mr. Ellis's chief assistant, that he become the manager of the orchestra under the new dispensation. If he finally accepts the post, which he now seems temporarily filling, he will bring to it an ability, devotion, experience, tact and fair-mindedness that the board could hardly find in another.

Here in Boston

Diligent search in both Boston and New York confirms the probability that Mr. Rakhmaninov, the Russian composer and conductor, is not now in the United States. He has, however, a close friend and "personal representative" at New York in Mr. Modest Altschuler, the conductor of the Russian Symphony Orchestra. According to him, Mr. Rakhmaninov is "in Scandinavia," and in easy communication with Mr. Altschuler. The "personal representative" hints at an American tour next autumn for Mr. Rakhmaninov as pianist and conductor, should he not be called to the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

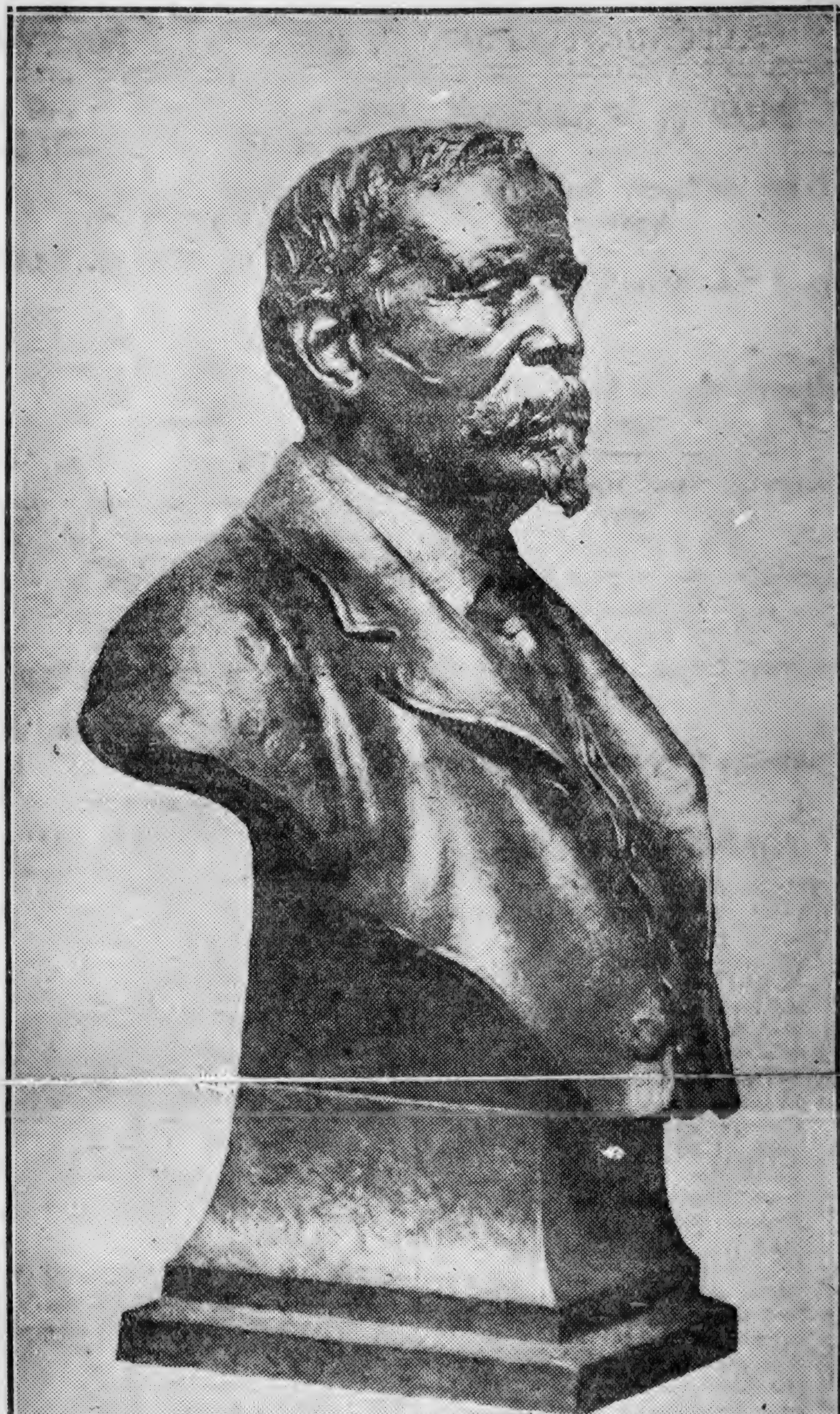
MAJOR HIGGINSON APPRECIATED

[From the Brooklyn Eagle]

Many admirers of the Boston Symphony Orchestra who looked upon the retirement of Dr. Karl Muck as conductor with complacency, if not with delight, will be stirred to deep regret by the announcement of the retirement of Major Higginson from the active control of that organization. Conductors are plentiful and an active canvass is going on of three for the leadership of this orchestra, but in all our history we have never had an enthusiast who has devoted so much time, loving care and money to the perfection of an ideal musical instrument as Major Higginson has thrown into the work of creating and sustaining his finest orchestra in the world. He has done a work for music for which his city and his country will long hold him in grateful remembrance.

TRANSCRIPT, SATURDAY, APRIL 27, 1918

Maj. Higginson Retires



Henry L. Higginson

(Courtesy Houghton, Mifflin Co.)

The "Founder and Sustainer" of the Symphony Orchestra After the Portrait Bust by Bela L. Pratt, Now in the Foyer of Symphony Hall

MAJOR HIGGINSON RETIRES

Gives Symphony Orchestra Formal Reorganization

Incorporated Trustees to Take Full Direction

Funds Guaranteed for Its Further Support

Choice of Conductor Falls to the Board

But Current Season Goes Without Change

Frederick P. Cabot Will Be Board's Head

Prominent Bostonians Associated with Him

Major Henry L. Higginson, founder of the Boston Symphony Orchestra and for more than thirty-seven years its sustainer, has retired from its direction. All negotiations for the orchestra, in so far as they affect conditions subsequent to the present season, will be in the hands of an incorporated board of trustees, at present consisting of nine members, all well-known Bostonians. With them will lie the choice of a new conductor, although no decision concerning this selection has yet matured.

The following official statement of the Boston Symphony's reorganization was issued this afternoon.

"Plans for the continuation of the Boston Symphony Orchestra have within the past week taken a definite form, which may now be made public. As the end of the thirty-seventh season drew near, it became apparent to Major Henry L. Higginson, who founded the orchestra in 1881, and has sustained it ever since, that he must no longer bear the burden of the un-

dertaking. Reluctant to see it come to an end, he has consented to have it continued under the direction of certain citizens and friends associated for this purpose. Application has accordingly been filed for the incorporation of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Inc., with the following trustees: Frederick P. Cabot, Ernest B. Dane, M. A. DeWolfe Howe, John E. Lodge, Frederick E. Lowell, Arthur Lyman, Henry B. Sawyer, Galen L. Stone and Bentley W. Warren.

"The trustees believe the undertaking to be justified by guarantees already secured towards placing it upon a sound financial basis. They enter upon their duties with a full realization of the significance of the orchestra to the life of their city and country. With regard to the selection of a conductor for next year, no final announcement can yet be made; but negotiations are now in progress which have for their purpose the engagement of a conductor who will be welcomed by the public and will maintain the commanding musical position of the orchestra."

It is understood that the authority of the new board of trustees bears no relationship whatever to the current season. The 1918 "season" continues not only through the last regular concert on the night of May 4, but also through the "Pop" concerts, which close on July 6. For all of this period Major Higginson will remain in customary control.

The Personnel of the New Board

The president of the trustees of the Boston Symphony Orchestra is the Hon. Frederick P. Cabot. In February, 1916, Mr. Cabot retired from the practice of law to become justice of the Boston Juvenile Court, upon an appointment made by Governor McCall. During his two years on the bench, he has extended the usefulness of the court by organizing "The Judge Baker Foundation," a medico-psychological clinic for the helpful analysis of especially difficult or doubtful cases. Judge Cabot was born in Brookline on June 16, 1868. He took his A. B. at Harvard in 1890 and his A. M. and LL.B. there three years later. After serving for a time as assistant United States district attorney, he became partner in the law firm of Hurlburt, Jones & Cabot, with which he was associated until his return to public office. Judge Cabot is a member of the corporate board and the visiting board of Radcliffe College, and is treasurer of Dummer Academy. He is president of two manufacturing companies and director of

another.

Ernest Blaney Dane has had an active career as a banker, and now holds the presidency of the Brookline Trust Company, as well as directorship in other banking institutions. He has expressed his public interests as treasurer of the Massachusetts Forestry Association, as member of the board of selectmen of the town of Brookline, as a trustee of the Danvers State Hospital, and as a member of the executive committee of the Boston Floating Hospital. Mr. Dane is well known as a lover of music, and was the donor of the organ in the Harvard Club, Boston.

M. A. de Wolfe Howe's place among the new trustees of the Symphony re-affirms an intimacy of relationship which the public mind has long attached to him, especially since the publication, in 1914, of his historical book of "The Boston Symphony Orchestra." His other works as author and editor are legion. At present he is carrying the editorship both of the Harvard Alumni Bulletin and of the Graduates' Magazine. He followed undergraduate courses at Lehigh University and also at Harvard, where, in 1888, he was made Master of Arts.

John Ellerton Lodge, who studied at Harvard from 1896-1898, has for some time been curator of the Chinese and Japanese departments of the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, where his executive and administrative capacities have commanded attention, in supplement of his specialized expertise in the art of the Orient. His highly developed capabilities in music, the product both of an inborn genius and of much scholarly study, are well known. Mr. Lodge is a son of Senator Henry Cabot Lodge.

It is understood that the treasurer and clerk of the new Symphony board will be Frederick Eldridge Lowell. Since graduation from Harvard in 1895, Mr. Lowell has been widely active as a trustee for various large corporate and private interests. He is a brother of Guy Lowell, the architect.

Arthur Lyman, lawyer and trustee, is identified with many industrial, financial and real estate development concerns both in New England and throughout the American Northwest, extending as far as Seattle. He was graduated from Harvard in 1883. His public service has included a term as the mayor of Waltham. He is a trustee of the Boston Athenæum.

Henry Buckland Sawyer, born in 1871, is treasurer of the Stone & Webster management Association, and as banker and manager of public service corporations has been given similar office in industrial and electric companies throughout the country. He has shown more than usual interest in the philanthropic field, having served as director of the Hale House Association, as member of the council of

the South End House and of the corporation of the Brimmer School, and also as trustee of the Boston Floating Hospital. He is a member of the corporation of Simmons College. For a long time he was active in Battery A, field artillery regiment, Massachusetts Volunteer Militia.

Mr. Galen L. Stone will take rank as vice president of the new Symphony Orchestra board. Apart from his well-known activity in the directorship of many important transportation companies and in banking circles through the house of Hayden, Stone & Co., he has given broadly generous, yet always unobtrusive, support to many causes of humane and public value. He is a trustee of the State Infirmary and State Farm. He has especially furthered the work of the South End House and of efforts associated with it. He is a trustee and a member of the executive committee of Wellesley College.

Bentley Wirt Warren, senior member of & Lamson, was graduated from Williams College with the class of 1885. As a trustee of the college during a long term of years, he has given its interests unstinted service. Apart from his extensive private practice as attorney for street railway interests, he has served in the Massachusetts House of Representatives and for two years as a member of the State Civil Service Commission. Mr. Warren is now dividing his time between Boston and Washington, where he has volunteered to assist the United States Fuel Administration as its chief legal adviser.

THE ORCHESTRA'S HISTORY

Its Course from a Dream of the Founder's Youth to Its Present Full Flower, in Brief Review

No brief sketch of the thirty-seven distinguished years during which Major Henry L. Higginson has controlled the destinies of the Boston Symphony Orchestra can encompass the story, in its full values, as told by M. A. de Wolfe Howe in his history of "The Boston Symphony Orchestra." Its beginnings, indeed, run far behind that day in March, 1881, when Mr. Higginson first announced to the public of Boston his plan for a permanent orchestra. They call for a study of the founder's spirit and purpose as these were manifest in the years from 1856 to 1860, when Mr. Higginson was ardently devoting himself to the study of music in Vienna and in other musical centres of Europe.

There the man who was later to establish a place of first importance in the world of business and to become the

founder of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, lived and labored through nearly four precious years of his youth.

"When I came out here," he wrote to his father, "I had no plans, as you know. Trade was not satisfying to the inner man as a life occupation. Out here I have consulted, and have decided to try to learn something of music ex- and internally, i. e., of playing and of harmony or thorough-bass. If I find that I am not profiting by my work, I shall throw it up and go home. If I gain something, I shall stick to it. You will ask, 'What is to come of it all if successful?' I do not know. But this is clear. I have then improved my own powers, which is every man's duty. I have a resource to which I can always turn with delight, however the world may go with me. I am so much the stronger, the wider, the wiser, the better for my duties in life."

Of the physical injury which overtook Mr. Higginson, in consequence of over-long and over-diligent practice under conditions which no ordinary man would have faced without early capitulation, there is not need here to speak, although it was directly bound up with his ultimate decision on March 1, 1860, to return home. He wrote then:

Up to the present time almost I have hoped to be able to play, but it cannot be, and therefore I . . . have determined to leave here. If you consider the whole thing, and remember that I enjoy in the depths of my soul music as nothing else, you'll easily comprehend my stay.

To give the narrative once more to Mark Howe, "The native country to which he returned was on the eve of war. What he could give at once was himself; and this gift he made, going early to the front, and fighting hard and late." But there did not disappear the hope he had conceived in Europe, "to see an orchestra in Boston which should play as well as the great orchestras of Europe and give concerts at a reasonable price." Rather this purpose was strengthened. In Major Higginson's words:

That war taught a great many men that if we were to have a country worthy of the name, we must work for it, educate it, as well as fight for it, and this duty lay upon every individual citizen, be it man or woman.

The end of the Civil War left me without an occupation or money, and with a wife whom it was my first duty to support; so for many years my hope for music lay asleep. At last, in one or two years ending in 1880, luck had turned my way, and enabled me to take up this project in earnest early in 1881.

The lines which the founder drew upon the establishment were clear and simple. Particularly they laid it down "that the conductor was to have the sole artistic

direction of everything; and that, in my opinion, nothing but constant, steady, intelligent playing and rehearsing under one conductor alone would make the orchestra good." The plans fixed also the charge of reasonable prices, taking fully into account the founder's willingness to make good whatever deficit was sustained, to seek no profit whatever, and at the same time to write nothing down to loss, if only the orchestra should be found to fulfil its mission.

All this seemed both certain and comprehensible. And yet the vicissitudes which the orchestra had still to undergo before its place could be held as established ran into a series of length defying the present chronicle.

Suffice it to say that these complications ranged from petty difficulties arising from popular differences of opinion, to the weighty questions of holding and securing the preëminently right men for the conductorship, and to the important matter of building a new hall for the concerts when it became evident that the old Music Hall could no longer be utilized. Of the problem then posed, Boston's Symphony Hall was the solution, the funds for which were contributed by public-spirited donors. Its construction has given Boston an enduring structure almost unrivalled for its purpose and in its kind.

The conductors secured during the thirty-seven years were the following:

Georg Henschel	1881-1884
Wilhelm Gericke	1884-1889
Arthur Nikisch	1889-1893
Emil Paur	1893-1898
Wilhelm Gericke	1898-1906
Karl Muck	1906-1908
Max Fiedler	1908-1912
Karl Muck	1912-1918

With even more certainty than at the time when the words were written, Mr. Howe's concluding remarks may be reprinted now:

All possible steps have been taken to insure the permanence of the orchestra. If in the future the public of other cities than Boston shall do less to support it than in the past, it will be in no small degree, because the Boston Orchestra has helped to point the way toward the public and private maintenance of similar institutions throughout the country. This, in itself, is an achievement repaying much of effort and sacrifice. All the other reimbursements are beyond enumeration. What the public has gained, besides its enjoyment of the fruits of a garden lovingly planted and faithfully tended, has been the spectacle of a dream fulfilled, a vision realized through unswerving faith in the ideal from which it sprang.

THE SYMPHONY'S REORGANIZATION

Two characteristics, for many years complementary and yet in the end irreconcilable, have distinguished the corporate life of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. On the one hand has stood the ideal of its permanence. "The intention is that this orchestra shall be made permanent here," Major Henry Lee Higginson coolly remarked on March 30, 1881, in his first announcement of the new band to a public which had seen orchestras come and orchestras go for the half of a century. Doubt and even some scoffing were the public's first answer. Yet there was a concept of stability here, with all the possibilities of artistic excellence which thrive on stability and starve on impermanence, that was in the end to conquer all challenging. There was a vision deeper than any the community had of the way in which great things can be done, gathered from years of intensive study of the Old World's way in music and magnetized by the force of unselfish purpose. An achievement of permanence was its guiding object.

On the other hand, though in direct consequence of its singleness of conception, there has been the character of the Boston Symphony Orchestra as more uniquely a monument to the fidelity and the generous heart of one individual, its sustainer and founder, than has ever been known in either the new or the old world of music. This followed not from material reasons only, though they were much, at a time when even the idea of being asked to buy season tickets for the new concerts was a surprise to the public. What was of essential importance was a strong and unswerving right hand at the helm in the years of the band's establishment. It is a revelation to read afresh Mr. Howe's history of the Symphony Orchestra and to see what crises of misconception, what conflicts of an as yet uninformed public opinion, the organization encountered at various phases of its development. They were all weathered, and weathered in such a way that strength was gained in the process. The piloting did it, the single and unchanging will, steering by certain fixed stars, and never daunted.

And yet, as we have suggested, there was a duality of condition here which could not

forever be reconciled. The ideal of permanence and the ideal of single directorship cannot, in the nature of things, be served always together in equal proportion. Happily, however, it is not their differing issues which need come under comment now. Rather is it their fortunate integration that is told by the news of the day. The foundations of stability which Major Higginson has ever builded for the Boston Symphony Orchestra are the foundations on which the new trustees are given to build their structure of permanence. In a true sense of the word, such endurance has been always a part of his plan, and consequently it is not now found wanting. By similar token, the simplicity and directness of policy established by the founder is a further part of the new trustees' heritage. Those principles of an orchestra's management, which for so long went half-understood in the mind of the public, have now become common property, needing only the devotion of the new trustees, it would seem, to secure them in perpetuity. Architect's drawings as well as foundations are both at hand.

Prime among the principles set by Major Higginson, more surely than in any other orchestra throughout the country, has been the independence of the orchestra's leader. Entirely apart from late complications, this freedom has been largely responsible for the first place which the Boston Symphony enjoys among all American orchestras. From the gusts of popular prejudice, of conflicting tastes and of the intrigue of patronage which have so often beset other orchestras, the leader in Boston has been ever preserved, free to work in ardor and unity toward the highest goal present before him. In other words, the merit and the artistic worth of the music have been supreme.

This ideal of merit, however, simply leads into another ideal, transcending and fusing all. It was the ideal upon which the orchestra came into being, and was told in these words, informally but accurately reported from Major Higginson's speech in the Harvard Union on the occasion of his eightieth birthday, Nov. 18, 1914:

A great many reasons have been given for my founding the Symphony Orchestra. Some said it was because I loved music, but it wasn't so much that

I loved music as that I loved my own country. I felt that if the people of other countries had the best there was in music, we should also. It may be said that the reason I founded the orchestra was my passionate love for this nation, this great and glorious country that offers freedom of thought—all that is most wholesome in living, all that is most wholesome in life.

In this hour of America's trial, there are no words more important in the new trustees' published statement than those which signify their deep consciousness of this ideal's abiding presence in the trust they now accept. *News, Apr. 27, 1918*

Symphony's Bright Future

Post

May 6, 1918

The last pair of concerts by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, as supported by Major Henry L. Higginson, were given on Friday afternoon and last night in Symphony Hall. The last seasons of the Pops under the same regime commences tomorrow night.

In the audiences of Friday afternoon and yesterday evening were many who had attended the Symphony concerts since their beginnings back in the old Music Hall. The Friday afternoon concerts, partly social, partly musical in their makeup, have been almost those of a big family. Season after season the subscribers to these concerts have come to their seats, nodded to familiar neighbors, and taken up the conversation where they left off the last spring. The Saturday night audiences have contained, in the late years especially, a larger portion than the Friday afternoon affairs of music students and professional musicians of the city. The atmosphere at these concerts is a trifle less formal, the talk more on the subject of the new symphony just performed than on the various and sundry tidbits of Friday afternoon gossip, and after the concert a good many of us go over to a chosen resort and continue the argument over there.

As with the audience, so with the orchestra. The men sitting in it have been there for many years. The last one of the men who played in the original body in 1881 has not resigned on pension. The orchestra was founded by Major Higginson for one purpose—the best possible performances of the best music. The member of the orchestra who signed an engagement was sure of

a long term, and, in the later years of the body, of a pension if he resigned because of old age, or because an incoming conductor felt it best to replace him with a different man. There has been a remarkable esprit de corps in the body of the orchestra, a spirit reflected in the attitude of the present management. Ideals and traditions have been maintained. These men have worked for the honor of something higher and more durable than themselves.

The same spirit which went to the founding and maintenance of the subscription concerts has been generally maintained in the directing of the "Pop"

concerts, of a less pretentious and exacting character, of course, than the concerts of the complete Symphony Orchestra, under its appointed conductor. In the winter time. The size of the "Pop" orchestra has been increased from season to season and to the benefit of the Symphony musicians. The management found after awhile that even in concerts of this nature the life and quality of the performances gained by having a conductor not a member of the orchestra direct its interpretation. Hence the presence of Mr. Jacchia, the second visiting conductor to be engaged. The programmes have been constantly enriched and, in accordance with their character, have been abreast more or less of the musical topics of the times, ranging all the way from famous orchestral masterworks of various kinds to fragments from current musical comedies and the like. They were abreast of the times, too, in a more serious sense. It was at the special request and insistence of Major Higginson that "The Star Spangled Banner" was played at each and every one of the "Pop" concerts, last spring and summer, and the programmes of this season will play not only America's national anthem, but also those of the allies.

And now the Boston Symphony Orchestra faces a new regime, laden with difficult complications, largely brought on by public feeling due to the war. Not unnaturally, the patrons of past days look with some apprehension at the future, since Major Higginson, deeply wounded by aspersions unworthily cast on him in connection with the body which has been his immortal gift to the city of Boston, has given up all active connection with it.

A group of very representative Boston men have persuaded Major Higginson to let them carry on the work, and it is safe to assume that their spirit in doing this is not less altruistic and artistic than was his. They have found public

sentiment on their side in the undertaking. This is proven by the financial support which they have already obtained for the future maintenance of the orchestra. The people of Boston will never give up what Major Higginson has bestowed on them.

SUNDAY HERALD,

April 28, 1918

MAJ. HIGGINSON QUITS SYMPHONY

Orchestra Will Be Continued Under Direction of the Trustees

ACTION OF MUCK HASTENED CHANGE

Maj. Henry L. Higginson has severed his connection with the Boston Symphony Orchestra, which he founded and which he has sustained since 1881. The world-famed musical organization will be continued under direction of a board of trustees. Application for incorporation of the Boston Symphony Orchestra has been filed. Announcement of taking over the affairs of the orchestra was made yesterday by the new trustees.

Expressions of sympathy with the veteran soldier and music lover were heard on all hands yesterday, for it was taken for granted that his withdrawal is a direct result of the sensational series of incidents starting with the refusal of Dr. Karl Muck, the former leader, to incorporate the "Star Spangled Banner" in the program at Providence some months ago, and finding its finale in the internment of the German musician.

Muck Controversy Cause

While the new trustees are silent on the subject, and Maj. Higginson refused to make a statement, continuation of the orchestra is understood to be a compromise. When the attacks on Dr.

Muck were started in Providence, Maj. Higginson assumed all responsibility for refusal to change the program, and declared that if his orchestra was molested and its artistic tone ruffled by attacks on its leader or other members of the company he would discontinue it. The necessary newspaper accounts of developments in the Muck case are said to have greatly upset the major. He determined to wind up the affairs of the orchestra, but was persuaded by his friends to allow it to be continued by others.

The most important duty before the new board of nine trustees is the appointment of a leader to succeed Muck. Since the arrest of Muck the musical affairs have been directed by Ernst Schmidt.

The formal announcement of the retirement of Maj. Higginson was made yesterday morning by M. A. DeWolfe Howe. It follows:

Announcement of Plan

"Plans for the continuance of the Boston Symphony orchestra have taken a definite form, which may now be made public.

"As the end of the 37th season drew near, it became apparent to Maj. Henry L. Higginson, who founded the orchestra in 1881 and has sustained it ever since, that he must no longer bear the burden of the undertaking.

"Reluctant to see it come to an end, he has consented to have it continued under the direction of certain citizens and friends associated for this purpose.

"Application has accordingly been filed for the incorporation of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Inc., with the following trustees: Frederick P. Cabot, Ernest B. Dane, M. A. DeWolfe Howe, John E. Lodge, Frederick E. Lowell, Arthur Lyman, Henry B. Sawyer, Galen P. Stone and Bentley W. Warren.

"The trustees believe the undertaking to be justified by guarantees already secured toward placing it upon a sound financial basis. They enter upon their duties with a full realization of the significance of the orchestra to the life of their city and country.

As to Conductor's Desk

"With regard to the selection of a conductor for next year, no final announcement can yet be made, but negotiations are now in progress which have for their purpose the engagement of a conductor who will be welcomed by the public and will maintain the commanding musical position of the orchestra."

Judge Cabot is a graduate of Harvard College and the Harvard law school. He is a member of the visiting board of Radcliffe College treasurer of Dummer Academy president of two manufacturing companies and director of another.

Ernest Blaney Dane is president of the Brookline Trust Company. He was donor of the organ in the Harvard Club.

M. A. DeWolfe Howe is a Harvard master of arts and is editor of the Harvard Alumni Bulletin and of the Graduates Magazine.

John Ellerton Lodge is son of U. S. Senator Henry Cabot Lodge. He is curator of the Chinese and Japanese departments of the Boston Museum of Fine Arts.

Frederick Eldridge Lowell probably will be treasurer and clerk of the new Symphony board. He graduated from Harvard in 1895, and since has been trustee for large corporate and private interests.

Arthur Lyman graduated from Harvard in 1883. He has been active as lawyer and trustee in financial, industrial and real estate development concerns.

Henry Buckland Sawyer is treasurer of the Stone & Webster Management Association, and is known as a banker and manager of public service corporations. He is a member of the corporation of Simmons College, and has been identified in the past with Massachusetts militia affairs.

Galen L. Stone will be vice-president of the new corporation. He is a member of the firm of Hayden, Stone & Co., and director in many transportation companies.

Bentley Wirt Warren is senior member of the law firm of Warren, Garfield, Whiteside & Lamson. He has served in the Massachusetts House of Representatives, and has volunteered to act as chief legal adviser to the state fuel administrator.

"SOLOISTS" AT THE SYMPHONY CONCERTS

Opportunity for a More Catholic and Liberal Policy. *Times, May 9, 1918*

THE "assisting artists" are, indeed, only an accessory to the Symphony Orchestra and the Symphony Concerts, but in the general expectation of liberalized policies at Symphony Hall next autumn, an appreciable public already includes the choice of "soloists." In recent years, the lists have disappointed oftener in those overlooked than in those engaged. It was all very well to hear the "old stand-bys," like Mr. Paderewski, Mr. Kreisler or Mr. Bauer; to enjoy the ripened abilities of Mr. McCormack or Mr. Gabrilowitsch; to hear the young talents of Miss Garrison or Miss Novaes. On the other hand, Mr. Hofmann and Mr. Thibaud are no less established virtuosi of the piano and the violin, yet never once, of late, have they been invited to "assist" the band. Mr.

Heifetz soon proved himself as remarkable a violinist in a concerto with orchestra as he is in the miscellaneous pieces of a recital; the curiosity of the public over him ran high; before the end of the season he had been heard in nearly every series of symphony concerts throughout the country, save only those in Symphony Hall. Mr. Powell and Mr. Levitzki have risen fast and by just desert among the younger pianists, yet they come not to the concerts of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, while Miss Novaes waited through two years of established note for an invitation. Granted that the Symphony Concerts should summon only proved and worthy abilities; but in the season just ended there were Miss Nash and Miss Seydel.

The passing of the old régime ought to end and probably will end the futile and foolish quarrel that has denied Mr. Hofmann, in the prime of his powers as one of the most illustrious pianists of our time, to the public of the Symphony Concerts. By the same token, Mr. Thibaud, violinist of many distinctions, will no longer be called merely to the outlying stage of Sanders Theatre, but will play with the orchestra at home. Still more, however, to be desired is that catholic and discerning eye in conductor and management that will not be blind to the best of the young talents and curiously fasten upon others that in the event have proved mediocre. Most desirable of all, however, will be such sense of the just wish of the public and such regard for it as would have brought Mr. Heifetz on a Friday and a Saturday to Symphony Hall, last winter, even at the increase of a few hundred dollars in the expenditures of the year. The day has come when, within reason, the Symphony Concerts must be deferential to the public frequenting them and not merely let down august favors upon it. Next season the influence of this new day may well affect the choice of "assisting artists."

New Horizons for the Symphony Orchestra

Pressing and Perplexing Problems of
Personnel and Policy Awaiting
the Decision of the Trustees in a Near
Future

NINE citizens of Boston have seldom done their city, the arts and the public pleasure better service than the corporate body that, for the time, has saved the Symphony Orchestra from imminent dispersal. Disbandment threatened, in part because of tactless blunders of management; in part because of the inability of "the founder and sustainer," at eighty-four and in broken health, to cope with the new conditions of a new time. Those blunders, beginning in flat resistance to the playing of "The Star-Spangled Banner" as preface to each concert—now become routine with every orchestra in the country—proceeding with the serio-comic assertion of Dr. Muck's Swiss citizenship, whereas, until he came to Boston, he had lived and worked his whole life as a German subject, and culminating in an obvious reluctance to remove his name from programmes and posters after he had been interned, had alienated a public valuable to the orchestra and irritated a public hardly aware before of the existence of the band. In the eyes of the one public, policies at Symphony Hall seemed to exalt the fortunes of Dr. Muck over those of the orchestra; in the eyes of the other, insistence upon those policies or reluctant recession from them was continuing affront to the general temper and impulses of war time.

Bitter bickerings and increasing public disaffection inevitably ensued; in a few months it was clear that the Symphony Concerts could not continue under the dictatorship, however intelligent and benevolent, that had hitherto directed them. As a private undertaking, the Symphony Orchestra had ministered for thirty-seven years to the pleasure of countless audiences.

Now circumstances, beyond any control, had made it a public institution amenable to public opinion. The long-standing aloofness of the old proprietorship, however admirable in devotion and result, was manifestly shattered. The hour for a new régime was as obviously striking; and the old was wise when it resigned itself to new conditions, toward which it would always have been alien and resentful, and transferred the orchestra to the present trustees. No more undeserved fate, none more painful to it and the public that had long enjoyed it, could have befallen than disbandment at the hands of those who had upbuilt it into the foremost orchestra of Europe and America, who had made it far and wide the chief artistic glory of Boston, who for thirty years had swelled with it the stream of pleasure and profit from music.

A New Regime Well Received

Not only will the Symphony Orchestra continue, but a new day seems dawning upon it. No one may reasonably question the individual and collective disinterestedness of the new trustees. Not one of them has a single axe to grind, except the welfare of Dr. Muck's Swiss citizenship, whereas, little may the representative quality of the board be questioned, since it includes diversified interests in financial resource, in music and the performance of music, in public spirit and communal obligation. A single end—the maintenance of the Symphony Orchestra at its present standards or at as near an approximation to them as is possible in war time—unites these abilities and devotions. Being human and being new to an intricate understanding, the trustees will doubtless make mistakes and, almost as certainly, correct them. In the phrase of the theorists of the new education, they will learn by doing. At the start and with reason they enjoy the confidence, the encouragement of the particular public of the Symphony Concerts and of the general public to which the Symphony Orchestra is a glorified, if somewhat hazy, "Boston institution." In a whole week of comment, none has cavilled at them except the malicious old men of

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club arm-chairs whose custom it is to deride every new, disinterested and wholehearted undertaking, and those who already perceive that they cannot get their wilful way in the policies of the new board.

In a sense, the fairest promise of the new régime lies in the fact that a public necessity brought it into being; that it will depend upon public support; that it is aware of public opinion; that it bids fair to be, within reason, amenable to it. The chief source and cause of the errors and mischances of the retiring management was isolation from public sentiment and indifference to it, until the public voice fairly shouted in its ears. It honestly believed that its power and the artistic prestige of the orchestra could maintain through a war against Germany a German conductor at the post he had adorned; that it need not in new conditions alter a jot or tittle of the policies and the routine of thirty-seven years. In the last analysis, like many in the concert-going generation of which it is a part, it held music and the performance of music as something fundamentally and inevitably German. These faiths and practices, however sincere, however fruitful of outcome in their day, have now become futilities. The new trustees, like the rest of us, must have learned by the experiences of the season now ended the influence of public opinion for good and ill upon the fortunes of the orchestra. They are bound to consider it accordingly.

That public opinion falls roughly into two categories. In one, it proceeds from those who have never frequented the Symphony Concerts, who never will frequent them, who would be mightily bored if they did, who never gave them a thought until war-time agitations began. That opinion will pursue the conductor, the management, the personnel, the policies of the orchestra, until it is content that nothing therein offends its war-time convictions and exactions. Once these are "placated," as the politicians say, the Symphony Concerts will pass out of its ken and interest and it will heed them scarcely more than it did before the United States became a "co-belligerent" against Germany. In the other category lies the opinion of those frequenters, sustainers, enjoyers, of the Symphony Concerts and of the art of music in general, who in honest resolution refuse to attend them under a German or an Austrian conductor or with German or Austrian subjects conspicuous in the seats of the orchestra. It is not necessary to consider the validity in the abstract of any of these convictions. In the concrete, they exist; they have menaced the present as they threaten the future of the orchestra. The wisdom of expediency, which is not to be despised, counsels the trustees to deal with them accordingly.

Problems of Personnel

There is no reason to doubt that the new board is as enlightened in these matters as any bystanders. Presumably it sees no less clearly than they that the war-time controversies of the last six months must be definitively stilled and ended; that along no other way does salvation for the orchestra lie. There is, then, every reason to believe that it will choose a conductor whose past and present sympathies and allegiances in the war are beyond the slightest question. As surely, it will risk no leader, whatever his current profes-

sions, whose talk and letters of old can be raked like dead embers for fresh fires of controversy. On that score the future seems clear and sure. Much more obscure and difficult is the problem of the German and Austrian subjects who sit in the orchestra, who in many instances serve it well, who in some cases would be difficult to replace by men of equal ability. Moreover, it is quite true that not a few among them are more tactful and even anti-German in attitude toward the war than certain of their naturalized fellows. As some say, all but nine of these "aliens" have taken out "first papers" and are so on the way to citizenship of the United States. As others aver, "first papers" are no saving grace in these days, and every man should be dismissed who is not a French or an American citizen or a subject of one or another sovereign at war with Germany or neutral therein. It is easy to appreciate the point of view that sees in the discharge of many of these men a needless dismissal of able, tactful, faithful musicians, a sacrifice that might well be avoided in the quality and the unity of the orchestra. On the other hand, so long as German and Austrian subjects sit in it, there will be war-time outcry against it and them. As not a few believe, these are the days when "peace at any price" is a necessity to the future, financial and artistic, of the Symphony Orchestra, however hard the gaining of it may bear upon any individual member.

In this matter, the trustees must decide between the policy of prudence and the policy of peril. If they follow the former, they and the new conductor will be face to face with the difficult finding of new men to fill the vacancies. Hitherto, the Symphony Orchestra has been chiefly recruited from France, Belgium, Germany, Austria and, occasionally, Britain. By war-time conditions these "sources of supply" are practically closed. In Paris, London, Milan; in Amsterdam, Stockholm, Copenhagen—for neutral capitals—a fit and willing man might be picked up here and there; but only by diligent and lucky searching. Youth has gone to the field, irrespective of position or talent; age is not altogether desirable in an orchestra already

middle-aged. Virtually, the field of choice for new men is these United States. If needed, recruits of sufficient performance and promise for the string choir should not be difficult to gather; for wind and brass, they will lie not so ready to hand; yet they may be discoverable. In a sense, new conductors of requisite ability are more plentiful than, say, equally able horn-players. Obviously also, an appreciable change in the personnel of the orchestra—for the last four years virtually intact—would lay a new task upon the incoming conductor, since he must fuse the recruits into the several choirs. Yet many such a leader might prefer an instrument, in a measure of his own fashioning, to one received, however perfect, from another hand.

Granted the discoveries, the discovered are likely to be almost invariably "Union Men"; while the Symphony Orchestra, through all its thirty-seven years, has been rigidly "non-union." It was kept such because the old régime instinctively and frankly disliked "unions"; because it sought its forces primarily from Europe; because it believed that a "non-union" orchestra was bound to be superior in accomplishment to a "unionized" band. To maintain the Symphony Orchestra as such, it cheerfully made burdensome contracts, incurred what would otherwise have been superfluous expenditures. Now among enlightened men in early middle age—and the new trustees are happily such—mere blind dislike of "unions" is a vanishing or a vanished prejudice. The "unions" are facts, here existent, here to stay, to be considered accordingly. Europe, as a source of orchestral supply, is shut for the present, perhaps for several years to come. It is absurd to say, in the face of the superlative operatic orchestra developed and maintained by the Metropolitan Opera House, that a "unionized" band in which the conductor and the management pick men carefully, insist upon high standards and proportionate industry, maintain discipline, yet deal fairly, may not be an orchestra of the first rank. Financial prudence will probably be a factor in the policies of the new régime. Worse fates might befall the new Symphony Orchestra than to be quietly and fairly "unionized."

"Trips," Purse and Prestige

Again, should the orchestra be cleared of German and Austrian subjects, it would have access to sundry cities from which the licensing authorities, under motives which need not be closely scrutinized, have "barred" it this season, which it was counted provocative to visit. From the projected schedule for 1917-1918 twenty-eight such concerts, if recollection does not slip, were so eliminated with no small loss to the orchestral treasury.

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Six concerts in Baltimore, five in Washington, six in a mid-winter western journey, sundry others in Providence, Springfield, Hartford, were foregone. Now it is difficult for the locally minded Bostonian taking his seat regularly in Symphony Hall and mindful of no other place, to realize the importance of these "trips" and "out-of-town" concerts to both the prestige and the purse of the orchestra.

The annual schedule has usually listed a hundred or a hundred and ten concerts. Fifty of these befell in Boston; the other fifty or sixty elsewhere. In almost every other city, they filled the largest possible auditorium at the highest possible prices. The financial return from them was the most considerable item in the income of the orchestra. They contributed, moreover, materially to its prestige. Outside the Metropolitan Opera House—a different métier—no orchestra that New York heard compared with the "Boston Symphony"; none such, likewise, was known to Philadelphia, Washington, Baltimore, the Western cities of annual or biennial pilgrimage. The New England public was admiring and loyal. Less by virtue of its concerts in Boston than by its concerts elsewhere the Symphony Orchestra has become the national institution and pride that even the controversies of the last six months have proved it to be. These "outside publics," moreover, judge it for what it is and what it accomplishes. With them in quite as high degree as with audiences in Boston, the new conductor must prove his mettle, maintain established and expected standards of programmes and performance. The more the necessity, then, that he be a leader of personality, power, prestige.

A practical wisdom thus seems to demand that the new trustees shall reestablish the orchestra in the full circle of these "out-of-town" concerts; that it shall regain and retain these "outside" publics, essential equally to its purse and its fame. The way to both results is the removal of every ground for war-time controversy, however prejudiced or irritating; the choice of a conductor and of recruits that will maintain the best standards of the past; the employment of an expert and disinterested management. It is an open secret that there will be changes in the old management; they need not, they should not, involve the loss of some of the abilities, experience and devotion now concerned in it. The new Symphony Orchestra no less than the old, deserves such service.

Opportunities

At home in Boston, furthermore, the new régime is not without other and exacting problems. The audience at the Symphony Concerts of Friday afternoons seems a

constant quantity, usually filling the hall to the last place. In contrast the audience of Saturday evenings, in parquet and balconies alike, tends to diminish. At best, it is uneven according to the vogue of the "soloist" or the note of some piece on the programme; at most, it seldom fills the hall. It is more and more imperative to find and to encourage newcomers to these evening concerts. Perhaps they exist potentially in that public which has altered the aspect of operatic audiences in recent years in Boston or which harks to the Sunday Concerts of celebrities of various degrees. Once persuaded and cultivated to the pleasures of symphonic music and a symphony orchestra of the first quality and it might gradually swell these audiences of Saturday. Perhaps, again, the newcomers lurk among those who know and even crave such pleasures, but may not afford in a lump the cost of a subscription to twenty-four concerts and but seldom the relatively high price of places for a single evening. Why not, by way of experiment, give this potential public an opportunity to subscribe to six, eight, twelve of the concerts, and tempt it with an elastic tariff for single Saturdays? The new management in a changing day may well take thought of such an innovation.

Again in the season now ended and in the face of all the vicissitudes of conductor and orchestra, the Boston Symphony Chorus has come into being. It has raised the art and the pleasure of choral singing to a pitch that this town has not known in years. It has provided means and opportunity for signal performances of choral symphonies, of choral music in which the choir, rather than the orchestra, is the preponderant element. It has rounded out, so to say, the forces available to Symphony Hall; already it has proved itself worthy complement of the Symphony Orchestra, new stream from it of public pleasure and profit. Nearly all the conductors from whom the new leader will be chosen, have trained and swayed choruses as well as orchestras. Not one among them but would rejoice in the service of such a choir as last winter developed. There is no reason to doubt that the singers would welcome the continuance of the chorus, would serve the new conductor as intelligently, as loyally, as they did the old. By twenty titles of performance and promise, the Boston Symphony Chorus deserves encouragement and continuance, not oversight and extinction.

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8 to 10.30 22c

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"When Baby Forgot," in 5 acts
CHAS. RICHMOND
in "Hero of the Submarine,"
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WM. A. FOX Sunshine Come
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If no more than half the gossip, traversing the town about new conductors for the Symphony Orchestra, is to be believed, an increasing possibility for the post is the Russian, Sergei Rakhmaninov. As some say, even, the choice lies for the moment between him, Mr. Toscanini and Sir Henry Wood, since, according to these same voices, the new trustees are resolved upon a leader of long experience and established prestige. In spite of the flaming eloquence, the puissant personality, the illustrious name and the eager ambition that Mr. Toscanini would bring to the Symphony Concerts, they are said to hesitate over his arbitrary will, irascible temper and ungovernable tongue, uncertain how far new conditions would mitigate these infirmities as the Metropolitan Opera House for some years knew and endured them. Nor, as yet, is it assured that Mr. Toscanini would forsake in war time Milan for Boston. Similarly various temperamental traits are said to weigh against Sir H. Wood along with the curious delusion of certain insistent and (as they themselves believe) influential persons that no Englishman can be a conductor of notable ability. As though the record of Sir Henry's career in London, whatever his nationality, did not refute such absurd cavilling!

In this dilemma—again according to the gossip of the hour—Mr. Rakhmaninov is more and more earnestly and favorably considered for the vacant post. In age, at the beginning of his forty-sixth year, he stands in the prime of his powers. Of cosmopolitan habit, as a man who has made many journeys and long sojourns in various European cities and in the United States as well, he would readily adapt himself to a new environment. As cultivated man of the world, accustomed to diverse contacts, he would be the more agreeable to Boston. As composer, his symphonies, tone-poems—like the familiar "Isle of the Dead"

of the chorus, would serve the new conductor as intelligently, as loyally, as they did the old. By twenty titles of performance and promise, the Boston Symphony Chorus deserves encouragement and continuance, not oversight and extinction.

H. T. P.

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Open at 12 DURING THE SEASON OF 1917-1918.

marked with a double asterisk were performed for the first time in Boston.
marked with an asterisk were performed for the first time at these concerts.
marked with a dagger were performed for the first time anywhere.
marked with an asterisk appeared at these concerts for the first time.
marked with a double asterisk appeared for the first time in Boston.
marked with a dagger are members of the Boston Symphony Orchestra.
tes given are those on which the Friday afternoon concerts took place.

phony No. 3, E major, ** February 8, 1918 875
CH: Suite: Prelude, Adagio, and Gavotte in form of
ndo, for string orchestra, May 3, 1918 1462

"Thamar," Symphonic Poem, December 14, 1917, 488
Symphony No. 1, C major, Op. 21, January 25, 809

ly No. 2, D major, Op. 36, March 8, 1918 1062
ly No. 3, E-flat major, "Eroica," Op. 55, May 3, 1451

ly No. 5, C minor, Op. 67, October 12, 1917 7
ly No. 6, F major, "Pastoral," Op. 68, December 538

1917 220
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in D major, for violin, Op. 61, October 19, 1917

REM ZIMBALIST)
e, "Jehovah! hear, oh, hear me," and Air, "Oh,
heart is sore within me," * from "The Mount of
es," December 14, 1917 (JOHN MCCORMACK) 480

ntastic Symphony No. 1, C major, Op. 14A, April 1405
1918
Queen Mab; Garden Scene; Ball at Capulet's,
the symphony "Romeo and Juliet," Op. 17, No-

er 23, 1917 350
to "King Lear," Op. 4, October 12, 1917 14
to "Les Francs-Juges," Op. 3, January 18, 1918 711

to "Benvenuto Cellini," Op. 23, May 3, 1918 1465
phony No. 3, F major, Op. 90, February 22, 1918, 903
No. 4, E minor, Op. 98, October 26, 1917 135

verture," Op. 81, December 28, 1917 583
No. 2, B-flat major, for pianoforte, Op. 83, January 732
18 (OSSIP GABRILOWITSCH)

erto for violin, No. 1, G minor, Op. 26, February 8, 868
(ANTON WITEK†) 1331
symphony No. 1, C major, ** April 19, 1918

symphonic Sketches: Suite for orchestra, March 1091
22, 1918
CHARPENTIER: "Impressions of Italy": Orchestral Suite, April 1237

5, 1918
CHAUSSON: "Poème," for violin and orchestra, Op. 25, * 530
December 21, 1917 (SYLVAIN NOACK†)
Steinway Pianoforte used

PAGE

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If no more than the town for the Symphony believed, and the post is the Russian. As some say, the moment between these same voices solved upon a long and established flaming eloquence the illustrious nation that Mr. Toscanini took over his arduous and ungovernable places for how far new of these infirmities Opera House for endured them. That Mr. Toscanini time Milan for a temperamental against Sir H. Wood's delusion of they themselves sons that no English conductor of notable ability of Sir Henry Wood ever his national absurd cavilling! In this dilemma of the more and more considered for the beginning of stands in the primopolltan habit, many journeys across European States as well, he self to a new man of the world contacts, he would Boston. As compared poems—like the continuance of the chorus, the new conductor as intelligently, as loyally, as they did the old. By twenty titles of performance and promise, the Boston Symphony Chorus deserves encouragement and continuance, not oversight and extinction.

—piano-pieces and songs have all set him high in contemporary music; as pianist he is a noted virtuoso on two continents; as conductor he has gained experience and prestige, these twenty years, in the opera houses and concert-halls of Petrograd and Moscow.

Indeed, when during his visit to the United States, in 1909, he led the Boston Orchestra in his tone-poem, the men, from hard experience mistrustful of composer-conductors, quickly discovered in Mr. Rakhmaninov a leader of signal ability; while his hearers were similarly impressed. It is further said, in refutation of a rather shallow reproach, that in recent years he has dwelt as often and as long in Moscow as in Dresden; that from the outset of the war he was zealous for Russian participation; and that, until the revolution and the German conquest began, he abounded in good works for his country. Finally, as doubters are informed, the assertion that he often wrote a "Germanized" music is but an extravagance of aesthetic opinion among envious and extreme young Russians. In fact, the individual quality of his familiar second symphony and of the much-repeated "Isle of the Dead" sufficiently vindicates him on that score by plain evidence of contents. Yet, while all this gossip fills the air, Mr. Rakhmaninov is curiously undiscoverable. Two months ago, seemingly authentic report averred that he had made his way out of Russia and had taken refuge in Copenhagen—or was it Stockholm?—awaiting there remittances to bring him to New York. Since he was without money, a subscription to relieve his necessities was proposed among his American friends. There confirmable fact rests, giving place to fantastic speculation over his actual presence at this hour in Boston, or in New York. If he is in either city, which is almost unbelievable, he hides himself strangely and successfully from his American acquaintances.

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med for the first time in Boston.
or the first time at these concerts.
the first time anywhere.
concerts for the first time.
or the first time in Boston.
Boston Symphony Orchestra.
Afternoon concerts took place.

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JOHN McCORMACK) 350

C major, Op. 14A, April 14

Scene; Ball at Capulet's, 711

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5, 1918

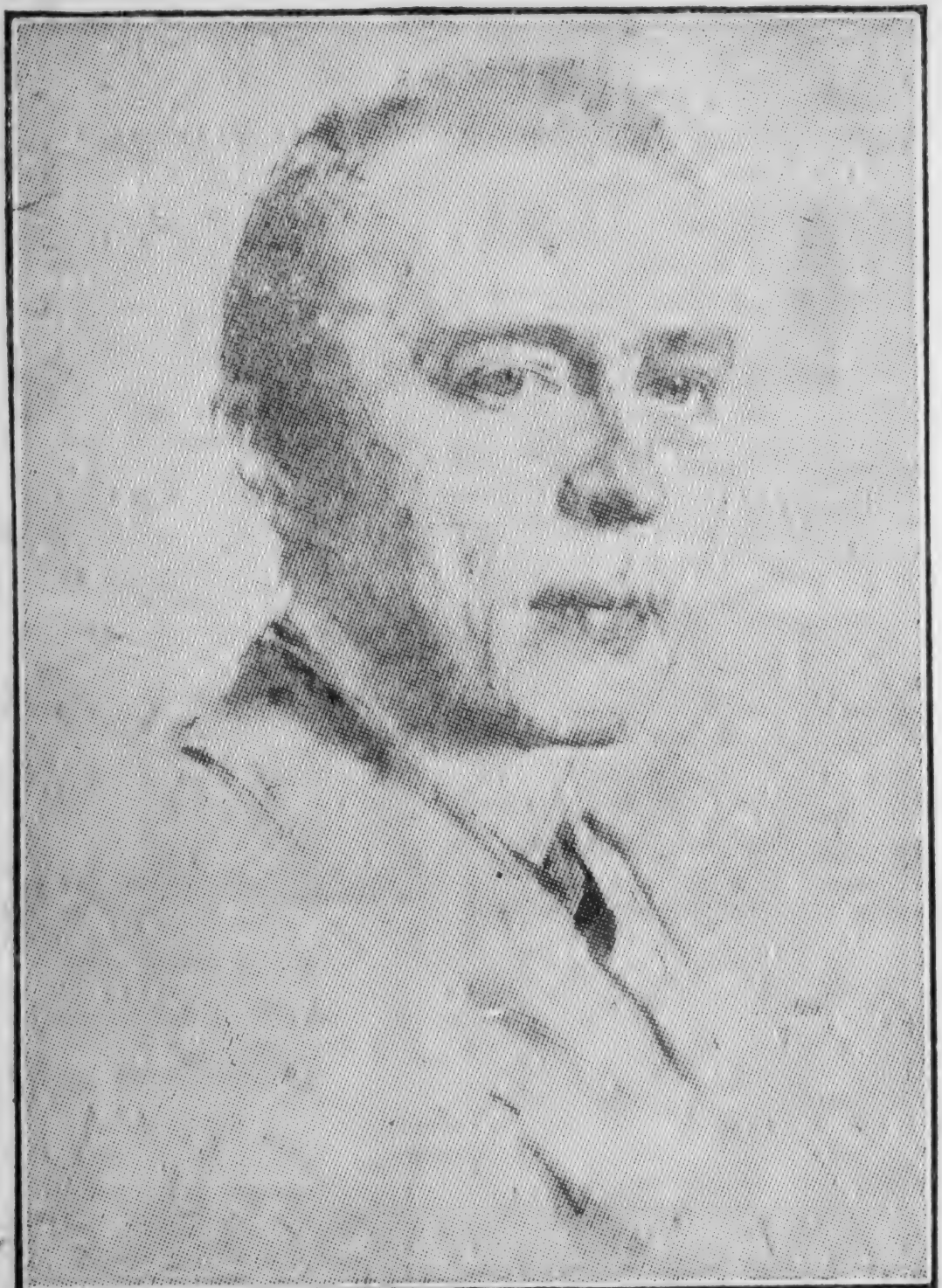
CHAUSSEON: "Poème," for violin and orchestra, Op. 25,*

December 21, 1917 (SYLVAIN NOACK†)

Steinway Pianoforte used

constant quantity, usually filling the hall to the last place. In contrast the audi-

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Sergei Vassilievich Rakhmaninov

H. T. P.

ment
extinction.

WORKS PERFORMED AT THE SYMPHONY CONCERTS DURING THE SEASON OF 1917-1918.

Works marked with a double asterisk were performed for the first time in Boston.
Works marked with an asterisk were performed for the first time at these concerts.
Works marked with a dagger were performed for the first time anywhere.
Artists marked with an asterisk appeared at these concerts for the first time.
Artists marked with a double asterisk appeared for the first time in Boston.
Artists marked with a dagger are members of the Boston Symphony Orchestra.
The dates given are those on which the Friday afternoon concerts took place.

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CHOPIN	1	SAINT-SAËNS	4
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DEBUSSY	4	SCRIABIN	1
DELIUS	1	SIBELIUS	5
DITTERSDORF	1	SMETANA	1
DOHNÁNYI	1	STRAUSS	1
DUKAS	1	STRUBE	1
DVOŘÁK	2	SVENDSEN	1
ENESCO	1	TSCHAIKOWSKY	2
GOLDMARK	2	WAGNER	1
GRIEG	1	WALLACE	1
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* The excerpts from "Daphnis et Chloé" were performed at two concerts.

ORCHESTRAL COMPOSITIONS, CONCERTOS, AND ARIAS
PERFORMED FOR THE FIRST TIME IN BOSTON.

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ALFVÉN: Symphony No. 3, E major, February 8, 1918.	
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LISZT: "Prometheus," Symphonic Poem No. 5, October 12, 1917.	
SAINT-SAËNS: "Havanaise," for violin and orchestra (Mr. NOACK†), December 21, 1917	3

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Pianists: Mmes. Leginska,* Nash,* Novaes*; Mr. Gabrilowitsch	4
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Clarinet: Mr. Sand†*	1
	15

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1918

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PROGRAMME

MARCIA REALE

- | | |
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| 1. March, "Solid Men to the Front" | Lieut. Sousa |
| 2. Overture, "Mignon" | Thomas |
| 3. Waltz, "Jolly Fellows" | Vollstedt |
| 4. Fantasia, "Pagliacci" | Leoncavallo |

LA MARSEILLAISE

- | | |
|---|--------------|
| 5. Prelude to Act I, "Carmen" | Bizet |
| 6. Meditation, "Thais" | Massenet |
| 7. "Marche Miniature" | Tschaikowsky |
| 8. Second Hungarian Rhapsody | Liszt |

GOD SAVE THE KING

- | | |
|--|------------|
| 9. Selection, "Her Regiment" | Herbert |
| 10. Intermezzo, "Cavalleria Rusticana" | Mascagni |
| 11. Waltz, "La Barcarolle" | Waldteufel |
| 12. "American Patrol" | Meacham |

THE STAR SPANGLED BANNER

Light Refreshments

Programmes of Popular Music

POP CONCERT SEASON OPENS

Herald — *May 7, 1918*
Agide Jacchia Again Leads
Orchestra in Summer Programs

HAPPY SELECTIONS DELIGHT AUDIENCE

The first Pop concert of the season took place last evening at Symphony Hall. There was a large audience, dotted here and there with uniforms, and the applause was constant and hearty.

Last season Agide Jacchia, an experienced conductor of opera, made these concerts attractive by his spirited conducting, skill in program making and by his ingratiating personality. Re-engaged for this year, he was warmly welcomed last evening. A feature of the first concert was the performance of the national airs of the four principal allied nations: "God Save the King," the "Marche Reale," "La Marseillaise" and "The Star Spangled Banner."

Other numbers on the program included Sousa's "Solid Men to the Front"; overture from Thomas's "Mignon"; Vollstedt's waltz, "Jolly Fellows"; Liszt's second Hungarian Rhapsody; Herbert's, "Her Regiment"; prelude to the first act of Bizet's "Carmen," and other pieces.

The orchestra responded readily to the wishes of a conductor blessed not merely with a knowledge of routine, but an emotional nature. Seldom is there an opportunity to hear music of a light character played by musicians of the first rank. An admirable arrangement of leading themes and melodies from Leoncavallo's "Pagliacci" was a feature of the evening, while Liszt's Second Hungarian Rhapsody was given with extraordinary brilliance. Extra numbers were added. These included Pierre's favorite, "March of the Little Lead Soldiers." Mr. Hoffmann, the concert master, appeared as soloist in the Meditation, from Massenet's "Thais."

Post THE POPS May 5/18

The 33d season of Pop Concerts will open in Symphony Hall tomorrow, Monday, evening, May 6, and continue for nine weeks, closing Saturday evening, July 6. Concerts will be given every evening except Sunday from 8 to 11. With the exception of one season, these concerts have been given annually since 1885 and, as a Boston institution, are only less famous than the Symphony concerts themselves. In the beginning they were called Promenade concerts, and were modelled closely after the Bilse concerts of Berlin. Gradually they assumed a more popular character and the public of its own accord dubbed them "The Pops," and such they have remained since their early years.

For many years the orchestra was limited to about 50 men, but in the past few seasons this has gradually grown until now the actual playing forces number 75, an orchestra as large as many symphony orchestras, and as large as the Boston Symphony Orchestra travelled with not many years ago. As a matter of fact, with the exception of the leaders of the different sections, practically the entire Symphony Orchestra is on call for the Pops.

It will be welcome news to the patrons of the Pops that Agide Jacchia, the distinguished Italian conductor, has been re-engaged for this season. Mr. Jacchia's long experience and the invaluable routine of the opera house enabled him quickly to fall into Boston ways, and even "college nights," usually a pitfall for the strange conductor, had no terrors for him.

A talented conductor, he displayed remarkable versatility. It was to be expected that operatic music would sound well with him, but he succeeded equally well with musical comedy, Vienna waltzes and popular music of the day.

It goes without saying that in these stirring times "war music" will play no small part in the programmes. Arrangements have been made of some of the more popular war songs, while the indefatigable Sousa has written some new marches which will be heard. The plans now do not call for singers as soloists, but from time to time members of the orchestra will appear in this capacity.

A feature of the opening programme will be the performance of the national airs of the four principal allied nations. The concert will open with the "Marche Reale" of Italy. In the first intermission "La Marseillaise" will be played; in the second, "God Save the King," and the concert will close with "The Star Spangled Banner." A number of new pieces and selections will be played during the week.

THE "POPS" FOREVER

Calmly and Usefully Filling Their Old Place in a New World, Our Excellent Summer Concerts Begin a Thirty-Third Season—Proved and Pleasurable Practices at Players' Desks and Auditors' Tables—A Likable Leader

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They are the familiar "Pops"—familiar in pattern and procedure, in the assembling of an ample band, ably led and indubitably content to lend their skill to "Over There" as well as to "Mignon" and the Hungarian Rhapsodies, and familiar, too, in all the amenities and privileges that make these summer concerts one of the chief claims of this town to metropolitan life. They are, too, somewhat unfamiliar Pops—just as everything under the sun has somehow changed—in a perceptible reaction to the moods of the day. The sprinkling of uniforms is the outward sign, and even more evident is the new reaction to war-meanings as the music happens to express them. Distributed through the interstices of the opening night's programme were the national airs of Britain, Italy, France and America—the most notably striking item in the result being the perfectly spontaneous demand for the repetition of "La Marseillaise."

The conductor is Agide Jacchia, already known and liked for his pleasantly suave and enthusiastic work with the Pops of last season. The orchestra is of the accustomed and expected size and distribution, and of an excellence that has but one drawback. The good folk of the balconies, with avid thirst for that excellent music, and with scant opportunity for slaking different thirsts—conversational and otherwise—are a little imposing of their point of view on the table-strewn floor. Now we are more than willing to maintain absolute silence during M. Massenet's "Meditation"; even the inevitable intermezzo demands it, and fragile things like the Mignon Entr' acte deserve it; but we maintain that during Mr. Herbert's "Selections" and Herr Waldteufel's waltzes the ancient perquisites and privileges and usages of the Pops justify us in a few quiet

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The announcements for a week do not very amply justify the hope that the comparatively unhackneyed is to loom large in Mr. Jacchia's programmes. The Index Expurgatorious that someone once intelligently suggested for "Zampa," "Quartet for Rigoletto," and others of that ilk is still an event of a doubtful future. However, it is idle to complain on this score so long as "Träumerei" is assured of encores; and it is still early in the season. And Mr. Jacchia promises the "Midsummer Night's Dream" Scherzo for Thursday, and the "Largo" from the New World Symphony for Friday. In passing, let it be noted that no one arose in his place and protested against the presence of certain Teutonic names on Mr. Jacchia's programmes.

Meantime, let us be quietly thankful that the universal upheaval so far leaves undisturbed the early summer routine of Symphony Hall. The abolition of the Boston Pops would be no minor horror of war; and, of course, never in the preceding thirty-two seasons has there been so ample scope for its informal ministrations as now, when "days of peace and slumberous calm are fled."

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It will be welcome news to the patrons of the Pops that Agide Jacchia, the distinguished Italian conductor, has been re-engaged for this season. Mr. Jacchia made a more than favorable impression a year ago. In the vernacular of the day he is "full of pep," and succeeded admirably in imparting "pep" to the orchestra and programs. Although concerts of this character were strange to him it required only a short time for him to settle in his place and get into sympathy with his audiences. His long experience and the invaluable routine of the opera house enabled him quickly to fall into Boston ways, and even "college nights," usually a pitfall for the strange conductor, had no terrors for him. It was to be expected that operatic music would sound well with him, but he succeeded equally well with musical comedy, Vienna waltzes and popular music of the day.

"War music" will play no small part in the programs. Arrangements have been made of some of the more popular war songs, while the indefatigable Sousa has written some thrilling new marches which will be heard. The plans now do not call for singers as soloists, but from time to time members of the orchestra will appear in this capacity.

A feature of the opening program will be the performance of the national airs of the four principal allied nations. The concert will open with the "March Reale" of Italy. In the first intermission "La Marseillaise" will be played; in the second, "God Save the King" and the concert will close with "The Star Spangled Banner." A number of new pieces and selections will be played during the week.

Thursday evening, May 9, will bring to the concert the members of the Eastern Music Supervisors' Conference, then in session in Boston. Some special features have been arranged for this.

FOR another spring and summer, from next Monday evening, May 6, through the distant Saturday evening of July 6, Symphony Hall will be transformed familiarly for a thirty-third series of Pop Concerts. Again, little tables will strew the floor whereat as many of the audience as seeks them may hear, smoke, drink, listen or chatter at their ease. For those who care only for listening the balconies will be open; for those who would shun smoking, the lower gallery is welcome reservation. From eight to eleven each evening, except Sunday, on the stage will sit fifty, sixty, seventy-five of the musicians of the Symphony Orchestra, in numbers according to the demand of the programme, with the Italian conductor, Mr. Jacchia, to lead them. He won the public of The Pops last summer by his rhythmic animation with dances, his songful warmth in operatic pieces, his light touch with pots-pourris from musical plays, the fire with which he heated his men and his music. By the same means he should recall and hold that public this spring. From the start his programmes were light and wide-ranging. For the next two months he is likely to better them; while they will not lack war-time music. Thus, the programme for next Monday includes not only "The Star-Spangled Banner," but the national airs of our "co-belligerents" France, Italy and Britain. Otherwise the list runs:

March, "Solid Men to the Front".....	Sousa
Overture, "Mignon".....	Thomas
Waltz, "Jolly Fellows".....	Vollstedt
Fantasia, "Pagliacci".....	Leoncavallo
Prelude to "Carmen".....	Bizet
Meditation, "Thais".....	Massenet
Sody.....	Chalkowsky
"....."	Liszt
"....."	Herbert
"....."	Mascagni
"....."	Waldteufel
"....."	Meacham

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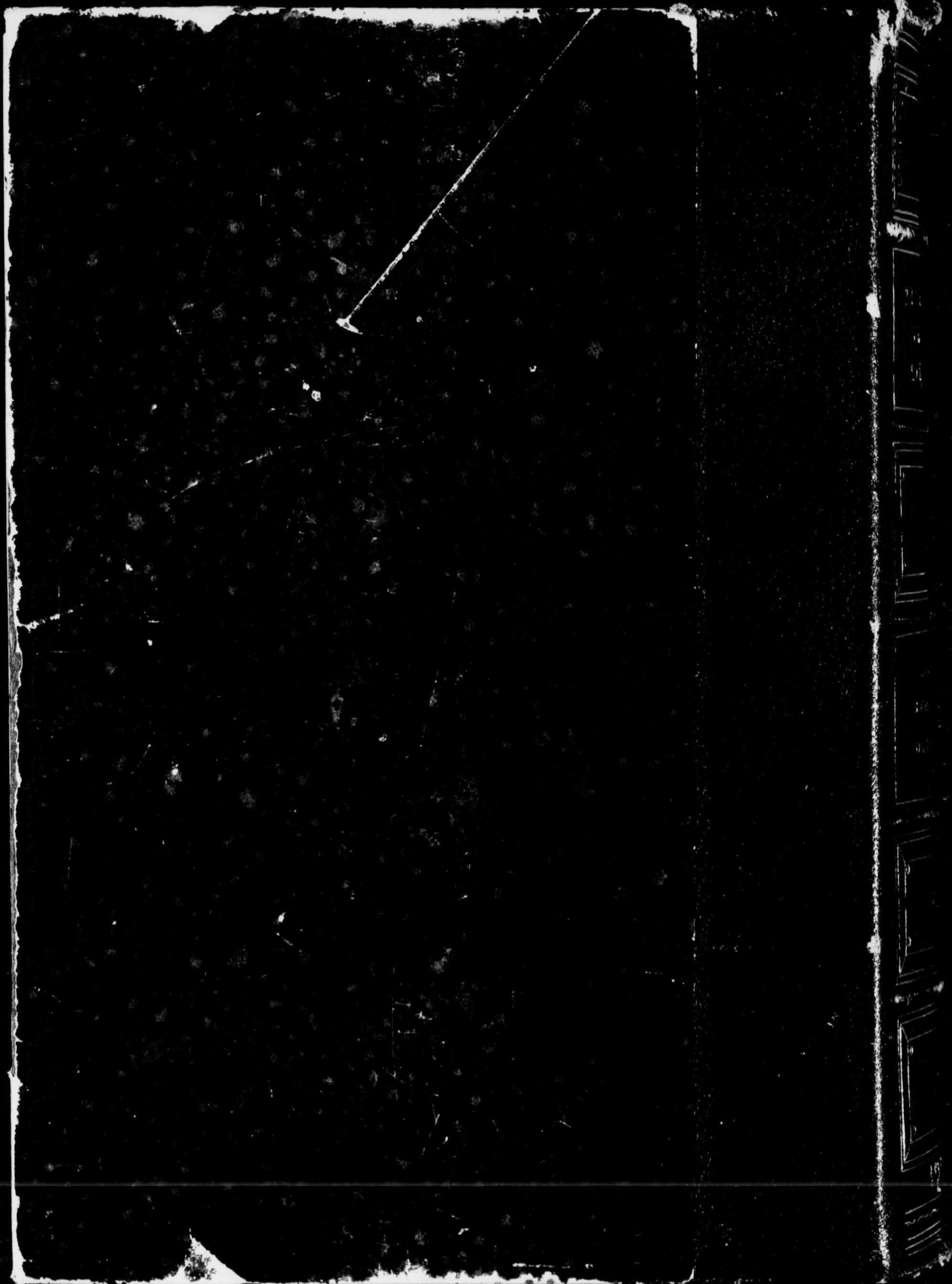
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JAN 27 1919



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ON
NEXT REEL**